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EDITORIALS

A spotless life that gently bud-
ed, blossomed, and ripened into a
great age sweetens the present bitter-
ness of death. The pure, simple
restraint of such an existence teaches
the mourners to mingle their grief
with no dross nor extravagance. In-
deed some sorrows truly have in
them elements of joy: so is it with
the death of a child, and so is it when
old age finds its lasting rest.

No characteristic of the late
Queen was pleasanter than her do-
mestic virtues. Her life was free
from the taints that so often degrade
royalty. She was head of a vast
family: an emperor and two empresses
were her lineal descendants, while
connection with her was claimed by
the greater part of European royalty.
In all these relationships she acted
with courtesy and tact. As the head

of her family she set an example of simplicity, affection, piety; and as the foremost figure in English social life, her homely qualities were a pure, wholesome influence; while, in culture and refinement of mind she was a worthy ideal for her children and her subjects. Yet not alone to her family and the higher ranks of society was her Majesty endeared. In England the large middle classes especially treasure the beauty and sanctity of home life. To them Victoria's quiet dignity as a matron, and the peaceful loveliness of her home relations were peculiarly dear. While even the poor people, who drudge and sweat, or starve and die, were touched to the heart by the gentle condescension of her charity. Charity is a synonym for love, and in her love is the secret of her being beloved.

Very solemn was the proclamation of King Edward; very affecting is the change in the old hymn. Yet it is fortunate that succession and proclamation follow so closely the hour of death. A greater soberness and awe is given them by the dark shadow of the grave. The echo of "the Queen is dead" still sounds in the cry "long live the King": the reign of Edward will be hallowed by the memory of Victoria.

Edward VII. ascends the throne with the love and good wishes of the Empire: Britain exerts a boundless influence on the world, and like his

royal mother the King will use his power for good. Not only has Edward the glorious example of his predecessor, but he has also the knowledge and experience which a man alone can gain; he knows the ins and outs of diplomacy, he has the clear insight of one who knows the world, and he possesses the graceful, potent instincts of a national social leader. His past bearing in the intricacies of his high position promises a wise rule in a yet higher office. God save King Edward, long to rule over us!

To the retiring Chancellor we express our appreciation of himself and our regret for his resignation. Dr. Heneker has the affection and respect of the students; and the loss of him is like the loss of a friend. Yet we must not say we have lost him, for although he is no longer our official head, nevertheless we retain his interest and his influence. He retires bearing with him our good wishes for his welfare and happiness.

Dr. Hamilton needs no greeting. The cheers and stampings that hailed him as the new Chancellor showed his popularity and proved his welcome. Great things are expected of Dr. Hamilton, and he is not the man to cause dissapointment. Friends and members of the University can rest surely in the trust—nay, in the certainty that the new Century and the new Chancellor will prepare a

great future for old Bishop's.

The Editorial staff, the student body, and our readers generally have much cause for regret in the unavoidable resignation of the late editor-in-chief. Mr. F. W. Carroll, had the art not only of making his own editorials readable and lively, but also of inspiring others to use their energies in filling the columns of our paper with interesting matter. He strove for the welfare of the Mitre and the University; he worked hard to tighten the bonds that bind together the various faculties and the school; and he sought earnestly to interest graduates in their Alma Mater by advocating the cause of a society which is destined to keep old students in touch with their college. All Mr. Carroll's efforts were in the way of progress; and it is hard for us that he had to give up his task. However we have the comfort that he will always be a helpful adviser and contributor, though unable to take an active part in the conduct of the Mitre.

Now let the students and friends of the College come forward to uphold our hands. The editor is not a machine for grinding out words and sentences. Given a dictionary, ink, paper, and an editor, and the result ought to be magazine—but it isn't. This paper must show the active thought and life of the students. It must not be a mere record of import-

ante vents in our history, but a chronicle as well of our little weaknesses and our strong points, those seemingly trivial things that make up so great a part of living. The Mitre must not interest out-siders only, but must be a mirror in which to see ourselves both in our wisdom and in our folly.

Now we often dread showing ourselves to the world in the brazen impudence of bare folly; but, that cruel critics may be puzzled in aiming their wicked darts, we draw about ourselves little ambiguous cloaks and veils. We do not wish to tell everybody just how we are foolish, and yet we like to see and hear ourselves and laugh good naturedly at one another. Like the rest of the world we have our private gossip and little secret jokes—and we enjoy them all the more because they mystify other people.

The new Century dawns and the old fades away leaving a mass of brilliant memories. We feel favoured above all the past, for no other generations of men dwelt in such a glory of enlightenment. Education is risen to a great eminence; from kindergarten to University its horizon is so widened as to take in every division of scientific and æsthetic study; its basis is universal, liberal, and democratic; and its end is power and originality. Of religion the same is true: Christianity now means real freedom; the storms of criticism have

only served to clear the air, making man see more clearly the truth and beauty of Scripture, and rendering God nearer and more real; while the shackles and restraints of tradition have become the guides and interpreters of the Church. Men also have learned many ethical lessons that have visible results in wise laws and vast charities. The hermit, or monk is replaced by the ideal of a social man; asceticism vanishes at the advent of a saner moral activity. Liberty, equality, fraternity, once catchwords in a discordant era, are now real facts. Art, literature and science are in a lively ferment; the last has done much, the others have prepared much. Politics too have shared the great revolution: maps of a hundred years ago are useless now; and nations have grown in power and unity. To the Twentieth Century the Nineteenth gives the world ploughed, harrowed, and planted with endless possibility. The earth reeks with richness of knowledge, but a new age must tend the growth and cherish the blossom.

How the infant century must blink and tremble to see this world of grinding wheels, smoke, steam, electricity, and bustle! Its small heart must stand still before the task left by its older brother! Since 1800 the earth has been bound and searched by Science till it has scarce a secret left to itself. Land, sea, and sky have all been looted—their pockets

robbed of every cent. Will the new century keep up this scientific picking and prying, or will it stop? It must not stop. We are just beginning to be interested and are not nearly muddled up enough. In fact Science can not stop for its growing bulk sends it whirling along with ever increasing momentum. It will never stop till it runs against some destructive theory,—and then it will merely burst, put itself together again, and start off in a new direction.

But be careful lest you sing the past century's praises too high! We boast a lofty civilization and with pride tell of our morality and benevolence; yet in Europe there still exists the fierce medieval hatred of the Jews, and in the United States whole communities are again and again shaken with furious outbursts of passion against the negroes. In central Europe the ignorant belief still exists that the Jews slaughter Christian children using their blood in mysterious secret rites; in the southern United States black men are tortured for crimes, which, however base and unnatural they may be, are never in like measure visited upon white citizens. The question is not that the Jews are to be especially loved or favoured, nor that the negroes are more vilely pictured than they are in reality, but it is rather that all human beings without distinction of race or colour, must in right and equity receive fair, unimpassioned treatment. Perhaps we love neither

Jew, nor negro, nor even our very brothers, but we still delight in our highly cultivated humanity and are quite proud of our vaunted charity; and so we must for the sake of these vain little hobbies overlook our questionable deeds, and only sing the high achievements of one side of our being!

Perhaps some of our readers have been bored by the constant references which have been made in the *Mitre* to the need of a definite organization of the Graduates of this University having for its objects their closer union and the promotion of the interests of their *Alma Mater*. We offer no apology for having continued to dwell on this subject so long for it is one of vital importance. Nothing can be more beneficial to a University than the combined organized support of its graduates: nothing can be more hurtful than their indifference. For this reason we have striven by all means in our power to bring our Graduates to realize this need and to stimulate them to prompt and vigorous action. At last the long-discussed and earnestly desired object has been attained. The Alumni Association is no longer a thing of the dead Past: it belongs to the living Present. To the class of Arts 1900 belongs the honour of having begun the movement which is now so happily consummated. At the end of last term a meeting of the Alumni was

held and definite steps were taken towards the revival of the old Alumni Association. A committee was appointed which has through its Secretary, the Rev. F. G. Vial, notified our Graduates of the movement asking them to join in it. (In another part of the present number we reprint this important communication.) We trust that a large number of our graduates will hasten to avail themselves of this opportunity to join in what will most certainly be a great movement for the enlargement of our University. We believe that Bishop's College men have no need to be ashamed of the character of the instruction given here. We believe that in our residential system at Lennoxville there is a training which all college men need but few Colleges can impart,—nor do these few surpass us in this respect. Let us as members of the new Alumni Association whose object it is to promote the interests of our *Alma Mater*, see to it that "old Bishop's" shall not lack students. As the first year of the new century will, we trust, see the complete reorganization of our Alumni Association so let the Freshman Class of 1901 be the largest in the history of the University.

We congratulate the Principal on receiving the degree of D. C. L. Dr. Whitney was already in heart and soul incorporated into the University; but the act of putting him among our graduates set the seal to

his union with the College. He is not the mere head of this institution; he is in fact what he was in spirit, a son of old Bishop's. We therefore rejoice, not only because he received	a well deserved honour, but also that in reality he has become one of ourselves. At the beginning of this new Century we wish him all prosperity and happiness in his high position.
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READING.

On the other side of the Atlantic a controversy has raged for some years on "the eight hours day". Some extreme people seemed to agree that work was good and therefore the more work a man had to do the better pleased he ought to be: other extreme people held the opinion that work of any kind and for any time was bad, but this opinion they cherished for the most part in secret. Some were content to let the world go on with the same arrangements as in the days of their grand-fathers: others drew pictures of an ideal condition of things not likely to be seen even by their grand-children. But the common opinion seemed to be that if you could only persuade a man who worked eight hours to work sixteen he ought to double his production. An enterprising manufacturer however tried the experiment, and made the discovery—not very surprising after all—that much depended upon the zeal and intelligence with which men worked, and that by persuading his workmen to labour for eight hours with heartiness and skill he got a larger output and better results than when they worked for ten hours in a more wooden way. And much was made of the discovery, leading articles were written upon it, and the economic problem which exercised the brains of thinkers and the bodies of workers was supposed to be placed in a new light. But as I had often seen the agricultural labourer slowly and mechanically going through his day of twelve hours, and also often seen the skilled artisan speeding through his day of eight hours or thereabouts, I was not so dazzled by the new light thrown on the question of labour. For I knew that the artisan in the North of England worked on method, and (as a great painter once said he did with his colours) "mixed his work with brains", while the long suffering ploughman of the South of England made comparatively little of method and measured his week by hours.

