



find a most serious lack of enthusiasm among the majority of our Graduates. Each one looks to someone else to take the first step and the result is—nothing. We must get past this “dead centre” if anything is ever to be done. Power there is in plenty if only the machinery can be set in motion. But who is to do it? The *Mitre*, has more than once called on our graduates to express their ideas and the few communications which we have received in answer are all full of enthusiasm. And yet nothing is done.

“The fact is daily becoming plainer that Universities must depend upon their Alumni for that assistance necessary for them to attain their highest purposes. This is becoming more clearly recognized as the educational interests of the country unfold themselves and the lines become more clearly drawn between different institutions.”.....“An Alumni Society is nothing new. Other Universities have them and so have we, though ours has long since become effete—but still worthy of revival upon the old lines, from the brilliant work which it performed in the years of its initiation, a work which will always be a conclusive argument in favour of the formation of an Alumni Society.”

Such is the opinion of a recent graduate and we are sure that many others are of the same opinion. But let us get further than mere opinions and good wishes. Let us *do* something. Probably the fact that every body favours the project is more of a

hindrance than a help. A little opposition would be stimulus. We would suggest that a meeting of even a few Alumni be held at the beginning of the next term and that some kind of a start be made. After this is done the rest will be comparatively easy. It is the start which is difficult.

The many advantages to the University and to the individual which can be found in an active Alumni Association have been previously considered. Yet it will do no harm to remind ourselves of some of them. The graduate can be kept in close touch with his Alma Mater and with his fellow graduates. His interest in her will be strengthened and he will do more to promote her welfare. An Alumni Editor could be appointed for the *Mitre* whose contributions would do much to make our College Magazine more interesting to our graduates, and to draw them closer to our Alma Mater thus promoting the interests of the University.

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We wish it to be clearly understood that the *Mitre* is *not* the official organ of this University. It is published by the Students of the University and the Boys of Bishop's College School and has no further connection with the University than this. We shall always be most happy to correct any errors which the *Mitre* may contain but it should be borne in mind that any statements made in its columns are not official.

## COMPULSORY CHAPEL.

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There appeared in the June issue of The Mitre an article entitled "Worms", in which the writer undertook to question the beneficial results of making attendance at Chapel services a matter of College Discipline.

The question is one which has been often raised. It has always provided a subject for discussion in undergraduate circles. But after re-reading the opinions to which your contributor gives utterance it has occurred to me that if they represent any considerable element of student thought, it is time that their real tendency should be pointed out. Your contributor ascribes two results to the system of "Com"pulsory chapels: (1) The existence of scoffing or blasphemy among those who are "forced" to attend chapels against their wills. (2) The encouragement of hypocrisy. With regard to the former charge tells us that "force begets obstinacy, obstinacy begets dislike, dislike in turn gives birth to scoffing and blasphemy".

Now the first point which I wish to raise is this, that this argument if it is worth anything at all is equally valid against compulsion of any kind employed as a factor in Education. If it is wrong theoretically to insist that those *in statu pupillari* shall fulfil certain religious duties, it is not less wrong, but rather more indefensible, to insist upon their performing any duties of a lower order. For surely the less clearly an action is connected with the religious motive in human conduct the less reasonable it is to make it compulsory. If one may claim the right to be openly irreligious, surely we cannot in justice deny him the privilege of being merely ignorant or wanting in punctuality. But let us consider where the fallacy of your contributor's argument actually lies. It is in assuming that the existence of an evil (if indeed the evil does exist) is a proof that the system under which it has arisen is at fault. It may be so, of course. It is undeniable that force of any kind involves the possibility of resistance. To use your contributor's expression "force begets obstinacy". It does in some characters. However we have yet to be convinced that its necessity can be obviated. If your contributor has discovered any panacea by which human wills can be uniformly directed towards the Right, by persuasion only he will greatly further the interest of the race by letting it be known. But your contributor hints that there is such a panacea. He says: "The wisest teachers seek to attain their end not by force but by *inducement*. "Demonstrate", he would say, "to a man that it is for his highest good to follow a certain course and then leave him free". I reply this is just what the most rigid disciplinarian if he is a true educator does, quite as much as the most up to date opponent of *compulsion*. The fact that failure to comply with rules is followed by

punishment in no way hinders this appeal to *inducement*. On the contrary it forms a part of that *inducement*. For the authority of this statement I refer your contributor to Butler's Chapter on "The Moral Government of God". Moreover the term "Compulsion" is itself misleading. There is no such force applicable to the human will. Rules do not constitute compulsion, though they certainly contribute to *inducement* of which your Contributor approves. If a man does not choose to go to chapel, rules cannot compel him to do so. They may, if disregarded, lead to his expulsion from the Institution but that is not *compulsion*. Short of personal violence *compulsion* is a word which is inapplicable to the relation between authority and those over whom it is exercised. This being so, we pass on to the consideration of the only point upon which there is room for doubt. *i. e.* whether in the long run what your contributor styles "compulsion" does actually tend to create "a religious appetite" or the reverse. Theoretically it is plain that it is inevitable, unless we are prepared to do away with Law. But does it tend practically to advance the cause of religion? This question is of course one to which no universal answer is possible. It could only be answered by the general consent of experience, and religious experience is to a large extent incapable of analysis. This much is clear that the analogy of every other department of education is clearly in its favour. In this connection however I submit to you the experience and judgement of one who is an old contributor to and constant reader of the Mitre.

Darwin in his celebrated book on "Earth Worms," tells us how worms act as one of the greatest forces in nature, for the improvement of the soil, and therefore occupy a distinct place in the economy of human life. And notwithstanding their repulsive appearance we know that they are always concomitant with civilization.

Now one of your contributors thinks that "Keeping Chapels" (unwillingly, as I suppose) creates or breeds a species of worm. It may. But on the whole is it not a civilized and useful one? He himself seems to allow that it is at least in relation to some of those who come within the field of its operation. May not a religious conviction, to use a familiar expression be *wormed* into one almost against one's will? Some years ago, when accompanying my son to Lennoxville, I was struck by a remark made by the honourable Mr. J — n, to the effect that Dr. Lobley, had during the time in which he presided over the Institution, of which he — J — n — is the prop, been known to miss but two evening chapels. This record of the example of a good and noble man had made a deep impression upon his mind. It also set me reflecting. I had noticed some misbehaviour on the part of some of the junior boys of the school that very day during morning chapel, reminding me of what my Father had once told me of the President of S. John's College Oxford, in his day, and the effective method he adopted in

reprimanding some students for similar misbehaviour, their excuse being the irksomeness of attending chapels. He informed them that there was no greater obligation upon them to attend chapels than for the college to keep them on its books, and that if they found attendance at chapel distasteful they must remember that *gentlemen* who were members of the college must never so far forget themselves as *men* as to behave like school boys. The double application of this reproof will be understood by those familiar with the use (perhaps over-use) of these terms at Oxford and Cambridge. At Trinity College, Dublin, I had a friend by no means a skeptic, or indeed a dissenter from any of the tenets of the Established Church, but who objected to attending chapel there, because, as he said to me, it was 'so degrading to have to listen to prayers like a child'. He therefore took advantage of the there prevailing method of avoiding the necessity, which is by simply entering the words "I dissent". The consequence of this step was that he fell in with men of the very worst set, and the leisure thus gained was spent in laying the foundation of a besotted death at the age of twenty-seven. I hope that Lennoxville will never give out as her invitation "only join us, and you may do entire'y as you please". She will soon cease to exert her influence for good if she does so in the matter of religious discipline. Keep your chapels—and, if you want a good reason, read the lines at the conclusion of Canon Welch's Sermon on page 260 of the June issue of the *Mitre* which I have, to suit their application to myself, ventured to slightly alter:

"T' was in the Chapel; where, my Son,  
Tho' often thinking thoughts of youth,  
I heard some words which one by one  
Have touched my life, and taught me truth".

B.

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## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

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Personal allusions add little weight to an argument; yet to avoid them is often difficult—sometimes impossible. In the present instance this is especially true. For Christian Science is Mary Eddy, and Mary Eddy is Christian Science.

I

This so-called divine science claims to be the perpetuating of Christ's teaching and of the primitive church; it is also a complete exposition of Scripture from Genesis to Revelation; and its leader is inspired of God to interpret the true spirit of heretofore misunderstood Christianity.

