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Editorials.

The loss caused to this University by the death of the Rev. Canon Scarth, D. C. L., Professor of History and Rector of Lennoxville, is one that will be deeply felt by all connected with the Institution. One of the last links connecting us with the beginnings of College life in this place has been broken.

The kindly presence of Dr. Scarth will be keenly missed, for his ripe experience of life spent in one sphere of activity was of the utmost value to students, and he was ever ready to give helpful and valued advice to those under his care. With the students he was always a favorite, and his intercourse with them in classroom and out of it was ever marked with the greatest kindness and consideration. Dr. Whitney, in his splendid sermon on the Sunday following the funeral said, that Dr. Scarth was never tempted into impatience of judgment, but that the first and latest impression he gave was kindness of disposition.
His true and unbounded kindness had grown with his life. His forty-five years of work in one place showed that he built upon sure foundations, and by the patient test of that which endures his work is to be judged.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man."

A sketch of his life will be found in this issue, kindly written for The Mitre by the Venerable Archdeacon Roe, whose connection with Dr. Scarth, from the very beginning of his student life here and throughout his after clerical and teaching career, was of the closest.

The letter from Mr. R. L. Holme, M.A., on advertising the University which appears elsewhere in this issue, contains some very good suggestions, and merits careful reading and consideration by past and present students. Mr. Holme writes from the point of view of a member of the Staff conjoined with later experience on the Montreal Gazette and in the advertising department of the C. P. R. He emphasizes the part to be played by graduates and present students, and calls attention to a habit common in his day, and supposedly common now, which he claims is detrimental to the best interests of the University. He refers to the "unpleasant habit" of grumbling.

We cannot plead "not guilty" to the whole of his indictment, but we would say there are extenuating circumstances. The habit is now, we believe, in a minimum form. As Mr. Holme points out there is no Institution that is perfect, and so also, we are convinced no body of students is entirely free from this habit. Were that the case everyone would rest contented on their cars, and all future progress would halt. An honest and healthy dissatisfaction with a present state of affairs is the only sure guarantee of future advancement.

Speaking for ourselves and to put it plainly we want more students. The College needs them, and they need the teaching, the association and thought of the common life which Bishop's gives. A large crowd will not in itself, of course, make
a true university, but it will go a long way towards making the student societies and athletics flourish, and they are no mean part of University life. Then too it will bring an increased revenue, and that will justify expansion and increase of our courses. More students mean more people interested in our University, more young men (and women) benefitted by her teaching, a larger element of the special training which colleges like Bishop's can give introduced into Canadian life and helping to mould public opinion along true channels. Perhaps the reason why political life is so pure in England as compared with the States and Canada is because of the greater proportion of College graduates in Parliament and public life. Canadian statesmen, public men, merchants and even farmers need a College training to give them a broader outlook upon life, to endow them for life's battles and to enable them to enjoy life in a true sense. It is because of these things and because we feel that Bishop's is well fitted to give such training, and gives it to so few compared to the many whom she might instruct, and for which her position in the Eastern Townships, her past record and her present equipment entitle her, that some of the grumbling is caused. It is from this dissatisfaction that the present discussion has arisen, and we trust that from a calm discussion of these needs a way will be opened up to carry out the decisions that may be arrived at, which will enable the ideal we have outlined above to be attained—a College large in numbers, large in influence and large in shaping true and thoroughly its students for the needs and duties of life; a College the centre and light of the higher education of the district, a College that will take its right place as a true equal with the other educational centres of the Dominion.

The Government of Dependencies by a Democracy.
(BEING THE MACKIE PRIZE ESSAY FOR JUNE 1903.)
CONTINUED.

III. ROME AND HER DEPENDENCIES.

The Roman state, by its conquests and encroachments, gradually acquired an immense system of dependencies. With
Athens, the acquisition of her dependencies had been the outcome of a gradual change through the force of circumstances, and it was thus bound up with the history of an extensive period; but with Rome it was the result of decisive actions with a clear motive in view, promoting conquest. So it is not my intention in this essay to enter into the history of these conquests, but only to indicate the nature of the dependencies, and the manner in which they were governed by the sovereign power.

The Roman dependencies fall into two great classes, those in Italy and those outside of Italy. With the exception of Rome and the immediate district lying around it, the whole of Italy was gradually absorbed into the dominions of the Roman Republic, and formed into dependencies. One portion of these independent states, being reduced and incorporated into the commonwealth of Rome under different conditions, obtained the name of municipia. These were at one time independent city communities, which were admitted by Rome to a greater or less participation in the rights of Roman citizenship, but which, even after their incorporation with the Roman Republic, retained their own distinct city organization, political divisions, magistrates, their own legislative assemblies, laws and judicatories, limited only by their not being or doing anything inconsistent with their dependence on the Roman government. Their own inhabitants were not molested, nor the existing property rights interfered with for the benefit of Roman citizens. They were subject to the general control of Rome; and their government which had been originally supreme in an independent state became the subordinate government of a dependency.

