

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.		School.
C. Rothera,	Goal.	H. Hayward.
J. Winder,	Point.	J. Porteous.
W. Moor,	C Point	C. Gilmour
		E. Cowen.
P. Boyle,	Rover.	S. Purves
J. Johnson,	Forwards.	R. Purves.
J. Mills,	"	Mr. Auden.
E. Rankin,	"	J. Chambers.
B. Watson, B. A.,	Umpires.	B. Webster.
E. Simpson,	Timers.	F. Barretto.
M. Taylor,	Referee.	

On Feb. 6th, the Villege 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 Villege scoring one to the College nothing.

In the second half the villege 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 splended hockey,

while Rothera, Rankin and Moor played exceptionally well for the College.

The teams were as follows:—

College.		Lennoxville.
C. Rothera,	Goal.	C. Spafford.
J. Winder,	Point	O. Williams.
W. Moor.	C. Point.	T. Donnelly.
P. Boyle,	Forwards	G Bown.
J. Johnson,	"	F. Taylor.
J. Mil's,	"	F. Mitchell.
F Rankin,	"	R. Mallory.
R. Noyes, Esq.,	Umpires	S. Mathewson Esq
E. G. Simpson, Esq	Timers	J. Shuter, Esq
L. D. Abbott, Esq.,	Referee.	

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.		Sherbrooke
C. Rothera	Goal.	R. Miquelon.
J. Winder,	Point.	A. Lomas.
W. Moor,	C. Point.	W. Stewart.
P. Boyle,	Forwards.	C. Moe.
J. Johnson,	"	R. Stocks.
J Mills,	"	J. Davies.
E. Rankin,	"	H. Wombwell.
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.

2. Overture—"Morning, Noon and Night,".....*Suppe*
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.
3. Song and Chorus, from the "Mandarin,"....*De Koven*
E. COWEN AND GLEE CLUB.
4. Reading—Selected.....*Calverly*
REV. PRINCIPAL ADAMS.
5. Song....."Two Is Company,".....
MISS SCARTH.
6. Selection from "Robin Hood,".....*De Koven*
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.
7. Duett....."Overture to Zampa,".....*Harold*
MRS. W. ABBOTT AND MISS ABBOTT.
8. Waltz....."The Senator,".....*Benedict*
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.

The single-stick exercise between Messrs. Perrin and Carr was very interesting to watch, and called for much applause, in spite of the fact that the smallness of the stage and the closeness of the scenery retarded their movements, and necessitated a most inconvenient degree of caution.

Cowen sang his solo from "The Mandarin" in very good voice, and he was well backed up by the assembled Glee Club, who made a noble appearance stretched in a mass, in front of the thrilling "Street Scene" that serves as a "Drop" in the Town Hall.

Dr. Adams excited considerable mirth by his humorous rendering of Calverly's "Grinder, who serenely grindest," and the audience were evidently disappointed by his refusal to give an encore selection.

Miss Scarth's success as a singer of sentimental ballads is too well known to need comment, and it is enough to say that on the present occasion she fully sustained her previous reputation.

Mrs. W. Abbott and Miss Abbott's duett was charming and excited tempestuous applause.

The Symphony Organ, which to all appearances is a glorified harmonium with peculiar internal arrangements which cause it to harmonize notes of its own accord, was a visitor from Messrs. Wilson's of Sherbrooke, and was kindly loaned by them for the occasion. It was played, with great zeal, by one of their men, and rarely failed in discoursing very pleasant music.

On Tuesday the programme was as follows:—

1. Single-Stick Exercises.....
SERGEANT W. PERRIN (late Prince of Wales Rifles.)
AND
MR. ROBERT CARR (late 42nd Highlanders.)
2. Operatic Overture.....
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.
3. Song and Chorus.."October,".....*John Farmer*
H. HAYWARD AND GLEE CLUB.

4. Selections—"Water Nymph" and "Narcissus.".....
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.
5. Reading....."Huckleberry Finn,"....*Mark Twain*
THE HEADMASTER.
6. March....."El Capitan,".....*Sousa*
THE SYMPHONY ORGAN.

The strong point of this programme was undoubtedly the Headmaster's splendid rendering of some choice bits from Huckleberry Finn, received most enthusiastically. By way of quieting the tumult of encores, he very kindly consented to read a second selection.

On both Monday and Tuesday the Entertainment concluded with—

PART II.

"THE LIVELY STATUE,"

Or, "CHISSELLING."

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Stonecrop, an Art Critic.....	Mr. Auden
Larkspur, a supposed Sculptor.....	B Webster
Trotter, Larkspur's man.....	Mr. Acklom
Kate Norton, Stonecrop's Niece, with \$50,000 and a house.....	C. Dobbin
Mrs. Piper, the landlady.....	H. Chambers
Assistant Stage Manager and Prompter.....	F. Barretto

Scene—Larkspur's Studio.

