The School improved on their second attempt, and finished by setting McGill 55 to win. This proved beyond their powers, for with the bowling good and fielding close, the whole side was disposed of for 27, leaving the School easy victors. Score:

### B. C. S. FIRST INNINGS

- Hainsworth, b. Archibald: 2
- Mr. Davies, b. Archibald: 0
- Gordon, run out: 0
- Corruthers, b. Stevens: 0
- Casals, b. Stevens: 4
- Savage, (capt.): c. Stevens, Archibald: 1
- Sims, run out: 0
- Carter, b. Archibald: 3
- Mall, b. Archibald: 2
- Mitchell, b. Archibald: 0
- Steer, not out: 7

**Total:** 30

### B. C. S. SECOND INNINGS

- Mr. Davies, c. Hutchison, b. Wood: 19
- Gordon, b. Archibald: 13
- Casals, c. and b. Wood: 2
- Corruthers, b. Wood: 2
- Hainsworth, c. O'Brien, b. Wood: 7
- Savage, (capt.): c. Wood, b. Gould: 8
- Sims, b. Gould: 3
- Carter, b. Wood: 2
- Mall, b. Wood: 0
- Mitchell, c. Archibald, b. Wood: 0
- Steer, not out: 1

**Total:** 75

### McGill—FIRST INNINGS

- P. Robertson, b. Hainsworth: 6
- A. W. Ackery, b. Mr. Davies: 12
- H. N. Workam, b. Hainsworth: 11
- Hutchison, b. Sims: 0
- J. G. Gould, b. Hainsworth: 3
- J. J. Homax, b. Hainsworth: 6
- G. Archibald, not out: 14
- O'Brien, run out: 0
- Stephens, b. Hainsworth: 3
- Lyons, b. Hainsworth: 1

**Total:** 46

### McGill—SECOND INNINGS

- Robertson, b. Hainsworth: 9
- Ackery, b. Hainsworth: 0
- Archibald, b. Savage, b. Gordon: 1
- Workam, c. Lloyd, b. Gordon: 8
- O'Brien, c. Hainsworth, b. Hainsworth: 0
- Sims, b. Hainsworth: 0
- Homax, c. Mall, b. Hainsworth: 0
- Gould, not out: 11
- O'Brien, b. Gordon: 0
- Lyons, b. H. W: 0

**Total:** 27

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**OBITUARY.**

The following notice is taken from *The London Times*, weekly edition of June 8th inst. The deceased was the brother of the Revd. Principal Adams, to whom we extend our sympathy.

"On Friday week a life of pathetic suffering (says the *Hereford Journal*), suddenly closed at Almeley Vicarage. The Rev. A. J. F. Adams, M.A., with his wife had only recently arrived from San Remo on a visit. On the preceding Sunday evening Mr. Adams had read the Lessons in church in a strong, musical voice, and in a manner which much impressed the congregation. Early on the morning of the Friday following he was seized with convulsions, and in spite of prompt medical aid passed away at noon. Mr. Adams was a nephew of the late Prof. Adams, the distinguished astronomer and discoverer of the planet Neptune, and was himself a man of no mean ability. Educated at the City of London School and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar, he gained a second class in mathematical moderations in 1878, and a third class in moderations in 1879. graduating (fourth class "Lit. Hum." in 1881. He was ordained in 1882 to the curacy of St. Cleopas, Toxteth Park, and from 1885-87 was curate of St. Luke's Liverpool. Mr. Adams was then presented to the rectory of Foscot, in Buckinghamshire, and was subsequently appointed by the Church Missionary Society as Principal of their College at Cottayam, in Travancore. Here, in conjunction with his devoted wife, he spent five years of earnest work among the native heathen and the Christians of St. Thomas, when his health gave way. Three years, however, of patient suffering had yet to be borne before the end came, relieved as far as possible by the unwearied care and devotion of his wife. The interment took place on Wednesday in Almeley churchyard.

Great sympathy is felt for the widow of the deceased and for her sister, who, in December last, received so hearty a welcome from the parishioners on her marriage with the vicar. The service was read by the Rev. H. Phelps, and the lesson by his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Simon, the committal prayer being read by the vicar. The body was borne to its last resting place by the members of the choir, who had for the most part been present at the service in which Mr. Adams took part, and who, at the widow's request, sang her husband's favorite hymn, and one which had been sung at his last service, "How bright those glorious spirits shine," and "For ever with the Lord."
THE MIRTE.

B. C. S. vs. MONTREAL.

The first eleven journeyed to Town and played this match on the 10th. The weather was all that could be desired, and it was a decided advantage to us when Savage won the toss. Hainsworth went in first, and almost carried his bat for an excellent 86. The only fault was a difficult catch to mid-on early in the innings; but with this exception the runs were made by sound cricket. His success was very popular, and practically won us the match. Cassids played a good not-out innings, but otherwise nobody was in great form.

Going in after lunch, Montreal started well, and it looked at one time as though Boyes were going to repeat Hainsworth's morning performance. Gordon, however, disposed of him when he was well set, and with the exception of Browning no stand of any consequence was made. Both Hainsworth and Gordon bowled capably, and the latter in particular was most successful with a curve which puzzled the batsmen considerably. The ball in particular that he bowled Southam— a full pitch to leg—was one which would always prove useful in an emergency.

With a lead of some 50 runs the School went to the wickets a second time, but the exhibition was a feeble one. No stand was made and Montreal was left with a comparatively small number of runs to make, but no time in which to make them. Browning played a good forcing game, but Montreal was still 40 behind when stumps were drawn and the School retired winners on the first innings.

Score:

THE MIRTE.

B. C. S. vs. MCGILL.

McGill did not put a strong team into the field on this occasion, and we were enabled to equalize the defeat which we experienced from them at home. The weather was poor, and the rain of the preceding night would have ruined the wicket and play might have been impossible on the turf. As it was the ball travelled very slowly, and it was hard to score. McGill won the toss and elected to take the field first. The first part of the School innings was played to and from the pavilion, and though things were a little better later, yet all we could lay claim to at the end of the innings was 30 runs. McGill did a little better, totalling 49, or 19 ahead.
not distinguish themselves, but in the second innings Pillow played excellently for 25.

Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHITE</th>
<th>C. Cassius</th>
<th>b. Darvins</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Broom</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Gordon</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Savage</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Carruthers</td>
<td>b. Watson</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Rice</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hainsworth</td>
<td>Not Out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Carter</td>
<td>b. Hainsworth</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Purifoy</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Stewart</td>
<td>b. Tall</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
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Total 71

PILGRIMS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pillow</th>
<th>b. Darvins</th>
<th>0</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. pink</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Watson</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. pink</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>b. Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Carson</td>
<td>b. Hewinsworth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Carson</td>
<td>b. Hainesworth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Carson</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
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</table>

Total 60

WHITE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

B.C.S. vs. MAGOG.

On May 18th, Mr. Atkinson's Team.

On May 13th, Mr. Atkinson brought a team from Compton. This, the first foreign match of the season, was looked forward to with interest. The School battfed first, and opened badly—but Hainsworth, and later on Savage, put quite a different aspect to the game and the innings closed for the fairly good total of 81. The Visitors—evidently out of practice—fared badly in their venture, and could only respond with 21. In the second innings—thanks to a contribution of 16 by Jack—they did better, but the game ended in a decisive victory for the School by an innings and 16 runs.

Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B. C. S.</th>
<th>D. Gordon</th>
<th>b. Darvins</th>
<th>0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>P. Davies</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hainsworth</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Broom</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Carruthers</td>
<td>b. Watson</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Savage</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Carruthers</td>
<td>b. Watson</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Rice</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hainsworth</td>
<td>Not Out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Carter</td>
<td>b. Hainsworth</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Purifoy</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Stewart</td>
<td>b. Tall</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
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<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 81

MAGOG

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Score</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

B. C. S. vs. MAGOG.

On May 21st and won by the School. Carruthers gave an excellent display during a not out innings of 25 against bowling which was by no means easy. He made very few mistakes and scored his runs correctly. The remainder of the home team did not distinguish itself. Bowling was evidently Magog's strongest point, for on going to the wickets they could make no stand whatever, and at one period had 7 wickets down for one run. They eventually reached double figures.

Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B. C. S.</th>
<th>P. Davies</th>
<th>b. Davins</th>
<th>0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Broom</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hainsworth</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. pink</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Carruthers</td>
<td>Not out</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Savage</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. pink</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Carter</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Mitchell</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Purifoy</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. Stewart</td>
<td>b. Tall</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 11

THE MITRE.

B. C. S. vs. MCGILL.

May 24th was a disappointment to us, both from a climatic and cricket point of view. Play appeared improbable early in the morning, but at 12 o'clock a start was made on a wet wicket, which threatened to cut up badly, and fulfilled its threat. Under these circumstances the winning of the toss meant a great deal, and we found this the case when McGill went in to bat. Things started well, 3 wickets falling for 8, but then Terry and Mclea became associated, and were not parted till they had raised the score to 58. Terry's cuts through the slips and Mclea's forward driving were particularly fine—but both made numerous loopy hits, which with an ordinary amount of luck would have fallen near someone. No other stand was made with the exception perhaps of one by Smith, who has a very beautiful and effective stroke, performed by running some 10 yards to meet the ball, and pushing it to leg. The beauty of the performance is somewhat marred by the total disappearance of the wicket from the bowler's view, and this defect proved eventually fatal.

With 115 against them, the school started to bat, but with the exception of Savage 13, Hainsworth 11 and Carter 8, the display was a sorry one, and the Venture resulted in a total of only 45. The second innings was not much better—and McGill won in a single innings. The following is the score:

Score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MCGILL</th>
<th>W. W. Walker</th>
<th>b. Davins</th>
<th>0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>F. W. Tirey</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>P. W. Robertson</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. A. Mclean</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. H. Green</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. W. Ackerly</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. A. White</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>F. W. Smith</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. B. Hainsworth</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. Donnelly</td>
<td>b. Davins</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 11

THE MITRE.
figures. A remarkable feature of this match was the magnificent bowling of Worrall, who took the first four last wickets for no runs. The great mistake was in not putting him on before the flag end of the innings. When our time came to bat we formed a procession, wicket after wicket falling with very slight intermissions. Nobody reached double figures. The bowling of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson proved very deadly,—he took four wickets for six runs.

Following is the score:

**SHERBROOKE C. C.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Tomlinson</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Moorecroft</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b. Rothena.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Manning</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Whitehead</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>b. Rothena.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Pearce</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Run out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Schone</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>b. Rothena.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Hudson</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Tomlinson</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Not out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Robertson</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Booth</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Hudson</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Extras</strong></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COMPTON C. C.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Bunbury</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Jack</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Doodley</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>b. Renison, b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Mollas</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>s. and b. Renison.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Pierce</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>b. Renison, b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Atkinson</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>b. Rothena.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Vearn</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. King</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Batterill</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Run out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prof. Perrot</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Extras</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the 28th of May we again met the Sherbrooke team, this time on our own ground. They won the toss and elected to bat first. They only managed to score 37 all told. Whitehead, 14, alone reaching double figures. When our turn came to bat Carter and Renison first faced the bowling, and before they were parted had between them scored 65 runs, which breaks the record on these grounds for our wicket down. Renison’s innings was a good exhibition of hard, clean hitting,—his innings contained 2 sixes, 1 five, 4 threes and 2 twos. He was finally dismissed by a neat catch of Whitehead’s off Worrall. Carter, while not scoring so rapidly, played an excellent innings for 31, not giving a single chance till he was finally caught by Pearce off Rawlinson. The following wickets fell fairly rapidly till Moor and Johnson got together, who made an excellent stand. Johnson scored a very creditable 17, and was just getting well warmed up when time was called. Our hearts go out in sympathy with Woodside, who, after working very hard in the field, and sitting patiently in the pavilion for two hours, did not get a chance to bat. Our innings closed for 113, and two wickets to spare. Following is the score:

