only been fair;" "If we had not played against men who were too rough for us," or "If the umpire had only given us the games we won."

As these lame and useless excuses do not change the result of a match, why should they be made? Nothing but ill-feeling, the death-blow of all true sport, can be their out-come

So when Bishop's College meets with defeat, let us take it like men and give in to the better team.

Bishop's College School vs Bishop's College. Feb. 24th saw the College and School lined against each other on the School Rink to play their return match. The game was fast and interesting, and nearly void of rough and foul play.

For the School, Gilmour, Mr. Auden and the Purves Brothers put up excellent Hockey, while for the College Rothera, Rankin, Moore and Johnson did excellent work.

The first half was hard and fast, and when finished, the score stood 2 to 1 in the College favor.

In the second half the School evened up the score. The College again scored, and once more the School evened matters up. Gilmour was hurt by a collision with one of his own men and obliged to retire, Cowen taking his place. No further scoring was done and when time was called each team had three games to their credit. The men lined up to play off the tie, both teams playing keen hockey. After about twenty minutes hard work without scoring, and as darkness was fast approaching, the respective captains agreed to call the match a draw and to play it off at some future date.

The teams were as follows:

College.
W. Moor, C Point C Gilmour.
J. Johnson. Forwards. S. Purves.
J. Mills. Mr. Auden.
E. Simpson. Timers. F. Barretto.

School.
J. Porteous. Point J. Winder.
C Gilmour. C Point W. Moor.
S. Purves. Forwards. J. Johnson.
Mr. Auden. Mr. Auden.
B. Webster. E. Rankin.
F. Barretto. B. Watson, B. A.,
Referee. E. Simpson.

On Feb. 6th, the Village team defeated the College for the second time this season, after a splendid match.

The first half was hard and well fought and ended by the Village scoring one to the College nothing.

In the second half the village team added one more to their score, while the College were still unable to get past their opponent's defence.

Time was called with the score two to nothing in Lennoxville's favor. For Lennoxville R. Mallory O. Williams and T. Donnelly put up splendid hockey, while Rothera, Rankin and Moor played exceptionally well for the College.

The teams were as follows:

College.
J. Winder. Point. C. Spafford.
W. Moor. C. Point. O. Williams.
P. Boyle. Forwards T. Donnelly.

The Sherbrooke and College teams met for the first time this season on the College ice, March 2nd. The game resulted in a victory for the College by a score of 3 to 2.

In the first half the Sherbrooke team completely outclassed their opponents and succeeded in scoring 2 goals to the College nil.

In the second half the scoring was reversed and when time was called the score stood two all.

The play lasted ten minutes and went to the College.

For the College, Rothera, Rankin and Winder were particularly noticeable, while Davis, Moe, and Loomis played splendidly for Sherbrooke.

The teams were as follows;—

College.
J. Winder. Point. R. Miquelon.
W. Moor. C. Point. A. Lomas.
J. Johnson. " C. Moe.
E. Rankin. " J. Davies.
W. R. Hibbard, B. A. Umpires. F. Ibbotson.
E. G. W. Simpson, Timers. F. Foss.
Capt Finlay, Referee.

The second team have played two matches with the Sherbrooke High School, but unfortunately were defeated in both games by a score of 3 to 1.

Mr. Richmond was elected captain of the second team on Mr. Miller's resigning that position.

The Freshmen's team under the leadership of Capt. John Winder played a drawn game with Cookshire. The tie could not be played off as the Cookshire men had to leave in order to catch their train.

Mr. Carter has returned after having undergone an operation on his foot. Though "Co" is not all there now, we hope to see him in his old place before the season is finished.
The strong point of this programme was undoubtedly the Headmaster's splendid rendering of some choice bits from Huckleberry Finn, received with rapturous applause, and it doubtless accounts for the tumult of encore, with the affable Mr. Abbott. The management of the "Company" are owing.

The whole performance passed, on without a hitch, to a happy and brilliant conclusion on both accounts. As we hear reports that its success is likely to result in something more of the same kind at the end of the year.

The "Company" drove off in triumph to Sherbrooke during the following week to be photographed, and as a consequence a souvenir of the "Lively Statute," in the shape of a very artistic group, remains to perpetuate the occurrence.