The plot of the play is as follows:—

Mr. Larkspur, a young and inexperienced sculptor, sees and admires a Miss Kate Norton, a handsome girl with a fortune of \$50,000 and a house in her own right. He wins the lady's heart, and seeks the lady's hand, when Stonecrop, her guardian and uncle, a purblind connoisseur in art, assures him that, before he can be the husband of Kate, he must knock off a statue which would stand the test of his criticism. To deceive the old gentleman, Larkspur obtains a plaster cast of Alexander the Great, and writes to the guardian of his lady love that he has finished a masterpiece ready for his inspection. Unfortunately for the success of this device, Larkspur's landlady, on the eve of the critic's arrival, puts her broom handle clean through the stomach of the *chef d'œuvre*. In this emergency the sculptor induces Trotter, his man servant, to don the garb of a Roman warrior and to personate the destroyed work of art. Trotter consents under promise of being rewarded with a pipe and unlimited porter; whereupon the substitute puts on the whitened garments, and is inspected by the critical Stonecrop, who admires Larkspur's work of art. The critic, however, suggests improvements in the way of cutting off a hand, a nose, and a portion of the leg. Larkspur, to avert such a calamity, induces Stonecrop to accompany the landlady to lunch. In his absence the landlady supplies Trotter with pastry, pipes and porter, and, upon the furtive return of the connoisseur to accomplish his purpose of improving

the statue, a number of ludicrous situations occur. Stonecrop, imagining that he has removed the objectionable parts of the statue, gives his consent to Larkspur's union with his ward, when he is surprised at discovering Alexander the Great to be a mere mortal in a state of considerable exhilaration.

It is almost impossible to discriminate by individual praise where all did so well. The "make-ups" were, without exception excellent, but Mr. Auden as the old man, and Dobbin as the beautiful Kate, excited the utmost enthusiasm among the audience.

The statuesque appearance of Trotter as Alexander the Great was due to the kindness of Mrs. Petry, who so successfully undertook the manufacture of the snowy garments, and to whom the thanks of the "Company" are owing.

The whole performance passed, on without a hitch, to a triumphant conclusion on both nights, and 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 Statue," in the shape of a very artistic group, remains to perpetuate the occurrence.

There was a splendid audience the first night, the Town Hall being packed to the doors; but on the second night, counter attractions in the shape of a Carnival and the finale of the Whist Club, left us with a slim, but still enthusiastic house.

On Friday evening, February 12th, the Lord Bishop of Quebec gave us a very interesting account of the visit which he paid to Vancouver last summer. The Lecture was illustrated by a magnificent series of lantern views. His Lordship described the chief places of interest along the route, 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 wishing that we could have so good an opportunity for making the same trip across the continent.

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 come on the later date. Unfortunately the evening was stormy, and beyond the School not more than half a dozen people were present. Dr. Stewart read a very scholarly paper; condensed from his longer printed essays on the same 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 cull the following from our correspondence: (From the Librarian):—

"Whisperings from divers school-boys have reached my ears on account of the mysterious disappearing 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 reaches his ears. 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 "disappearing" or the "re-appearing" which meets with such disapprobation—or, again, is it only the *mystery* of the proceedings. We suggest that the Librarian fine any boy found removing a 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 the rest of this happy community was highly agitated, 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. In fact we have given it 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, partly from lack of space, and partly in order to present a complete review of the Hockey season, after its conclusion.

We cannot, however, go to press without mentioning that our Captain is at present in Toronto seeking medical advice. It will be remembered that the writer of the humorous account of the School and College match sent to the Montreal *Star* referred to him as "slightly injured." The slight injury turns out to be a serious fracture of the collar-bone.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

Since our last edition we have played several league matches with more or less success.

We certainly know how to rejoice 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 "ifs" after a lost match? Such as "If the referee had

DIVINITY NOTES.

Hamlet's friend Horatio, little thought, I presume, that his words would, centuries afterwards, be used in such a connection; but they are not for that reason, the less apt. Not one ghost but two are haunting us, that if an idled Past and, *horrible dictu*, that of the terminal Exams.

"In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state."

True, the "eruption" may not be so strange, yet new terrors present themselves each time the end of term draws near; and our mental "state" becomes one of much unrest. "Oh what shall I do first?" "Which had I better get up next?" etc., seem to be the inmost cries of all—except the *few* who are always ready for any emergency, *mais, hélas! il n'y en a pas beaucoup*.

