be, the problem is an interesting one to those interested in college education.

Our old friend The Trinity Review has much in it that is noteworthy this month.

Its editorials contain practical observations on Athletics, The Tariff, The Sunday Car question, and the "referendum" as a final resort in politics. The articles on "The Educational Council" and "Matriculation" deal clearly and vigorously with matters of educational importance. It is however to the "College Chronicle" that we of Bishop's turn with most satisfaction, for here we see Trinity Life in aspects which connect it very closely with the spirit of our own institution. While still a mere handful numerically compared with our brethren at Trinity we can assure them that at Lennoxville we are pursing much the same ideals as those which govern their residential life, and that furthermore we have much in common with them even in their affections. We have suffered and recovered from the same "baseball fever," our tennis court is eccentric enough to challenge camaraderie with any, and there are among us who have passed through the same grim wrestling with "Sups!"

We have lately received a copy of "The Eagle" published by members of St. John's College, Cambridge, England. The Eagle is a magazine of a remarkably tasteful exterior and, as might be expected, of a very high literary order. The number bearing the date of March, has besides other excellent contributions, some very interesting "Notes from The College Records" and some charming verses entitled "The Biter Bit" which we cannot forbear quoting:

Naughty little Love one day
Robbed a hive and ran away,
Out the angry bees did pour—
Love was stung till he was sore.

Sped he to his mother's side,
'Mother, make it well,' he cried:
'How can such a little bee
Cause such grievous pain to me?'

Spake his mother (and she smiled),
'Like the bee art thou, my child,—
Though a puny boy thou art,
Grievous is thine arrow's smart.'

We have also received The Windsorian an excellent little magazine reflecting great credit on the Collegiate School of Windsor, N.S.

We are glad to see again the St. John's College Magazine, which is certainly too good a periodical to be allowed to curtail its size for want of financial support. In the March number a meditation entitled "The Ocean of Life," is thoughtful and suggestive.

The Edinburgh Student is before us, excellent as always. Without attempting to be literary in character the Student always contain much that is readable to outsiders, and as a record of University events and a reflection of student-life it deserves high praise.

The Quebec Diocesan Gazette though not of the same class as the periodicals above mentioned, is always welcome. We think the May number well up to the usual mark, in the interest and usefulness of its contents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have, of late, been considerably annoyed, when riding through the village on my wheel, by meeting people walking on the side-track; which, by the way, certain persons still persist in calling the side-walk.

As I think that mine is not an isolated grievance, but on the contrary, that this pernicious practice of walking on the side-track is fast becoming a public nuisance, I feel that it is my duty to call the attention of your readers to this alarming fact, with a view to remediying the evil.

I am sure that none of us wish to appear aggressive, but when we hear of steps being taken to keep us, that is the wheel people, off the side-track, it is time for us to take action; for, though I do not think we have any reason to fear that these criminal persons will carry their point against us, as such an outrage on public freedom could not be enacted in any enlightened community, yet any barrier is the way of kind feeling, which we may formerly have entertained towards our opponents, and which prevented us from claiming our rights, is now removed.

I am well aware that in most large cities that walking on the side-track is still permitted, yet I do not think that this is any reason why we should tolerate the nuisance; can we not, by stamping out this practice, set an example which larger corporations around us may be glad to follow.

It is absolutely useless to appeal to the nice feeling of these pedestrians, for in that quality they are sadly lacking; they are in fact as stubborn as mules, and will listen to no reasoning; we must, if we wish to gain our point, resort to coercion. We have long enough submitted to having valuable wheels smashed by their wretched anatomies, we will suffer it no longer.

Anti-Pedestrian.

FOR SALE.

A quarter-plate hand camera, carrying twelve plate holders, which are worked automatically up and down. It has a powerful lens, also three extra lenses, almost new and in perfect condition.

Apply to G. F. C. CAFFIN,
Bishop's College.
It is to be hoped that Goddess of Harmony will move Mr. Carroll to publish further emanations from his musical soul.

G. H. Montgomery, Esq., B. A., (’97) a distinguished classmate of the above-mentioned gentleman, has just completed his Law Course at the University of Montreal, graduating with first-class honours. His name ranks in rank amid a large number of competitors who succeeded in gaining a degree. Mr. Montgomery is also an old boy of the McGill School—a worthy representative of the old firm.