There was a splendid audience the first night, the evening's chief attraction; the second night, counter attractions in the shape of a Carnival and the finale of the Whist Club, left us with a thin, but still enthusiastic audience.

On Friday evening, February 12th, the Lord Bishop of Quebec and other interesting guests of the visit which he paid to Vancouver last summer. The Lecture was illustrated by magnificent series of lantern views. The Bishop, in particular, the chief place of honor being given to the second, and said a few words about each of the photographs. The Lecture was very well attended, in spite of the absence of students, of whom the greater number were attracted to the village by a previously arranged Hockey match between the College and Lennoxville. Most of us left the Hall with the hope that could have something to do with the making of the right kind of chap.

Dr. G. Stewart, of Quebec, gave a lecture on the First Administration of Count Frontenac, in Bishop William's Hall, on the evening of Friday, March 5th. The lecture had been postponed from the previous Friday in the hope that more people would be able to hear it. Unfortunately the evening was stormy, and beyond the School not more than half a dozen were present, Dr. Stewart read a very scholarly paper, concluding his remarks with a confident judgment on the subject. The lecture was rather above the heads of the audience, who only succeeded in carrying away a very general impression of the subject.

We call the following from our correspondence (From the Librarian):—

"Whisperings from divers school-boys have reached my ears on account of the mysterious disappearings and re-appearing of the newly received magazines pertaining to the B. C. S. Reading Room. Can not this be remedied, as it is a source of great complaint.

It is not quite clear from this what it is that the writer would wish remedied, but apparently it is the fact that whisperings have gone too far. We imagine that it must be a beautiful sight to see the Librarian receiving the whispered confidences of the boys. It seems likely, however, on re-reading it, that it is the medical advice which meets with such disapprobation—or, again, is it only the mystery of the proceedings. We suggest that the Librarian should send an appearing magazine from the Reading Room.

And this:—"Members of the honoured 'IV' have, for the past month, been seen returning from the Drug Store with enormous rolls of card-board and retiring to the V Form room. Naturally the curiosity of this happy community was highly excited, as to the condition of the 'IV's' mental faculties, but no fear was needed as their labours were only directed upon a production of the United States."

The meaning of this is even less obvious than that of the other, and, if given up in despair, but in the hopes that our readers may be able to make something of it, we lay it before them.

We have a quantity of Hockey reports on hand, but we have decided to hold them over until next month, in order to present a complete review of the Hockey season, after its conclusion.

We cannot, however, go on without mentioning that our Captain is at present in Toronto making a trip and will be unable to present a report in our next number. It will be remembered that the writer of the humorous account of the School and College match sent to the Montreal Star said that it was a "slightly injured." The slight injury turns out to be a serious fractur of the collar-bone.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Since our last edition we have played several league matches with more or less success. None of our matches have been after a victorious game, but do we know how to take a defeat as true sportsmen should? Is there not always too much "use of the fatal life" after a lost match? Such as: "If the referee had..."
DIVINITY NOTES.

Hamlet's friend Horatio, little thought I presume. His words would, centuries afterwards, be used in such an offhand fashion that in this connection, the less apt. Not one ghost but two are haunting us, that an idled Past and, horrible dictum, that of the Deity which are always ready for any emergency, massa, lules i'm on a pas boncoup.

The Divinity Scive is troubled with still further unrest, for extra work confronts him. The Editor-in-Chief, or The Man-Who-Likes-To-Fester-People, calls in to inform him that "The Mitre" must be on hand. Six spinners—but his stock of Latin and French is exhausted, no more.

With the coming of Lent many familiar sounds have ceased. Various of the college are in upon us to ask us to leave work, or otherwise join and come together. Seriousness and study have taken the place of mirth and frivolity, and there is left only the piano whereby to entertain the weary brain and arouse the erstwhile bookworm from his quiet repose.

At the morning Office in the Oratory during Lent, Rev. Professor Williams recited a series of addresses upon subjects suitable to the season. The Rev. Principal is also taking a short service in the Chapel every morning at eight, during which selections from various devotional writers are read.

The new Violet Frontal for the Altar, which is the generous gift of the Ladies of St. Matthew's Guild, Quebec, is very pretty. In "The Mitre" we wish to express our thanks to Dr. Dumble for the splendid stuff, and also to the students, as it seems pretty fitting that through their papers such gifts should be acknowledged.

