

THE MITRE

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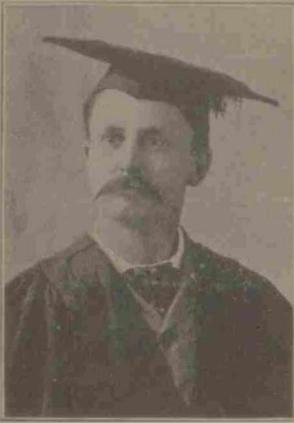
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Concerning Charles Dickens and His Work.

Three essayists have selected Charles Dickens, as their subject in recent magazines. Of these three, one is the younger daughter of the great novelist himself, who writes in the *Magazine of Art*, the others are Mr. Andrew Lang, whose article appears in the new "*Booklover's Magazine*," and Mrs. Alice Meynell who contributes her opinions to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The first writer comments on the fact that in all the numerous volumes which contain her father's writings, never once has he introduced an artist as one of his important leading characters. Henry Gowan in "*Little Dorrit*" the amateur artist, and Miss LaGreedy, the quaint little painter of miniatures in "*Nicholas Nickleby*," are not exceptions to this statement, because they occupy subordinate positions, and apart from them not another artist is presented to us in his novels.

And yet Dickens was an authority on art, and a lover both of art and of artists, who numbered many of the latter among his most intimate friends. Why then did he pass them over in this way? is a natural question to which a probable, and certainly an interesting explanation which may serve as the answer, is not far to seek. For while this immortal writer was truly enough both a lover of art and of artists, he was yet a far greater lover of Nature, against which he thought many artists had sinned, either from want of reverence for their art, or from want of knowledge. Again he condemned the extravagant praise lavished indiscriminately on pictures in Italy or Rome, simply because they happened to be in Italy or Rome, and which was often utterly regardless of their merits. But there is also another consideration. Dickens had an "excessive realism of mental vision" which often warped his judgement. He always *saw* what he heard, or read, or thought about, and when pictures of historical, or biblical, or romantic interest were shown to him in different forms from those in which they had presented themselves to his mind, painted by men dissimilar in nature and temperament from himself, they appeared to him as misrepresentations and offended him. This, for example, was the case with Millais' "*Carpenter's Shop*". The

subject had presented itself to the mind of the novelist altogether differently, and the picture pained and displeased him. So, without stopping to inquire of himself the real reason of his dislike, he wrote an exceedingly harsh and hasty criticism upon the picture, which he afterwards regretted having published. Millais however was magnanimous and this very incident brought about a life long friendship between the artist and his critic.

Mr. Lang tells us that one *practical* reason for reading Dickens is that, next to Shakespeare, Dickens supplies most of the current quotations, allusions, and illustrations in the language. His characters are all alive and we may hope all immortal, and not to know them is to be grossly ignorant and unfortunate. At the same time, Mr. Lang holds that Dickens is too fond of death-bed scenes, too fond of making us cry, defects which arose from hurry when the novelist was entangled in the meshes of unlucky literary engagements.

As for Mrs. Meynell, she considers Dickens to be a magnificent stylist, very much a craftsman with a love of his *metier* and a genius for words which the habitual indifference of his time could not quench, but she thinks that his splendid sense of word soften causes him to exaggerate, as for instance at little Paul's death where such phrases as "light about the head," "shining on me as I go" are phrases which no child ever uttered. At least, so Mrs. Meynell thinks, and she is quite shocked in consequence. Whether she has had such wide experience with children, that she is justified in including them all in "one fell swoop," is another question. One thing is certain. The vast majority of those who read the works of this immortal genius would not wish one word to be changed, and prefer his writings to be exactly as they are, rather than what any critic who fails to realize that the scenes and characters of Charles Dickens have a wisdom of their own, would make them. W. T. W.

JOHN O. DUNCAN,

Merchant Tailor

Outfitter to men

Wellington St.

Sherbrooke, Que.

and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See—my hand is at my feet and I am the slave of thy servant. The Editor.”

Saturday Evening Post.

Athletics.