My experience in regard to reading has been much the same, and here too I have often noted the apparently inevitable connection between working by hours and "ploughing", which has often been impressed upon me by my painful labours as examiner. I know very well the

young man who tells you with an air of pride that he has worked for ten hours. I know too the young lady who belongs to a Reading Club pledged to read for half an hour a day which she often does in the drawing room where her youngest sister is practising or her mother entertaining friends. But the result has never impressed me much in either case. The young man did not as a rule get to the heart of his subject. The young lady hardly ever attained that degree of smattering which the late Master of Trinity called "a gentlemanly" knowledge of her subject. And the key to the problem lies in the judgement an old schoolmaster once gave: "it does not matter twopence Sir, what a boy learns, but it matters a great deal how he learns it". And I believe a great deal of time spent in private reading is wasted because men do not learn how to work at a book or a subject. A good deal of the fault may be with our elementary education which aims at instruction not education. For instruction tries to put something into a man, while education tries to get something out of him. But instruction ranges from a kind of putting in that is like feeding a healthy man at breakfast to another kind that is like over feeding geese to produce *pate' de foie gras*. I have often examined young men who suggested *pate' de foie*, but I always felt sorry both for them and for myself.

On the other hand we have recognized the need of educating children's hands and eyes, hence the kindergarten system. But we are much slower in recognizing the greater need of exercising and educating the minds of children. If our education were more perfect men would be able to learn a great deal more by themselves: they would depend less upon their teachers and less upon their notes. I understand that on this side of the waters it is not considered as necessary for a young lady to always have a *chaperon* as it is on the other side, and on the whole this seems better: the young ladies I am told prefer it, and I am sure the chaperons do. But the young man everywhere, unlike his sisters, seems inclined to insist upon the presence of a chaperon. Only it is with books and subjects that he is bashful: he feels the marked impropriety of addressing himself to a new subject on a new book without a very formal introduction by his teacher, and when introduced needs continual prompting. It reminds me of a book projected by a friend of mine: "Gambits or Openings for Ball-room Conversations".

How is this difficulty to be met? That is, how can we make sure that the time spent in reading is spent to the utmost advantage? In the first place I think we must do the same as employers of labour do when they prefer piece work to time work. We must always measure our work by the result gained, and not by the time spent in gaining it. This seems a trueism, but I feel convinced it is often disregarded. People get into the

way of reading a book without keeping their minds on the alert. Because we read with our minds not sufficiently alert we are able to say that we can read a long time without being tired. But if we read properly we ought to be tired.

I think it is a good thing to treat the book we are reading as if it were somebody talking to us and therefore often put questions to it. "What ere does that mean?" Stop and pick the sentence to pieces, try and get hold of the leading idea, see how it is qualified or modified by parts of the sentence. Rearrange the words, alter their order, worry the sentence something as a terrier worries a rat. Every sentence treated so is a great step taken not only in getting at your author's meaning, but in educating your mind. Incidentally I may say that I think grammatical analysis of sentences is often refused its proper place in education—and that because boys are not taught to analyse properly, men fail to properly grasp the meaning of what they read.

And further in reading we have two equally important things to attend to at the same time. Firstly, we must attend to every single phrase so as to be sure to see its full force. And secondly we must always be intent upon the general idea of the whole passage. Neglect of the second caution makes reading unintelligent: neglect of the first makes it inaccurate. And lack of intelligence and of accuracy are it seems to me the two greatest defects of modern education in general and not merely in any particular country.

A great help in these two respects is a plentiful marking, underlining, scoring, and noting in the margin of our books. Bad as it is to mark somebody else's book (we all know the foolish person who makes foolish comments in the books of the circulating library,) it is almost as bad not to mark our own. If books do feel I should say they feel as grateful for a note made on their margin as our dogs do for a pat upon the head. Every stage of the argument should be shown by marks so that the leading parts of the paragraph stand out. Then add a note in your own words giving the drift of the whole. By this means you are examining yourself as you read, and if in addition to making the notes you try and put the whole thing in your own words, you have done a good piece of work—worth a good deal of the work that is measured by time by time alone. No work is good that does not take a good deal out of you, and a good deal out of your author. The way a man tackles a book often reminds me of the campaigns between some Italian cities in the 15th century: there was a good deal of marching and countermarching, a good deal of skirmishing, but very little harm and very little good was done, and in the end things remained as they were. A book carefully read should be like a battle-field: here is much underlining and scoring, that is where the fight between you and the elusive meaning of the

writer was heavy. Then towards the end of the paragraph is a short note giving its results and main idea: that is a sort of mound of triumph showing how after tough fighting you did in the end gain a victory.

But I am sure we often read much as an old woman I once visited listened to conversation. "Ah Sir," she said to me, "Mr. so and so,' (the lay reader) has just been to see me, and he read to me so beautifully, Sir". And what did he read, Mrs.—, I asked. "Well, Sir, I can't quite rightly say, for I don't know, but it was good words, Sir, it was good words". We often read vaguely without shaking our selves together: if we do not worry the book, we may be quite sure that in the day of testing the book will worry us. There is no better way of doing to others as we would be done by than in our treatment of books, and the process brings its reward. For if we give proper marks to our books in the proper places then we shall most surely get proper marks ourselves on the day of examination. But if we have given our books nothing or little in the way of marks it is only likely that we shall gain nothing or little in marks for ourselves. Not that everything is to be measured by success in examinations. We should love the work for its own sake, and then the marks will probably follow. Yet examinations are convenient tests, although in the days of our youth we often put them down as rather inconvenient. And it is just because people in reading fail to test themselves, never pulling themselves up and asking "how much of all this am I taking in" that they fail when others test them.

But he who reads a book as a good book deserves to be read, and gets from it all that he should get, wins a reward such as no examination can give. For he gets the touch of a living mind, or it may be of a living system of thought. And so he passes into a larger world where fresher breezes blow upon his brow.

J. P. W.

EVENSONG IN THE WOODS.

Hush, let us say, "Our Father", in this wood,
 And through bare boughs look up into the sky,
 Where fleecy clouds on Autumn winds go by.
 Here, by this fallen trunk, which long since stood
 And praised the Lord and Giver of all good,
 We'll sing "Magnificat". With curious eye,
 A squirrel watches from a branch on high,
 As though he two would join us if he could.
 Now in our "Nunc Dimittis", soft and low,

THE MITRE.

Strange woodland voices mingle, one by one;
 Dead songs of vanished birds, the sad increase
 Of crumpled leaves on paths where rough winds go,
 The deepening shades, the low October sun,—
 "Lord, let thy servants now depart in peace".

Frederick George Scott.

ON THE RETURN OF OUR TROOPS.

The seal set on our nationhood, are these
 Strong men returning victors from the war;
 Up to the battle's very front they bore
 Our country's honour, till, with every breeze,
 Fame sang their valour round the seven seas.
 For us, they braved death in the cannon's roar,
 For us, their comrades died and nevermore
 Will see the loved homes 'neath our maple-trees.
 Throw wide thy gates, O Canada, throw wide
 The portals of thy gratitude; these men
 Have roused the God in us. Now cast aside
 All littleness of aim. With courage high
 And loftier purpose, to thy tasks again,
 And carve thine own illustrious destiny.

Frederick George Scott.

THREE PATHS—ONE VIEW.

Three men stand on the Mount of the Blessed Vision of God,—a monk, a poet and a priest. They have been climbing the heights by paths widely different but all converging at the summit. When they have reached the peak, though their paths may have been diverse, yet the three enjoy the same vision, the same view is unfolded before them, they recognize that all have had the same object in prospect as the end and aim of a struggle onward and upward, an object which each has attained by ascending the mount, following his own peculiar path. It will then be interesting to notice what was their common attainment when they had climbed the steeps and to inquire how they scaled those heights, what are the convergent paths which meet above where all contemplate the same glorious view.

Thomas, Alfred and William—for such were the respective names of the Monk, the Poet, and the Priest,—lived their early days on earth like most men but in the bud of manhood grasped the great truth that the aim of man's life and struggle consists in bringing his soul into union and communion with the Personal God who is the Life of the soul. Each presented this to himself as the ultimate end of his struggle but all did not agree in adopting the same method to accomplish this aim. In fact, each apparently adopted a method of his own.

First, Thomas having looked into his life was led to hold that his soul had "two eyes" one of which sees God and the other the world. He believed that it was impossible for him to see with both eyes at once. He therefore decided that he could only enjoy the contemplation of God by closing the eye which saw the world and all its variety. With such convictions he withdrew from a life in the world and took up his abode in a lonely building in a sandy desert far from the haunts of men. For him human affairs had no interest. They were always and at all times a snare to him. All society was shunned lest he should have his soul polluted. He echoed the words of the heather writer "whenever I go among men, I return less of a man". In every way Thomas made this detachment from the world complete and his only aim was to prepare his soul for God to enter and manifest and communicate himself. "Blessed are the *pure* in heart for they shall *see* God". These words were the guide of his conduct as was also the equally familiar thought, "Christ can only speak in the temple of the soul when those that buy and sell therein are cast out." He looked upon his soul as a garden in which God may walk up and down and commune with him. Oh! how he laboured to clear that temple, and to weed out of that garden all that was selfish proud and offensive. To accomplish this, to kill out the selfish passions, to bring about the complete surrender of his whole soul, Thomas subjected himself to suffering and deprivation of every kind. No austeries were too severe; he slept upon bare boards, he fasted for months, for years, he exposed himself to heat and cold. But it was not all in vain, "He had sold all that he had in order that he might purchase a goodly pearl, and he was rewarded. He had killed every desire in his soul except *one* with which his whole soul was aflame,—the desire, which had become a passion, to contemplate the Glory of God and to be in communion with Him. All desires which, he believed without exception, polluted the soul had been completely banished. For him God alone existed. And God did not leave the ascetic comfortless. Visions of his glory were granted to Thomas as he progressed in his self mortification encouraging him to continue, showing him that God was calling him on and on. And so at last with self annihilated with a will completely resigned and a soul wholly surrendered to God, the

monk found that God came to him so that he was lost in the ocean of his love His existence became merely and wholly contemplative one. The divine illumination of his soul, the vision of God the realization of union with Him and the consequent assurance of immortality was the reward Thomas obtained because he forgot that the world existed because he believed that only two things interested him, God and his own soul. He had climbed a rugged mount but on the summit 'the eternal sunshine settled on his head, However the world may dislike such a life as Thomas lived, however biting the taunts may be which the world may fling at him as they reflect upon the path which he followed yet the fact God remains that he attained the Vision of God, that God unfolded Himself in the lonely soul of the Monk who gave up the world.