Since our last issue the Rev. Dr. Dumble has entered upon his field of labor as Rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. We wish Dr. Dumble every success in his work, and that the relations between him and Bishop's College will be as cordial a business between the College and St. Peter's late rector.

The famous Bull "Apostolicae Curae" seems to deserve the name "Satis Cognition" no less than its predecessors of that name. It is certainly well enough known and there seems to be every prospect that of this present document as it relates to its contents and worth. The question regarding the validity of Anglican Orders does not seem likely to be settled by the following: Let us, in the first place, dispense with all the "Roman tendencies" and "leanings to Rome" that so often grate upon one's ears.

We understand that several of the diocesan clergy are to be moved this spring; also that there will be some vacant missions. It is to be hoped that all the Students of the faculty, who are in their final year, will be able to find work in the diocese instead of having to look elsewhere. Obtaining as favorable openings, but none have such associations as that in which men have been educated and trained and their interests and the majority of our Students, especially those who will be ready for ordination in June.

We heard the members of the "Upper Ten"-sounding by praises of Mr. Hoah in the hope of their kindness in inviting them to their home to sup. Those who know this "mystic body" and have any plan for good things, the manifolding of the mysterious "equation" to my room at "nine" can well understand with what promptitude the invitation was accepted.

Last week's "rambler" is evidently an Arts Man. The moral of "half a loaf is better than no bread," might apply in his case for we have no Common Room and he found his room to be one of the number of Students. We sympathise fully with "Gumbler" and ask that, when he is no longer "uncomfortable," they will not forget we would not be at a loss to know where to do with a decent Common Room.

It is with much pleasure that we note the revival of the use of "Table Talk" in "Response." at Matins and Evensong on Sundays. It is a pleasing change from the ordinary "Ferials" heard on other days. Two other revivals in the Chapel Services would we hope have a like success. We would certainly be in keeping with the dignity of the place. They are:—first, the revival of the use of Gregorian Chants for the Lenten season last year and promised well, and especially since the books lie

ARTS NOTES.

Now that the excitation of the Hockey Season is over, most of our men have quietly set down to study for the examinations. The last week of Lent

EXTRA.

of examinations. Outside of athletics, nothing of unusual interest has lately happened in connection with the University, except that the Principal will be in New York for a less or more severely from the prevailing epidemic of "La Grippa," in consequence of which "sages" have been perhaps more numerous than usual. Nothing happens, however, to interfere with the just

SCHOOL NOTES.

One of the most important and new aspects of the cricket season was the election of the first class. The match between the Cricket Club and the University was held in St. Matthew's were held in the College Chapel. At these services, which are limited to fifteen minutes, a selection of most interesting and profitable readings is given from Archbishops Carnaspur and Fowke. The attitude shown by some of the Arts Students with regard to "breakage" is much to be deprecated. Although it is perfectly well understood that these are reported to the authorities or Breakage Committee, the damage will be divided among the body of residents, only a comparatively small number are charged to the offenders. Dumble is in his usual spot and deliberately thrown out of a room on the Upper Flat when several men were present, none of whom would acknowledge the fault. The cultivation of a sense of honour would suffer to remedy this abuse.

The many acquaintances of Mr. W. E. Patterson, (Arts, '97) will be sorry to hear that a serious illness has befallen him with some friends on the Pottery Hill, his toboggan stuck a large tree with considerable force. The rest of the party fortunately escaped unhurt, but Mr. Patterson's feet was found to be badly crushed. It is not possible at present to ascertain the exact extent of the injury, although heartily he would probably be several weeks before he is able to use the limb.

THE MITRE.

on the 25th ult., after a short illness, will be severely felt by the Diocese. Educated in what proved to be the foundation of Bishops' College Grammar School, Judge Irvine became in 1875 Chancellor of the University and in the same year received the degree of D. C. L. (honoris causa). This position he held until 1878.

The deceased was a Judge of the Admiralty Court and was one of the oldest members of the St. Matthew's congregation, and for many years filled the office of Churchwarden. The funeral service was held in St. Matthew's was largely attended by both clergy and laity.