The Divinity Scribe is troubled with still further unrest, for extra work confronts him. The Editor-in-Chief, or The-Man-Who-Likes-To Pester-People, calls in to inform him that "THE MITRE" must be off his hands before the 25th, (*illum diem fatalem*) and that the page of Divinity Notes must be on hand. *Sic semper*—but his stock of Latin and French is exhausted, so no more.

With the coming of Lent many familiar sounds have ceased. Visions of anxious faces no longer break in upon us to ask us to leave our work, or otherwise and come and join them. Seriousness and study have taken the place of mirth and frivolity, and there is left only the piano wherewith to enliven the wearied brain and arouse the erstwhile bookworm from his quiet and repose.

At the daily Morning Office in the Oratory during Lent, Rev. Professor Wilkinson is reading 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 behalf of "THE MITRE" we wish to express to them our sincere thanks for their very acceptable and appropriate gift. Since everything that helps in the beautifying of our Chapel, or its services is a matter of deep interest to the students, it seems especially fitting that through their papers such gifts should be acknowledged.

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

The famous Bull "Apostolicae Curae" seems to deserve the name "*Satis Cognitum*" no less than its predecessors of that name. It is certainly well-enough known and there seems to be every prospect that its day of prominence is not yet over. Whether this important document has attained for itself a fame illustrious or notorious does not concern us at this present, though we may have our own opinions as to its contents and worth. The question regarding the validity of Anglican Orders does not seem likely to stand or fall by it, yet if it have any effect it looks decidedly in our favor; and the thorough threshing out of the subject will probably be of immense gain to us. While it will increase the knowledge of Churchmen generally about our position and Catholicity, it will too, we think, be a means of bringing into closer fellowship the various wings in the Church, and (we trust) put to silence the more or less unfounded notions of "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. Other dioceses may have as favorable openings, but none have such associations as that in which men have been educated and trained and their interests so bound up as is the case with the majority of our Students, especially those who will be ready for ordination in June.

We heard the members of the "Upper Ten" sounding the praises of Mr. and Mrs. Holah in appreciation of their kindness in inviting them to their home to supper. Those who know this "mystic body" and their fondness for good things and the meaning of the mysterious signal "come to my room at nine" can well understand with what promptitude the invitation was accepted.

Last week's "Grumbler" 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 at all, it having been turned into a Class Room on account of the number of Students. We sympathise fully with "Grumbler" and ask that, when the authorities make their Room "habitable," they will not forget *we* would not be at a loss to know what to do with a *decent* Common Room.

It is with much pleasure that we note the revival of the use of Tallis' "Festal Responses" 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 think be no less acceptable to all concerned, and would certainly be in keeping with the dignity of the place. They are:—first, the revival of the use of Gregorian Chants for the Psalms which was begun last year and promised well, (and especially since the books lie

useless in the Chapel and the Psalters in use are in a most lamentable condition.) The second is the revival of the custom of having the late Celebrations of the Holy Communion fully choral, which was also begun last year and afterwards discontinued.



ARTS NOTES.

Now that the excitement of the Hockey Season is over, most of our men have quietly settled down to work in preparation for the approaching Easter exams. Outside of athletics, nothing of unusual interest has lately happened in connection with the University. Many of its members have suffered more or less severely from the prevailing epidemic of "La Grippe," in consequence of which "ægers" have been perhaps more numerous than usual. Nothing however, has been allowed to interfere with the paramount claims of hockey, which have infected even the inhabitants of the lower regions, the kitchen and store rooms, "Johnson" in particular, his dormant sporting instincts having been aroused by the current excitement, speculated most rashly and mourns the loss of sundry plugs of tobacco, but he has met his obligations and is probably a wiser though a sadder man.

The approaching Jubilee of Her Majesty, the Queen, will be of course an event unique in the history of the Empire. It is felt that such an occasion as this has a claim upon our Institution for more than ordinary notice. Several proposals have been mooted as to the fittest manner in which such a universally joyous season may be celebrated by Bishops' College, but it is feared that none of these suggestions have the sanction of authority. Let us hope that the corporation will consider the matter, and do what is in their power to render the incident memorable in the College annual.

The series of lectures on School Law and Pedagogics, which is being delivered in connection with this University by the Principal of Montreal Normal School, is willingly attended by a large majority of students. The advantages which such a course offers to the embryo teacher are manifold, but those who have not the remotest idea of ever adopting teaching as a profession also find the remarks of Dr. Robins to be interesting and practical. Certain divisions of the subject are naturally very dry, but even these are rendered almost pleasant by the tact and humour of the lecturer. Dr. Robins has already won for himself many admirers, and those who now have the privilege of listening to him will count the circumstance as not the least valuable element of their University training.