But it must not be forgotten as shall be shown below that "God reveals himself in many ways."

When Alfred the poet looked out upon the world in his younger days, probably on account of some difference in his temperament or education or in the natural bent of his disposition he did not view the universe in the same light as Thomas. Alfred like the monk believed that God reveals himself to the soul of man if man will only allow him, but very early in his life he conceived the idea that God has also given a revelation of Himself to man's soul in His Creation. He believed that all creation was a sacrament, that each created thing was the "husk" of some deeper truth about God. Therefore in order to find out God, he denied himself the pleasures of the world and with a mind free from any other occupation the poet began his study of God's work in the natural world, with the hope that he might rise into communion with the Creator by contemplating the creature. Acquainted in his earlier days with the main discoveries of *Science*, he went out into the country and came into contact with nature. For Alfred believed that "God made the country but man made the town". Rural objects alone occupied his mind. He heard as only the poet can hear, the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, the trickling brook and sweeter still, the song of birds and all these were to him the most enrapturing strains of music. He would stand in contemplation before a flower, a tree, or a rock and even before what would, to the ordinary mind, seem most insignificant. For Alfred all these had a meaning. And as he contemplated there came to him as to a well known poet not so long ago.

"A sublime sense of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
— — — And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a *spirit* that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
And rolls through all things".

But gradually Alfred began to grasp the thought that this "something" was the Personal Creator and he thought of the character of this Person as He is revealed in His work. He pondered over the everlasting hills and thought of the Eternity of the Creator. He was overawed by these immense power of the cataract and got a faint glimmering idea of what is meant by Omnipotence. The intelligence exhibited in the beauty and the intricacy of the various systems in the universe made him shrink into himself. Like the Hebrew poet of old he cried out "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself". In the outward world he had found the lovely character of the Divine goodness power and wisdom. He saw the footprints of God pressed everywhere above him. He thought of the laws which never shall be broken and the Great Law-giver. He saw that God has copied forth his glory in his creation. The more he contemplated this glorious revelation, the more thoroughly were his baser passions crushed out so that the poet's soul became calm and serene. He listened for the 'hymn which all creation is ever singing' to the Creator and he cast in his note with the rest. It was when 'his soul came in contact with nature' that the still small voice of God was heard echoing through the depths of his being. He had been led on from the contemplation of nature to the contemplation of and communion with nature's God. By a devout study of nature he beheld that vision which Thomas the monk obtained by shutting his eyes to the natural world. He was convinced by experience that God is a spirit with whom the 'human spirit can hold blessed communion, He felt within him God's presence as his very life. Such was the reward given to Alfred for setting aside all littleness of aim, for forgetting self and giving up all that he might contemplate the work of the Creator. With all his passions purified but not crushed, with his mind illumined but still his own he scaled the heights until he attained the contemplation of Him who is all goodness, all beauty and all truth.

And now let a glance be cast at the life of William. Thomas by sounding the depths of his own soul, and Alfred by a devout contemplation of nature had attained the summit of the mount. But the priest chose another path. Very early in his life, William was led to reflect on the great dignity and inherent worth of man as was shown by the Revelation of God in Christ. He understood the truth that man is preeminently the image of God, that although God had granted a revelation of himself in the natural world yet the highest Revelation was given in the highest of created beings, in the ideal man. For God had given man a part of his very nature, the power of free will and independent action with the set purpose that man

should use this gift to keep himself in union with his Creator. But William, by looking into his own heart, saw how man perverted his will, how disunited he was with the fountain of life and goodness, how far man was from the ideal, how the revelation of God in him was obscured and darkened. He looked upon the pattern man and then upon the reality in the world; he thought of man's destiny if he could but once more conform himself to the true standard, if he could but realize his splendid possibilities. He saw man languishing in the distant land of sin, unconscious of the presence of his Creator. His heart was touched as he reflected upon these things and he sat down to grieve. But William did not indulge his sorrow for long. For remembering that the Loving God who reveals Himself in so many ways had given also a complete revelation of Himself for this very purpose,—to raise man from his fallen condition; and that He had founded a Church on earth through which he still works and reveals Himself to men showing them their destiny, using *men* as His agents, he determined to become an agent for God so that he might point out to men their sad state and lead them back to communion with God. Being ordained, with a soul overflowing with love for them he went forth to lead men out of darkness into light, their true state of existence. Whenever he saw his fellow man, he loved him, because he saw his Lord. He saw the God not only in nature but in the souls of men and women although often He was hidden and obscured. His love for his fellow men was his schoolmaster to bring him to the vision of God. His love for them had no limits, all his emotions were stirred and purified. There was *one* passion in his heart, his love for men as he considered their state and their destiny. Following the pattern life revealed in Christ, William lived in the world, seeking the loveable in all things and especially in the souls of men around him. He did not leave the city, the alley and the lane to go to contemplate God in nature, but inspired by love, the Priest found him *first* in the souls of his fellow men and women, with whom he worked and passed his life. His love for them was the very symbol of his union with God and he gained the vision of Him whose essence is all love. By a life consecrated to God, by self denial and sacrifice of all kinds for the good of others, living no more to self, he scaled the mount and obtained the vision of God.

So Thomas, Alfred and William climbed and won. And to-day if you wish "to ascend into the hill of the Lord" you must take one of these paths. But for most of us it would seem that the path of William, the life lived in the world is the shortest and surest "Let him who would love God love his brother". Pure love for others will crush out what is evil and will redeem the sordid lives of all. Hence it is plain why in the pages of the New Testament such immense importance is laid upon having love for others. "The greatest of these is love". "He

that loveth his brother abideth in the light'. The poet seemed to overlook his fellow men and their sad state. For him the world was all beauty. But the man who although exposed to temptation lives among men a life consecrated to God by working for the good of others runs the best chance of obtaining the Vision of God. He will find out God in his own soul and the God in nature will speak to him because his heart is attuned by love to hear Him. He will walk up and down in the garden of the world and 'suck in a sweetness' everywhere; for him every place will be holy ground, he will exclaim with Jacob "this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of Heaven"

Suggested by a passage in Inge, Bampton.

M.

Episcopensium Processio III.

Rollites solida vadit vi Persicus ingens;
 Contractusque Vibers, nostri qui scriba Senatus,
 Kennedus et Sameles vicina ex urbe profectus;
 Insequitur guavus Reades, orthographus ille;
 Tuque novem, Thomas Iveson, dilecte Camenis,
 "Organicos" meditans numeros; et Navita Iustus,
 Necnon et geminus Frederix,—par nobile fratrum.
 Iamque "Novorum Hominum" sequitur *viridissima* turba,—
 Navita (quem dixi), magno comitante Sychaeco,
 Plasketiusque labrum tectus lanugine flava;
 Braius Dalladius; gravior se Bos Ager infert;
 Mitisque Accipiter pariter pietate vel arte
 Egregius, tum Spencerus ipse novissimus ibat.
 Carmina nunc ponam,—cari valeatis amici.

*Quid sibi vult hoc "viridissima"? variae lectiones
 propositae sunt, "fortissima"; "validissima";
 doctissima".

G. O. S.

The Cathedral Verger.

A Cathedral has its humorous side, as in fact everything has, and I certainly think that the most humorous essential of a Cathedral is its verger. He is its own particular production, for who has ever seen a verger outside a cathedral?—There are, it is true, some near relatives of his, who

act as caretakers of ancient buildings, but they are very inferior and insignificant when compared with him.

In the days of his youth he was probably a soldier of the Queen, carrying to the ends of the earth the proud and glorious arms of his nation; but when his fighting days were over, he laid aside his martial pomp, and then came the wonderful transformation. The stirring drum gave place to the solemn organ, the quick step to the noiseless glide, and the bluster of the canteen and barrack-room to dimly lighted aisles. The swaggering warrior became the sanctimonious recluse.

It has often been observed that the clerical and the military professions are very closely allied. Men who are trained for one often eventually enter the other. Preachers at Church Parades din this into our ears. A military nation loves its favorite hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers". The verger has the distinction of combining the two professions in his own person, altho' he has only been a very humble member of each. For it must never be forgotten that he is not a mere hireling, but that he holds a sacred office, which even the Psalmist would not have despised.

I have always divided the vergers into two general classes, the obsequious and the grumpy. I use these terms as they enforce the characteristic which strikes you most. Ordinarily, they both treat you as an ignoramus, or shall I say a "freshman"—and this is not to be wondered at. The Cathedral is their castle. The stigma of an intruder, must to them ever be upon the sight-seer.