W. G. Thorold, Esq., B. A. (’98) has also been very successful in the examinations of the Law School at McGill, taking a good position in the i year class. This group of graduates is the subject of the preceding paragraph, an old boy of the College School.

The Rev. M. O. Smith, M. A., one of our most distinguished graduates, is at present Professor of Greek in the Nachotah Divinity School, Wisconsin, U. S. This appointment was made some time ago but has only recently come to our knowledge.

F. J. A. Bacon, B. A., (’92) paid the University a fleeting visit on the Queen’s Birthday. He made his appearance in company with the inevitable bicycle—a vehicle the possession of which seems to encourage the owner to indulge his roving propensities.

SCHOOL.

Mr. Dennis Donahoe, B. C. S. 1876-79, is practising law in San Francisco and is a member of the firm of Cormac & Donahoe, with offices at 207 Battery Street.

Mr. G. H. L. Bassange, B. C. S. 1878-80, is one of the prominent business men of the Alta, as is also Mr. Harrison Young, B. C. S. 1883-84.

Mr. J. A. Hoerner, B. C. S. 1883-85, is now a banker in Buenos Ayres.

Mr. Geo. N. Cory, B. C. S. 1879-80, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, is at present stationed at Ahmedabad, India.

Mr. J. C. Birney, B. C. S. 1874-75, who entered the Royal Military College last September, has come out head of his class in the Xmas examinations.

Mr. W. T. Cameron, B. C. S. 1882-84, has sailed for England. He is a candidate for entrance to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

Mr. Charles R. Hamilton, B. C. S. 1877-80, is a Barrister and Solicitor at Rosedale, B. C.

Mr. Cecil Fletcher, B. C. S. 1877-79—famous in those days as the leading drummer in the file and drum band—is in business in Victoria, B. C.

Of old boys in Chicago—there are not a few in that city—Mr. Edward G. Garden, B. C. S. 1883-85, and Mr. Hugh M. G. Garden, B. C. S. 1887-87, are coming to the front as successful architects, at 352 Ontario—while Mr. G. Herbert Parker, B. C. S., represents the Canada Life Ins. Co.

Mr. Walter Blue, B. C. S. 1888-90, is mining Superintendent at the San Pedro Mines, Cornwallis, Michigan.

Mr. Alfred A. Cunningham, B. C. S. 1887-92, is engaged in tea-planting at Buerdookuma, Ceylon.

Cpt. Alain Joly de Lotbinière, B. C. S. 1873-74, is at present a member of the Royal New Zealand Artillery, but he has recently told Mrs. de Lotbinière to shoot well both. Mrs. de Lotbinière won the South of India Diana Plate at Bangalore on Sept. 15th, 1866, making a possible 35 and on Nov. 22nd she won the All India Diana Plate with a score of 68 out of a possible 70.

Lieu. Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, B. C. S., has lately been hunting big game in Somalia Land and has been very successful. Mr. de Lotbinière had the good fortune to kill at the first shot a magnificent lion, hitting him in the throat with an explosive bullet.

The Mitre extends hearty congratulations to those old boys who have so artistically upheld the good name of the School at McGill University during the past year, and in the recent examinations.

In the Science Faculty Messrs. R. H. Balfour, Frank White, Jack Ross and Charles F. Sice have graduated, while Mr. D. C. Allen has come out head of the mining class in the 3rd year, and Mr. S. G. Blaylock 2nd in the 2nd year. Mr. Paul Sice was successful in passing the 1st year exams in the same faculty.

In Arts Messrs. J. W. Thomas, C. G. Mackinnon and F. Napier Smith have passed in their respective years, and in medicine Messrs. Gordon, Alley and Cecil Townsend.

It was a graceful act on the part of graduates in Science and Medicine to present their graduates, with the Headmaster, to the Headmaster. In the letter from Mr. Reginald Balfour which accompanied the photographs, he says: "There were nearly 25 old B. C. S. Boys at McGill last session and they presented to you the Headmaster of the School not only in class work but...in every branch of athletics, being represented on nearly every committee, and not a few holding various offices in the clubs and societies. We have always held together and we often talk over old times at School." The half holiday asked for by the graduates in Science was most willingly granted and greatly enjoyed.