The loss of the Hon. Geo. Irvine, D. C. L., whose death took place at his residence in Quebec,

on the 25th ulto., 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 a staunch Churchman. He was one of the oldest members of the St. Matthew's congregation, and for many years filled the office of Churchwarden. The funeral service which 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 is being 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 Alexander's "Verbum Crucis."

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 unless 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. Quite recently a large dish was 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 very small sense of honour would suffice to remedy this abuse.

The many acquaintances of Mr. W. E. Patterson, (Arts, '97) will be sorry to hear that he has met with a serious accident. Whilst sliding with some friends on the Pottery Hill, his toboggan struck a large tree with considerable force. The rest of the party fortunately escaped unhurt, but one of Mr. Patterson's feet was found to be badly crushed. It is not possible at present to ascertain the exact extent of the injuries, but although he is progressing favorably it will probably be several weeks before he is able to use the limb.



SCHOOL NOTES.

The most important happening during the past month has been the Entertainment given by the Chess and Glee Clubs on March the 1st and 2nd, for the benefit of the Cricket Club.

The following is the programme for the Monday performance:—

PART I.

1. Single-Stick Exercise.
- SERGEANT W. PERRIN (late Prince of Wales Rifles.)
- AND
- MR. ROBERT CARR (late 42nd Highlanders.)

The word "Education" has two senses, (1) the acquiring of knowledge, (2) the more literal one of the 'drawing out' of talents. It means besides erudition, 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. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Many of those qualities of patience, pluck, endurance, etc., which men find needful in after life are fostered on the cricket and football fields. They are the same faculties, only put to different uses. The ancient, in laying great stress on gymnastics, were wise, as far as they went.

But I join issue with you, Mr. Editor, on your statement that "thread-bare existence" may be the lot of an educated man. Education, I take it, means the rounding of character, a levelling-up process, the strengthening of weak places, the filling up of ugly gaps. The man of brains and thread-bare existence may be intellectual, a recluse, a prodigy, a crank, a sloven, or a victim to abstraction of thought, but is decidedly not 'educated.' He may have natural talents but his character is not sufficiently rounded to class him as educated. In fact his ill-balanced condition indicates lack of education in some essentials; want of system and energy are, as likely as not, his leading characteristics. The out-at-the-elbows genius is not the man who helps to make the world better, but is a drag upon the wheels of the coach, usually dependent upon the influence and assistance of friends for his livelihood.

That well-educated people often "cannot keep a ledger properly," "write illegibly" and "die penniless" is a begging of the question.

Every educated man is not an expert accountant, but ought to be able to keep a supervising eye over his personal business affairs if they are many and intricate, or to personally manage them if they be few. It is a serious defect of training and character to be unmindful of small things, amounting to selfishness when they involve others than ourselves. We are responsible stewards even for the smallest possessions that it may fall to our lot to have. The trifles that we lose by shiftlessness might have been spent in saving a fellow-creature from starving. It is not given to more than one man in a thousand to do great things and life to the 999 is made up of small things. Writing illegibly is as frequently the result of carelessness, need of concentration and lack of consideration for those who have to read the writing, as it is an indication that thoughts flow faster than fingers. Dying penniless as frequently tells the story of a career mispent, opportunities neglected, a life spent in dreaming and idle speculation, as it does of misfortune, entirely unpreventable.

Picture the home (if he has one) of the man of 'education,' who can accomplish nothing more than

a "thread-bare existence." How many of us know men (the professions include many) who being 'educated' are so incapable in execution, as to be unable to furnish more than a scanty existence to their families, and have to be content to see their children accept in a very limited degree that learning which they so much prize themselves, and to accept inferior positions in society to those which they are destined for. Isn't that increasing the misery rather than the happiness of the world? I fail to follow your argument that what amounts, in my mind, to carelessness and the want of practical common-sense frequently marks the "educated" 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 mindful of the small matters of life and its practical every-day side. Let one instance suffice. Does not our Gracious Sovereign, who rules the destinies of hundreds of millions of subjects spend every morning of her 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 they benefit those of low degree? Her time and attention have been largely devoted to little acts of thoughtfulness for the betterment of persons in obscure walks of life. But some one will say, my subject is not a scholar. Granted. And purposely did I avoid naming one of deep erudition, the better to illustrate my point. But my subject fills one of the most exacting and influential positions in the world, and fills it as only one of 'education' can. Scores of instances will occur to your readers of lives of those whose brain-work has enriched the world by discoveries, by statesmanship, by art, by conquests, by writing, by oratory, by their learning, whose lives have consisted in strict attention to details and the use of small fractions of time, as well as the execution of great feats. That great works can be obscured in an abundance of detail; that time can be idled away in attention to minutiae when principles are at stake must be admitted. But this is beside the question. The educated man is expected always to have his faculties under command like his troops under a general—such is the very object of his training. And education is training, not the bestowal of talents. Education is intended to make men masters of themselves and all their surroundings, slaves to none. Judges, legislators, Bishops, writers, scientists, physicians, scholars—all who would make successes of their lives, in the very highest sense, lives full of good work—must be practical as well as learned.