Her breath is an afflatus that comes from Deity to enliven true believers. In childhood she heard a voice that thrice bade her discover and proclaim "ultimate truth."

What then is ultimate truth? According to Christian science it is this: that there is one God—not a personalty, but a Principle and a first Great Cause; that He is Mind; that individual mind does not exist, but that it is merely the reflection of God. Furthermore, Mind is said to be all, and matter is nothing. God is Good, and Good is alone real; while evil is unreal; and all sin, sickness, and passions are errors of mortal mind. The cure for every ill, moral and physical, is simply the realization of unreality.

Now granting that God is only a principle, what follows? Simply that he is (in) causation, and not omnipotent Father and Creator. Granting that He is Mind and Good, and that all mind is but the reflection of His, then the belief must be accepted that man has not free-will, and that his mind is only a glimmering, mirrored ray. Says the prophetess, "the notion of more than one Mind is as unsatisfying as it is unscientific," and human mind reflects God and this reflection is substance." A substantial reflection perhaps.

Yet mortal mind is not Mind spelled with a capital. For while truth is Mind, error is in mortal mind. Yet to believe that man has "a mortal mind and soul and life is error." Mortal mind is the seat of error; but mortal mind does not exist; neither does error. Therefore nothing is located in nothing. That is true.

But what are nothingness, error, and evil? "It is the flesh that is evil." Error is putting spirit into matter and thus giving to matter life. In this way it was that God made the mistake, fatal to Christian Science, of breathing life into clay. Again "Evil is the absence of Good; whereas Good is God, everpresent, and therefore evil is unreal." Stern, forceful logic! Yet listen? When a person is ill "he is experiencing the effect of a fear, whose existence you do not realize. Science saith to Fear: "You are a self-constituted falsity—you are darkness, nothingness." Therefore error, sickness and evil are nothingness—are unreal. Therefore error, which is equivalent for everything bad, is nothing; because God cannot be error, and God is All, while everything else is unreal; therefore error, including sin, sickness and misfortune are nothing. All pains, thefts, murders, sorrows, all industry and idleness, all impressions, and sensations, that can be ascribed to human mind brain, nerve, or muscle, are false, unreal, non-existing. But what proof is there? There is the bare assertion of Mary Baker G. Eddy, the Divine Prophetess.

## II

Now it is necessary to turn back from "nothingness" to an imperson-

al God, called the "eternal Somethingness". In the first place it must be remembered that since matter is unreal and "cannot originate or transmit thought," man must convince himself that he has no brain. His only possession is the dim reflection of one great Mind, which is God. God is also the great Principle, or Good. Now Good can do no wrong. Therefore man, who is reflected Good, can do no wrong. Of course this is all very true. Furthermore God is not only Mind, but also Spirit and Soul. "Soul", says the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, "I denominate substance. Spirit I call the reality." All else, she says, are unreal. That is the limbs and the organs of the human body, the houses, the churches, and the money of Christian Scientists, and all the material things which are seen, felt, and heard—even the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy herself—are errors, are unreal, are nothingness. So says the Divine Science; but it also says: "Matter neither hears, sees, nor feels Spirit, and is therefore inadequate to form any proper conception of infinite Mind. . . . . 'If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.'" Very well. The Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy is matter, and she also bears witness of herself. Therefore the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy can form no adequate conception of God, nor is her witness true. That is to say Mrs. Eddy does not quite know what she talks about.

## III

Sometimes the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy is inconsistent. She says that her object in life is "to smite error with the falchion of Truth"; yet neither error nor falchion exist. She says that "mind reconstructed the body"; but the body is material, and therefore unreal. She says that "our reliance upon material things must be transferred to a perception of and dependence on spiritual things;" yet with unrealities how can we perceive, and why does Mrs. Eddy depend on food, paper, ink, printer, or bank account? She says that she "withdrew from Society about three years, to ponder my mission. . . . . to find the Science of Mind, that should take the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great curative principle. Yet there can be no creature if nothing exists but an impersonal Principle nor need there be a cure, if sin and sickness are nothing.

"Divine Science disclaims sin, sickness, and death." Yet it is necessary in spite of this statement to find a cure for them. Evidently denial is not healing. But there is no remedy so good or sure as Christian Science, next to which is homeopathy, whereby "matter is rarefied to its fatal essence mortal mind." Yet there is doubt whether homeopaths will admit that their medicines are a "fatal essence." However, the saying of the Prophetess, the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy that "human reason"—a non-existing quality is not equal to a full understanding of mind-healing, its terms and eccentricities

must be recalled before condemning the science as such. For "In the all in all of Spirit . . . . matter is obsolete." Therefore, if "obsolete" be given a rational meaning such as extinct, those men who judge "mental therapeutics" by a reasonable human standard will find that like Mrs. Eddy's "matter," their conclusions are obsolete." Yet the question remains, is matter obsolete, *i. e.* passed out of use, or did it never exist at all? Mrs. Eddy says that it is both obsolete and and non-existent.

In fact Christian Science is nothing but a piece of patchwork. Some of the colours are very pretty, but the whole is a mass of startling incongruities. Mrs. Eddy, the inspired teacher of the sect, has so put together fragments of disjointed philosophy and misunderstood religion, as to obtain inharmonious system. The great feature of Christian Science is glaring contradiction.

## IV

Yet if such only were the case, the result would be harmless. The Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, however, has gone further. She says that no person can take the place of the Virgin Mary, nor of the Saviour of Mankind and "no person can take the place of the author of Science and Health with a key to the Scriptures." She recommends her disciples to read no antagonistic scientific work. She sets herself at the head of the sect as the Lord's anointed, who is inspired to interpret Scripture and heal disease. She forbids the use of medicine. She prohibits freedom of individual action. Such principles are not whims; they approach to dangerous madness.

But is it madness? At first Mrs. Eddy taught her doctrines without charging pupils; but when she had gained a reputation "God impelled me to set a price on my instruction.— — — I was led to name three hundred dollars as the price for each pupil . . . . . This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange providence to accept this fee". And so strange was this providence that she kept on accepting fees till to-day she is one of the richest women in the land. Not only is this true of the woman but of the sect. Christian Science is conducted on a financial basis. Not only has the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy discovered the fount of life, but she has also found the philosopher's stone.

How such marvels could have been wrought by one woman of limited intelligence is incredible. Perhaps the cause lies in humbuggery— perhaps in the pleasant, foggy mystery of the doctrines. Indeed it is possible that such vapid utterances, as the following, may influence flabby minds that seek to know beyond their capacity: "Into mortal mind's obliquity I gazed, and stood abashed. Blanched was the cheek of pride. My heart bent low before

the omnipotence of Spirit, a tint of humility, soft as the heart of a moonbeam mantled the earth". How lovely the picture— Mrs. Eddy with her bent heart, and the humble tinge of the moonbeam diffusing itself over earth and sea and sky.

Such is Christian Science; such is the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy. To speak of the science is to speak of its originator. They can no more be parted, and live, than can a cat and its head. If one perishes, so does the other. Not one tenet of the faith can stand longer than the personality of its founder.

Yet what conclusion has been reached by this mere dip into Christian Science? In the first place its conception of matter is ideal, and is not new. Yet its disciples have to act as if the material universe was real. Like ordinary mortals they use brick and stone, and feel pain when they stub their toes. Although flesh does not exist, yet they claim through mind to control and create body. Personality is denied of God; he becomes a mere principal—a first cause; and mind is said to be the only real thing. Yet there is no individual mind— only the dim reflection of God. Hence man is deprived of individuality and free-will. Like Marcus Aurelius the Divine Prophetess exclaims, "Do not think you are hurt and your complaint ceases; cease your complaint, you are not hurt". Only Mrs. Eddy also includes sickness, sin, and death. God cannot sin, be sick, nor die, therefore man, who "derives his essence from God" can do none of these things. Man reflects God, and from the man himself comes nothing.

In the face of such claims no other matter for rebuttal is needed than that of Christian Science itself. Short as are the preceding discussions and quotations, they are enough to show the shams and irrationalities of this "Divine Science". It bears witness of itself and its witness is self-evidently untrue

*E. S. K.*

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## Episcopensium Processio II.

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Posterea Nondum—Graduatos cernere possis;  
 Vincens quos inter præstat virtute Bonelles,  
 (Nomine dignus enim, qui tot certamina vincat,)  
 Ductor magnanimus; pariter Gordonius adstat  
 Contemptor Logicæ, Scota de gente profectus:  
 Pistorque incumbens studiis; tacitusque Rotator  
 Felinis numeros chordis producere doctus.