Imagine that you are a sight-seer and that you have paid your "tanner" and enter your name on the big register which stands upon a table near the choir screen. You are ushered into the eastern part of the Cathedral which is only open to worshippers, or sightseers who have registered and paid their fee. There will be a batch of about twenty people to each verger. You begin your voyage of discovery. The verger gives a dry cough and starts off. A long and rapid description follows in which the verger gives a brief survey of the History of the Cathedral, bristling with dates, and names of Bishops, Kings and other notable men, whose monuments in various stages of decay lie around you. He never stops for an instant, and as he speaks his hand hovers round to the four cardinal points, rapidly localizing the subjects of his discourse. He has repeated this preparatory formula many hundreds or thousands of times before, he knows it word for word, and he can spin it off in an incredibly small number of breaths. It is amusing to notice the effect this produces. Country visitors open their mouth in astonishment, the studious try to keep pace in their books, the learned ones look wise—they knew all about it before—and they enjoy the astonishment of the others heartily.

I recommend one thing: Never interrupt the verger when speaking, or you will heartily repent it. I did once. It was in Salisbury Cathedral. I was anxious to see the tomb of Bishop Osmond, of the Sarum missal fame. I pointed to a recumbent figure of a Bishop of striking appearance. "Is this Bishop Osmond's tomb?" I meekly said. There was a pause. With a withering glance the verger turned upon me. "Bishop Osmond has no tomb! Bishop Osmond has a slab". The thread of his discourse was broken,—he had lost his place, so he had preforce to begin at the beginning and repeat the whole of it again, and so you can understand that the others did not regard me favourably either.

One thing will strike you, no matter what Cathedral you are in, that Cromwell, has always been there before you. They generally reserve a corner of the crypt for his handiwork. There you are shown a great pile of heads and arms and legs, all cut off unoffending figures by his ruthless "Iron-sides". The verger has a professional contempt for Cromwell, altho' one of them once told me that he thought the wind had done quite as much damage; for he said, "Whenever a pinnacle is blown off, we always place it down here with the rest, and give Cromwell the benefit of it."

Some vergers however are not above learning. I was going round Southwell Cathedral and there happened to be a Roman Catholic pilgrimage there, from Nottingham. They were giving round with the others. The verger stopped before some of the remarkable carving in the Chapter House. "This represents", he said, the "conflict between the regulars and the "Seculars".

And there sure enough was a "regular" pulling the hair off a "secular" in the most literal manner. "Who told you that Protestant fable?" said one of the most learned looking ecclesiastics present. "Dearie me", said the verger "who was it, let me see, Oh, Yes, it was the Roman Catholic Bishop of——who explained that there carving to me years and years ago."

A titter and a smile ran through the little crowd, and we passed on quickly.

I will say one thing for our friend, he loves his Cathedral, and thinks it is the best of all. He vehemently opposes all attempts on the part of the learned ones, mentioned above, who generally say, that they have seen better. He hurries past the defects, he pauses with admiration at the unique features—for every English Cathedral seems to exceed all others in some one characteristics at least, and he expects and he waits for, your applause. I have always found vergers quite willing, even anxious to show you everything that there is to be seen, if it is only for the purpose of proving to you, that you never did "see such things before".

But don't think that this is the only duty of our friend. Showing around gaping sight seers is only the occupation of his leisure. His importance is best perceived when he heads the choristers carrying his wand, surmounted very often with a diminutive cross, or when he walks carrying a mace, in front of a dignitary of the Church who is in his procession to the pulpit or lectern; or again I have seen bishops preceded by a verger carrying a staff bearing upon it a tiny mitre about as big as a thimble. Both mitre and cross it should be observed, are regarded as necessary evils, and they are made as small as possible.

Another duty, the old and original one, is that of keeping the door. This is generally given to a verger of the Grumpy class, as he is better fitted to deal with disreputable characters whose presence is not desirable within the sacred edifice. I once saw a poor little ragged boy peeping in at a Cathedral door, wondering what beautiful things were inside. He looked at me pathetically and asked me if he might go in. Poor little chap! he looked upon his Father's House as he would a theatre, expecting every minute to be "ordered off" by the "copper". Of course I told him yes—I could'nt wait, I hardly liked to—I fear he never got past the grumpy verger. Shabby clothes seem to be so much more defiting to God's Sanctuary than shabby talk and shabby behavior. Don't think I am abusing the vergers, they are only ignorant men, and after all they only follow the world around them. Their zealous love for their Cathedral should cover the multitude of their short-comings.

So we leave our friend, sitting silently at the Gate of God's temple. The shadows of evening are falling around him soon it will be time for him to go home. How well he fits in with his occupation! For him, as for the ancient building the days of youth are gone, and all its vanities are now only shadows, chasing one another along the dusky aisles, as they pass beyond the view of his recollection.

MIRIAM.

Lift thy face to my face, O my Miriam!
 Thy white arms around me entwine,
 Lay my head to rest still on thy bosom,
 Press my lips with thy lips, red as wine!
 Like thy form was the form of that Miriam
 Who danced to the Lord by the sea,

And sang a sweet song of deliverance
To the God who made Israel free.
Where, oh where, is the pomp of the Pharaohs,
Where now is the warriors sword?
The waters swept over the chariot,
The war-men were slain by the Lord!
'Neath thy brows, in two shadowy bowers,
Flame thine eyes like the light of the sun:
O daughter of God's chosen nation,
Thy power is never undone!
In thine eyes is the beauty and glory—
I see it, my love, as a dream—
The voice of the prophet is ringing
Where fires of sacrifice gleam;
The lightnings and thunders of heaven
Now brighten, now darken thine eyes,
While the sweetest of spices pours outward
Upon the soft breeze of thy sighs.
Strike the lute with thy hand, O my Miriam,
Let the maidens glide onward and sing—
But a maid of the maidens is Miriam,
Dance thou, my beloved, and sing!

Thy cheek to my cheek, O my Miriam,
'Tis warm as the soft turtle-dove!
Thy heart to my heart. O my Miriam,—
Let each throb to each, O my Love!
Speak to me, thou maiden of maidens,
And say to my soul that it lives:
If I kiss thee, O maiden of maidens,
Will thy lip give me back what mine gives?
Behold, thy locks black as the raven,
Thy shoulders more mellow than cream—
Weave round me thy mystical tresses
And bind me to thee in my dream;
Let me rest in thine arms, O my Miriam,—
Wind thine arms round my neck, O my love!
To my wounds thou art balm, O my Miriam,—
In thine eyes are the stars from above.

Anonymous.

Christian Socialism.

The first great fact to be noticed was the revival of the belief in the Church as a "living organism" with a corporate life of its own. The second is the marked advance of a practical and active Christianity during this century. Men are happily ceasing to fight out, in contests of interminable length, questions which are of only secondary importance. It is true there may be a good deal of loose thought prevalent; but it may be doubted whether the essentials of "orthodoxy" have often been lost;—and it is on the whole true that in this age we may see a wider and deeper spirit of religion among men and a greater spread of Christian principles and practice, even in parts and among people that are not professedly Christian in the strict sense of the term. May we refer again for a moment, to what was said about the growth of the belief in the closeness and solidarity of society, and the real interdependence of all its members upon one another? If we bear this in mind, and also the fact of the revival of practical Christianity, we may safely say that the "problem", as it were, of the Christian Church has lately presented itself in a somewhat new light.

Men have begun to realize more fully that to work is to pray, that the service of God is the service of man, that the Christian life here is not merely one of preparation on the part of each individual soul for the life supervening upon physical death, that Heaven and Hell may exist now on earth as well as in the hereafter, that salvation is from sin in this world as well as from its consequences in the next. The Church while not "of the world" is still "in it",—the Kingdom of God and the Church of Christ are the "leaven that will leaven the whole lump." Thus while with revival of the belief in a visible Church, the Christian might seem in some degree to be closing up its ranks, yet on the other hand there has been a great outgoing of Christianity from it. This has not only been shown by the spread of foreign Mission work, but also in the many attempts to extend if not the privileges, at least the influences of Christ's Religion to that vast civilized, political social world, with its vast nations and vast States which it is hard to call directly either Christians or un-Christian. The Church cannot hold itself aloof from the world. If the world is evil, it has to be reformed and remodeled, not merely despised or shunned. Consequently the Christian Church is, or should be, always closely in touch with all movements of social reform and social progress. Too often the Christian bodies have associated themselves with a prejudiced opposition to reform; with a political Toryism of the worst type, and even with reactionary violence, and

have exerted themselves blindly on behalf of vested interests only. The Church in England has sometimes been liable to faults of this nature;—and if in England she hopes to retain her position as “the national Church,” whether established or not, she must make herself more and more the Church of the people;—as happily now she seems to be doing, thanks largely to the self denying efforts of her hard working clergy, especially in the huge industrial centres of the country.

The “Christian Social” movement, as it may be called has largely taken its rise from the causes above mentioned. Perhaps it received its first great stimulus from the writings of Frederick Denison Maurice, and Charles Kingsley, who lived and wrote at a time when the industrial problems of Britain were becoming critically important, when the vast labouring classes were struggling for more citizen rights, and the people were not only feeling their power more, but were beginning to use it with greater effect. Since then this movement has spread. Thoughtful Christians have come to realize more fully the great duties of citizenship; they have also come to feel that the Church should be not only the “guardian of souls” in a narrow sense, but also the great educator of citizens; that at the same time an enlightened and organized Christian public opinion is capable of doing a great deal. And, as at the same time men have come to realize more and more the strength of organization and co-operation in all things, whether religious or secular, so we may note the growth of various “Societies” established with practical aims and directed towards the furtherance of the Church’s social Mission. The value of this “institutionism,” so-called, is undeniable, though of course it has its special dangers. Such is the danger arising from a too narrow allegiance to a too small corporation; or again there is the danger which the individual members of any such body run of forgetting his own personal responsibility, thinking that to join a society is enough, and that the “society,” *i. e.* as far as he himself is concerned, the other members of it, will do the work, while he remains a sleeping partner. But after allowing for these possible disadvantages we must still accept the truth, which after all is an obvious one, that more can be done by a body of men, united in one will and purpose, than by any individual man working by himself;—that in unity is strength: but the unity is a case of “*e pluribus unum*”.

G. O. Smith.

OBITUARY.