During the present season of Lent a series of early morning services held by the Principal in the College Chapel. At these services, which are limited to fifteen minutes, a selection of most interesting and profitable readings is given from Archbishop's Carnaspur and Fowke. The attitude shown by some of the Arts Students with regard to "breakage" is much to be deprecated. Although it is perfectly well understood that these are reported to the authorities or Breakage Committee, the damage will be divided among the body of residents, only a comparatively small number are charged to the offenders. Dumble is in his usual spot and deliberately thrown out of a room on the Upper Flat when several men were present, none of whom would acknowledge the fault. The cultivation of a sense of honour would suffer to remedy this abuse.

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The following is the programme for the Monday performance:

PART I.

Single Stick Exercise, by SEYMOUR F. WILLIAMS (late Prince of Wales Rifles).

SIR ROBERT CARR (late 4th Highlanders).
The word "Education" has two senses, (1) the acquiring of knowledge, (2) the more literal one of the "training", the cultivation, the education, the culmina-
tion, formation of the habits of industry, morality and economy and of the proper allotment of time to various pursuits. It embraces also manners and deportment.

Then education includes not only training of the mental and moral faculties, but the physical. Man cannot carry out the various duties of his occupation, his family, and have to be content to see their children accept in a very limited degree that learning which must, in order to equip them for the various positions in society to which they are destined for. Isn't that increasing the misery rather than the possibility of the development of the practical human faculty that what amounts, in my mind, to lacklessness and the want of practical common sense frequently marks the man, quite the reverse, I think. I cannot fancy that that man is the "full" man of Bacon's conception.

Those who occupy positions of real greatness are those who have trained themselves to think at all times and in all places.

We define excellence in a practical daily life. Let one instance suffice:

Does not our Gracious Sovereign, who rules the des-

igners and doers of the Empire, supple the well-spent life in the every-day business routine of the affairs of the Empire? Who is more mindful of little matters than the Head of the British Empire, particularly when he benefits those of low degree? Her time and attention have been largely devoted to little acts of thoughtfulness for the welfare of the work of all who walk the world.

But some one will say, my subject is not a scholar.

Granted. And purposely did I avoid naming one of the greatest of all the deep and profound thinkers who, my subject fills one of the most exacting and influ-
tential positions in the world, and fills it as only one of "education" can. Scores of instances will occur to you of readers of lives of those who have enriched the world by discoveries, by statesmanship, by art, by conquests, by writing, by oratory, by their very life. Such a man as Napoleon has led the world.

Travel, In the best sense of the word, is a most valuable of all the lesser pleasures.

To the unobservant, unappreciative and unthinking it is, like every other advantage, worse than useless; it only makes them more superficial and unreal.

But, Mr. Editor, I come to another and the most important point of all, which you overlooked.

All the education must be on the spiritual foundation of Religion. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." We must be impregnated with a practical realization of the French proverb: "One man laid into practice the duties which these relationships imply. The "sermon on the Mount" is the best text Book to place on any altar. This is at the very root of real edu-

cation. One may be possessed of the knowledge of the arts and sciences we have spoken of, or have the habit of learning, we refer to, yet be an atheist or sceptic, who is only half developed man. Or he may be qualified for nothing nobler than the pursuit of the "Almighty Dollar, as you truly pictured. This is falling in the region of art, which is very much tempered by their geographical position.

In fine, Mr. Editor, education is that which fits a man to fill the place of the important department in life, in the very best and fullest manner, of his knowledge must be wide, deep and exact; with a large stock of general knowledge; with a knowledge that cannot be swallowed.

Mr. Editor, I am, etc.,

Cook's Tourist ticket, submitting to be one of a flock whipped in line by an exacting guide, 'doing the continental circuit,' can be little more than twenty minutes and a cathedral in ten? Undoubtedly, travel means a leisurely and intelligent survey of all that is interesting and instructive in the land; a contact with the habits, customs, and gives point to our book-knowledge.

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impulse drew me and I thought that instead of following my usual habit, I would cross the water from the shore end of the avenue, and go along the River Road the other side, returning by the steam ferry from the Point.

I have said it was unusually dark for summer, but when I got inside the double row of tall thick-foliated elms, I found that the outside air had been bright enough. Blanketing the avenue was more like a tunnel than anything else.