Quo ludente juvat dulces saltare choreas.  
 Pallidus et Venans, ortus Cognomine villa.  
 Insequitur ridens Maccas, qui voce sonora  
 "Sanct-Ivæ Uxores" "Regnetgue Britannia" cantat,  
 Omnia qui studioso animo perdiscere gestit.

Tum quoque conspicitur procero corpore Croudes,  
 Herga-sita-in-Clivo quem gratum eduxit alumnum,  
 Præceptor puerum simul et comoedicus actor,  
 ("Deveni, mi care" querens,—sed vana querela est.)  
 Qui nunc—heu miserum—"pullina" peste tenetur  
 Proximus en Findlas, anni dux ipee secundi,  
 Heros Levensis, sequiturque jocosa caterva;—  
 Hic te matutinus agis, Silvane, phalangis  
 "Hocceticae" ductor fortis, "puccam"-que volantem  
 Huc illuc agitare valens glaciale per aequor.  
 Borneosque ferus, gallorum imitarier ore  
 Carmina rancisono gnarus, "Creceterius" acer,  
 Immersus studiis,—tristis vae! scriptor amorum!

Iamque Nov-Eboracensis sequitur placidus Krans  
 Suavloquens verbo, pugna certare forensi  
 Expertus, necnon laudator temporis acti;—  
 ("Fatum ubi quod cuique obtulerat fortuna, ferebat  
 "Sponte sua sibi quisque valere et vivere doctus"  
 Nullaque vexabant hominum Civilia mentes.)  
 Illa se comitem, natus Regione Marina,  
 Manselius Suenes, ridens joculariter, addit.

i. Lucretius De. Rev. Nat. l: v.

G. O. S.

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## "PIERRE."

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The February sun shown brightly on the white glistening snow. The air was clear, cold and bracing. The worn runners of the old "carriole" glided easily over the smooth, icy roads.

I tucked the robes closely round me and glanced at my travelling companion, Pierre, who had agreed to drive me to Grosse Isle. He appeared to be a rough ignorant French Canadian "habitant". A flaring red "tuque" was pulled well down over his ears and forehead. His face seemed almost expressionless. A short stub of a clay pipe, blackened from long usage was

held firmly between his teeth. Unpleasant fumes of the strongest Johnny Cannuck's "Tabac" occasionally caused me to glance hurriedly in another direction. Pierre's clothes were evidently not tailor-made. The material was coarse home spun cloth, much the worse for the wear and tear of previous winters. Newer pieces had been sewed in here and there till the whole resembled crazy "patchwork". His moccasins were home-made from seal skins. He drove a miserable looking horse, which might have been fed on an oat a day. Possibly the harness was useful for some such purpose as Mark Twain suggests, as keeping the horse together,—lest it might fall apart. This beast, Peirre confidentially told me, was the best in the parish "for go" "Fine hors' dat,—She go like half' pas' two" (2.30). Pierre had named his horse "Alex." Alternately he addressed it in fond language "mon beau cheval" and then swore at it in extravagant "patois" terms.

I thought my driver might be interesting, so began to talk to him. "Well Pierre how long before we reach Grosse Isle?" He took his stub pipe from his mouth, and stared at me. His breath which smelt of onions, liquor, and tobacco came unpleasantly near my nostrils. He seemed to be deep in thought for a couple of moments,—and then made this characteristic reply, "two, tree, four hour, may be more, may be less, 'I dun'no, me"—and shrugged his shoulders. Then applying the whip vigorously to his poor old horse, he shouted "Marche donc Alex"

I then began to question him about his life. This is the story he told interrupted frequently by "Marche donc Alex."

"Me!—I was born at Etang du Nord b'fore nobody live dere. Mon fadder, she come dere furst. He was de "Jardien de phare" What you call dat en Anglais.—House-light-boss-eh? Marche donc Alex. Mon brodder Jean Baptiste she's smart fellow "cap'taine, commandant du vaisseau—La Belle Jose'phine. He ketch plenty good cod fish,—but las' year he bus' up on a 'Sapre'" rock. Den Baptiste she go in de State. One long time after de Belle "Jose'phine" she's no more I go on him to Halifax. Nice place dat —Plenty eat, an' drink an' smoke—"beaucoup de fun," and drink plenty good "whiskey blanc". I'd like for live dere me. "Marche donc Alex".

Pierre's world had been bounded by the horizon round his native Isle, —but this voyage in the little fishing schooner "La Belle Jose'phine," to the "outside world" had opened his eyes. Never before had Pierre, seen the wonders of civilization,—the hurry and bustle of a city. He thus described the first railway train he ever saw. "De cook—she's name is Dominique —she's come from de same place wid' me. He say to me "Pierre I go for show you—a big train on "de road-rail." "I say Correc' Dominique mon ami you have annoder "cou" on me—and I go wid you." We go to what dey call le "de'pot". Plenty girl and boy dere—noting to do. Bum-by-I

hear a "chew!"—shew!—Pou!—pou!—an' a big steam-boat on wheels, he come bang! into de warf-or-train bosh! I get big scare me, but Dominique she only la'f De officercry—'all behin" and Dominique say—"Queek Pierre," "embark," Mon vieux! but we go fas',—fas' I never see before,—more fas' dan Alex.—By Jim Crow!—I so scare me I hold on tight to de seat.—I be some glad me—when we get of dat affair—she go like de wind."

I asked Pierre how many children he had He replied—"Only, t'ree; four twin. My femme she's name is Madame Marie Gouin,—what you call dat in English—Mrs. Mosquito (Maringouin). She's big like a small whale Curl on de hair,—two black eye nice cheek,—belle girl dat,—I love her much me, on Sunday, Monday "et tous le temps".

By this time we had reached our destination. Suddenly Pierre startled me by saying "excuse to me—M'sieu I mus' eat and drink my horse." I was horrified at the idea and said severly "What?—Eat Alex?" "For sure, M'sieu" he repled,— "Alex want sure oat and drink," Reaching under the seat of the "carriole" he pulled out an old bag of oats. I felt relieved when I discovered what he really meant. It was with a feeling of regretfulness—that I bade my interesting friends—"Pierre," and "Alex"—"Adieu".

A. H. W.

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## INFINITY.

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Out of infinity comes a Voice—  
LIGHT BE. Instantly that infinity is filled with nebulous light, which whirls and gleams and torn by tremendous forces never rests.

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Time passes. In space are vast spheres, molten and flaming which whirl ever onward— tempestuous and yet obeying Order.

\* \* \*

Time passes. In space are vast flaming suns round which circle planets hardly less molten than the suns themselves.

\* \* \*

Time passes. Round one of the suns circles a planet on which men fight with savage fierceness, killing and being killed. Fiercely the conflict rages and a red mist arises hiding the combatants from view.

\* \* \*

Time passes. Men fight no more and peace reigns on the earth. Religion has trained men to live a nobler life.

\* \* \*

Time passes. The earth by radiation of its heat grows colder. Fear clutches at the hearts of men.

They huddle together fearing— they know not what. The light of the sun wanes. Gloom settles over the shrivelled earth and the sunken sea.

\* \* \*

Time passes. A dead world whirls through space circling round

a dead sun— dead and yet obeying Order.

\* \* \*

Out of infinity comes a Voice—  
I am *Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.*

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### REDEMPTION.

The morningtide in strength arose,  
With sweetest breath of dawn,  
I lingered there as one who knows  
After a night forlorn,  
The calm the wind sea wafted blows  
When comes the welcome morn.

\* \* \*

At mid-day shone the glaring light  
Upon the beaten sea,

And on the stretch of sandy white  
No shade of rock or tree,  
And Life or Death, or Day or Night  
Were nothing unto me.

\* \* \*

The sunset wrought its pathway red  
Across the burnished wave,  
And soothing Peace its wings had  
spread

Above my sorrow's grave,  
For from the gulf with dullness dead  
Had sprung a power to save.

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### PERSONALS.

Rev. F. G. Le Gallais, B. A. '98. who completed his Divinity Course here in June last is this year assisting Rev. Geo. Pye on the Labrador Coast.