DIED IN LEEDS VILLAGE, JANUARY 21, 1901, THE REVEREND JOHN KEMP, B. D.,
AGED 87 YEARS.

In the year 1830, John Kemp, sixteen years of age, left England in the brig Amethyst, one Thompson being master, which after a voyage of nine weeks came to anchor opposite Quebec. Mr. Kemp's life was uneventful until the Papineau struggles disturbed the country, when he enlisted as a volunteer, serving throughout the rebellion of '37. After the settlement of these disorders, he took up business, till at the age of thirty-one he resolved to enter the Church. In 1845 he voyaged up the St. Lawrence to Port St. Francis, and taking stage thence, through Richmond and Sherbrooke, he accomplished the wearisome journey over the rough roads of those days to Lennoxville. Here he entered Bishop's College to prepare himself for the ministry, while at the same time he was an assistant in Bishop's College School under Dr. Miles. In 1848, he was ordained to the priesthood, and filled but three charges during forty-one years of active labour: he was fifteen years at Bury, seven at Compton, and eighteen at Leeds Village, while during the twelve years preceding his death he was on the retired list. Of his classmates at Bishop's the only survivor is the Venerable Archdeacon Roe.

A venerable figure was this, the thread of whose early life was interwoven with the history of our University. An interesting character he was to us, all wrapt about with old memories of our College. He is almost the last of an early generation of students, and by his death we lose one of those much prized living links that bind us more closely to the past.

REST.

Tall elms their lofty limbs uprear,
Gigantic, o'er a tiny cot,
All vine-embowered, lovely spot!
Where fairest nature without fear
Doth cheer the eye, doth sooth the ear,
Doth trembling breezes softly send
To fragrant murmur in the soul;
While golden billows, without end,
Of gently waving grain do roll:
And fields their grassy length extend

Where brooklets flow with tinkling note,
 And songsters trill it as they float—
 Their silvery music sweetly lend,
 That sight and sound in harmony may blend,

Anonymous.

Resolutions

The following are copies of resolutions adopted by Convocation and by a meeting of the Students respectively. A telegram had previously been despatched by the Principal, to his Excellency the Governor General, on behalf of the faculty and the Students of the College, and the Masters and the Boys of the School, and was duly acknowledged.

The students of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Province of Quebec, desire to express their deep and sincere regret at the death of the Queen, whose wise and noble reign has, to the great grief of all loyal subjects, so sadly and suddenly ended.

And while the students personally mourn the loss of so good and gracious a Sovereign, at the same time they hasten to offer true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward, and also devoutly pray that he may long live to continue the beneficent and righteous rule of the late Queen, and that his reign may be blessed, as hers, with an abundance of peace and prosperity.

The Convocation of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Province of Quebec, desires to express its deep sorrow and profound regret at the death of the Queen, to whom the University owes its charter. While its members share with all citizens of the empire the general pain, this University has special reasons for remembering with gratitude and admiration the noble reign that has come so suddenly to a close, and it therefore experiences a special sense of loss and sorrow.

At the same time the University hastens to express its devoted allegiance to His Majesty King Edward, to whose bounty, as a Prince, it is already indebted, and would further humbly add an assurance of its prayers that GOD Almighty, who so largely blessed the late Queen in her endeavours for the welfare of her people, would be graciously pleased to sustain His Majesty in his private sorrow and continually bless his reign with abundant prosperity.

Done at Lennoxville, January 26th 1901.

(Signed)

F. W. FRITH, B. A.
 Registrar

JOHN HAMILTON.
 Chancellor

VICTORIA.

Victoria! Dear name of happy omen,
Victoria most loved of royal Women,
We can with truth exclaim
When we recall thy name
"Amor vincit omnia, Victoria!"
Thou Mother of all lands that own the sway
Of that proud crown thou warest,
No mourning, well we know, can e'er repay
The deep strong love thou barest
To all thy children scattered o'er the globe.
Yet, for they have no other,
They wrap about their Queen the tenderest robe
That may befit a Mother,
No woven web of earthly cloth of gold
That passing years might sever,
But living love that never groweth old
And fairer groweth ever,
Till it be fit to wear on that great day
When by the Lord of Heaven
The royal crown that fadeth not away
Is to our Mother given.
That shall complete the gift we give her now
And lighter than the crown she wore below
Shall rest forever on her happy brow,
Thrice happy Queen this double gift to know!
The high reward of work for others done
A people's robe of Love! A Saviour's deathless Crown!
Victoria!

To The Alumni of Bishop's College.

IN REFERENCE TO
THE PROPOSED SOCIETY OF ALUMNI
(For which all old students are eligible.)

DEAR SIR:

As it is felt both by the students of the College and the old boys of the School that better work could be done by two separate societies working for the two institutions, the Alma Mater Society is being dissolved and its place taken by an Alumni Association for the College and an Old Boy's Society for the School.

For many years the Alumni did excellent work for the College not only in raising funds but in developing a wide interest in the welfare of the institution. At present there is special opportunity for such help, and particularly for the exercise of influence to bring more students to the College. While special work can be taken up from time to time as need arises, this general interest can always be exercised. We recognize the warm loyalty towards the University which exists among the old students, and we feel all that is needed is that they organized into a compact body.

We trust that you will not only join the Alumni Society, but do your best to inform others, and so secure new members.

At the present time two parts of the Hamilton Memorial have been expended upon new buildings, and the third part will, it is hoped shortly present itself in a substantial form. With its new buildings the College ought to make a fresh and vigorous start, and it is appropriate the new society should begin its work with the beginning of the new century. There is indeed every reason to be most hopeful for the future of the College if only it meets with the support it deserves from its sons. A bequest of a reversion that may be large has already shewn how one of the Alumni remembered the University, and if it is to be in a position to prosper by his generosity no exertion should meanwhile be spared.

Name and address should be forwarded to the Rev. Frank G. Vial, Sherbrooke, Que.

The subscription to defray necessary expenses has been provisionally fixed at fifty cents.

REV. J. P. WHITNEY, D. C. L., PRINCIPAL,
President of Committee.

REV. FRANK G. VIAL,
Sec. pro tem.

If any graduate has failed to receive a copy of the above letter, it is earnestly hoped that he will put himself in communication with the Secretary.

Exchanges.

The article, entitled "Quebec", in the *Argosy*, is excellent, but we wish it were longer. The people of this Province are proud of Quebec, and like to see others take pleasure in the old historic town.

The *Diocesan Theological Magazine* is always a welcome contribution to our pile of *Exchanges*.

It is a pleasure to see, in the *Trinity University Review*, an edi-

torial on our greatly missed friend, Prof. G. O. Smith.

The *New Century Number* of the *Student* fulfils our utmost expectations. The "Dedication" recalls an image dear to English readers throughout the world—the image of Robert Louis Stevenson. Truly all lovers of artistic excellence "Sigh for the touch of the Magician's finger, His golden keys".

THE SOLITARY SWEEPER.

Behold him, single at his toil
Yon solitary straw-capped man!
Sweeping and talking by himself;
Stop here, his features scan!
Slowly he smokes, foretelling rain
In his habitual prophet strain;
O listen! for his mouth profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No cockatoo did ever chaunt
More wisdom unto student bands.
That daily all the hall-ways haunt
While flow Time's fleeting sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was
heard,

In spring-time from the raven-bird,
Breaking the silence of the mead,
Where cattle munch their verdant
feed.

What is the yarn the Sweeper tells
As if the tale could have no end-
ing?—

I saw him talking at his work,
And o'er the dust-pan bending:
Yet from the scene myself did tear
And as I mounted up the stair,
His words within my head would
roar,
Long after they were heard no
more.

Wilhelm Wuidswuth

PERSONALS.

A. H. Wurtele, B. A. who spent Michaelmas Term here after his return from the Magdalen Islands, has been ordained to the Diaconate by the Lord Bishop of Algoma. The ordination took place at Sudbury after which Rev. Mr. Wurtele was placed in charge of the Parish of Thessalon, where we understand he has since been doing excellent work.

G. E. Renison, a former student in Arts at Bishop's has been assisting Rev. J. A. MacMorine, M. A. St. James Kingston. We had expected to see Mr. Renison, back to begin again his studies at the opening of the Lent Term but were disappointed in our hopes.

C. C. Woodside, B. A. '98, is one of the hustling business men of Worcester Mass. Report says that he finds his present life a very active one, but that he still retains many pleasant recollections of the time he spent in Lennoxville.

C. F. Rothera, B. A. '98. has again taken up the work of a Lay Reader. He is now in Algoma under the supervision of His Lordship Bishop Thornloe.

K. G. Robertson, B. A. '00. has entered the office of one of the prominent lawyers of Montreal for the purpose of preparing himself for the legal profession.

Rev. J. Almond, B. A. who we erroneously stated had gone to India with an Imperial Regiment, is at present at Bishopthorpe assisting in the Cathedral services.

We clip the following which may be of interest to some of our Alumni.—

Mr. J. J. Procter, writer of more than local fame, at one time one of the teaching staff of Bishop's College Lennoxville, and the "Ragged Philosopher" of the St. Johns "News", has written a poem on the death of Queen Victoria, which for beauty of sentiment, as well as melody of rhythm, will scarcely be excelled.—
Sherbrooke Daily Record.

In 1899 Messrs. W. H. Moore, and F. C. Taylor, graduates of Bishop's College Lennoxville, Canada came to the Diocese to do lay work and prepare for Holy Orders. Both have prepared themselves under the direction of the local clergy, passed their examination creditably, been advanced successfully to the Diaconate and Priesthood. Mr. Moore, has charge of St. Pauls Omaha, and Mr. Taylor, (of St. Peters) Neligh, where they are both doing excellent work. Neligh in 1885 had 14, in 1890 26, and in 1900 38 resident communicants.

The Crozier Neb.

THE COLLEGE.

Divinity Notes.

We are pleased to say that the Mission Study Class, in connection with the Church Students Missionary Association, which was first suggested by the Rev. Mr. Paddock, some few years ago, has been re-organized; and resumed its work of increasing the missionary spirit among the students.