"Reading," saith Bacon, "maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." His ideal is learned, quick and accurate. But technical knowledge is only needful in one's own profession. If the learned jurist were asked to step down from the Bench to lead an army he might be as help-

less as an infant. The architect of a great cathedral might be at his wits' end to save a human life from the ravages of disease. The author of an immortal drama might be entirely at sea if called upon to solve a scientific problem. Yet all are educated. But this, Mr. Editor, is asking a man of great things in one sphere to do a great thing in another—not at all an analagous case to that of keeping a simple debit and credit account of one's own daily transactions, of writing so as to be read, of working so as to live independently.

What did Bacon mean? Narrowness, insularity and prejudice must be swept away and be replaced by broadening and deepening of ideas and sympathies. Education comprehends not only instruction and breeding but the formation of the mind and the regulation of the heart and the establishment of the principles: good instruction makes one wiser; good breeding makes one more polished and agreeable; good education makes one really good.

That education is the moulding of character and equipment for the battle of life quite as much as having "done" a certain quantum of book-learning, I think, Mr. Editor, we are agreed upon. That the man who, with no advantages of position nor education in early life, rises by his own inherent powers and legitimate exertions to a position of usefulness is much more creditable to himself and helpful to society than the man, who, having opportunities, fritters them away.

When does education cease? Usually the more a man knows, the more conscious is he of the littleness of his stock of knowledge, even to the very end of a long and well-spent life. He is always learning if we would profit by the biographies of the great.

Nothing can be more absurd than the young college man, who, having devoured (with a poor digestion) a few books, armed with his degree, "knows it all" and is quite prepared to offer instruction to a wondering world which sits at his feet to learn "how it is done." *Experientia docet.* Doubly true is this of the boy leaving school.

One other point that a University student must learn on taking his place out in the world. He will find that notwithstanding his grinding at books, he has had a comparatively easy time to that which lies before him in the battle of life. How many walks of life are there where he can call half of every day his own, and one quarter of every year, to be spent as he pleases? His course is mapped out for him by his Alma Mater. He has to steer for himself on the broad sea of Life. Education is not finished on leaving University or school; it is only begun; amplifying, mellowing and polishing come from contact with the great world of cultivation and knowledge without.

"Is education complete without travel?" is a question frequently put; as is also the further one "What is travel?" Does travel consist in purchasing a

Cook's Tourist ticket, submitting to be one of a flock whipped in line by an exacting guide, 'doing the continent' at the rate of one city *per diem*, an art gallery in twenty minutes and a cathedral in ten? Undoubtedly, travel means a leisurely and intelligent survey of all that is interesting and instructive, which as a series of object lessons supplements, confirms and gives point to our book-knowledge.

Travelling, in the best sense of the word, is a most valuable means of adding to the education of some persons. 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 true education must be built upon the foundation of Religion. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." We must be impregnated with a practical realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and put into practice the duties which these relationships imply. The Sermon on the Mount is the best Text Book to place on any curriculum. This is at the very root of real education. One may be possessed of the knowledge of the arts and sciences we have spoken of, or have the habits of industry we refer to, yet be an atheist or scoffer, only a half developed man. Or he may be qualified for nothing nobler than the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, as you truly pictured. This is a failing to which Canadians are very much tempted by their geographical position.

In fine, Mr. Editor, education is that which fits a man to fill the duties of his special department in life, in the very best and fullest manner, of which his knowledge must be wide, deep and exact; with a large stock of general knowledge of all other spheres (sufficient, at least, to prevent him from falling into the grossest error respecting their principles) acquired by reading, observation, study, travel and experience superadded. His training must have developed in him the character to make the best use for himself and society of the talents committed to him and the learning of which he stands possessed, founded upon the principles of Christ's Religion and polished by contact with men and knowledge of manners.

Your article, as a whole, commends itself for the many truths it contains. In the main I agree with it. I only dispute one or two minor statements, enlarging upon others. Far be it from the writer to lay any claims to completeness or correctness in stating these few thoughts; he is only too truly aware of his own shortcomings and is open to criticism.

We will hope for further discussion on this absorbing topic. Thanking you for space,

I am, &c.,

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impulse drew me and I thought that instead of following my usual round, 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-foliaged elms, I found that the outside air had been bright by comparison,—indeed the avenue was more like a tunnel than anything else.