C. A. Pope, B. A. '99 is still guiding the youthful mind' in Sutton Academy.

Rev. A. W. Dutton, B. A. has been stationed at Peninsula, Gaspe'.

E. B. Browne, B. A. '99, completes this year his course in Divinity at the Theological College, Lincoln, Eng.

Rev. C. W. Balfour, B. A. '97 is at present at Grand Mere, Que. under Rev. Wm. Barton, B. A.

J. W. Aytown, who spent the past two years in Lennoxville taking Divinity work, is this year continuing the same course at the Theological College Lichfield, Eng.

Of the graduates and old students we were pleased to see Messrs. Johnson, B. A. Rublee, B. A. King, B. A. and Somerville, at the Football "Hop". The first mentioned gentleman remained with us until Saturday morning of that week,

Johnson always enjoys a visit to Lennoxville. Nothing like Alma Mater after all. But *would that all our Alumni were of the same mind.* They could then very quickly devise some scheme for organization and practical work. "Unity is Strength."

Rev. W. A. Dunn B. A., after spending one year here in Divinity attended the Theological College, Leeds, Eng, and in September last was ordained Deacon, being appointed to a curacy in Sydenham.

P. Boyle, B. A. '96 has this year gone to the Magdalen Islands to succeed Mr. Wurtele there as lay reader to Rev. J. Prout.

Rev. H. F. Hamilton, B. A. Divinity '99 was in September last ordained to the Diaconate, and is now Curate in St. Mathew's, Quebec.

Rev. J. J. S. Brewer, B. A. Divinity '99 is also curate in St. Matthew's

R. M. Noyes, B. A. '99, holds this year again the position of Principal of Bedford Academy—Rumour has it that merry Ralph has grown quite ancient of late is—at least in manner. There is probably a cause.

E. R. Roy, B. A. '99, completes his Divinity at Bishop's this year.

W. Lem. Carter, B. A. '98, med. '02, McGill, has been selected to manage the business affairs of the Hockey Club of that University.

Small wonder Laurier won so

easily in Quebec, if all his followers were as enthusiastic as was one of our graduates. When W. W. Wadleigh B. A. the staunch supporter of Liberalism in the class of '00, holds aloof from the fascinating intricacies of Legal research to enter the arena of the Political world, success is assured in one county at least. The two elections have given him ample opportunity to develop his powers of organization and administration. What a worthy follower of his namesake! May he too someday merit a *title.*

The Toronto *Globe*, speaking of the news that the Rev. J. Almond, B. A. Anglican chaplain to the Royal Canadian Regiment, has decided to enter the imperial service, remarks that his career has been marked by many sensational incidents. His adherence to duty self-sacrificing performance of work of an arduous nature, a constant and cheerful zeal which has marked his connection with the regiment, have lifted it above the commonplace compliance with regulations, and entitle him to an honourable place in the annals of the first contingent. The *Globe* proceeds to describe Mr. Almond's work among the enteric fever patients at Bloemfontein, the executive ability which he showed when alleviating the conditions of the soldiers along the lines of communication, and in all conditions of danger from the enemy, danger more imminent from disease and discomfort of infinite variety. "A knack for executive work, zeal, practical piety, and un-

selfishness make an excellent equipment", says the Globe, "for labours such as those to which Mr. Almond, has devoted himself, and he will be

followed in his career by the good wishes of his fellow-countrymen, to whom he has been of service."

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## MEDICINE NOTES.

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The 30th. annual dinner of Bishops Medical College was held at Place Viger Hotel on November 8th. It being the 30th. anniversary a special attempt was made to induce graduates of the College, who were not too far removed from Montreal to be present, with the result that quite a few graduates came from a distance to the dinner, among whom was Dr. Wolfred Nelson, of New York whose name was the first on the register of Bishop's Medical College at its opening. The dinner was in every respect a grand success, and was the most enjoyable in the history of College dinners. The speeches were listened to with attention until half past two in the morning when the affair ended. The menu did justice to the reputation of the Place Viger. The service was very good. Ratta's orchestra played very creditably during the dinner. Mr. E. A. Tomkins, 'or president of the Students' Association occupied the the chair, and Messrs. B. A. Planche, B. A., dentistry, 'oj, first vice-president, and J. A. Gillespie, L. Ph. medicine 'or second vice-president were the vice-chairmen. Amongst the invited guests were Dr. R. W. Heneker, Chancellor of Bishop's University:

The Rev. Principal Whitney, Dr. F. W. Campbell, dean of the medical faculty: the Revs. G. Abbott-Smith, and Dr. Ker, Principal Shewen, Messrs. R. Wilson Smith, C. F. Smith, I. H. Davidson, D. C. L. Q. C., and Drs Wolfred Nelson, of New York: W. Grant Stewart, Giles, McConnell, Andrew McPhail, G. H. Mathewson, W. Burnet, G. T. Ross, Robert Wilson, F. J. Hackett, C. A. Hebbert, J. A. Bazin, F. R. England, J. V. Anglin, Louis Franchere, J. E. Mauffette, F. Paquette, F. G. Henry, D. J. Berwick, G. H. Kent, and many others. Mr. J. A. Dixon a third year student of the Dental College, who went to Africa with the second contingent, was also present in uniform.

Among those who sent letters of regret were Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, His Worship Mayor Prefontaine, the Hon. F. W. Borden, Mr. Justice Hall, and Mr. Justice Tait.

In addition to the usual decorations the banners of the students' association and the Dental College of the Province of Quebec adorned the wall behind the chair.

After ample justice had been

done to the excellent menu, the following Toast list was gone through.

#### THE QUEEN.

proposed by Mr. E. H. Tomkins, President.

#### THE IMPERIAL FORCES.

Proposed by J. A. McPhail M. D. responded to by Lieut. Col. F. W. Campbell, R. C. R.

#### ALMA MATER.

Proposed by Chas. Marshall, M. D. of Huntingdon, responded to by The Chancellor, Dr. R. W. Heneker, D. C. L. Lennoxville, by Principal J. P. Whitney, of Lennoxville and Dr. Wolfred Nelson of New York.

#### DEANS AND PROFESSORS.

Proposed by B. A. Planche, B. A. Dentistry '01, responded to by Vice-Dean J. B. McConnell, M. D. and Dean W. J. Giles, D. D. S.

Dr. Nelson, proposed the toast of Surgeon Lieut. Col. Campbell, who for many years has filled the honourable position of Dean of Bishop's Medical College.

#### OUR GUESTS.

Proposed by F. J. Hackett, M. D. and responded to by Professor Davidson, R. Wilson Smith, and C. F. Smith.

#### 'SISTER UNIVERSITIES AND FACULTIES.

Proposed by J. A. Gillespie, L. Ph., Med. '01, and the following representatives of other Universities

responded for their different institutions; Messrs, G. E. Weagaht, of the Divinity Faculty of Bishop's College, W. M. Gordon, of the Arts Faculty of Bishop's College. H. R. Parent, of Toronto, D. S. McKay, of the Medical Faculty of McGill; R. W. Kyles, of Trinity College Toronto; L. C. Dubois, of the Law Faculty of Laval, and I. G. Bryant, of Queen's.

The speeches delivered during the evening were with scarcely an exception excellent, the only improvement that might have been made would have been to have boiled some of them down a little.

Dr. Macphail's speech in which he proposed the toast of The Imperial forces was full of expressions of loyalty; and it stated what the effect of the recent events would be on the future of Canada and on the position of England.

The Chancellor Dr. Heneker and Principal Whitney, spoke of the results accomplished by Bishop's College in the past and the great things that might be expected from her graduates. They dwelt strongly on the idea of having a closer connection between the Montreal and Lennoxville branches of the College.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson of New York in replying to Alma Mater spoke of the achievements of Canadians in the United States and attributed the success to the sound practical education which they received in Canadian schools and colleges. He urged on all students the necessity of remembering the nobility of

their calling and to be loyal to their Alma Mater, their conscience and their God.

Vice Dean McConnell, told of the difficulties that the professors had had to contend with in the past, of the good practical teaching the students received with the present faculties, and spoke in hopeful terms of the proposed plans in view for the building of a new College and of a new hospital in the west end of the city. He said that in two or three years more they hoped to have the new college and hospital in good working order.

*Dean Giles* spoke of the wonderful strides made in Dentistry during the past few years and of the intelligent and advanced teaching of this branch at the present day.