These meetings were discontinued during Michaelmas term, owing to the absence of officers. But during that time the ordinary meetings of the Missionary Union were held regularly.

Now we are thankful to say that the prospects of successful and helpful meetings have already been made realities.

Two meetings of the class have already been held, one of which was of a purely business character, when the new officers were elected. Mr. C. W. Mitchell B. A. was elected President, and Mr. Seaman Secretary.

A committee was then appointed consisting of Messrs. Ward B. A. Findlay, and Vibert.

The next meeting, which was the first regular meeting of the term, year, and century, was held on Jan. 31st, 1901, and was a very successful one in every respect. The

meeting was opened in the usual manner with prayer, after which papers were read by, Messrs. E. R. Roy B. A, W. M. Gordon and A. J. Vibert.

Mr. Roy dwelt more especially on the object and history of the Society,—and of the benefits which might and ought to be derived from it. He also made a few remarks on missionary work in general;—of the great need there is of evangelizing the world, and the noble opportunity there is for the true Missionary, as Bishop Westcott so ably expressed it when speaking of the work in India: "The prize is noble, the hope is great, but the time is short, and cannot return".

Mr. Gordon then read an interesting and instructive paper on the history of the crusades, and of the attempts made by means of them to found a Christian kingdom in the Holy Land, and tracing the successes and failures of each attempt to accomplish that for which it had been undertaken.

Mr. Vibert next read a very appropriate paper on the work done in India among the natives, most of whom have no knowledge whatever of a Saviour. He closed with the appeal, that a response should be

made to that great cry, which is so continually heard, to deliver them from darkness and ignorance. After a few appropriate remarks from the president, the meeting was closed with prayer.

The Bishop of the Diocese paid the College a visit on Jan. 22nd, intending to spend a few days, lecturing, and hearing the Students read and preach. But he was suddenly called back to Quebec, on account of the Queen's death, to make preparations for a special service at the Cathedral.

Mr. R. A. Cowling B. A. preached in Christ Church, East Angus, on Dec. 23rd, 1900, the incumbent being absent. The Rev. W. A. Adcock left for England some time last fall where he spent a few months, visiting one of his old parishes. After a pleasant voyage he returned to East Angus on Dec. 24th '00 to resume his work.

Saturday Feb. 2nd being the day appointed for the Queen's funeral, special services were held in ye College Chapel as follows: A celebration of the Holy Communion was held at 7.15 A. M.; and at 9 A. M. the funeral service was read, followed by a second celebration of the Holy Communion. The funeral service was very impressive. The Rev. Principal Whitney made an appropriate and eloquent address, dwelling on the noble character of

our late Queen, tracing her life from the cradle to the throne, and from the throne to the tomb, and showing that She was always conscious of the great responsibilities God had laid upon her, and always anxious and eager to fulfil them.

Mr. J. G. Ward B. A. is assisting the Rev. Canon Foster, Rector of Coaticooke. Mr. Ward has been carrying on lay-reader's work there since November last when Mr. E. R. Roy, left after spending one year in lay work in that parish. The Rev. Canon Foster has proved to be a kind fatherly teacher to all the young students who have had the opportunity of doing work under, him and by his kindness and unsparing energy has won the hearts of all the Students of Bishop's College to whom he is known.

Mr. G. E. Weagant B. A. who is taking his Divinity course here, and who is also a member of ye brotherhood of readers spent his Xmas holidays at Frankville, Ontario doing lay work.

The number of men taking their divinity course was small enough last term; this term we have to report the doings of still fewer students, owing to the loss of Messrs. A. H. Wurtele, B. A., and F. W. Carroll, B. A. The former of these gentlemen has finished his extra course in homiletics, and has mastered the art of writing six sermons on

the same text. He was ordained Dec. 23rd, at Sudbury, Ont., and proceeded immediately to his work in Thessalon, Algoma. We feel certain that he will succeed in his calling, and be the means of helping and comforting many souls in their struggle against evil. We are sorry to inform our readers of the continued illness of Mr. Carroll, owing to which he is unable to be with us for the remainder of the year. Mr. Carroll is very much missed, both socially and in the various organizations with which he was connected. His absence is especially regretted by the staff of the "Mitre", of which he was Editor-in-Chief, by the entertainment committee, and, perhaps most of all, by the chapel choir. At present he is with his brother, the Rev. M. H. Carroll, at Lancaster, N. H., but he intends to travel in a short time in search of

better health. We hope to welcome him back next year, fully restored to his old-time vigour.

The Brotherhood of Readers meets for the first time this term, and century on the 8th inst. It seems to be a matter deserving of consideration that we have now so few members. Our total number is only eight, and therefore each brother has a great deal more to do than formerly, especially as two of the members take no share in the duties of the Brotherhood. This lack of members is partially counteracted by having non-members, who are candidates for Holy Orders, read the evening lessons on Tuesdays and Fridays. Still, we are anxiously awaiting the time when more men will be admitted to the privileges and duties of the Brotherhood.

ARTS NOTES.

On December the 5th. a special Convocation was held in the Bishop Williams Hall. There was a very fair attendance from the village and of course all the Students and School Boys. Dr. Heneker, who has been Chancellor of the University for many years, gave in his formal resignation, much to the regret and sorrow of all present. He has ever been a true friend to the University and to all connected with it: and although

we are not losing him altogether, as as he will always be near, and will probably his health permitting, attend our Convocation, still it will not seem the same to see him sitting elsewhere than in the Chancellor's seat where he has sat for so many years and held so many successful Convocations. We wish him all happiness in his retirement, and hope we will see him often. The next proceeding was the installment of the new

Chancellor, Dr. Robert Hamilton of Quebec. We wish him every success in this position of high honour and responsibility; and we feel sure that he will prove himself capable and qualified to fulfil all that is expected of him, although these expectations are very high indeed. Then amid much clapping and cheering and general applause, Dr. Whitney received his D. C. L. and is now one of our own Alumni. After several very nice speeches the Convocation was declared closed, and the usual College and School national ditties were sung with great strength—but no blood-vessels were broken in spite of the strain put upon them.

On January 25th. the Proclamation of the Governor General of Canada was read concerning our new sovereign, His most Gracious Majesty King Edward VI I. The Proclamation was read by the Principal, Dr. Whitney. All the Professors were present together with the students and the boys of the the school, the latter in khaki uniform. The Principal then read the Proclamation, the boys saluted His Majesty, and the students sang "God Save the King." The ceremony was short but everybody seemed to be very content with the way it was carried out.

We are much grieved at the loss of our Lecturer Mr. G. O. Smith, who has been with us about a year and a half. He was ever a friend and benefactor to the students, and

although when their blood was up, as young blood always will get up, they may at times have taken an advantage of him, still they never ceased to recognize that he was their friend, and that if things went on in the right way they could always be on friendly terms. Of all things which are necessary for pleasant relationships, the most necessary is mutual agreement, and in Mr. Smith's case it was more successful than it has ever been before. We wish him all possible success in his position as Professor of Classics at Trinity Toronto, and we feel sure that he will make a success of it. Mr. C. W. Mitchell, has taken his place as lecturer, for the time being, and will, we feel sure, fulfil it nobly.

We are at last, after much waiting able to say in the pages of the Mitre that the long expected and hoped for Alumni Association has been formed and officers elected. And before long, all going well, we hope to see the Alumni in full working order and prospering. A Committee was appointed of which Rev. F. G. Vial, of Sherbrooke is Secretary.

We have lost our Editor-in-chief Mr. Carroll, who through ill health has been unable to return to College this year, but hopes to join us again next September. Mr. Carroll has ever since he was eligible, filled some position on the Mitre staff, and he has filled it admirably. At the end

of the last Academic year he was elected Editor-in-chief and has carried the paper on to the present time. I think all will agree in saying that he made a success of it, and we all join in thanking Mr. Carroll, for his services, and above all we shall be delighted to see him again among us. Mr. Carroll's absence made it necessary to elect a new Editor-in-chief. Mr. E. S. Krans, was elected.

Now there is one subject of great importance which has been neglected for many years, but which ought not to be neglected any longer and that is concerned with our old graduates. Why do our old graduates never send any contributions for their old College paper the Mitre? Have they lost interest in the place where they spent so many happy years, and whence they proudly marched with a B. A. after their names and a hood hanging on their backs? Or do they think that the present members of the college do not care to hear from them? If they think the latter they are mistaken, and can only make up for long neglect by at once writing an article on some subject and sending it to the Editor-in-Chief. But seriously we must look for more support from our graduates in this respect. If we get no support from outside, writing for the magazine becomes a burden, and the articles also are all in the same style, so that readers have no variation and get tired of reading them. So we make

this appeal to all loyal old graduates that they send us contributions small and large—everything that they think would be of interest to readers of the Mitre. We sincerely hope that after being thus reminded of their duty we shall receive articles in abundance. We must say however that *two or three* old graduates have loyally fulfilled their obligation, and have ever since their departure, been sending every now and again an article of interest to be put in the Mitre.

We are congratulating ourselves upon our great luck. Indeed it is great luck! For through the kindness of Dr. Thomas we now have a chance to attend medical lectures. Now of all things, the thing which is most useful for a clergyman or a man in any other profession to know is a little medicine. Again and again a clergyman in the country where a doctor is not handy is called upon to attend to people—to set a broken limb, or to prescribe for a fever. The man who has no idea of medicine finds this very difficult indeed; whereas if he has some slight knowledge of the subject it becomes much simpler, and he is more likely to make a good job of it: and therefore we can congratulate ourselves on getting these lectures from Dr. Thomas. While judging from the attendance at them, he can see that they are fully appreciated

By Mr. G. O. Smith's having left us we lost the President of the

Debating Society, the meetings of which were so successful last term. However we have secured the services of Mr. E. S. Krans to fill his position. We feel that there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Kraus will do his best to make the Debating Society a great success and quite up to the standard of our former meetings.