**SHERBROOKE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. Worrall</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>b. Bunbury.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Carter</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>b. Bunbury.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Renison</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Hoped</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Has not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Mollas</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>s. and b. Renison.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Pierce</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>b. Jack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Hudson</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>b. Renison.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. L. Pierce</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Moorecroft</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Gift</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>113</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COMPTON**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Bunbury</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Jack</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Doodley</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>b. Renison, b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Mollas</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>s. and b. Renison.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Pierce</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>b. Renison, b. Hoped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Atkinson</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>b. Rothena.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Vearn</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. King</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>b. Worrall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Batterill</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Run out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prof. Perrot</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>59</td>
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<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>113</td>
<td>2</td>
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On the 24th of May the Cadet Corps held their annual parade on the Village Square. Numerous were the compliments they received both for the excellence of their marching and for their general appearance. The School Committee not having voted the usual supply of cartridges the Royal Salute was not given. On the 6th instant the Corps held Church Parade in Sherbrooke. They marched with the 53rd Battalion to St. Peter’s Church, where they were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Dumbell. A feature of the Corps this year is the band, which, under W. Shangnessy’s management, is a credit both to the School and himself.

We see by the Montreal Gazette of a recent issue that Mr. LeRay contemplates publishing a book based on the Gnost system of teaching and studying languages. The method has been most successful in the School as regards French, and The Mitre extends to Mr. LeRay its most hearty congratulations on his undertaking, which we are sure will be successful.

The Gymnasium, which was opened for the use of the School a week or two ago, has been a source of great pleasure to the boys. Just now we are deprived of the privileges it affords on account of the College examinations which are being held there. When we are in
puzzle the amateur with its undeciding work,—
The accumulation of master minds as the
product of the process. Thus must the student
"swat" within his narrow walls, whilst the
"court," the "nets" and the "diamond" call in vain their absent devotee.

The completion and opening of the new
gymnasium will fill a long felt want and be a
great boon during the coming exams. Al-
ready the students find great pleasure in spend-
ing a short time in the 'gym' during the hours
allotted to them. It is a great pity for those
that are leaving that the 'gym' could not have
been finished sooner. But here, too, the old
adage is applicable, "Better late than never."
We look to the 'gym' to be a great factor in
developing the football team for the coming
season. Here is the solution for the
development so much needed by the great Fall game.

On Saturday, May 14, the College
baseball team played at Waterville. The game result-
ed in a victory for the home team. The
College team left Lennoxville on the express from
Montreal, arriving at Waterville about noon. A
large and enthusiastic gathering witnessed the
game in the afternoon, more than half of the
number being ladies. Though occasional showers occurred during the afternoon the ad-
or was not daunted and generous applause
was awarded the play of both sides.
Although defeated, the members of the
College team returned after an exceedingly
pleasant trip, and all expressed themselves as
having enjoyed a most sportmanlike and gen-
tlemanship game.
The following were the teams:

WATERVILLE—Fortin, Johnson, Swanson, Rindler, Oqpooie,
Bier, Harrison, McGrean, Swanepoel.
COLLEGE—Somervell, Moe, Donnelly, Thonejohn, Mitchell,
Woodale, Taylor, Bonell, McGrean.

Score:
WATERVILLE—4 2 7 3 1 0 0 2
COLLEGE—0 0 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 2

Those who were lucky enough to witness the
interesting spectacle on the afternoon of
June 1st of the Third Year in all their glory
of hood and gown being immortalized by
Presby were reminded of the proverb, "Coffing
events cast their shadows before," while the
less hopeful remembered that it is not wise "to
count your chickens before they are hatched."
We sincerely hope that our Alma Mater will
succeed in hatching all her brood and that
none will be addled or prove to be geese.

The absence of our old janitor has made itself
generally felt throughout our building, and
his substitute seems to have found the ac-
ccumulated mass of dust and dirt too much
for his powers. If it be true that pureness is a
trait of cleverness the indescribable state of
the rooms and corridors would lead the chance
observer to believe that all the Arts men will
come through the June exams with flying
colours. Our amiable friend, Professor Laf-
leur, seems to have been the chief sufferer
from this lack of order. His visitors on Sun-
day last discovered him seated amidst the
debris of a month's neglect furiously writing an
article on "Every man his own janitor." We
believe that this article was to have appeared in
The Mitre, but up to the time of going to
press it also remained lost amidst the general
chaos. Poor Professor, he has our heartiest
sympathies!

The epics of number No. 3 have lately had
their feelings continually harassed by the
general lack of attention which they receive
from the 'wooden man' or 'dumb waiter,' on
whom they depend for their daily sustenance.
Some of them, made desperate by hunger,
have attempted to forage for themselves,
thereby bringing down on their devoted heads
the wrath of the Presiding Elder. When, too,
from scarcity of more material food they
eavour to revive their fainting energies by
opening the windows to admit the spicy
breezes that blow across the Quad, they are
met with reproachful looks and turned up
collars by some gentlemen who, though they
wear straw hats with apparent equanimity
when the snow is scarcely off the ground,
seem to be unable to stand the balmy zephyrs
which are wafted through the hall with the
thermometer at 80°.

We are glad to note that a University
Four Oar has been formed, and broke the ice
rather cleaved the water in all its glory for
the first time on Ascension Day. But do our gal-
ant oarsmen condescend to use such prone
implements as oars or rowlocks? Never act!
Stephen brooms were the favoured articles,
and with these in hand they literally swept
the Massawippi. We may be ignorant but
we would certainly like to know whether
brooms are an improvement on the ordinary
oar, or is it that our University Four-Broom
wish to encourage such rival crews as Yale or
even Oxford or Cambridge.