Dr. Hackett, in proposing our guests spoke of the honor conferred on the College by the presence of their distinguished guests and insisted that the needs of Bishops Medical College were not well enough known by those who were philanthropic and said he hoped that the wealthy men of Montreal would help on this creditable work more in the future than they had in the past.

Prof. Davidson in replying said that they had had many difficulties in connection with McGill Law faculty but as soon as it became well known that good work was being accomplished, help came to make affairs run much more smoothly.

*R. Wilson Smith*, spoke briefly of the benefits derived from medical science and of the effect of such gath-

erings in bringing a better feeling and a better understanding among, different races and classes in our country.

Mr. C. F. Smith spoke of the good work which he knew was being done by the staff of the Western Hospital and of the need of a larger building and better faculties for work and said he believed that if moneyed men of Montreal knew of the good work accomplished they would soon furnish enough money to build a new and a larger hospital and he was sure that in the near future this purpose would be accomplished

Among the delegates who replied to the toast of sister faculties and universities were representatives from Bishop's Divinity faculty and Bishops Arts faculty. They spoke of the desire of the faculties at Lennoxville to join with the faculties of Medicine and Dentistry in Montreal in fostering a closer College union and hoped that through the columns of *The Mitre* and by means of social gatherings the faculties would feel that they were sisters indeed of the same "Alma Mater". During the evening the speeches were interspersed by songs recitations etc.

Mr. A. E. Wilson sang in spirited manner. *The Charge* etc.

"*The Charge of Strathcona's Horse*".

Professor Mathewson recited one of Dr. Drummonds selections from "*The Habitant*" in a remarkably fine style.

Mr. G. H. Tutill sang an old favorite with the boys "*Eliza*", which was well sung and well received.

Mr. R. McGlaughlin gave a couple of humerous recitations, which convulsed his hearers.

The dinner was brought to an end by the singing of God Save the Queen.

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## DIVINITY NOTES.

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The annual meeting of the Missionary Union was held in the College on the Eve of St. Andrew's day, Nov. 29th. and proved most successful in every respect. There was a large attendance of Professors, Students, School boys and strangers from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. The proceedings took place as follows. A special service of Intercession for Missions was held in the College Chapel at 5 P. M. when the Rev. Principal Whitney preached the Missionary Sermon in which he set forth most clearly what was the true and Christian Missionary Spirit.

After which was held the Annual public meeting at 8 P. M. Mr. E. R. Roy B. A. presiding. The Principal opened the meeting with prayer. And then Mr. A. H. Wurtele B. A. read a very interesting paper on the work done on the Magdalen Islands, dividing his subject into three parts. First. The past history of the Magdalen Islands. Second the present. Thirdly. His own work and experience while there

And then the Principal delivered a lecture on the early propagation of the Gospel in England, tracing up its growth from the time of St.

Augustine, giving an historical sketch of some of its propagators; the whole lecture being illustrated with lime light views. After which the president proposed a most hearty vote of thanks to the Principal for his most interesting and instructive lecture which was heartily responded to by the whole audience. The meeting was then closed with prayer.

We may also add in addition to the meeting held on Nov. 29th, that the members of the Missionary Union had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Edward Lee, the travelling Secretary of the students volunteer movement, organised in New York and of which movement we are members. The main object of this being to instruct the young men in the missionary work which is being done, and so to procure more willing workers to go to the foreign field, as missionaries. Mr. Lee came to Bishop's College after visiting most of the Church of England University Colleges, both of Canada and of the United States.

The Secretary addressed the Union on several occasions, and in each address he made particular mention of the great need there was

of volunteers to the foreign field, to carry the Gospel, to so many who had not even so much as heard of the existence of God. He therefore asked that every Student should give this subject most serious consideration, and endeavour to carry out our Lords great command, "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every Creature". And after the meetings Mr. Lee spoke to most of the men individually, and left behind him many good impressions, and helpful thoughts. Then bidding farewell to Canada (Lennoxville being his last stopping place in Canada) left that evening for New York, hoping to see fruits of his labours in the future. We all wish Mr. Lee success and prosperity, and hope that he will be abundantly blessed in his work in China, where next year he purposes to go to carry the Gospel of peace. And let us all hope that some of Bishop's College will closely follow in his foot-steps.

There is an old saying that "nothing is sure but death and taxes", but we wish to point out that the time for writing notes for the "Mitre" comes round almost as surely, and much more frequently. This, however, is not always an unmitigated evil, and sometimes we feel like rejoicing rather than weeping as we chronicle our own good fortune. This month it is our pleasant duty to inform our readers of the improvements being made in the hall on the

first floor. Through the kindness and consideration of the Principal and Mrs. Whitney, this hall, which has hitherto been bare of all ornaments, (unless, indeed, a row of fire-pails is considered an ornament), is being turned into a kind of Common Room. The Divinity men have had no Common Room of their own for several years, but the new one promises to be very cozy.

The library of theological books in Prof. Wilkinson's lecture-room is proving itself a great benefit to us all. One reason of its popularity is that it is so conveniently situated; another is that it contains books not found in the College Library, and of practical value to students in their course.

The Labrador Mission seems to be a favorite one in which to start young clergymen in their life-long work, and it is quite probable that some of our number will be sent there. The following extracts from a letter written by the Rev. F. G. LeGallais will be interesting, as they tell something about life on the Labrador Coast:— . . . . . "The day before yesterday I went to Blanc Sablon, about twenty-five miles from here (St. Paul's River), with a man in an open boat,— a cold and unpleasant trip at this late season— to visit the Church families in the Eastern part of the mission. I have now travelled the four hundred and fifty miles of the mission, from Sheldrake to Blanc Sablon. While at Blanc

Sablon Dr. Grenfell, of the "Deep Sea Mission", arrived, on board his steamer the "Strathcona". His work is mainly connected with the Newfoundland Labrador, but he occasionally visits the Eastern end of our mission—the Canadian Labrador—to relieve, if possible, the many little aches and pains which human flesh is heir to. He kindly invited me on board, and brought me back as far as St. Paul's River. I enjoyed the trip immensely. It was ever so much more pleasant than in an open boat. The Doctor's mission steamer is well fitted up with the latest medical appliances. Can you imagine anyone seeing and testing the "X rays" for the first

time on the Labrador Coast? Well, such was my experience.

Dr. Grenfell may tour Canada this winter, lecturing—with limelight views—on the Labrador. I asked him to call and give a lecture to the students.... He has been nine years on the Labrador coast, from Ungava Bay to Blanc Sablon..... His lecture would be of interest to your Missionary Union.

I am settled now at St. Paul's River for four months, and begin teaching school on Monday. I shall also have two Sunday Services, and Sunday School, so you see I shall be busy".

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## ARTS NOTES.

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Again we are in the toils of Examinations, alarm clocks can be heard ringing at all hours of the morning, everybody seems to feel the strain and wish they were over. One gentlemen was found asleep with his head resting on a Hebrew Grammar whether his sleep was easy or not we are unable to say.

We are delighted to hear a rumor that at length some steps are about to be taken concerning the question of so much importance to all of us namely that of the election of senior men. It is one of the reforms which we so sadly need, and one which will please everybody. We only hope

that before long what is now but a rumor will become a fact, and the respective years will meet and elect their senior men. -

There is a certain gentleman who has apparently a great love of riding on the electric cars, that is when he has nobody to drive with in a team so this honoured gentleman rides to Sherbrooke very many times a week. Of course he only wishes to have a pleasant ride, at least so he would no doubt like us to believe, and in order that he may not blush, we do believe. Still we cannot help thinking that perhaps there is another and stronger reason.

The duty of every student is to support his university. An organization organization is in itself a mere mechanism, which receives the breath of life, that gives it a human personalty and power from those persons who make up its several parts. In a College two things are needed to enliven its corporate existence: Firstly the devotion of the authorities; secondly, an *esprit de corps* among the students. Now the students can show their interest in no better way than by actively supporting the various college clubs. Especially is this true of the athletic clubs; for no other association comes so often to the view of outsiders. Every man in this university must do all that he can to help the various teams. No man connected with Bishop's should fail to do his duty in the coming hockey season. Much have we regretted the illness of Claude Spafford who so energetically supported us last year—regretted it not only from the standpoint of athletics, but personally as well; and we trust that before this academic year ends he will be with us again. But to return to our subject, we again urge every man connected with the College to back up the hockey, the cricket, the base-ball and all other teams. Let every man that can wear skates be on the ice at hockey practices. If he is not on the team he can at least help in the practices.