The blackness, however, made no difference to me. I knew the time almost better by night than by day. So I strolled thoughtfully on, whistling "Autie Laurie," and tentatively holding out my left hand in front of me, which touched a patch of darkness thicker than usual seemed to presage immediate contact with a tree trunk.

Not fifty yards from the end, just where the level road broadens and approaches to the river shore, I discovered that my bootlace had come untied, and was dragging along behind me.

With a muttered exclamation on the cussedness of bootlaces in general I stopped and stooped to tie it up, and then—as Rider Haggard would say—a strange thing happened.

An unseen whisper, evidently concealed in the trees close by, took up Autie Laurie at the note on which I left off, and whistled the air through a night lip.

I was surprised at finding anyone but myself in this deserted place on such a night of gloom, and in addition all, one after the other, were so musically. (Have you ever noticed how seldom you hear an untrained musical whistle?) I looked up as if I had received an electric shock, and stood like a statue waiting for what to happen.

I had not long to wait. A vague form grew out of the darkness, and the next instant a gentle hand was placed upon my shoulder and a low voice whispered, close to my ear,—"Oh Harry, you have come then, after all, I am so happy.

"Now my name does not happen to be Harry," now, I am in the habit of making all evening appointments with ladies in out-of-the-way places; but for that moment, I swear Harry, I could have sworn that I knew what you meant. I have felt that too, if you had that plaintive whisper, and had that little hand clinging tremulously to your coat.

"Of course—before I could recover from the momentary confusion, and collect my faculties, I had whispered back, "Yes, here I am." Then without further hesitation I made for the evening appointment with the lady in the dark) we set off together down the rocky path, she holding to me so closely with both hands at the distint places, that I glimpsed in the light of her hair's drifted hair on my face, and I fancied I could feel the thrill of her breast pressed tight against my arm.

Meanwhile the other side of the question was having time to form itself on my notice. A somewhat considered conscience was striving to make me declare myself an impostor, and apologize for the mistake—Then came the thought of her insignificant admission about the horse; but presently I came to the conclusion that this was not so. I once again suggested conscience—Here is a trusting girl, and you are deceiving her—said myself—Well, after all, who began all this—Is that human and like that?..."

I do not profess to have discovered the girl's support of my company—or so on, and so on, until even conscience saw it was getting too late to make a fuss about it, I darted off.

With that a feeling of hateful resignation came over me, and I decided to be 'Harry' as long as the gods would have me so.

At the bottom of the slope, where the blackness became a deep neutral tint, and the wavering refection at our feet of the few thin lights on the opposite bank showed as large as a huge sallow, she suddenly let go, and saying, "I'll ring the ferry bell this time," danced away from my side.

"Well, thought I, 'she and Harry are obviouly no strangers to this path, so, if I follow her I cannot go far wrong.'—But then, as the hoarse clang of the bell echoed out over the black water, it reminded me that she would probably expect to be talked to while the boat was coming across for us, for obviously she and Harry had a quarrrell to make up, and here I was, well, forlorn, and not even the faintest desire, but totally at a loss to know in what tone of voice to begin my apologies.

Again, however, those to whom guidance I had commended in the dark were equal to the occasion; for as the last stroke of the rusty bell quivered away into silence, hoarse voices, the splashing of oars, and the long rolling of a boat being driven up on the wet shingle, announced the fact that the ferry was already on our side.

Harry, an insignificant passenger, as I turned to the boat to help my lady in!

While assisting her, I gave her a slight squeeze, to see what would happen.

Harry was a lingering cares from warm slim fingers, that set the blood all through me tingling, and made me vow, as I steered, that Harry's conversation, for decorative affection should not suffer by night's substitution.

We sat down together on the sofa of the old tub, and when the ferry man, had laboriously shoved off from the beach with an oar, I found myself floating on an enchanted stream, with a little hand slipped somberly in my hand, and a little head leaning ever so gently, on my shoulder.

Then time died, and a peaceful eternity was born out there in the dark, with a pleasant ripple of water number some half-dozen stones in the creek, and a light swaying of the boat, to bring the leaning head a little closer, and a little closer.

In the middle of the dream a tiny whisper stole to my ear—"You're not thinking about Harry, are you Harry?" I answered back—"Then why don't you tell me you forgive me?"—"Of course I forgive you, dear one," I wished I could kick the reality away.