The blackness, however, made no difference to me, for I knew that road well, and almost better by night than by day. So I strolled thoughtfully on, whistling "*Annie Laurie*," and tentatively holding out my stick in front of me, whenever 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 breaks off into a rocky precipitous descent to the river shore, I discovered that my bootlace had come un-tied, and was dragging along behind me.

With a muttered reflection 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 whistler, evidently concealed in the trees close by, took up *Annie Laurie* at the note on which I left off, and whistled the air through like a nightingale.

I was so surprised at finding anyone but myself in this deserted place on such a night of gloom, and above all, one who could whistle so musically, (Have you ever noticed how seldom you hear a really musical whistle?) that I got up as if I had received an electric shock, and stood like a statue waiting for what to come next.

I had not long to wait. A vague form grew out of the darkness, and the next instant a gentle hand was slipped into my arm, and a beseeching 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,’ nor am I in the habit of making late evening appointments with ladies in out-of-the-way places; but for that moment, I *was* Harry; I could have sworn that I, and no-one else, was that lucky man. You would have felt like that too, if you had heard that plaintive whisper, and had that little hand clinging tremblingly to your coat sleeve.

Naturally—before I could recover from the momentary confusion, and collect my faculties, I had whispered back, “Yes, here I am.” Then without further hesitation or parley (for all whispers sound alike in the dark) we set off together down the rocky path, she holding to me so closely with both hands at the difficult places, that the scent of her hair drifted across my face, and I fancied I could feel the throb of her breast pressed tight against my arm.

Meanwhile the other side of the question was

having time to force itself on my notice. A somewhat pampered conscience was striving to make me declare myself an imposter, and apologize for the mistake.—Then came the thought of her indignant surprise and contemptuous dismissal—and I dared not! Once again suggested conscience—*Here is a trusting girl, and you are deceiving her*—said myself—*Well, after all, who began it?—and since I am here and Harry isn't, why should I deny this deserted girl the support of my company?*—and so on, and so on, until even conscience saw it was getting too late to make voluntary and unpleasant disclosures.

With that a feeling of fateful resignation came over me, and I decided to be ‘Harry’ as long as the gods would permit.

At the bottom of the slope, where the blackness became a deep neutral tint, and the wavering reflection at our feet of the few dim lights on the opposite bank shewed the presence of the wide placid river, 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 obviously 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 quarrel to make up, and here was I, willing to be as sweet and penitent as ever she might desire, but totally at a loss to know in what tone of voice to begin my apologies.

Again, however, those to whose guidance I had committed the conduct of affairs 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 finally the long *cru-u-ush* of a boat being driven up on the wet shingle, announced the fact that the ferry was already on our side.

How I blessed that unconscious passenger, as I hurried to the boat to help my lady in!

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

I might have known! my reward was a lingering caress from warm slim fingers, that set the blood all through me tingling, and made me vow, as I stepped aboard, that Harry’s reputation for demonstrative affection should not suffer by to-night’s substitution.

We sat down together in the stern of the old tub, and when Joe the ferryman, had laboriously shoved off from the beach with an oar, I found myself floating on an enchanted stream, with a little hand slipped somehow into mine, 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 murmuring some half-forgotten tune into one’s ears, 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 still angry, are you Harry?” “No, dear,” I whispered back.—“Then why don’t you tell me you forgive me?”—“Of course I forgive you, dear one,” said I, wishing I could kick the real Harry.

Then suddenly the boat grounded on the further beach, jerking us backward, and the matter of disembarkment cut short our conversation, just as I was in hopes of learning some necessary particulars about myself—or rather, Harry.

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

Here I trembled, that she should lead me towards the village, where a lighted window might have betrayed my strange features.

Not at all!—She and Harry were evidently sensible beings, for without an instant’s hesitation, she took the turning that leads to the Summer house in the pine wood.

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

“Harry,” said she finally, no longer whispering, “Yes” I muttered, “Are you *sure* you aren’t angry any longer?”—“Yes”—“Well then, why don’t you talk to me, for I noticed that you wouldn’t even say good night to Joe, 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 game was irretrievably lost, at last; 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 having behaved like a thorough cad would permit, and said—unhesitatingly and clearly:

“Because I do not happen to be Harry, nor do I feel competent to fill his place any longer.” * * * There was a pause;—then she put her hands to her face, as if I had struck her, and I began to wish I had never been born.

At last, to my intense relief, she began to get angry, and finally burst out—“Oh, how *could* you, you *coward*,” and, as I was looking forward to explanations and arguments and final reconciliation, she broke off suddenly,—turned round, and began to run back towards the ferry.