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We were very sorry to see destruction caused by the storm on

the night of the 20th. of November. The Minto Rink which was being reconstructed, but was not quite finished was almost torn to pieces by the fierceness of the storm. One end was lifted up and then cast to the ground, and the timbers were scattered in all directions. It is hoped that we shall see the rink in good order again after the New Year.

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Dreams are strange things at all times, but the following will we think prove very much stranger. It was dreamt by one suffering from an abnormal supper.

"Above those haunts of learning into the ethereal regions entranced I wandered. 'Twas still and hushed, a thrill of awe possessed me, a sense of spirit daunted. There in yonder retreat sits the bird of night dividing the darkness with his evil glances. Upon the ear falls the rythmatic drone of the weary ox. Far o'er the deep the trembling mariner, starting at shadows keeps his weary vigil. The resounding forest is hushed at last, and its deserted bourne is haunted by the muses. Fast by his native cranny the Highland eagle in its spacious nest takes sweet repose. There where the farmer once with faithful collie dwelt, a strange and bony object lies exulting in its mocking hideousness. O, Land of rest desired much by those who dwell beneath, who will disturb thy sacred solitude? But yet I hear the tread of human feet polluting as they come this holy place, seeking a spot

where ease, long sought, may be. This world of sleep awakes as by a magic charm and hurls him and his all back to the abyss far beneath.

The Foot-ball Hop which was given on November 15th. went off very well, and judging by what we can gather seems to have been appreciated. The Hall was hung with purple and white and looked very nice. The Gallery seemed a splendid sitting-out place, and many took advantage of it. We have to thank the College ladies and others, for the help which they so kindly gave us. They helped make the Hop the success which it appears to have been.

Of all the trying things through which men have to go in this world nothing is worse than having an upstart poet in the building. Nobody who has gone through this can blame Horace when he says that of all things he dreads and hates, nothing is worse than to be asked to leave your business and to listen to the would be poet reciting his new poem. Poets are very nice, but we prefer them when they have obtained some practice. Love Poems are sweet no doubt to the composer who is thinking of the charms of his fair one far away, but he must in mercy remember that we have not all lost our hearts.

The following is a very short extract from one of the attempts:

"Earthly angel, soul divine  
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

The attainment of dignity is a difficult pursuit for a man who does not possess some of that quality innately. Than inborn dignity nothing is grander; while the assumption of it is a poor disguise for folly. However we can forgive the consistent assumer, while he cannot be pardoned who acts the chameleon. No one can habitually change the hues of his character and at the same time be looked up to by his subordinates. The street urchin may use slang one moment, and the next be puffed up with ludicrous dignity—the man of position cannot behave thus. Slang is not conducive to dignity nor is dignity adorned by slang.

Surprise parties are the order of the day, but few are lucky enough to experience the varied delights of two on the same evening. Yet this was the happy lot of two of our honoured freshmen, who returning home from one surprise party at a late hour found themselves suddenly thrown into the throes of another. They sought in vain their couches their easy chairs, their looking glasses in fact their all, and after much weary search they discovered them neatly ware-housed in a vacant room. It is needless to state that a great commotion ensued, and calling all freshies to their assistance they worked with might and main blocking up the passage with furniture, books, toothpicks, hair, blanket, etc. photographs, combs, alarm clocks, toothbrushes, Saratoga trunk, lecture lists and other rubbish. We

thought the spring had come or else the bailiffs were at the door.

Not long ago there appeared a statement in the New York Herald, that it was possible for a "hawk" to fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Whether this be true or not is hard for us to tell. Anyhow believing that a hawk can fly very fast our reason asks why the bird could not catch the victim? We may make a suggestion that probably the hawk could not penetrate two inches of timber doubly bolted.

We acknowledge that it is sometimes awkward to share the same name with another. A little bird tells us that one of our students was the other night taken for a messenger boy. We can sympathize and appreciate his entire silence with regard to the circumstance.

Mathematics and Classics have separated, no doubt because the continuous mention of Mathematical formulæ does not suit the ear of the learned Socrates or visa versa. The terrible disorder which used to prevail in that room on the top floor of the Arts building is no more to be seen, but now two neat rooms hold the former occupants of the rubbish pile.

Some gentlemen are too hasty in moving their rooms, but if a man is not meant to move, he will always find that in some mysterious way his

valuables have returned to their proper place. If anything of this sort should ever occur to any of our friends let them beware lest they fight against the decree of the Fates.

Even to the callous nerved person there is an appeal in the sublime measures of exalted poesy. No practical man is utterly devoid of ennobling sentiment; no hard hearted creature entirely wants the divine quality of appreciating pathos. Then list sweet reader, to the plaintive note that steals with silvery echo from the inmost nook of innocence—a freshman's heart. 'Tis cruel thus to rend the veil that hides the bleeding wound—'Tis vile to show the sacred ponderings of a maiden mind; but 'tis for Art's dear sake—'tis for the poet's Art. By a mere chance we found the following lines beneath a rubbish heap. Drawing them thence we read them—and we wept. What anguish of the soul what lovely sputterings of the heart burst forth to flame in these brief utterances. In them is the evanescence of genius. In them is the evidence of superlative artistic skill. Note the subtle movement of the verse, the massive and tender vibrations of the various parts, the harmony, the crisis and the anti-crisis, if I may so say, of the whole. Above all observe the crystalline purity of diction, and the nicety in the use of words. And lastly how masterfully this unknown freshman has used that most dangerous and fly-up-in-the-faceable instrument—alliteration. Here is the sweet effusion:

## THE MITRE

One evening clear, all sad and drear,  
My gloomy thoughts did roam,  
Thinking upon my mother dear,  
So far away at home.  
My drooping gaze turned from the haze  
Of mystic Hebrew lore,  
And glance'd o'er the many days  
Of separation sore—  
While tears I shed that quickly sped  
In drip-drops to the floor.

Then wiped I dry my dribbling eye,  
And pinched my active nose,  
And heaving many a grievous sigh,  
I sought a sweet repose.  
Aho! Ahum! no sleep did come  
To ease my careful sprite,  
For ceaseless seemed the busy hum  
Of voices through the night,—  
So sleep did flee away from me,  
As grew my childish fright—

My fright I said— yes, round my bed  
Move many a spectral thing,—  
My pate I poke beneath the spread  
As slowly in a ring,  
Without a word— no noise was heard,  
Save ghostly tiptoe taps,  
As garments white the wild wind stirred  
With meloncholy flaps—  
They gather round without a sound,  
Nor e'en a timber snaps.

With all my vim, in terror grim,  
I clutch the yielding sheet,  
My breath doth cease and sight grows dim.  
My heart scarce dares to beat—  
High up—then crash, low down and smash—  
I lie upon the floor,  
I see the phantoms in a flash  
Flee through the open door—  
I felt my head, I sadly said,  
Would I were home once more.

## ATHLETICS.

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Every student interested in hockey notes, with pleasure the fact that Mr. Taylor intends rebuilding his rink. We wish him every success.

Great interest has been shown among the hockey men in the College over the prospects of a new League being formed between the following teams:— Cookshire, Angus, Sawyerville, College and School. We hope that this league may be formed, as every team concerned is bound to benefit materially by it, as the outlook of hockey in the Eastern Townships League is not very bright at present, If Sherbrooke drops out, the only remaining teams will be Lennoxville, College and School. With so few teams in the league it will be hard to maintain the interest in hockey that has hitherto existed among the supporters of the game in Lennoxville and Sherbrooke.

Every one is wondering who will be on the hockey team this winter. Well, it is a question. Cowling and Mitchell of last years team, are the only two at present in

College. But it is hoped that before the season is over that Spafford will have found his way back to these walls of learning, and that he again will be found in his old place on the team. Everyone remembers Claud's good work for the College last season. Probably the greatest problem of all is who will be between the posts? The College will find it hard to develop a "Rothera" in one season. Kennedy is at College this year and should be a great help to the team. The others who will likely try for positions on the team, are— Roy, Weagant, Ward, Shewen, Read and Findlay. We are sorry that Mr. A. H. Wurtele B. A. is going to leave us at Xmas. He will be greatly missed on the team. It will be remembered that he played on the Championship Team of 1896. And although the team with a few exceptions will be a green one, the men are by no means discouraged, and it is hoped that every man in the College will turn out to practice and help the Captain get together a team that will uphold the good record of last year.