Winter is past, and with it fades away the remembrances of hockey. Spring is with us and the lover of sport turns his mind to the cricket nets, the baseball diamond and the tennis court. It is not wise probably to predict what is going to be done this term, but nevertheless for the benefit of our readers a word must be said. Last year it was found necessary to drop baseball owing to a scarcity of playres, but S. C. Kennedy our energetic captain, is putting forward every effort and if enthusiasm counts for anything we may be able to place a very creditable team on the diamond.

The choice of captain for the cricket team has been a wise one and there is no doubt but that Mr. Miall,— with the good material at his disposal, will be able to place a winning team on the field. Of last year's team, Prof. Dunn, Messers Carroll, Plaskett, Findlay, Read, Kennedy, Iveson, Fletcher and Miall, are back and with the addition of Mr. Hamilton, who played on the College team several years ago and S. R. Walters, captain of last years school team, along with A. Bonelli and several other promising candidates competition for positions will be keen, and it is to be hoped that all will do their best and endeavor to make the season as successful as possible.

School Notes.

THE NEW HEADMASTER.

QUEBEC DIOCESAN GAZETTE.

On Tuesday, the 20th ultimo, the Corporation of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, with the advice of the

Bishop's College School Association, elected to the position of Headmaster of Bishop's College School, the Rev. Edward John Bidwell, M. A., Oxon, Headmaster of the King's School, Peterboro, England, *i. e.*, the Cathedral Grammar School.

There were more than forty applications, six from men in Canada, the remainder from England. Of the English applications a great many were investigated by two Public School Headmasters of high reputation and seven were interviewed by them. Of these seven each of these two Headmasters wrote down, apart from the other, the three he preferred, placing them in their order, and when they compared notes, the results were identical! Hence these three were highly recommended to the Committee appointed to investigate the matter, and after very careful consideration, and after comparing the English reports with the Canadian lists, the Corporation with the advice of the Directors of the School appointed Mr. Bidwell.

The Rev. E. J. Bidwell was educated at Bradfield College, Berks, England, where he held an open Foundation Scholarship, became Senior Prefect and Head of the School. In 1885 he was elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and in due course he obtained a second class in classical honors both in Mods and Greats. Since taking his degree in 1889 and being ordained he has been entirely engaged in public school work, first at Leamington College as Second Master, and afterwards and until the present day as Headmaster of his present school. At Leamington he taught the classics of the sixth form, and at the same time organized and took charge of a new preparatory Department, receiving the Junior Boys into his House. This Department, under his care, grew rapidly and was when he left to be Headmaster of Peterboro in a flourishing condition. At Peterboro, when he took charge of the school, there were only forty boys. In less than two years the school grew to ninety, and this number, which is a high one considering the scope of the locality, has been maintained ever since.

Mr. Bidwell took Holy Orders with a view to better fulfilling his duties towards his pupils, and at Leamington College he

One of the main features of the College is the library. At present it is only an apartment of the Arts Building, and the steadily increasing number of books renders the accomodation there less and less adequate. The present excellent system of catalogning the books has rendered them more accessible, and for this great improvement we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Parrock, the Deputy Librarian. While the situation for the proposed new Library is not yet settled, a suggestion will not be amiss. We feel that the buildings of the College are rather crowded together, and consequently they do not show to the best advantage. If the new Library were built upon the rising ground beyond the Divinity House, it would not only occupy a commanding position, but the appearance of the whole group of buildings would be greatly enhanced. Another great advantage in thus separating the Library by some little distance from the main building, would be the reduction to a minimum of the danger of loss by fire.

In a letter recently received from the Rev. F. G. LeGallais, B. A., he states that in delivery of mail in January, he received forty letters, while his confrere, the Rev. J. G. Ward, B. A., received fifty! The V. P. usually comes out on top! Letters to the above named gentlemen should be addressed to Mutton Bay, Labrador, for in spite of the fact that it took them six hours to wade through the last assortment, they are still, like Oliver Twist, asking for more!

Brave Love.

Mary Kyle Dallas.

He'd nothing but his violin
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue,
And summer days were long,
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries
Or slept among the hay;
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play.

The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear.

Saturday Evening Post.

Not Declined for Lack of Merit.

China is the only country in the world where editors give a thoroughly satisfactory reason for the return of Manuscript. Here is a sample letter, sent by a Peking editor to a would-be contributor to his journal:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon!" Look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

"We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we have read it and we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion

The Rev. A. H. Wurtele, B. A. (Arts'97) is taking a post-graduate course in Divinity at the General Theological Seminary, New York. He is also taking lectures in Columbia University, and expects to take his M. A. degree there this Spring.