Then suddenly in the middle of a mountain parley, ripping back, and the matter of dismembrament cut short our conversation, just as I was in hopes of learning some particular matters about myself—or rather, Harry.

"Good night Sir," said Joe, as I gave him our furs, but I did not dare to answer, lest he should hear my voice, and address himself to me; so I turned silently, she taking my arm, and we went up the steps to the shore road.

I trembled here, that she should lead me towards the night, when her lighted window might have betrayed my strange features.

Not at all—She and Harry were evidently set on a sudden instant's hesitation, she took the turning that led to the Summer house in the pine wood.

As we passed along the road arm in arm, I began to get uncomfortable, for the eligible glass grew deeper and deeper, and more and more; until at last it was plain someone must speak.

"Yes," she said finally, no longer whispering, "Are you sure you aren't angry any longer?—"Yes—"Well then, why don't you talk to me, for I can't see any more night sights, and I don't feel happy like this, just a little break in her voice here.) Do speak to me, Harry."

I saw then that the boat was irretrievably lost, at least, so I stopped, and loosing her hand from mine into which it had appealingly crept, I stood up before her as boldly as the feeling of being here for a thorough cod would permit, and said—unsatisfyingly and exasperatingly.

"Because I do not happen to be Harry, nor do I feel competent to fill his place any longer."

To the Editor of THE MITRE.

Sir,—I read, with much pleasure, your Editorial Remarks upon the subject of education in the December number of your Magazine, and crave leave to offer a few ideas upon the subject, which may be of service for your discussion.

The question therein suggested is "What is Education?"

Education cannot be the possession of universal knowledge, for it is not within the power of man, working within the compass of a human life, to acquire more than a skeleton of universal knowledge. Then it must be something less. What is the least portion of universal knowledge that a man can possess to come up to the standard of the scholar? First, he must have a technical knowledge of his own profession or calling. This is indispensable. What must be added to it? to the possession of the prosaic wisdom without necessarily being an astronomer; to be able to appreciate (and parochially criticise) a Turner or Rosetti; to be able, to love the great works of literature although perhaps without technique; to be familiar with the great works of literature although not always able to quote a line of a given author when challenged; to know something of the political principles of the phenomena of the physical world; to know something of languages beyond one's mother tongue; to know History also, just as a customer does the world, current and contemporary literature; to know how and what to read, to know how to reason and how to converse. These are great questions marking the education. It is questionable if one can lay claim to being educated who is not possessed of such general "all-roundness" of information as indicated, or most of it.
INCIDENT TO THE SALON, AND REFLECTIONS THEREON

The pictures offered for admission at either salon must be at the places of exposition before the end of March. On the last day of March, therefore, I procured a cab, was conveyed to my friend’s house, and assisted in removing her pictures from the attic to the street (there are no “elevators”) and into the carriage, which was received at the door by two Americans and their numerous pieces of baggage. “To the Palais de l’Industrie.” It takes quite half an hour to drive from the American Club to the Champs Elysees, and we then drive with a “Jeune Fille” on my lap and in imminent danger of driving my knees through. However we arrived in good order and unloaded. The cabman, on discovering that there had been found he had not been driving “tendrefoot” and his blandness forsook him. We entered the edifice, carrying our precious tableauz, during the performance of a solo contributed by the cabman. We presently found ourselves at the tail of a long procession of people in single file, each with a canvas or other work of art. Sometimes a large subject required two people to carry it. Step by step we advanced; whither, we didn’t exactly know, and behind us newcomers were constantly added to the column. I was carrying this canvas of a woman for the “excellency” of whom I had been plied with the admiration which she excited. In front was an immense canvas for a ceiling decoration; behind, the little colourman from the Rue Becr was carrying a picture of the Virgin, and preceded by an official who took the name of the artist, numbered the pictures, and gave her the duplicate numbers. We were free now, and for the present watched the crowd of people who were passing through the endless galleries of the building. The pictures already received were merely put into the nearest room masterpieces of Delacroix, Rolly and Gervex, of which the wall still wet. Unfortunately we ran foul of a hurrying throng of official officials, which

caused us to be ignominiously ejected amid some shouted mirth and execration. But “Alls well that ends well,” and in course of time Miss R— received the gratifying news that her pictures were all accepted. But there was something melancholy about the month which followed. You were promptly told by So and So that he had a canvas accepted, Anon, even of the same group, had his rejected. But at this point let the uninitiated know some of the mysteries of the Salon.