On Ascension Day one of our un-
dergraduates proved his gallantry by pur-
suing a runaway on his iron steed, and hav-
ing effects a capture, led back the carriage to its unfortunate owner, who
had been precipitated in front of the College,
and were lorded in their thanks. Loud
also were the acclamations of the spectators,
for our College always honours her heroes.
Surely this act of bravery deserves the
Human Society Medal or the Victoria Cross.

"Professor Lafleur" has lately taken to bi-
cycling as a relaxation from his arduous
duties. It is reported that his wheel, which is
generally propelled with some difficulty, has
only to be started on the Compton Road to be-
come a very Pegasus, out distanc ing all com-
petitors.

CRICKET.

Though we cannot boast an unbroken
line of successes, yet our eleven have thus far
acquired themselves very creditably, having
won three out of the four matches played. The
cricket season with most clubs is of course
still quite young, but it is now beginning to
age rapidly in our case, going down, as we do,
at the end of June. We have only one more
scheduled match to play, that against Magog
on June 20th. Our first match was with Mag-
gog on their grounds; this we won by 24 runs.
Magog went to bat first and only managed to
score 30 all told; the bowling of Renison and
Riopel being particularly effective on the
wet wicket. Riopel secured 3 wickets for 12 runs
and Renison 4 for 5. None of the Magog
men reached double figures. The wicket
was a very difficult one to score on, yet we man-
aged to secure 54 in one innings. Riopel's
16 was the highest individual score. Following
is the score:

MAGOG C. C.

S. Hunter........... 2 b. Riopel.
S. Reisoun........... 3 c. Riopel, b. Riopel.
E. Bain.............. 0 b. Riopel.
A. Benson........... 5 b. Riopel.
A. Meek............. 0 b. Riopel.
R. Varin............. 1 c. Riopel.
Greenwood........... 1 c. Renison, b. Riopel.
Dolphin............ 1 Run out.
Thompson........... 0 b. Riopel.
Greenhalych........ 9 c. Riopel, b. Renison.
H. Buckley........... 0 b. Renison.
Estsum.............. 30

B. C. C.

C. Robertson....... 8 c. Greenie, b. Coin.
G. Riopel.......... 16 Run out.
J. Riopel........... 9 c. Renison.
R. Hildard........ 6 b. Meek, b. Coin.
P. Callie........... 2 b. Coin.
N. Burns.......... 4 b. Meek.
J. Johnson......... 0 b. Coin.
P. Bissner.......... 3 Not out.
Estsum.............. 45

On May 21st we played Sherbrooke C. C.
on their ground. Many were the excuses
offered for our defeat on this occasion, yet the
least said the better; we lost and we lost fairly.
Our fielding was a splendid exhibition of systematic "muffing," catch after catch falling,
sometimes almost unnosed, to the ground.
Sherbrooke batted first and scored 55. Schoon
11 and Hudson 13 alone reaching double
EDITORIAL NOTES.

The obscure and elusive personage whose duty it has been during the present year to inflict upon an unoffending public the Editorial "we," feels himself at the present juncture entirely unable to cope with the task before him. And yet somehow or other the wheels must move. Faculty Editors may ingloriously cover their short comings by remarking eloquently upon the pressure of their multifarious duties; Students may protest ingenuously against the all too frequent recurrance of examinations; but "we" must preserve that air of high philosophic calm that "stum cum dignitate" which tradition ascribes to the Editorial Sanctum. Even now we tremble lest we have too far violated the conventionalities of our high office. Let us once more endeavour to assure our wanted dignity of comportment.

There are many subjects of special interest to readers of The Mitre upon which we might say much. We can only, however, touch briefly upon a few recent events in connexion with the College and School. In many respects there is much to encourage us in looking back upon the year which is now drawing to a close and in looking forward to the prospects of the coming year. Both in the College and School there has been a large increase in numbers. The equipment of the Institution has been greatly supplemented by the completion of an excellent gymnasiaum. Financially the College has recently profited by the realization of the special grant of $5,000 contributed conditionally by the S.P.C.K. to the Jubilee Fund. The College Staff has been strengthened by the appointment of a lecturer, whose special field will be the development of the optional courses for the B.A. degree. The School has secured for 1898-9 the services of a master whose long and successful experience in Canadian schools augurs well for the wisdom of the appointment. In athletics, always a fair test of a school's vitality, the boys of B.C.S. have lately won fresh laurels for the school in Montreal. And lastly, The Mitre is closing its fifth year of existence with every indication that its usefulness and popularity are steadily increasing. During the year several improvements have been made in the appearance of the magazine, and we trust that next year the Board will be in a position to make still greater advances in the same direction. Financially we believe that the future of The Mitre is now reasonably assured, but we cannot refrain from urging once more upon old graduates and boys the need which we have, not only of their subscriptions, but of their co-operation in maintaining the literary standing and general interest of the magazine.

The Mitre wishes to express its thanks to the Board of Trustees for generously granting the sum of $25 towards the extra expense in connection with the July issue. In so doing, we gratefully recognize that the Board have shown their appreciation of the value of The Mitre to the Institution as a whole, and we trust that it may continue to justify their confidence in all future years.

DIVINITY NOTES.

Owing to the early issue of the June Mitre news is scarce. More especially is this the case among the Divinity Faculty. We are a steady going lot, and on the whole pass a "secular simmer," a sort of tranquil existence without the thrilling and exciting incidents that go to make news. There is a peculiar charm about Lennoxville in the summer term which seems to come from its natural beauty. It would perhaps be hard to find a spot with prettier environment. The luxuriant foliage, now at its perfection, the clear sparkling waters of the converging rivers, the undulating fields and woodland—all this tends to enhance our happy and uneventful existence. But stay, we are about to be rudely disturbed from our peace. The midsummer exams begin next week (June 13th). This is a sufficiently weighty event for us.

The Mission Study Class held their last meeting for this term on Tuesday, June 7th. The proceedings were of a purely business nature. Mr. Wayman was elected President for next year and Mr. Tennant, Secretary. Many interesting schemes for next year were brought up, among which one calls for special notice, viz., that those members who are leaving Bishop's at the end of this term should not entirely sever their connection with the society, but should continue as associate members, and that these from time to time should communicate any thing of missionary interest to the class. They in their turn will always find in these columns news of what is being done here.