The *Mitre* recently received a letter from Mr. R. D. Thompson, B. A. (Arts '00) who is engaged in literary work on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. We quote from his letter—"I hope enough of us can manage to accept your cricket challenge and put it all over you for old time's sake. Wishing the *Mitre* and dear old Bishop's every success——". We hope that many of our alumni may be fired with some of Mr. Thompson's enthusiasm, and that a large number, may be present in June, from which a winning team may be picked.

Another of our graduates residing in England has again brought up the question of the M. A. hood, which unfortunately so closely resembles the Oxford M. A. hood that it is quite impossible to distinguish between them! This state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. At present no Master of Arts of Bishop's College can wear his hood in England without appearing (to the eyes of Englishmen) to be wearing an Oxford M. A. hood under false pretences. And yet this goes on year after year uncorrected. We trust that this year the matter will receive from Convocation the attention it deserves.

If we may be permitted to make a suggestion, might not a hood of the same shape lined with purple silk and with a border of white silk, be authorized as an *alternative* for the present M. A. hood? But a change to any colour of the rainbow or combination of colours would be a relief from the present state of affairs.

The Rev. H. F. Hamilton, M. A., has been giving a most interesting series of Lenten Lectures on "The Acts of the Apostles" in the Church of the Advent, East Sherbrooke.

Mr. R. A. Cowling, B. A., (Arts '00) who is at present engaged in mission work on the Magdalen Islands returns to Len-

noxville for his ordination to the Diaconate in May. His friends at Lennoxville will all be glad to welcome him back.

The Rev. J. G. Ward, B. A., (Arts'00) writes that he is greatly interested in his work on the Labrador coast. We hope that he also may be here for Convocation.

The Rev. E. H. Croly, B. A., (Arts' 99) is Incumbent of Mansonville, Que., where he has recently completed the building of a new church.

Divinity Notes.

On Thursday night, March 12th, the Rev. W. B. Heeney, B. A., travelling Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in Canada, visited Bishop's College and delivered a most interesting and impressive address on brotherhood work, to the students and Professors.

Rev. Mr. Heeney has a most attractive and winning manner in his personal contact with men, and his address was a clean cut outline of the work for which St. Andrew's Brotherhood stands, delivered in an eloquent and persuasive manner.

The men will always gladly welcome Mr. Heeney, when ever he can come to us.

The College enjoyed a visit, last month from the Rev. Archdeacon Seymour of Portland, Me., who was the guest of the Principal at the Lodge.

On the evening of March 20th. at Compline, in the Chapel, he delivered a very helpful and scholarly address on the danger of exalting individualism at the expense of individuality. His text was Gallations 11—20.

Why the invidious distinction between the rooms of the Arts Building and the Divinity House? The walls of the former have just been made attractive by new paper—why does not some good Samaritan come over and do likewise to the rooms of the Divinity house?

ed the course, nor stopped when several horsemen passed him, but dashed on under their feet and won his freedom at the entrance to the swamp. It was accorded him with a "hurrah." He had shown a gallant race between himself and the field of steeds, and had caused a race between the riders against each other. Every one was after the rabbit, but the Kentucky idea of getting in first in the race was predominant, and was never for a moment forgotten.

Some amusing incidents are noted as they always are in a party out for sport. I recall once jumping the game and joining the crowd in the yell, "Here he goes! Here he goes! Here he goes!" until it seemed as if it echoed from a thousand throats, when one of the brightest, prettiest young girls dashed to the front on a splendid thorough-bred. Just as there was a lull in the noise and the rabbit had disappeared in the bushes, she asked in the sweetest, most excited but disappointed tone, "Where he goes?" The fact was, there was a cave hid under the bushes and the rabbit had known it,— the hunters had not.

We succeeded in bagging forty-nine rabbits by sundown; and then set out for home. It is curious to notice the difference in the ride *toward* the hunting field when the game was rabbits, and the ride homeward in the twilight, under the stars, when Kentucky beauty suggested thoughts of other game. The trip *out* for hunting was all spirit and dash and vigor— each rider for himself, the men however, always careful of those courtesies toward the fair, which is instinctive; and the woman thoroughly imbued with the idea that she rode best who rode fastest;—but on the ride home the game to be hunted is caught after a different fashion. The same road over which ten riders had ridden abreast in the morning was now only wide enough for two.