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

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With the approach of the Xmas holidays and the concomitant delights of examinations a settled period of quietude appears to have descended on the school. Fields that erstwhile were thronged with groups of clamorous boys, which rang with the happy shouts of jocund youth, now lie silent, wrapped in their chilling mantle of snow. Amusements have to be sought afar off, and snaring and trapping in the woods now have taken the place of spots for which the field and quad sufficed.

On half holidays the quad we cross as we wend our way to take our daily constitutional is deserted; the gymn. rears its red walls silent even amid the surrounding silence; the deserted corridors are voiceless; for in the school building we are leaving behind us, there is no sound to break the awful stillness, save the monotonous tramp of the habitual offender, as he plies his daily task in the drill room, or the quavering tinkle of the piano, as it yields its hesitating notes,— as it were unwillingly, and what listener does not sympathise with it?— to the relentless impatience of budding musical genius.

Around us the wind whistles chillingly through the leafless trees, sending little puffs of white smoke from the snow laden branches, and— well the long and short of it

is, that there is absolutely nothing doing just at present, and that a certain amount of "copy" has got to be handed in for the School Notes before very long, and what on earth is a poor Editor to do?

The School Football Club received an invitation to the dance, recently given in the Gymn by the College Football Club, and very many of the boys attended. They wore their Khaki uniforms for the most part, and looked picturesque amid the charming surroundings. The dance was a great success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

It was feared at one time that we were not going to have the use of the splendid rink, which is in course of erection in the village. During the recent gale it was very seriously damaged and very nearly collapsed entirely. However we understand that a subscription has been got up in the village, and that steps are being taken to repair the damage. Boys have been heard to declare that it is their duty to get drill now, as a substitute for that punishment has been found, in a corresponding amount of priced labour at the rink. The help thus afforded we feel sure will be of the greatest value: all the strong men of the school have been enlisted and rumours reach our School Editorial Sanctum, from time to time of mighty deeds of prowess,

that would put Hercules to shame and make Milo blush for his own degenerate days. St-h-m, is reported to have been with difficulty prevented from replacing with misguided zeal and by his own unaided effort the whole of one of the demolished arches; while G-r-d-n-r II) was seen manfully lifting one end of the half demolished roof under the impression that in this way he could most readily aid the work of restoration.

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“NOTES FROM MILITARY CIRCLES.”

Great dissatisfaction prevails at present in military circles. Captain McSissors, D. C. O. recently ordered a full dress parade of the Black Watch, which was attended by the full strength of the the regiment. After a satisfactory review of the gallant troops had been held, military manœuvres were the order of the day, or night. A successful attack was made on districts 1 and 2 and had the information our scouts been reliable all would have been well. But once again the Intelligence Department proved itself fault. Having been told that the generalissimo of the watchful enemy had been calced away, we were lulled into a false sense of security, and after our triumph over the above-mentioned districts determined on triumphal procession and march past to celebrate the victory. The march past took place, the saluting point selected being the head quarters of the staff. In the middle of the proced-

ings an unexpected diversion from three points on the part of the enemy scattered our ranks most of whom, thanks to that promptness, in the flight for which we are so justly celebrated, escaped to their quarters unharmed, but to our and their own discomfort, Captain McSissors, and his orderlies Mc'Taillefeor, and Mr. His'loss were captured.

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Now in view of the crisis through which the Empire is at this time undoubtedly passing in view of the advice of the English premier concerning the necessity of forming military clubs and organizations, we cannot too strongly condemn this unpatriotic action on the part of our enemies. We hope sincerely that there will be no repetition of such a grievous and inconvenient error in judgement on their part.

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The proposed Lawn Tennis courts for the School, are now assured to us thanks to the kindness of some old friends of the school. Messrs. Angus W. Hooper, George R. Hooper, H. Montague Allan, Bryce Allan, C. S. Campbell, J. R. Paterson, and J. R. Wilson who have subscribed the amount necessary for that purpose. It is not yet decided whether the courts will be cinders, or asphalt. They are to be made just behind the gymn. where they will be most handy. We wish to offer the heartiest thanks of the school to the generous doners; and especially to Mr. C. S. Campbell,

who took the matter up most energetically, when appealed to.

New Verse of Old Song.

(with apologies to R. B. Sheridan)

Here's to the boy, who a soldier  
would be,

To follow Her Majesty's will, Sir.

You can't be to soon to prepare for  
the life,

So that's why he's always on drill  
Sir.

But whether they're bad or whether  
they're good.

Or whether they should'nt, or  
whether they should:

Let's hope for the best, and we'll  
find as a rule,

They'll some day do honour to  
B. C. S. School.

—  
"What they are saying."

THAT we are surprised to hear of  
the ice-famine in the neigh-  
borhood.

THAT we have plenty here.

THAT some one here has been cut-  
ting any amount lately.

THAT ice keeps things fresh "ap-  
parently".

THAT the college dance was a  
great success.

THAT P—w says the sitting-out  
places were "all-right".

THAT we are not surprised to hear  
this.

THAT it looked like it at the dance

THAT anyway he's a downy bird.

THAT L—g J—n wishes there was-  
'nt so much of him to freeze.

THAT no allusion is made to the  
great *feet*, of getting frozen  
three times.

THAT he is generally prompt but—

THAT at the Village Theatricals he  
was "prompter"

THAT the School enjoyed the play

THAT it was rather a "Come down  
for some people but.

THAT scientific padding prevents  
much pain.

THAT P—k II says so, and that he  
ought to know.

THAT sleigh-drives to Sherbrooke  
are getting quite popular.

THAT we wonder why.

THAT its an old proverb "Two's  
company three's none.

THAT A—e, quite agrees.

THAT the Foot-ball photo is quite  
a success.

THAT it contains at least one *pro-  
minent* feature.

THAT someone nose what that is.

THAT at any-rate Presby says so.

THAT hats are at a premium at  
present.

TAAT the recent price paid for one  
was not accepted but

TAAT he ought to have known  
that some things are priceless  
however *cap-tivating*.

TAAT he felt badly about it.  
from our Time Gossip.

—  
The Musicians. (and spell it

with a capital M. please Mr. Printer) of the School Cadet Corps, who were won't to resort to the class-room opposite the Hall, there to discourse sweet tooting on the flute, wish to protest most vehemently against autocratic action on the part of the dwellers of the room adjacent. These unfeeling and barbarous wretches have actually ejected them and have forbidden all further recourse to the room.

"Music hath charm to soothe the savage breast," said one Shakespeare. How savage must be those breasts that are not even so much as touched by the solemn, pathetic yet sublimely grand strains of the D. ad March (varied by "Whistling Rufus", and "All things bright and beautiful") as played by Cummins, or of "Home Sweet Home" by Morwood. We do not anticipate that this note will have the slightest effect on our soulless oppressors: if we cannot move them with our flutes mere written words will be of no avail. Hence it is rather for our own solace that we quote again from the immortal band.

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of  
of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and  
spoils,  
The motions of his spirit are strong  
as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted!

As foot-ball is over and hockey has not yet begun basket-ball is now the popular past-time. To those who are, for divers reasons confined to the quad, it is a very good means of passing away most enjoyably the long dark afternoons. During the interval between tea and study the gymnasium is crowded with spectators, watching the exciting matches between the different teams in the school.

The first match between No. 3 and the Upper Flat was an excellent exhibition of basket ball. The teams, as shown by the score 5 to 4 in favour of No. 3, were very evenly matched Bonelli, Telfer, and Fraser-Campbell played well for No. 3 while for the other side Molson and Johnston III put up a very good game.

The following were the players

No. III		Upper
F. Campbell	Home	Pope
Telfer	"	F. Campbell II
Shearer	Centre	Molson
Bonelli	Wing	Wright
Wilkinson	Defence	Johnston III
Simpson	"	Becket

Referee Sergeant Harkey C. S.

A second game took place a few days later between No. 6 vs No. 2 Adams at the beginning of play shot a goal from half field and received great applause from the spectators for this feat. From start to finish the game was good clean basket-ball and it was with great difficulty that the deciding point was scored by No. 2 who won by a score of 7 to 6

The teams lined up as follows;

No. 6		No. 2
Pope	home	Tessier II
F-Campbell II	"	McArthur
Bray I	wing	Brown
Becket	centre	Adams
Pelton	defence	Tessier I
Johnston III	"	Davison
Referee: Molson		

The recent scholarly classical catalogue in the Mitre has inspired the learned in modern languages to utter the following. We don't know what it means, but it is very funny, they tell us, and we are always credulous.