O. B. M.

(To be Continued)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE MITRE

SIR,—If to think and assert “that Robert Browning does not merit the pinnacle of fame to which he

has attained,” makes one to be ‘horribly out of date, &c.,” I am quite content so to be looked upon in the good company of my valued friend, the Dean of Quebec. I make bold to say that Browning’s apparent scorn for the first principles of good English composition excites a feeling of disgusted impatience, when one first takes him up. He has, undoubtedly, great power of analysis, but the obscurity in which he involves his thoughts, and his general unintelligibility spoil everything.

I think we are much indebted to Dean Norman for his three papers on “The Imaginative Faculty.” I, for one, have read them with great pleasure.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. W. DUMBELL.

Sherbrooke Rectory,
Shrove Tuesday, 1897.



WHAT IS EDUCATION?

To the Editor in-Chief 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, than which there is no more valuable one for your discussion.

The question therein suggested is “What is Education?”

Now 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 scintilla of universal knowledge. We can, at once, dismiss this. 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 being educated?

First, he must have a technical knowledge of his own profession or calling. This is indispensable. What must be added to it? Some knowledge of the wonders of the heavens without necessarily being an astronomer; to be able to appreciate (and perchance criticise) a Turner or Rossetti; to be a lover of music, although perhaps innocent of technique; to be familiar with the great works of literature although not always able to quote lines of a given author when challenged; to know, at least, the elementary principles which govern the phenomena of the physical world; to know something of languages beyond one’s mother tongue; to know History and customs, as well as being familiar with current events and contemporary literature; to know how and what to read, how to think, how to reason and how to converse—these are general accomplishments which mark the educated. 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.

terest is perhaps true, that the rational attitude in regard to South Africa is not free from a suspicion of vulgar intrigue is perhaps also true; but all these dark spots merely go to show that nations like individuals do not always live up to their ideals—what it does not show is that the ideal is an absurd one.

If Queen Victoria in this year of Grace 1897 were blessed by seeing her people become thoroughly imbued with this ideal she might well feel that her reign had been the most glorious one in the annals of the noblest race the world has known. There were then no need to look for something to commemorate the sovereign who has longest sat upon the throne of England.



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 vehicle. The '*Cocher*' looked exceedingly bland at the 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 Elysée, and it was not a comfortable drive with a "*Jeune Fille*" on my lap and in imminent danger of driving my knees through another. However we arrived in good order and unloaded. The cabman on receiving his regular fare and a *pour boire* found he had not been driving "tenderfeet" and his blandness forsook him. We entered the edifice, carrying our precious tableaux, 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 the "*Jeune Fille*," and very cordially accepted the admiration which she excited. In front was an immense canvas for a ceiling decoration; behind, the little colourman from the Rue Bréa was carrying a puny water-colour. Finally we were confronted 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 procession, then wandered like babes in the wood through the endless galleries of the building. The pictures already received were merely put into the nearest rooms with their faces to the wall, numbers of them with the paint still wet. Unfortunately we ran foul of a hurrying throng of jaded officials, which

caused us to be ignominiously ejected amid some subdued mirth and execration. But 'Alls well that ends well,' and in course of time Miss R— received the grateful news that her pictures were all accepted.

There were great searchings of heart during the month which followed. You were promptly told by So and So that he had a canvas accepted. Anon, such an one would confide that his had been 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 members of the Salon jury. It goes 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 without examination, so to speak, but who can receive only one distinction, viz.: the medaille d'honneur. "God made him and therefore he is a man," was Portia's verdict; "I made that, and therefore it is a picture," is the verdict of the artist H. C., sometimes the only ground for believing it to be so. What exactly constitutes H. C. I am not fully aware.

Most of the younger members (not students) of the profession 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 that the work of such men is not likely to be refused, it would not be true to insinuate that it is unworthy to be accepted. The greatest sincerity, enthusiasm and promise is to be looked for in this class.

Men who are still studying at the Beaux Arts, at Julian's or elsewhere, *if wise* will show their intended exhibit to their professor beforehand. If bad, he will probably say so. If he thinks it will be admitted, he will probably use his influence to get it admitted.

The remaining pictures that greet one on the day of *Vernissage* are accepted on their merits.

Les gens chic pay five francs and go to the *Vernissage*, clad in raiment wonderful to behold. It is the day on which no pictures are varnished. The President makes a formal visit, so do the artists and the models who can get somebody to take them. Sarah Brown, the most famous model of her time, used to collect a bevy or damsels and drive thither in state. The splendour of the Elysée is cheek by jowl with the swagger of the Boul. Mich. Two days afterwards the Salon is opened at a low rate of admission. On Sundays during the month of June it is free—but unpleasant.

I do not wish to weary the readers of this journal by too detailed an account of the Salon of 1896, but it may be interesting to recall the names of some of the most conspicuous exhibitors.