Quite a number of old boys presented themselves on the Birthday, and brought the Birthday cake to the School. The McGill College Cricket Club seems to rely largely on the skill of men who acquired their talents when boys of B.C.S.
The Divinity Scribe has forwarded to us a copy of a letter which we must honestly confide to the public. The letter is a reply to a request for information about the College, and it is signed by Mr. Watson, the head of the Divinity Department.

The letter states that the College is well-established and has a strong tradition of academic excellence. The faculty is composed of distinguished scholars who are dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. The College offers a wide range of courses in various disciplines, and students are provided with the resources necessary to succeed in their studies.

The letter also mentions that the College is located in a beautiful and historic setting, and that its facilities are state-of-the-art. The College is proud of its tradition of excellence, and it invites all interested parties to visit and learn more about its programs and facilities.

The letter concludes by expressing the hope that the College can continue to serve as a beacon of intellectual excellence and a beacon of hope for all who seek to pursue the truth.

The Divinity Scribe has forwarded this letter to the appropriate authorities, and we trust that it will be of great assistance to those who seek to learn more about the College.
Leaves among the tangled tears.
The undergrowth of pity years.
That cost him softer tears.

And finding ultimately in the Cross the object of her quest it is henceforth "her solace and her balm" Justin confesses, after the beauty of Christianity has dawned upon him, other creeds but touch the edge of being. But this new life breather life into our life. Again from the beautiful, reverent, hexameter lines on Calvary we take this instance:

S o u l that art lost in immensity, craving for light and despairing.
Here is the hand of the Crucified, pulses of love in its human as ours in its 

Some lines in an unpretentious metre have a genuine ring and are interesting as touching upon a subject of special interest in our day:

For though Death's Arm be strong, love,
Our love, its light will shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead.

This hints at what D. G. Rossetti has so well maintained, the endurance of an art by union even under the changed conditions of a future existence. Not the least among Mr. Scott's efforts is a short, unique poem entitled "Sorrow's Walking." The picture is the work of an impressionist, but the strokes of the brush are guided by a master hand and the combined effect reaches the heart. The last lines speak of

Where Death's reaping
Leaves man sleeping
In God's keeping.

He has created very little that will awaken a fuller response in the human soul than this poem; and as an instance of how rhythmical language can become the art medium of the emotions we think Sorrow's Walking is a triumph. Of all these instances, and especially this last one, as Mr. Scott says elsewhere,

The roots
Are down, far down, within the spirit's depths,
Amid the voiceless shadows of the soul.

For, fascinating felicity, the palm is easily won by My Litticism, the exquisite short poem which gives the name to the second volume. In this poem the author has shown what he can do, and said what can be done, in presenting a sparkling and beautifully transparent description of a soul-exursion through the universe.

Then as I dream with half shut eye,
Without a sound or motion,
To me that little sphere of sky
Becomes a boundless ocean.

There are some brilliant flashes in Thor which is in different vein from its companions. These stanzas are seldom surpassed:

Mudly his blood with a bound,
Lo! the storm-god in the brain,
Till his thought and his senses were drowned
In the ache of a longing pain,
In a thurst that was tenderer than sound.

Not a more shadow is sin,
Clinging like vine to the Lily,
To be wipped from the mouth and the chin
After man take a sip;
But a poison that lurketh within.

Among the brightest gems with which these little books are well adorned stands the poem, In the Woods. For all poetic souls the forests have a language of secret and enchanted life. Millet painted his masterpieces in or near the imposing forest of Barbjou and stoutly refused to exchange its dreamy beauty and mysterious influence of healing and peace for the din of artistic Paris.

To catch and voice Nature's message is an important phase of the poet's work. This little poem is the most singular in addition to this line. Here is a graphic picture from Nature Victrix:

Now behold the links of lightning,
Round the neck of storm-god thundering,
Madden him with rage and shame,
Till he fall into the sea.

In the darkening and the brightening
Of the clouds on which he came.