Die Schuller  
Die Schuler von dem  
Herrin Bezett sind mit  
Dem Fortschitt, den sie  
Gemacht haben, sehr  
Zufrieden. Sie hoffen  
Mit der Zeit die deutsche  
Sprachen ganz gut sprechen  
Und lesen zu können.  
M. E. & M. B.

#### JEAN JACQUENOT.

He had only been with the camp a week and though nobody knew anything about him, his willingness, ability, and good nature had made him a great favourite with the rough lumbermen. He had signed the name Jean Jacquenot on the roll and claimed to be an experienced lumberman, in spite of his extreme youth for he could scarcely have been more than seventeen

The main camp of the Monadnock River Lumber Co. was situated on a bend of that river, about ten miles from the village of Boulton. Just around the bend the river broadened greatly for a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, when it narrowed, and at this spot the boom had been placed in position.

For some time the great logs had been coming down from higher up in the mountains, and already the jamb was unusually full of heavy lumber which threatened the boom. Word had been sent to the different loggers, by the foreman (Henri Buyete) of the main camp, to withhold the wood, but still the heavy pine and hemlock logs came floating down the swift current, to pile up dangerously high against the weak boom. Henri knew should a heavy rain occur higher up in the mountains, causing the river to swell, that there was bound to be trouble and lots of it, for it is no easy task to handle a jamb of logs, and control it with one boom. Unfortunately this was exactly what did happen, and one morning when the men woke up, the river had risen several inches and as ill luck would have it, fresh logs soon began to make their appearance causing the already full jamb to crush and strain, as if in agony, against the only power that could hold it.

All day the lumbermen worked to strengthen the boom. Fresh logs were added, fresh chains bound round them, and everything possible

done which might help to keep back the tremendous pressure from above. Still the jamb increased in size. At night-fall, when darkness made further efforts dangerous, not to say futile, the foreman assigning to each man his watch, sent the rest to the camp that they might obtain as much rest as possible before another day's hard work.

Jean Jacquenot's watch came last, and as he started for the river to relieve his predecessor, the gray streaks of light were just appearing over the mountain tops. It was only four o'clock and Jean would have two hours to wait in semi-darkness for the advent of his comrades. "Phew! that looks bad", thought the young fellow as he reached the river, midway between the upper end of the jamb and the boom, "there's going to be trouble to-day, sure". These were destined to be the wisest words he ever uttered. The river had continued to rise during the night and to make matters worse, it was still raising, although not very hard.

It was about half past five when Jean became really alarmed. The river seemed to rise almost an inch suddenly, and on the crest of this flood were all sorts of debris, dog houses chicken coops, and the like, which proved the stream was far over its banks further up. Still he hated to awaken his companions; they had a hard day before them and needed all the sleep possible. But soon Jean saw that he could delay

no longer and started on a run for the hut, about two hundred yards back in the woods. Hastily and roughly waking the men he set out again on a run for the river but uttered a cry on reaching it. The boom had parted in one place near the bank and three or four logs had gone through. Snatching a pike pole from the ground, Jean aided by several of the lumbermen who had come up from the camp, began to mend the damage by forcing logs into the break to take the place of those lost, and finally succeeded in accomplishing his purpose and binding all together.

From this time all went well and by four o'clock the foreman began to look less worried and the men less fearful though still on the alert. But suddenly a shout called attention to the watcher at the bend and all hearts sank as huge bundles of logs chained together, were seen to come swiftly around the bend towards the jamb. Not a man moved, and with a crash the great masses struck the jamb, snapping the cord on, with the exception of one chain, directly in the centre.

At the same instant, the foreman jumped to the boom and, balancing himself with his pole, advanced towards the centre. The logs were rushing through the opening. There was not one chance in a hundred that the man could manage to get even one broadside, but it was the only way to save the lumber, and the foreman knew this

Again and again he tried without success, each time in dire peril of losing his balance on the shifting logs, while advice of all kinds was shouted from the men on shore. Buijere had almost given up the hopeless task and had turned to retrace his steps when his eye caught an unusually long log coming down broadside directly for the breach. He turned about quickly and lunged with his spike, fastening it firmly in the wood, at the same time jumping upon the swiftly moving log, never doubting his ability to maintain his position. But he had miscalculated, and a cry went up from his comrades as they saw him disappear in the water of rushing logs and whirling waters.

And now it was Jean proved himself a man and no longer a boy, for, flinging aside his heavy boots and sweater, he stepped lightly upon the swaying boom running with a firm step to where the foreman had gone under; there was a moment's pause, and then he dived straight into the boiling water outside the boom.

A mighty shout went up from Jean's comrades on the river's bank, as the lad rose some distance down the river, supporting the foreman's head with his left and striking out desperately for the shore with his right hand. Still safety for both was not yet received. Twice he sank and twice rose with his helpless burden and just as the two would have disappeared forever, a

dozen hands pulled them into the long river bateau.

A certain foreman in the employ of the Monadnock Lumber Co. is known by both the English and French lumbermen all over Canada as Jean, le plongeur, but his friends still call him L'enfant Jacquenot.




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When answering advertisements please mention the MITRE.

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**Jno. O. Duncan**

SHERBROOKE -- QUE.

**THE PRINTER'S TOWEL**

When I think of the towel,  
The old-fashioned towel,  
That used to hang up near the  
printing-house door,  
I can think of nobody  
In these days of shoddy  
That could hammer out iron to  
wear as it wore.

The "devil" who used it,  
The tramp who abused it,  
The "comp" who got at it when  
these two were gone,  
The make-up and the foreman,  
The editor (poor man),  
Each rubbed some grime off,  
while they put a heap on.

In, over, and under,  
It was blacker than thunder,  
Harder than poverty, rougher  
than sin,  
On the roller suspended,  
It never was bended,  
And flapped on the wall like a  
banner of tin.

It grew harder and rougher,  
And blacker and tougher,  
And daily took on a more ink-  
ier hue,  
Until one windy morning,  
Without any warning,  
It fell on the floor and was  
broken in two.

*New York Sun.*

**AN OWL STORY**

A curious thing happened in town  
the other day. A man captured an  
owl, a small-sized owl, and put it in  
a large cage in his barn. He went  
out in the afternoon to look at his  
prisoner and see how it was getting  
on. The owl sat on its perch with  
its shoulders hunched up, staring at  
the man and occasionally snapped its  
beak viciously. After taking a good  
front view of the owl the man moved

around to the side to get a flank view  
of it. The owl's head moved slowly  
and quietly in the same direction  
and its glassy eyes still glared out of  
its full face over its shoulders. The  
man moved a little farther around  
behind the owl but still the broad  
flat face and big yellow eyes in their  
frame of feathers stared solemnly at  
the man, "Oho! Mr. Owl", thought  
he, "I'll fool you this time". And  
he moved around yet farther until  
he was directly behind the owl.  
But still the owl's flat face and big  
eyes followed him and stared  
straight at him over its back just as  
comfortable as if it preferred to do  
so. The man grew desperate and  
determined to see the thing through,  
no matter what happened, and to  
see how far this bird would twist its  
head around. So he kept on mov-  
ing slowly around with the owl's  
face always staring straight at him  
until he had made a complete circle  
around the bird, and still the face  
pursued him. The man by this  
time had become fascinated by the  
owl's face. The two yellow, staring  
eyes looked like coals of fire burning  
in the broad, flat feathered counte-  
nance, adorned by a beak that looked  
ed a diabolical appearance and seem-  
ed like a hooked nose, and surmount-  
ed by two horns. Altogether it pres-  
ent like an apparition from the neith-  
er world from which he could not  
withdraw his gaze. He continued  
to revolve slowly around the cage  
while the spectral bird within contin-  
ued to follow him with its hyp-  
notic stare. Finally the man had  
made almost two complete circles  
around the owl when the bird gave  
a subdued screech and dropped off  
its perch stone dead.

It had twisted its head so far  
around in following the man walk-  
ing around the cage that it had  
wrung its own neck.

*Brockville Times.*

THE MITRE.

GEO. POVEY

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