First of all there is a number of eminent artists who are mere members of the Art H. C., and without saying these artists’ pictures will be accepted.

Then there is a body of artists who are styled H. C. (hors concours) whose pictures are admitted with much examination. The Art H. C. sometimes only one distinction, viz.: the medaille d’honneur. “God made him and therefore he is a man,” was Portals’ verdict; “I made that, and therefore it is a picture,” was also the verdict of the artist H. C. without saying these artists’ pictures will be accepted.

Most of the younger members (not students) of the proposition in Paris are personally known to one or more of the jury or to other great artists and from them freely receive advice and criticism. When I say freely, it is not so. Much art is thus produced, and it would not be true to minature that it is unworthy to be accepted. The greatest sincerity, enthusiasm and promise is to be looked for in this class.

All the above mentioned pictures were exhibited at the Old Salon. But there is a New Salon, and some of the most remarkable works were to be seen at it, for it is an established fact that the French are more artistic in the New Salon, and it is held in high regard in the New Salon. The Salon is always a great event for the French, and it is the place where the French can exhibit their best work. The New Salon is held in the Palais de l’Industrie, and it is a great event for the French to see their pictures hung in this building. The New Salon is held in the Palais de l’Industrie, and it is a great event for the French to see their pictures hung in this building.
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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

It is sixty years since our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria fell heir to the vast estate known as the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Her tenure in office has been a most striking one, not because it has been rendered brilliant by much military achievement, not because it has witnessed any single social or religious reform, but because it has been a period of steady development. Not that Her Majesty has failed to see many soldierly actions performed, since it was impossible that, in so long a reign over so warlike a people as the English, wars should not occur and valiant deeds be done as a matter of course. Yet for all that the last sixty years have been remarkable as years of peace. Again, not that since 1837 there have been no rumours of revolution; on the contrary, during the first ten years of the period the air was thick with plans and schemes, threats and counter-threats, Radical restlessness and Tory suppression. And to-day there is still movement, a desire for change, a yearning after better things, a struggle between Capital and Labour. Yet, as in the early years of our Sovereign’s rule, the national common-sense came to the rescue of good institutions and made the masses move with caution in claiming what was perhaps their due, so now the same confidence may be shown in Anglo-Saxon statesman-like prudence.

The Queen was ruling at the most nervous point of that crisis in the Church of England’s history, which is commonly known as the Oxford Movement. Yet she has seen the religious atmosphere become comparatively calm and that much-executed movement made productive of more good than harm. Never perhaps in all her noble history has the Anglican Church been more zealous, more enlightened and more charitable than it is at the present time, and those who believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is to be the ruling race in the world may gain new inspiration and new courage by observing the signs of vigorous life in the National Church.

But when all has been said, nothing is clearer than that this period has not been one of up-heaval. A revolution may have occurred—is perhaps now in process—but it has been the work, not of one year but of sixty,—not a Gallic, but an Anglo-Saxon revolution. A great change has come over the face of social and of religious things within the Empire since ’37, but it has not been a too rapid change, and on that account the change is likely to be for the better rather than for the worse; there will probably be no need of undoing what has been done.

Yes, the progress has been gradual, but it has been a genuine progress for all that; it has been enthusiastic and sincere, filled with the national craving after an ideal. Some may ask what the English ideal may be; it is a proud one for it is swathed in the belief of Anglo-Saxon superiority to the rest of the world. It is this: that the Anglo-Saxon race is to be the means of restoring humanity to the blessings of peace and love,—that the Anglo-Saxon race is to be God’s instrument to show the world what true manliness, true freedom and true obedience is. This is a lesson not yet half taught to Englishmen themselves. Many are but slightly conscious of the presence of any national ideal within their souls; but it is a view of things which is taking shape within the British mind. Nor is it a view altogether chimerical though perhaps far distant, since the trend of events seems to indicate such a destiny for the English people.

That the national conduct in regard to Armenia and to Crete appears sullied by cowardice or self-in-