We heard a rumour that the Voluntary Preliminary Examination is to be held next May instead of September, '99. That this should come into effect seems the unanimous wish of those who anticipate taking it next year.

The Professor of Pastoral Theology has resumed his lectures. Our joy at having him with us once more is somewhat tempered by the fact that our lecture list has resumed its ponderous proportions.

We are glad that the Rev. John L. Holah has not quite forsaken us. He has come up to Lennoxville from his mission to prepare for his L.S. T. exam.

Mr. Brewer and Mr. Caffin have been elected Associate Editors from the Divinity Faculty on The Mitre staff for the year '98-'99.

ARTS NOTES.

The advent of June has brought again the serious mein and studious zeal that marks the closing of the year. The approach of the finals has cast its spell, and silence wraps the "classic halls" All are "slogging" with might and main to meet the coming exams. Dust has disappeared from the classic text as Necessity opens the neglected page. The stormy tread of Nero's martial successors, the clang and din of the Forum, "the poets ponting in the mouth of August," the Stoic's calm and philosophic view, the stormy scenes of the Ancient Capital, burst again up in the student. Poets, sculptors, painters, artists, scholars, teachers, philosophers, lawyers, warriors, "whose ashes are covered by the Flammannian and Latin way," greet him on the bridge of history.

Nor is the pen left to rust unused, but tangled in the mathematic haze it lives to
again, the latter may have been copied from the earlier as being a suitable model for a church. The Christians would not fear that, in using so well remembered a plan, they might be accused of connecting themselves, even externally, with pagan worship—for the large oblong quadrilateral built for the public administration of the laws bore no resemblance to the generally circular temple, which at most could accommodate but few in addition to those performing the heathen rites. The time had hardly come when the Church could convert the Pantheon into a temple of God.

But whether this theory be true or no, there is a more striking and a more beautiful fact to be found in the similarity between the Basili and the heavenly worship recorded in the Apocalypse. And this similarity cannot be attributed to chance.

Natural as it would be for the builders of the early churches to fall back on existing plans for their construction, it would be more in accord with the spirit of their faith to banish everything that was distinctly pagan if they could fill its place with something Christian, or, at any rate, less connected with the old idolatry. This would account for the differences between the Christian and heathen Basili, in the supposition that the Christians did take the latter for their model; but it could scarcely show how S. John, in the East, should describe accurately, when writing of the worship in heaven, a Roman court of law. The Eastern Church at present, perhaps, bears out more exactly the details of S. John’s vision, but all the more distinctive points can as well be traced in the Latin Basili.

Now this, I think, points to one of two things. Either S. John glorified the form of worship already existing and in which he took part “on the Lord’s day,” or from the account given by one of the thrones of God, the Church modelled its services, trying with human means and earthly things to represent the Court of heaven.

We may dispense the speculation as to the derivation of the plan of the Christian Church from the pagan court. It may be true or it may not. In this paper I wish to show in the Church of S. Agnes the second stage in the evolution of the present day Basilica, and to compare the Christian Basilica with the record of S. John the Divine.

S. Agnese Fuori le mura, on the Via Nomentana, is practically built in the Catacomb of S. Agnes. The hill in which the cemetery was originally tunnelled has been cut away in order to build the church, and, to enter at present, one has to descend a long staircase, the walls of which are inlaid with inscriptions taken from the galleries below.

The church was first built in the time of Constantine the Great by one of his daughters. The period of insecurity was over. Christians were permitted to worship their God in the light of day. It was no longer necessary to come together in the closely guarded private house or the dark damp passages and chambers of cemeteries, fearful of discovery in the former and of the deprivation of the latter. They could, nay, they were encouraged to build publicly and lavish all their talent and genius on the architecture and decoration of their temples without fear of a latent persecution. Still, they had not forgotten the long years of hardship and privation from which they had just emerged. Their subterranean churches were dear to them in their associations. Saints and martyrs had worshipped with them and with their fathers there. Pilgrims had come to look upon the spot where those they revered were buried. Their friends and relations lay awaiting the resurrection in those dismal corridors. More than all, the bodies of their martyrs hallowed the place with their presence, and when the words telling of the saints who cry from under the altar fell upon their ears, they could point to the silent marble tomb with the happy knowledge of themselves possessing Christ’s martyr’s earthly body.

This was then the difficulty. They could build churches where they pleased, but they preferred to remain with their saints. A church without those sacred relics would seem profane to them. Again, though they must have the body under their altar, it was too sacred a thing to be removed from its resting place. So, moved by this holy love and tender reverence, they cut away the hill from above the tomb and spared no pains or labour to errect a church worthy of their God on the foundations which they placed in the very bowels of the earth. There, over the body of S. Agnes, they laid the altar. In the Basilica raised to her memory—enriched with paintings and mosaics and carvings; and, though, because of their devotion to its sacred treasure, founded below the earth, yet rising out above the crest of the hill into the free air and sun, light of Almighty God which they had so long craved in vain. The church was no longer limited in size or materials. The days of the laborious removing of earth by picks, and of painting by the dim light of oil, had given place to those who afforded every artistic talent and embarked with sculptare and colour the marbles and precious stones of the sanctuary.

And, as their capabilities had only been hindered from producing the glories of the latter structures in their former darkness, they dreamt of course of the consecrated place in the congregation as the “Gloria in Excelsis,”—all have their counterpart in the vision of Revelation.

In this second stage of the Basilica, fragments of pagan buildings were used—pillars and capitals and cornices, pillars of green antique and chalcedony, sarcophagi of white marble and of porphyry from Egypt, inlaid work of lapis lazuli and gold and enamel—to supply what could scarcely be otherwise obtained.

The spoils of Conquerors in the east under the Cæsars—the work of the best artisans of Rome—were incorporated into the plan and used in the building of the Churches.