All the men who are going in for the Church in this Diocese, are now being put through a severe medical examination to see if their temperaments are the right sort for the profession they are taking up; and also to see that their hearts are all there. Men can now be seen in the halls consulting a large paper and trying to solve the problem of how old their Grandparents were when they died, and what they died of; or how many aunts they have with their respective ages, etc., or again how many diseases they have had out of a list as long as your arm, and whether they are given to opium, or to alcoholic liquor. We feel sure that none are guilty of such a crime as having a Grandfather or Grandmother, but we hope they will manufacture them for the occasion. We wish all those examined every success and a happy issue out of their heart troubles.

We must congratulate and thank the graduating class of 1900 for the photograph of themselves and the faculty which they have presented to the Common Room. It is with-

out doubt the most handsomely got up, and best arranged group which has ever been seen in the University. It now fills a prominent place on our walls, where its heavy gilt frame shows out to great advantage.

A certain gentleman has not returned as yet, because he has been taken with scarlet fever. From what we hear we need not wish him joy, for he has a scarlet fever companion, who will make him happy no doubt. What an excellent time to ask an awkward question and see how the ground lies!

J. J. Seamau who was here as a student last term has not returned, He is about to be ordained by the Bishop of Niagra. We wish him every success in his work.

It is a most wonderful thing how enthusiastic some men get over their Examinations. Last examinations a man happened to go into the bath-room to get some water, and there discovered his friend having a bath. But what was his surprise, when he saw perched upon the water taps a book, which the said individual was *swatting* for his next Exam. We feel sure that the gentlemen got through his subject with ease; but it is an old saying that a man cannot do two things at once for he is sure to neglect either the one or the other.

A gentleman evidently a stranger to the game of foot-ball, was

standing looking at one of his fellows unpacking his trunk not long ago. Probably he saw many strange and curious things come out of it. Finally, however, his companion took out a hard rubber nose guard and put it on. The gentleman looked at him in wonder for a long time, but finally he got sufficient courage to put forward his hand and examine it. After a careful examination, he asked, with open eyes and mouth, the following question. "Do you have to use those to keep your nose from freezing in winter out here?" We trust that since he has gone thus far through a Canadian winter, he will not find it at all necessary to use a rubber nose-guard.

In the Medical Notes of the November number of the Mitre we are credited with the shout "Bishop's once Bishop's twice" we wish to disclaim all connection with the shout.

Among the curiosities which were on hand to amuse the student when he returned weary of his holidays, was a certain freshman, if we mistake not, the author of "The Faerie Queen,"—or at least a namesake of his, with the slight difference of a *c* where the other has an *s*. Now this gentleman has been called a curiosity, not out of any malice or rudeness on the part of his fellows, but simply because he is a lone freshman and as such of course everybody asks "have you seen the freshman?" He has a melodious voice, which has

been heard from different positions; such as high when he himself is elevated, and low when he takes a humbler seat. After he had been attentively listened to by all who were interested in his welfare, it was decided he would do for the choir. Accordingly there he sits at the present time and adds his roar to the music strains. We are glad to welcome him among us, and we only wish that more men would take to coming at Xmas,—but by this we do not wish to diminish the number at September. However we hope and feel sure that under our new Principal, Dr. Whitney, the numbers will make a rapid increase.

We notice that certain men do not smoke so many cigars this term—we wonder what the reason is? Perhaps we might guess if we tried.

When buying a pipe there is one very peculiar fact, which alas! is too true,—and that is that the pipe must draw, so that when you smoke the smoke may come through the stem. We would advise a certain friend of ours, that the next time he buys a pipe it would be a good plan for him to see that it pulls well; altho we are quite ready to believe that he finds it pleasanter when no smoke can get through, to give him a dizzy feeling.

A gentleman whom we will not mention, had a terrible dream not long ago. It was somewhat like

this: He fell asleep and presently he smelt smoke; in his sleep he thought the house was on fire, and that he was suffocating. He struggled, but it was of no use. Finally he saw a rescuer coming in the form of his Professor. The Professor tried to get him out, but for some unknown reason he would not go—probably he thought there were some examination papers to be passed on the other side of the smoke. At any rate the rescuer had to flee without his beloved pupil; and the pupil, left behind, soon woke up and found it was but a dream. However, as he felt very sick and the room was full of cigar smoke, it is suggested that this might have been the cause of his fantastic dreaming.

There are always some things which effect a sensitive man more than others. Therefore the man should, to the best of his ability, avoid touching on this delicate point even to himself. However we are sorry to say that there is one man among us who, altho the very sound of the word *possum* makes his mouth water, and every muscle in his body twitch as though he was thinking of past possum hunts, still is always calling up old reminiscences by singing "Possum am the best meet after all". It is very easy to guess where he comes from,—certainly not from the north.

Grippe seems to be the sickness of the day. Several of the students are down with it, but hope before

long to be up again and working. We all feel for them in their distress. It is like a thirsty man wanting water—the way they are trying to get back to their books. However they will arrive at their work in plenty of time for their bodily good without worrying themselves over it.

When a man is asked to make an apology, and a freshman who has insulted another man, certainly should be asked to do so. It is a good policy not to push the apology to a ridiculous extent, and also, when an apology is given it is customary to see that it is given for the thing that the offender said and not for something he never said at all.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRK.

The following is taken from the Cambridge University Magazine called *The Light Green*. In place of the *Littlego* readers will have to think of our terminal Examinations.

With a countenance weary and worn
With eyelids all heavy and red,
An Undergrad sat, in his night-gown
torn,

Reading his Paley in bed.

Read, read, read,

Till his voice is quite feeble and low
He can read no more so in accents
poor,

He sang of the dire *Littlego*.

Read, read, read

While the rooks are cawing around;
And read, read, read,

Till of Cabs I hear the sound.

If only last time I had passed,

And had left all this *Littlego* work,

I'd become a Jew or a "pious Hindoo"
Or perhaps a barbarous Turk.

Read, read, read,
Its nothing but read all day;
Read, read, read
Till I read myself away.
Paley and Euclid so hard,
Mathematics with Latin and Greek,
I only wish I had read them before,
For the Exam. begins in a week.

O men who Examiners are,
Recollect when the period arrives,
'Tis not only the *papers*. you're set-
ting this time,

But a *limit* to undergrad's lives.
Read, read, read,
By days, by month by year,
Reading forsoothe so uncommonly
hard,

That you feel exceedingly queer.

But why do I sing of them?
Their hearts are like pieces of stone,
I believe I ought to shun the thought
Of Examiners when I'm alone.
It makes me almost mad
To think of that awful sight;
O dear that to some the papers are
stiff.

While to others they're easy and light

Read, read read,
My reading will never stop;
And whats its reward? a name in a
list,

Where the bottom's as good as the
top.

This tumbled bed, with its shaky
legs, you room in disorder so great,
All attired with cards, tobacco and

wine,
It shows that I kept it up late.

Read, read, read,
How full my time has been,
My reading I bless (?) for I possess
No leisure to read Light Green.
Hard Latin odious Greek,
Hard Greek and odious Latin,
Their very dread makes me think
this bed

Is the worst I ever sat in.

Read, read, read,
Till my brain becomes infirm:
Read, read, read,
In this and the Lenten Term.
And then the men who have passed,
As I see them in the street,
Will laugh at me, and twit and jeer,
Whenever them I meet.

O but to get through now,—
A "Second" I would not mind,
With the "General" looming in front,
And the "Littlego" left behind.
Then to think of the feelings of those
Who cannot their subjects acquire,
Is enough to give one the direst of
woes,

(not to mention the wrath of your sire)

O but for one short look
At the Euclid or Paley Paper,
For one short glance, I soon would
dance,

And cut about and caper,
A little peeping would ease my heart
But from those papers hated
My eyes must keep for every peep
Might make me rusticated.

With a countenance weary and worn

With his nose alas awfully red,
 The Undergrad blew out his candle's
 flame,
 And settled himself in his bed.
 "Read, read, read,"
 In his troubled sleep he said:

Examiners think on his piteous face,
 If he's plucked, you know 'tis your
 disgrace;
 So in the "first" or "Second" place
 The man who reads Paley in bed.

ATHLETICS.

Before saying anything about the hockey outlook for this first year of the twentieth century, it may be as well for us to remind our readers of two old sayings. The first of these wise and ancient saws is one with which we have long been familiar, viz., "A good beginning is a bad ending"; and the second is "Its a poor rule that won't work both ways". When we take these two proverbs into consideration we grow enthusiastic over the prospects of the College Club, and we ask each other where our successors are most likely to put the cup they win in 1999 or 2000 A. D. In the absence of adequate funds we are unable to prepare a suitable case in which to keep the trophy, thus, as it were, thrust upon our expectations, but when we draw up our wills we intend to do our best for this most worthy object.

Any one who has watched the team practising this term must have noticed that there is a sad lack of material from which to develop a winning seven. A few men turn

out well to attend practices, but they are very few. This is the first season in years that the College has been unable to get out fourteen men to practise. This winter we are obliged to get five or six outsiders to play with us every time we practise. And why is this? There are several causes. In the first place, the new men nearly all refuse to practise, although in a year or two it will be their duty to uphold the honour of the University in this as in other branches of athletic sports. Secondly our practices usually end when our matches begin, and consequently only seven or eight men gain any degree of proficiency in one season. Then when these men leave College a new team is placed on the ice to meet the veterans of other clubs. What we want this year is to see the men all turn out to practise with the team, and the practices continue all through the season.

In preparing for our first match we greatly missed our captain, Mr. Forest Mitchell. However, we have

had to make the best of it, and the men are getting into better shape. The men who have shown up best so far are Messrs. Read, Bray, Ward, and Gordon, for the back division, and, for the forward line, Messrs. Findlay, Roy, Shewen, Weagant, and Cowling. Others whose praiseworthy efforts deserve honourable mention, are Messrs. Vibert (point), Searmen (c. point), Plaskett, Baker, and Spencer (forwards.)

We have been challenged by Coaticooke and Angus, and intend visiting these places soon.