The horses needed a rest, and they got it in the leisurly walk the riders permitted. Nobody thought of going home in a gallop, though every one knew a late arrival would cause a frown on parental brows. But then there is always the satisfactory explanation. "We came home late on purpose because, after nine o'clock, you know, the toll-gate keeper is asleep and so we had the benefit of a free ride over the homeward route."

J. Henning Nelms.

Alumni Notes.

The death of the Rev. Philip Read, M. A., formerly Head master of Bishop's College School and Professor of Classics in Bishop's College, will cause deep regret to those Alumni who were at Lennoxville in his time. Mr. Read was one of the most brilliant classical scholars Canada has ever known, and by his teaching at Lennoxville he has left his impress upon the learning of this country to-day. He became Head master of Bishop's College School in 1877 and Professor of Classics in Bishop's College in 1880. Dr. Petry, was senior prefect under him when in the School and subsequently studied classics under him upon entering the College. Mr. Read was a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford. He entered into rest on January 22nd at Dunscur, Bolton, England.

Bishop's University was well represented at the meeting of the Teachers' Association held in Sherbrooke on Friday, March 20th. Principal Whitney gave an extremely interesting address on the "Historical Geography of Germany," for which he was warmly thanked.

Mr. W. E. Enright, B. A., (Arts '99) the Principal of Cookshire Academy, read a paper on "Centralization of Schools" and Mr. J. H. Keller, B. A. (Arts '97) Principal of Sherbrooke Academy, also addressed the meeting.

Mr. Keller, we regret to note, has resigned from the position of Principal of the Sherbrooke Academy, which he has held for the past nine years. He has decided to enter the insurance business, and may possibly go to China in the fall. "His departure will not only be a loss to Sherbrooke but to the province as well, Mr. Keller being recognized as one of the most efficient principals of high schools of the province." He took a keen interest in our Alumni Association and frequently attended its meetings.

sonal lives! If the specialists, the guides, do not know the way, what dire confusion must result!

Your sanctification is a matter of primary importance; Your personal life of daily prayer, meditation and communion with God are of the highest moment. It is your duty to have personal knowledge of the paths which lead the human soul to the presence of God Almighty. Here perhaps, more than any where is there a need for daily unostentatious self-sanctification.

All who try to live a life of deep devotion and constant communion have to face at least one great difficulty, it is the thought that perhaps, all one's struggles and efforts are unnecessary. Others get on very well on a lower spiritual level, and seem to be none the worse, why should I be singled out to tread a more difficult road?

Let me ask you to consider this fact. Religion always has been and always must be a matter of perpetual interest to the human race. This interest has not lost any of its force at the present day. But what men are utterly weary of in religion, is superficiality. They must have a religion which is real and genuine, or none at all. Anything in the nature of cant or hypocrisy, simply disgusts men with religion.

When the way seems long and hard and progress in self sanctification very slow, remember that it is *for their sakes* you are sanctifying yourself. It is just that daily unseen struggle in your own heart, which will make your religion real to yourself. To go on day by day, wherever you may be and whatever you may be doing, trying to realize the existence of God and to live us in His presence, is to build the love of God into your character and make it a permanent force in your life. You will then be able to make it real to others. For when religion comes upon the world in its fresh genuine simplicity, backed by those to whom it is as the very breath they draw, the inspiration of all their life, men cannot help being drawn towards it. Hypocrisy will break the force of any argument no matter how well aimed, but earnest reality is itself an argument stronger than the thick

spun web of unbelief. No one can say how much you, with all of life before you, may effect if you give of yourselves to it. "For their sakes, I sanctify myself." It is the Christian ideal of life, self-education and self-sanctification for the benefit of others, to educate all one's powers and faculties to the highest pitch of efficiency, from a genuinely unselfish motive.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." I do not know why we always interpret this passage as meaning, "Give money." Why should it not mean "give your life, your self." Not your worthless self as it is at present, but that self which still lies in the future, that which you may make yourself to be, that which you may become, by self sanctification and consecration. It is your whole self sanctified, consecrated, and educated, to the highest point of efficiency which is wanted.