Though the Basilica of S. Agnes has been several times restored (lately under Leo XIII) the distinctive features all remain to show what it was, and its position below the level of the hill, marks, by the fact that the body of the Martyr was not removed from its original grave, the transition from the chapel of the Cæcilia to the Basilica of Latin Christianity.

A POWELL AVELING.

[1] The present altar and the four porphyry pillars was built by Paul V. (Armellini “Cimitero di Roma.”)
found a café which welcomed them, where the pipes shrieked till midnight, where they sang Scotch songs night after night and drank strange toasts with Highland honours, one foot on the chair and one on the table; where they worked themselves nightly into a fever of patriotism and—helped each other home. It was there the brought the Haggis on Twelfth Night, and moreover ate it.

"D'ye ken, mon, wheer ane can get a breath o' air?"

"What do you call this intoxicating fluid that you are breathing?"

"Mon, a want a pleace wheer ane can haes a guid mairch and a skirl wi' the pipes."

"Do you know Charenton? That's a place for all such." But the irony was lost, I was sure.

"Wull ye gang too?" and I wasn't so sure. Thus it happened that we found ourselves that same afternoon on board at the wharf at the Pont d'Austerlitz. We sought the shelter of the tunnel on that gray December day, and, like horses, turned our backs to the breeze. The boat did not carry so many passengers in this bleak weather, and it was only an occasional disconsolate fisherman that haunted the shore. But the tugs were pulling up and down the stream, dragging their bulking burdens of merchandise from some remote interior parts of the country or the empty barges back again. Charenton itself was very deserted. The dealers in delectable beverages and comforting scraps of potatoes were gone for a season. Gone, too, were the lover and his lass, the artisan and his family, the nurse and her charges, and the fisherman with his rods and nets. But the Marne itself never looked so charming as under the delightful gray atmosphere. There was much to admire in the rows of pollarded willows, the groves of plumes and poplars, with bark of tender and varied hues, and the bewitching clumps of mistletoe evergreen among their branches, the picturesque cot-
tages of Alfortville or St. Maurice, and the elegantly simple architecture of the asylum that crowned the hill. But the Scotchman, though an artist cared for none of those things. Were there not miles of comparative solitude, and his pipes in his arms.

The resources of the bagpipes as a musical instrument are limited. The performer can execute a melody, to be sure, but the melody is accompanied by the harmonics of the key, produced by pipes of fixed length. These drones, as they are called, begin to sound when the bag is being filled with air, hence a performance on the pipes is heralded by a vicious blare in fifths and octaves. I suppose they represent pedal notes, but of an aggravated and abominable kind, at least at close quarters. It was thus that my companion began "The Barren Rocks of Aden." The title itself is poetic enough. There is a story, too, about the authorship of the tune, yet that queer jubilant rhythm carries a message of its own not to be put in words. Incoherent and dimly felt as we see the landscape dimly through the wintry haze. The masts float over the waters on either hand, and I watch the villagers in the distance raise their heads at the unusual sound and gaze with bal- colic admiration at the stalwart piper afar. He plays incessantly, as we walked along the high path between the Marne and the canal, and I confess to becoming tired of 'Bonnie Dundee' with its difficult variations, 'The Burial of Glencoe,' or 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.' However, the two miles to Joinville-le-Pont were soon traversed and we refreshed with a 'bock.' To return to Charenton we sought the ridge of high land enclosed by the great loop of the Marne, and which forms the greater part of the Bois de Vincennes. 'En
core musique!' But the continuous 'skirling' ceased to be amusing to one of the party, al-
though it may have amused an occasional pedestrian whom we met in the Bois, as it may have interested by its 'grand military charac-
ter' the ten thousand infantry men on the plain below; so it was with a sense of fatigue and relief that I found myself once more at Charenton and on board the boat for Paris.

He brought the pipes to the Atelier as I said. A kindred spirit, possessed of one fa-
miliar, mounted the model-stand and danced the Highland fling, while the piper 'skirled,' to the intense delight of the Frenchmen. The stand collapsed and precipitated the dancer to the floor amid a chorus of good-natured laughter. "Encore, Ecosais!" This time he succeeded and won great applause. During the 'pose' did the men of Bourgane feebly wail, "Si je chante sous ta fenêtre!" The Scotchman lifted up his great voice and bel-
lowed a Northern epic with a refrain something like

An ocher ye un yocken
Us yocken preka ye;

in which everyone joined. Then taking up his pipes he marched around and around the immense room and, as after the Pied Piper of Hamelin, all the children of the atelier fol-
lowed. They ascended to the rooms of Laurens and Constant, gathering adherents at every step. The pipes struck up 'The Camp-
bells are Coming,' and stamping time to the tune the whole body of students marched after the piper in chain line down stairs into the Rue du Dragon and across the Boulevard St. Germain to the 'Deux Magots.' (Very inno-
cent beverages they serve at the 'Deux Magots.') "Par la Rue de Reuens" was the cry on preparing to return. The shopkeepers were in two minds whether to close their shut-
ters or not, and the gens d'armes whether or not to charge. But the hysterical procession soon arrived at Rodolphi's intoxicated with laughter. 'Mets,' gasped a dignified Rou-
manian of mature years, holding himself to-
gether between the paroxysms, "L'était admir-
able."
THE MITRE.

your hands, and you are accountable to God as well as to your fellow man.

As our profession in its truest phase is such a noble one and calls for such entire devotion, any exhibition of selfishness or mean- ness appears most pitiable and contemptible. Hence the use of it for the mere acquisition of money is unpardonable and indeed is very apt to fail. If you enter on your professional career with the one object of acquiring wealth, I would urge you forthwith to abandon medi- cine; with such an aim in view you are most unlikely to do your suffering fellow creatures any good, and will certainly bring no credit on the profession. Let not the sordid overwhelm the higher aims of your profession. Let the latter stand first and highest, and the reward of your conscience and soul will be infinitely more satisfying than simply making a travesty of the noble healing art in your greed for wealth.