Here is the burden of this admirable but somewhat lengthy poem:

Tempete hands the forests rending,
Placed stars the night attending,
Mountains, storm clouds, loud and sea,
Nature! make me one with thee;
From my soul its penance rendering,
Chain use to thy liberty.

In Calvary there is a beautiful expression of spiritual truth by means of a natural figure which is skilfully stated with scientific and usefulness and accuracy.

Lo, as we wonder and worship, the night
Bring to view the lowly Infant,
Rolls from the face of the dawn till
His eyes through the cloud-lit slopes,
Vapour that has been confirmed to the dew of His grace that reveal him,
And shine with His light on the hills,
We stand in the multitude of hope.

It is a rapid transition to turn from these rich, melodious lines to blank verse, but there is considerable in this line which deserves notice.

Blank verse is a true test of the poet's power that which with such exulting music, rhyme, Justin is a commendable effort, but much the best is Dion. There are two passages near the end in which the language is especially happy.

This about Dion's meeting:

- His wife, his long lost Aete.
Patting and caressing like a hunted fawn,
She downward bent her face in guiltless shame
And told him, with her cheek against his breast,
How through those years of captive misery.
She, like a priestess, had in secret shrine.
Of wedded heart kept ever bright and pure
The vestal flame of her great love for him.

Again when the young men had failed to overpower him by muscular force and a sword is brought to finish their treacherous design Dion greets it thus.

Ha! ye have found a sword; its well, for now
I shall lie down to sleep as soldiers should,
Wounded in front and by a soldier's blade.
O Syraccusians, I thought to carve a rock
Rough enough to set a perfect shape:
But Ye was only clay wherefore I wrought,
And every wind and rain did melt you down
Into the common lot of tyrants love
To smooth into an easy path to power.

There are many sonnets in these volumes which call for more than the passing notice which we can give them. Mr. Scott is at home with the sonnet and some of his most finished work has taken this form. The one on Shakespeare is well known and pretty well equated to say of Idols and Illuminations Wreath would adorn any volume. We noticed a dangerous nearness to repetition in the sonnet on Idols to an idea expressed in Te Jtdice-

Fool, take up thy light,
And descend the stair steep,
To thy heart's dangerous deep.
Take now thy torch, descend the winding years,
The silent stairway to thy secret shrine.

The metre and versification of these poems are always good. In Nature Victrix one line is rather abrupt and rugged:

With a full and powerful breath,

Again in A Nocturne this line is not especially happy in metre or rhyme:

While the fiddle that crackled was a choir whose

[Note: The text is a page from a book, titled "The Mitre." The content is a collection of poems and literary works, discussing themes of nature, spirituality, and personal experiences. The text is rich in metaphor and imagery, typical of Romantic literature, and reflects the author's deep connection with nature and religious contemplation.]
Le Guilloux, preached a sermon from the text "In my father's house are many mansions." The concluding portion of this discourse, which refers at some length, to the spiritual idea in the Anglican Church, is of so interesting a nature, and of such extraordinary bearing, as to require to be quoted at length. One marked example of the Father's House, using the expression in the verse of a sacred place dedicated to its worship, is explained by the episcopal authority of the Anglican Church. The idea is the same, that the Church is the Holy or Divine Temple, the dwelling-place of God. The reason why the Father's House is so dear to the people of the Church is that it is the place where their Lord and Master is found. The second example of a Father's House is the Diocesan Synod, where the canons of the Church are assembled to receive the order of the Bishop. This is a place where the voice of the people is heard, and where the work of the Church is conducted. The third example is the Cathedral, which is the spiritual dwelling-place of the Bishop. The Bishop is the father of the Church, and the Cathedral is the home of the Bishop. The fourth example is the Parish, which is the spiritual home of the people of the Church. The Parish priest is the father of the people of the Parish, and the Parish is the home of the faith.
tured ranged on the side of virtue, and it may be fair enough to assert that the works of such men as Juvenal and Tacitus warded off the final dismemberment of the Empire to a later generation.