Begin each day, then, with this thought. "For their sakes, I sanctify myself" and live it in the very best way possible.

The Voice of Spring.

The voice of Spring comes softly from the field,
 Among the flowers the hum of wand'ring bees,
 And sighs of sweet contentment 'mong the trees,
 The babble of the brook but late revealed,
 The peep of distant newt in pond concealed,
 And ploughman guiding horse with many "Gees,"
 The vesper song of birds, sweet melodies,
 As day sinks down beneath a crimson shield.
 Then in the twilight dim from highest pine
 Flutelike but low the benediction clear,
 From feathered friend of ev'ry pioneer
 SWEET, SWEET, CANADA, CANADA! Divine
 God's ways our hearts to love of land incline.
 How full they beat in Spring-time of the year.

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

to choose from, and perhaps the competitor submitting the best essay might be invited to give a course of lectures at the College in his special subject, thus introducing, however modestly at first, a system like that of the famous Bampton Lectures.

If however it was thought that, by this scheme, the number of essays submitted would be so large as to make the examination of them impossible by the provided judges, the competition might at first be restricted to the clergy of the diocese who are graduates of this University.

Who can say what might not grow out of such a movement or how far reaching and important its results might not be? There can be little doubt that it would ultimately advance the interests both of the University and of her graduates. It would deepen the interest of the latter in their Alma Mater. It would stimulate and encourage systematic and profitable reading and research, and the most valuable results of the study and research of an army of scholars would be preserved for the good of others, and would at the same time reflect honour upon our Institution and upon all concerned. The prize essay of each year might well be copyrighted and printed in a special number of the *Mitre*, and a record of the prizemen kept in the College calendar. We hope that the Alumni Association will take up this matter and see what can be done with regard to it, at their next meeting.

The suggestions made the Rev. Mr. King, in his letter in the March number of the *Mitre*, are well worthy of consideration, and, we trust will not be ineffectual in the important cause they advocate. We hope to say something further on the subject later, but in the meantime we have no doubt that the Debating Society will resume the time honoured name it formerly possessed, as he rightly advises.



THE UNIVERSITY PULPIT.

Sermon preached in the College Chapel by the
Rev. Harold F. Hamilton, M. A. (Oxon) Lecturer in Classics and Moral Philosophy.

"For their sakes, I sanctify myself." John XVII, 19.

When one reads the Life of Our Lord in the Gospels, one comes across a number of passages about giving. "Give and it shall be given unto thee." "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Give to him that asketh and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

In the face of exhortations such as these, it is with some surprise that one comes to realize that we never hear of Jesus Christ giving money to the poor.

The explanation seems to be this. There are, to put the matter briefly, two methods of charity. One is, to sit in an office and write out a cheque. The other is, to go out into the dusty street and offer one's own personal service. Our Lord gave no money to the poor, but He gave what was far higher and better, He gave Himself. Nothing was withheld, His whole Self, His life and death were given freely and entirely, for men.

"For their sakes, I sanctify myself."

It is of self-sanctification for the sake of others, that I propose to speak.

There is one great need in this country. It is of men who have some strength of character, some healthy moral backbone. We are far too familiar with the idea of corruption in politics; we are not surprised to hear of it in any sphere of government, municipal, provincial or federal. There is a great need of men who are prepared to stand up for what they know to be right, men who have the courage of their convictions and the force of character to carry them through.

Above all, we need men who are ready to educate and train themselves for this very purpose. We need as our political leaders, those who have purposely fitted themselves for the work from a motive of genuine patriotism, men who have sanctified their lives for the sake of their country.

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No. 6

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Editorials.

The sermon in this issue has been printed at the urgent request of many who had the pleasure of listening to it in the Chapel. We only wish that we could reproduce at the same time the power and earnestness with which it was delivered.

It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the bonds already existing between this College and its Alumni, may be strengthened still more by some such method as we are now about to suggest, *viz*, the founding of suitable prizes to be given annually for the best essays on appointed subjects, and open to all the Alumni. The numbers of these prizes given each year would, of course, depend upon the funds subscribed for the purpose, the candidates would be allowed a fairly wide range of subjects