But, mark you, I by no means decry fees, for I hold a labourer is always worthy of his hire, yet there is so much that is elevating and inspiring about our work, rightly practiced, that it appears a sad degradation to turn it into a purely money-making business. It is this that causes the bitter enmity of all true medical practitioners against the numerous patent remedies which appear from time to time. They are preparations which may sometimes do good or effect a cure, never- theless they are secret preparations which are manufactured for the sole purpose of making money—not from any philanthropic motive. I would beg of you never to use or connive at them. There can be no secrets in the true healing art. Any discovery for the benefit of suffering humanity must be the common prop- erty of all.

You now go forth as members of the noblest profession, and I would like you to hear what Francis Bacon said, "I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which of course as men do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves, by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto." If we are only true to ourselves, and have the courage of well founded convictions, and have truly honestly laboured with our might and main, we can, when the time comes for us to lay aside the armour of our life's warfare, feel that we, at any rate, have fought a good fight and not lived in vain, that we leave this world none the worse but rather the better of our labours.

You have grand possibilities ahead of you, I would beg of you not to throw them away or in any manner prostitute the talents God has given you. Work while you can, with all your might. Do the utmost good you can, and although you may fail of approbation from your fellow men, you will at any rate have the consciousness of doing your duty to the best of your ability.

I can not close without impressing on you again and yet again the grand nobility of your profession. Oh, my friends, honour it with all your heart, and in honouring it you will do honour to yourselves.

Be true to your profession, in so doing you will be true to yourselves and you can not then be false to any man.

Some of you I may never meet again; let "Virtute et Labor" be your watchword. Strive for it, labour for it,—acquit yourselves like men. Above all, place implicit trust in God. You will often need greater help than man's in the troubles you are sure to meet. In the name of the Medical Faculty I bid you a kind adieu and affectionate God speed. May God Almighty guide you and help you. Remember "Virtute et Labor."—

Et jam Vale Vale.

[We regret this address did not reach us till the May number of The MITRE was in print.—Ed.]

THE MITRE.

A PIPER.

He befeid us one Monday morning at Ro- dolph's. It was concours week, and the model had been posed after much wrangling and dispute. Even the selection of places had occasioned no little heart-burning, and at least one appeal to the administration to override the Master's ruling. The latter was annoyed, and expressed himself in excellent English. He was able, moreover, to make his annoyance felt, and the ill-humour became all but general. But in this atmosphere of isolation every one worked most vigorously, and smoked most venomously.

"'Dye like the pipes?" at last said my tall neighbour on the left.

"What pipes? Tobacco pipes? Not to this extent," for the farther end of the atelier was almost invisible.

"Nae, nae, not tobacco pipes."

"What then? Drain pipes? Water pipes? Stove pipes? All of them purely mechanical, as you see.

"Nae, mon, naethin' o' the kine. Bag-pipes, "with a puff, and a smile of superiority and compassion. "Mon, they've a grand musical character t'wae them. 'Pm played at Delecuske last night. We a' marched out in a body through the Rood of Chevroo tub the Boulevard, till the johdarn stopped us. Aw' jost think, a' bring them doon an' gie ye a skirl here some day,", and he did so.

That same night there was a 'festivity' at the St. Andrew's Club. The rooms were small and dancing was difficult, though much in vogue. Late in the evening the Scotchman arrived with his pipes. It did not require much persuasion to induce him to play, but in the narrow apartment the noise was intolerably loud. To keep time with the bagpipes, it seems that the performer must march. So it was tramp, tramp, tramp, to the tune of 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Blue Bonnets over the Border,' or more popular still, 'The Campbell's are Coming.' Dancing languished. The piano was brought into requisition for accompaniment; and we sang 'Annie Laurie,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Scots Wha Hae,' and lifted up our voices valiantly in Scotland's praise. Then the pipes again; and under cover of the overwhelming noise the Scotch girls chattered of their dear old Edinburgh, of Gordon Highland- ers, and of many other stalwart, be-sporraded kilted, tartaned warriors; and the English girls, not to be outdone, brought the conversa- tion around to London and their own glittering ideals, the Grenadier Guards—to be spoken of with a little thrill of reverence. At last the piper ceased. "I always think," said a sweet old Scotch lady, "they always sound best on the hills."

The pipes for a time were the sensation of the Quartier. Late night after night their fantastic screams escaped from the Hôtel Cor- neille, an old-time hotel on the Rue Delambre, with a wide courtyard and a battered fountain in two. And to such an artist congenial so- ciety was never wanting. A knock is heard at the door and a late wanderer enters. "It's purey late, stranger, I guess, but them tunes fetch me every time," and without more introduction another is added to the piper's coterie of friends. The new-comer is a sculptor of no slight renown, and his introduction is the open sesame to many an atelier in Paris.

With kindred spirits the piper, on New Year's Eve, swaggered in kilts and tartans down the length of the Boulevard St. Michel to the Café d'Harcourt. No remonstrance was made at their entrance, but when the voice of the pipes arose, the administration decreed their expulsion and proceeded to execute it. Whereupon the whole audience rose en masse and yelled mightily, 'Encore la musique! la musique!" But the administration was inexor- able, so the musicians retired with what grace they could be affectionately mothed by the girls on the pavement, while the gens d'armes looked on indulgently. Finally they
physical courage—conditions over which you can not possibly have any control, but which you must bravely face.

Let there be no ﬂying from your duty; decide what that duty is and do it; be courageous.

In forming your decisions in your medical career, as in all the other phases of life, you must weigh carefully the pros and cons, judge calmly, and, having drawn your conclusions and arrived at a decision, boldly support it.

You may have to face the adverse criticism of many, but it is better far to act rightly and conscientiously, and to receive the approbation of the “just” few, than the adulation of a multitude who are incapable of correctly appreciating your motives.

Let a “mens conscientia sibi recti” be your highest reward.