Freshmen and other beginners will do well to study the following suggestions, which are chiefly taken from:

Hints on Hockey
or
How the Game is played
"Down Home."
By S.

1 Don't practise with the others because they probably play better than you do. Instead of playing, criticise the work of others, and tell them how swift your brother is, and what a good team you played on two or three years ago, and how you wish you could afford to buy skates, boots, etc, etc, and play on the team.

2 Don't miss an opportunity of airing your knowledge of the finer points of the game. Scatter broadcast such tips as these:—

(a) Forwards should bat the puck

as far ahead of them as possible. This will save them the bother of keeping their sticks on the rubber, and the umpire will not have the trouble of raising his hand.

(b) Never pass the puck to one of the other forwards; do all the scoring yourself.

(c) Always run on your toes; if you slide along on your skates you will round the edges, and then you will have to waste good money getting them sharpened.

(d) When you make a good play (i. e. when you get within ten feet of the puck, or when it hits you or your stick) look round the rink and see if the ladies notice how well you are doing.

(e) If you get a chance, stand your opponent on his head on the ice, taking particular care that the referee is not looking. (N. B. This is the famous "grand stand" play, so popular among certain classes of spectators and players.)

(f) Take as the motto of your team this beautiful and appropriate sentiment:—"Win, or Kill."

Whitely Exercisers have become quite popular among the men, and they adorn the walls of several students' rooms. And not only do they adorn the walls; they are regularly and assiduously used by their owners to develop the places where the muscles ought to be. What a Hercules Pl-s-k-t would become, if he would only use one of these exercisers reg-

had to make the best of it, and the men are getting into better shape. The men who have shown up best so far are Messrs. Read, Bray, Ward, and Gordon, for the back division, and, for the forward line, Messrs. Findlay, Roy, Shewen, Weagant, and Cowling. Others whose praiseworthy efforts deserve honourable mention, are Messrs. Vibert (point), Searmen (c. point), Plaskett, Baker, and Spencer (forwards.)

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ularly for a few years!

Last term the President of the Racquet Club, Mr. G. O. Smith, B. A., offered a box of cigars as a prize for the winner of a handicap tournament. The closest and most scientific contests were those between the "scratch" men, viz., Messrs. Wuitele,

Roy, Shewen, Cowling, and Ward. Mr. Ward met and defeated each of these in turn, and finally won the championship and covered himself with glory, and, what is more to the point, received the 'smokes', so generously offered by Mr. Smith, and so zealously worked for by the members of the club.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It is unfortunate that the new term, the first of the year and the century, should have commenced so inauspiciously in some ways. It is true that School prospects are as bright as or brighter than they have ever been: that our numbers are up to those of last year, and that the Hockey outlook would seem to be exceptionally promising. But "Grippe" that fell disease which respects no one, has laid its comprehensive—no I must avoid a pun and say, grasp upon us, and has interfered very much with the regular course of the work. Since the beginning of the term more than forty boys have passed through the sick-room, and the masters also have not been exempt.

PROSPECTS FOR HOCKEY.

Hockey began almost two weeks ago, and already schedules have been made out for the three different crease's practices in the new Minto Rink

As there are but two of last

year's first team men back, the captain and goal-keeper, all those fortunate enough to have their names enrolled on the first crease, are working hard for the coveted positions.

Although we miss Rex Meredith from the wing, with Pillow as Captain and a competent committee composed of Stevenson, Robinson 11 and the captain, a very good team should be turned out to defeat, if possible, the different teams that we may meet.

Unfortunately, we have not been able to enter the interschool league in Montreal, owing to the necessity of our playing six matches in Montreal, which would be impossible. Nevertheless we hope to "have a crack" at the High School and also Abingdon.

Our first scheduled game was played and won at Angus by the Junior team, the score standing 5 to 2 at the end of the game, while all are looking forward to our first team

game with the college on February the sixth. Here as in the rest of the matches we shall sorely miss Meredith's able help.

ANGUS VS B. C. SCHOOL.

We opened our hockey seasons this year rather successfully by our second team defeating Angus in the junior on E. T. League on their own ice by the score of 5 to 2.

The match started off with a rush on the part of Angus but did not last long. The School soon had the puck in Angus territory but were unable to score; Angus broke loose and after a scramble around B. C. S. goal E. Parsons succeeded in scoring the first goal after twelve minutes play. Play now got pretty rough and some bad tumbles were given and taken by both sides. Just a half minute before half time Greenshields by a beautiful side shot evened up the score. After the usual rest play was resumed and the school scored two goals in quick succession but as they were disputed some time was wasted, but both goals were allowed and on starting play again the School scored two more. About four minutes before time was up Ball broke one of his skates and had to retire. Learmouth going off to even up. The Angus team played with renewed energy after the little rest and succeeded in adding one more goal to their credit leaving the score at the call of time 5 to 2 in favor of B. C. S. For the School Molson,

Pope, and Ball did very good work while Johnson and H. Parsons were very effective for their team. Mr. A. Cowling of Bishop's College Hockey Team made a very effective referee. After the game Angus treated us to an oyster supper.

Angus		B. C. S. Juniors
Gorham	goal	W. Robinson (capt.)
Johnston	Point	Molson
Learmouth	C. Point	Pope
H. Parsons	Forward	Ball
E. Parsons	"	Davison
Arnott	"	Telfer
Goulain	"	C. Greenshields

The School pin which has been designed and made by Birks of Montreal is now ready. It is extremely good and appropriate, and supplies a need that was really felt. We are very grateful to Mr. Cochrane for the trouble he took in the matter.

By the way is it true that we are going to have some of the old name plates that were destroyed in the fire, replaced, only in more conspicuous form. It would be a great benefit to the School if this were done, and would be a great incentive to the *Esprit de corps* which plays so important a part in the life of a big School. Many suggestions, have been made we believe, some of which are extremely good.

There is a new and important addition to the School staff this year. Grumps, who, by the departure of his last guardian, has been bereft of a master has come to stop in the

School premises, where he is now enjoying a life of cultured ease and elegance. When asked his opinion as to his new surroundings he is reported to have expressed complete satisfaction: though lack of exercise in the morning he says, is rather trying.

The cricket officers for the coming season were elected a short time ago they are as follows

Secretary	W. Bazett, Esq.
Capt.	Robinson
Pillow	
Molson	Committee
Stevenson	

It is early days to be talking of cricket, so we will postpone till the next number any comments on the years prospects.

Wild animals I have known.

Having made a careful study of wild animals, their habits and mode of living, I propose to put down what I have learned. To study the true character of an animal he must be seen in his own haunts.

Pillorius—This animal is very rare; this being the only known specimen. He has a brownish coat, not unlike the coon, and a yellowish white plume on the top of his head. A funny thing about this animal is that he goes south in summer and comes north again in winter. He is being tamed and used as a pet by the gentler sex.

Longus Norrierius; one of the rarest animals known. His habits are so irregular that it is hard to study his true character. He resembles the Kangaroo in both movements and form except that he has not got a tail. His fur is't nearly so soft or valuable as that of the *Pillorius*. It has been found that he is untamable.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

- THAT the term has begun again.
- THAT grippe is very prevalent.
- THAT it is unpleasant, but
- THAT some people have found it very agreeable.
- THAT A—h—re found the climate of New York quite cool in winter.
- THAT this is not surprising for she must have heard.
- THAT P—ll—w had a *royal* time in Montreal.
- THAT he likes Sherbrooke and Lennoxville so much.
- THAT he can't keep away from them even in the holidays.
- THAT of course *the* Club has to meet regularly; but
- THAT Hockey has recently prevented several pressing engagements.
- THAT this prevents a *waist* of time.
- THAT lately there have been many happenings.

Our tame correspondent.

JNO. O. DUNCAN.

SHERBROOKE.

Begs to announce the arrival of the Autumn Hat made by Tress & Co., London. We show them in two colors—Black and Virginia Brown.

Our Tailoring Department is at all times prepared to quote prices for any style of garment made in first class goods.

Jno. O. Duncan

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THE MITRE.

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* * * **Skeletons etc.**

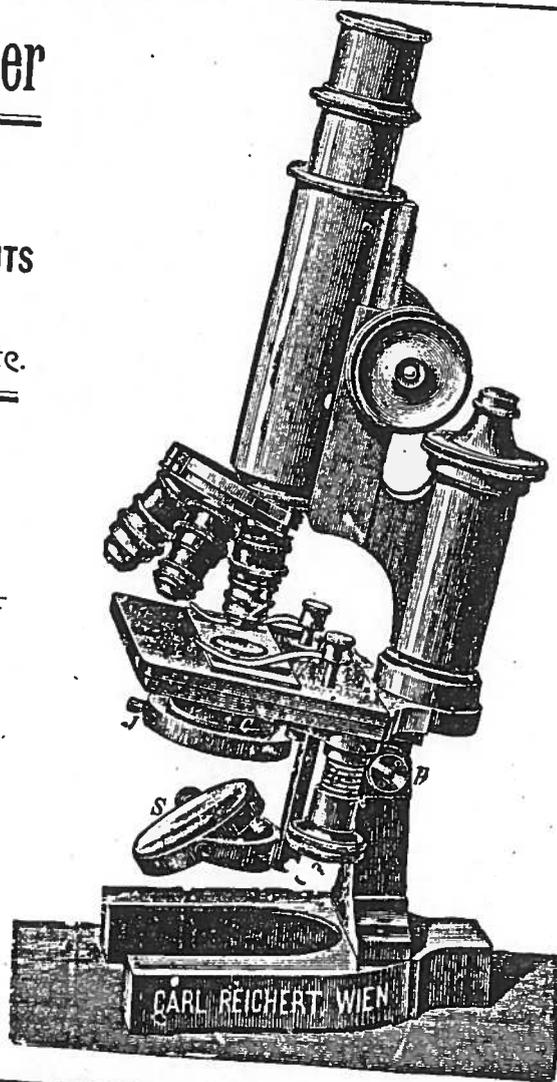
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