The Medal of Honour was awarded to Benjamin Constant for two portraits,—the ordinary observer might wonder why. There were no striking effects of design and certainly there was no sensuousness in the colour. There was nothing *pretty* about them.

But French art is before everything natural and truthful, and Constant's portraits were so eminently true to nature that at first one failed to remark how great they were. As the exponent of grace and beauty I cannot think of an artist of modern times who is superior to Bouguereau. He exhibited two canvases, a portrait and a figure subject called "La Vague." A smiling maid looks over her shoulder at the spectator while she awaits the splash of a wave on a pebbly shore. Many critics were found to talk of the China Girl on a china beach washed by a china wave under a porcelain sky, but this seems to me, (in humility be it spoken) foolishness. The canvas is of fine texture and the paint is put on very smoothly (but that does not necessarily constitute china painting,) and it is worthy of remark that M. Bouguereau is the only man who does such work although he has several imitators.

Bonnat's portraits were very striking productions. His technique is peculiar and in a portrait not very pleasant, but his draughtsmanship is astonishing.

One large work which attracted a great deal of attention was Orchardson's "Young Duke." Benjamin Constant went so far as to say that it was the picture of the year. A crowd of gentlemen in the costume of a century ago have risen to their feet and lift their glasses towards a somewhat blasé and indifferent-looking young individual at the head of the table. The general tone of the picture is yellow and brown, but one single point of exquisite colour is afforded by a vase of roses in the foreground.

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 example Dagnan Bouveret's Last Supper. Christ stands in the middle of the group blessing the chalice and artificial light has been employed to illuminate the principal Figure and to create the illusion that the other figures are illuminated by Him. This picture has received a great deal of praise, but just at this point I become critical myself and object *in toto* to the illuminating device as cheap and trivial. It seems to me that Dagnan Bouveret has failed conspicuously to make his Christ the intellectual and moral superior of the disciples about him, and that the lighting of the picture serves to draw attention away from so grave a defect.

Opposite, Caroleus-Duran shewed a fine group of portraits. Little Simone, the granddaughter of Sarah Bernhardt, was very charming.

There were several Scotch pictures at the New Salon. A portrait by Burne-Jones was too awful for words. I must not say too much about it or I shall go into literary hysterics. I can *quote* with safety, however. Henri Rochefort says it was studied on the slabs of the morgue. The portraits by Lavery and Guthrie exhibit many of the finest qualities of those of Sir Henry Raeburn, the most eminent of Scottish portrait painters.

Probably the most interesting subjects at the New Salon were the four panels for the Boston Library by Puvis de Chavannes. His drawing is archaic, and repulsive to the same degree as that of Bouguereau is refined. He is oppressed with the idea that a mural decoration should not deceive the eye, not lead the sight beyond the plane of the wall nor by any chance confuse itself with figures which may stand in front of it. As a mental exercise, think where you would be likely to arrive by attempting to harmonize these ideas.

It would take too long to tell of Sargent's well-dressed young man, of Harrison's landscapes or more generally seascapes, beautiful as they were, of the masterpieces of Roll and Gervex, of Dannat's La Belle Otéro, but let me say this—the masterpieces of French art bear much the same relation to the most admired canvases of our exhibitions that a sonata by Beethoven bears to the *ordinary* drawing room waltz, the latter possesses an affected cloying sweetness which makes it impossible to listen to it seriously. In too many works of English and American artists the most precious qualities of truth have been supplanted by a spurious prettiness, displayed in vapid conventionality of design and poisonous sweetness of colour.

A mere reference to Abbey's charming drawings in pen and ink illustrating the Comedies of Shakspeare, must bring this too lengthy article to a close.

R. N. HUDSPETH.



AN INTERLUDE.

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It was a dark night—very dark; in fact I almost passed the turning that leads through the Elm Avenue to the ferry.

There was no reason why I should take that particular road; I was only enjoying one of my late evening rambles which I usually indulged in after going to see Helena.

Helena and I were engaged,—are engaged, I should say,—and she allows me to visit her three evenings a week, on condition of not staying later than a quarter to nine, her ideas of propriety being a little stringent for these enlightened days. Everyone says I am a very lucky man to be going to marry such a capable girl, yet I experience a feeling of relief (of which I am thoroughly ashamed) when I get away from the dignity and solid solemnity of the drawing-room wherein Helena discourses discreetly of house-keeping estimates, to the wide calm and starry peace of the sea and woods.

On the evening of which I am speaking, I was a mile beyond the city, and a yard or two past the gateless entrance to the long elm walk, when some

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THIS sixty years since our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria fell heiress 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 were 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-execrated 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 perforce 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-