But vitál be not so set in your opinions as not to be open to conviction if, perchance some faulty point in your conclusions be shown you; the truly scienóncal mind must be always open to proof. Having then reached your decision, if thereafter action be called for, do not stand as one shivering on the brink of a stream, but jump boldly in and trust to your knowledge, nerve and pluck to bring you through.

Remember that our fears are traitors, and oft we lose the good we might obtain by fearing to attempt.

Your moral courage will also be continually put to the test, and I would urge upon you that both virtue and vice are voluntary, and as Aristotle puts it, “the means to attain either a vicious or a virtuous end are deliberate—they are duly thought over and acted on.”

You know what is right and virtuous, and failing then to perform an honorable act when it is possible, is just as faulty as the direct performance of a vicious act.

Few men are exposed to temptations and to the same extent that a medical man is. Be true to yourselves and exert your moral courage, nor run any risk of wrecking your lives with all their possibilities of usefulness to your fellow men.

Courage is by no means always noticed by others, for it very frequently happens that after all the lives which show the most courage that are lived nobly and heroically are often those of which the world knows least.

Lofty courage dwells in a heart which braves an adverse fate. The individual who, for the sake of duty, must some times stand aside in a quiet place and see others do the valiant deeds which help on the progress of the world, when he knows that he too has the will to do, the soul to dare and the power to perform,—that man is more hero-like than many a famous conqueror.

You will all have your duty to perform. Your sphere may be small or large, but you will all have your duty to do,—do it then truly and conscientiously.

You will surely have rebuffs and falls,—no one escapes them—but go forward with a heart for any fate. You may be misjudged, but, fully aware you are acting rightly, adhere to your course.

Some years ago you voluntary entered our University as students in medicine, and during your course of study have had to follow the rules laid down for your guidance and tuition by the University. To-day you receive your degrees and leave us to go out into the world; and now that our control over you in your medical career ceases, we may surely demand with right that the oath you take to-day may be no mere empty form.

We ask you to act in your life work so as to reflect credit on your Alma Mater; to have the courage to comestancy and perform only noble elevated deeds, to act rightly as your consciences dictate.

You will be called upon to face death and danger to yourselves,—do it steadfastly and calmly; it requires courage of a higher type than that which leads a brilliant charge in the excitement of a battle, in that your courage has to be calm and deliberate. You will frequently have to take your lives in your hands in the discharge of your duty, but no nobler sacrifice can you make than to risk your lives for your fellow men. How many noble examples have we of this in our own profession.

Shrink not then from the call of duty; remember the medical profession is not one for poltroons or cowards.

But in addition to this courage there must also be work,—and that very strenuous and persistent. Your days of study by no means cease with the acquisition of your diplomas; indeed your real study is only beginning—you simply have laid the foundation on which you are to build.

It is a truism that nothing can be attained without labor or effort, and most especially does this apply to our own profession. It is one continued effort and striving in study and practice from the day you take it up until you finally lay it down.

The illimitability of our profession is to me one of its great charms,—the feeling that there are always greater heights yet to be scaled, that there are constant advances to be made.

Unless we are going to fall behind, it is absolutely necessary that we study and work unceasingly. We can only afford a respite in order to brace ourselves for still greater efforts. Truly the life work of men like Lister, Pasteur, Haffkin and others is noble and inspiring, much more so indeed than that of the greatest conquerors.

If one but considers the thousands of lives saved, the pain and suffering ameliorated as the result of their labours, surely these men are the greatest benefactors of the world.

The absolute self-abnegation and fearlessness of Haffkin and men like him, during the course of their researches in plague-stricken districts, and in their devotion to and love of their work, we ﬁnd noble examples worthy of emulation.

There are such grand possibilities in our life work. We may not be great men like Lister and the others, or make some vital discovery which will set the scientiﬁc world aﬂame, we can and and should avail ourselves of our possibilities to the utmost.

We can try to add some stones to the grand scientiﬁc structure now being erected by our profession, or failing this we may be able to help with some morsel of mortar to bind together the stones already in place.

To this end study your work and do your work carefully and thoroughly, not hap-hazard. Keep full case reports, collate your facts and study them out. If in time you happily build up a large practice, endeavour to keep it within such bounds that you have time for thought, otherwise you must perform scamp your work, and thus fail to do justice to your patients or your work.

The ﬁrst few years of your professional life are bound to be slow, and you will likely have plenty of spare time. These years are a golden opportunity, which I would urge you not to lose. Take full advantage of them in pursuing your quiet study, and perhaps some research in one form or another. Later on, when your practice increases, it will be very difﬁcult if not impossible to secure sufﬁcient time for any prolonged uninterrupted study.

If possible try to become attached to a hospital in some position or other, or failing this, you should during your slack year attend hospital practice if possible regularly. There are always crumbs of information to be picked up, and at any rate it will prevent any chance of that direful result, becoming “rusty” in your work. Let your work be continuous, and above all thorough; then come what may, you can feel that under any circumstan ces, adverse or otherwise, you have in any given case done the best you could for your patient.

Remember the life of your patient is in
A SONG OF THE EMPIRE.

Join hands ye sons of Empire!
Remember whence ye came,
For side by side our sires have died
In battle-smoke and flame;
They fought for England's glory
And with her flag unfurled,
Their hearts and hands have made our lands
The girdle of the world.

Join hands ye sons of Empire!
Who speak the British tongue,
Which loud and clear like British cheer
From honest hearts has sprung,
For over ocean's thunders
Which roll since time began
Our deathless speech the world will teach
The brotherhood of man.

Join hands ye sons of Empire!
And tell how fierce and bold
In battles long to right the wrong
Our fathers fought of old.
They broke the power of tyrants,
They set the poor slave free,
And badly fared the foe that dared
Oppose their liberty.

Join hands ye sons of Empire!
And crowned with glory past
Go forth with might to champion right
And weld the Empire fast.
In vain the tempest thunders,
In vain the dark seas part,
The world's great flood of British blood
Beats with a single heart.

Frederick George Scott.