But since a very long time past, the patronage of literature has passed. There is now no cultivated Prime Minister nor Court Favourite to act as Culture Patron in the manner of Patron decretum. The public is now the patron of literature, and a soft-hearted long-suffering patron she is! Any person who has the ability to clothe his thoughts in good English, and put them in a interesting way, arrests the public eye at once. If his language is but a mask for indelicacy, if he displays a contempt for existing institutions (even though they may have stood the test of ages and even though they are exalted by Divine Authority), so much the better. Such defiance smacks of innocence and of a first tone rather than the Bayard of social anarchy, is deemed by the public to be a courageous champion of some sort.

It may be said that this is a sweeping condemnation of public taste. If it is so, how is it that these things sell like wildfire, while the wholesome literature of thirty years ago keeps but a small amount of public regard, and modern books of a healthy tone hardly maintain their standing-ground?

A new conception to make literarime what it should be, for it has been seen that when the patrons' taste and interest both insist upon purity of motive in literary work, the moral tone of literature was high. Now the patronage, once dispensed by a few, has become a patronage well-nigh universal.

There is no intellectual oligarchy in modern times distributing its favours to deserving clients, but it is a democracy which rules—scattering its favours indiscriminately—a wayward and fickle democracy, as most democracies are. The democratic form of government is considered the ideal one by many sound thinkers who believe that such a form of government, to be successful, must be in the hands of an educated and intelligent populace. So if it is possible, we should be industrious in the hotel-

ed, uncultured public world. When a thing offers to appear to be kept in check by conventional respectability which decent covering several writers of distinction and the host of slaves immediately sets out to tear aside. It is therefore left for the twentieth century to truly elevate and raise the tone of the public, or else reap the fruits of immorality and libertinism which the results of an immoral literature will surely sow.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the days of the Roman Empire's decadence the follies and vices of the age were portrayed in very lively colors by satirists like Juvenal and Persius, by historians like Tacitus, by philosophers like Seneca. Yet the evils of the time were only depicted to be ridiculed or condemned; they were displayed before the public in all their naked vileness in order to excite the popular abhorrence. Sad to say it has been reserved for authors of the refined and humane nineteenth century to pander to the bad taste of an eager multitude of vulgar and half-educated readers—to gauge the evil bias of the reading world and then supply it with what it wrongly craves for, seems to be the sole ambition of several authors of acknowledged talent who are now great favorites.

Literature naturally guides those who are devoted readers, and the larger the reading public becomes the greater becomes the responsibility of those who contribute to current literature. The authors of ancient times appear on the whole to have remained true to their trust—to have scouted vice and folly with a zeal and earnestness that is surprising indeed when the depravity of that time is considered. On the other hand, the modern magazines and bookstalls are more or less stocked with unwholesome novels, short stories and articles written (so it appears to old-fashioned eyes) to wage war against some God-honoured custom, or to set up in the place of noble institutions some poor-spirited conception based on questionable morality and flimsy logic. There are many indeed who do not go so far as to propound any new scheme of social life but who do their best by insinuation and loose suggestion to undermine all that is good in the existing social system. Now this laxity of tone must have a pernicious effect upon the average individual who soaks himself, or herself, in that sort of literature; it fills the mind with false ideas in regard to the laws which regulate the conduct of man to his neighbor; it creates a dissatisfaction which it cannot remedy.

Thus in this respect the morale of the classical period, even at its worst, appears far in advance of that of many authors in Christian countries to-day.

It may now be asked what has produced this falling off among literati when one might reasonably have expected a distinct advance? It may perhaps be sought in the changed conditions which regulate the literary work of modern times. When Nero or Trajan were in imperio the patronage of men of letters was left to a select few—to a class of men whose education and refinement were all that the age could well produce—to a class of men, few in number and of high authority as officials of the then world Empire of Rome, to whose interest it would be to see that the writings of their able but needy clients were in accord with fair decency and proper respect for authority. In this way their good taste and best interests would harmonize; in regard to the former, they would appreciate work which resembled more ancient models, for in those days the moral air was comparatively pure; in regard to the latter they would feel the need of commending such work as would tend to bind a restraint upon the alarming moral looseness of the late Empire—the value of morality as a safeguard of the Empire must have been recognized by all true statesmen of the period. Accordingly, a stern love of virtue may be observed, as a leading characteristic of most of the great writers of this degenerate age, and a fierce invective against the vices of the same is equally marked in many of the works of that time. In this way was litera-