The other class of Roman dependencies in Italy consisted of Coloniae. These were settlements of Roman citizens in Italy, who occupied a conquered town, dividing the whole, or a large part of the appropriated land among themselves, and becoming the coloni or cultivators of it. The word colonia derived through colonus from colo means a cultivator, so that colonia implied the idea of cultivation, just as our modern word plantation signifies both a farm and a settlement.
There were four stages of the Roman colonies. First the old military colonies,—coloniae civeium Romanorum—which were garrisons of Roman citizens placed in the conquered towns of Italy, the colonists retaining their full rights as Roman citizens. Then the Latin colonies in which the incoming Romans amalgamated with the Latin or Italian community, forming a colonia of the Roman state, but not possessing the full rights of Roman citizens. Thirdly the colonies of the time of the Grachi, which were not military in their origin, but were connected with the Agrarian laws, and were established for the purpose of drawing off the surplus population from Rome. This third stage constituted the first attempt of Rome at transmarine colonization. The last stage includes the later military colonies, which were established by the great Roman generals such as Caesar and Pompey, as a means of rewarding their officers and soldiers. Maine in his ancient law says that one class of the coloni afterwards developed into the métayé-tenantry.*

In the colonia a subordinate government was established which appears to have differed essentially from that of the municipium.

The colonia and the municipium were dependencies subject to a common superior, so that their constitutional law—jus publicum would naturally be very similar. On the other hand, the municipium was originally an independent state, and the colonia a settlement of Roman citizens, rendering a wide diversity in the nature of the civil law or—jus privatum. In the former case it would correspond to the ancient customs of the original independent state, and in the latter to the Roman system of jurisprudence.

The wide difference between the Roman colony and the Grecian colony is thus made apparent. Adam Smith in his Wealth of Nations illustrates the difference very happily by saying that colonia signifies simply a plantation while apoikia implies a going out from home.* The Grecian colonies were independent from the very beginning, and it was never intended that they should increase the power of the mother state by enlarging her dominions. On the other hand the Roman colonies

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*Maina's Ancient Law. Ch. viii

*Wealth of Nations. Ch. vii part 1
were sent out by the state and established in existing towns, whose citizens were reduced to slavery and deprived of their lands; the state all the while keeping in view the confirming and extending of the Roman influence. Moreover instead of being independent of the parent state, they were entirely dependent upon it. Their political rights were limited, though perhaps more favored than those dependencies acquired by treaty or conquest. In fact the Roman colonies were in their origin, little more than garrisons in conquered fortified places, where land was allotted to the soldier by way of pay and provisions. The only establishments of Greece that resembled the Roman colony were the Kleruchim, of which an account has already been given.

The Roman plan of military colonization has been copied to a great extent by modern nations. We find England establishing military colonies, both of the first and fourth class which I have described above, in her various attempts at colonization. Military settlements were established in Western Australia and in New Zealand, which were for the most part pensioners under their own officers, subject to the mutiny act and liable to be called out to do military service. These settlements gradually lost their special character and were absorbed into the general community. The plan of encouraging soldiers to go out as ordinary colonists has often been tried especially in Canada. Until very lately, under the military and naval settlers act of 1863, military and naval officers of seven years service and upwards, might acquire free grants of land in certain districts of British Columbia and the Canadian North West. The general experience has been that soldiers as agricultural colonists have proved a failure. One writer speaking of the island of Jamaica as being settled with an army of Cromwell's soldiers says, "the early training of soldiers, under which they simply obey orders, have their supplies regularly provided for them, and always live in company, ill suits them for the lonelier and more self-dependent lives of agricultural colonists; they are apt to drift back into the towns, and they usually go out at a later age than is suitable for men who mean to cut out a new life in a new country. "We must not forget
that the ancient city commonwealth implied slavery and that this
together with the fact of their being established as garrisons in
towns rather than in the country, and that too in a country in
in which militarism was the predominant idea, largely contribu-
ted to their success.

The Roman dependencies outside of Italy were styled
provinciâe. They were originally independent states, which,
having been conquered by Rome were reduced to provinces sub-
ordinate to her supreme government. The rules determining
this condition were various, and seem to have but one thing in
common, the placing of them all under the direct control of a
resident governor. These provincial governors were first called
praetores, but afterwards pro-consuls, and the authority delegated
to them extended over all the civil and military affairs in the
province.

The appointment of the provincial governors under the
Roman Democracy, and the regulations relating to their tenure
of office, powers, and rank, are the only part of the provincial
laws of Rome which were common to all the provinces. In other
respects the subordinate governments were very unlike each other
in their character; and this is explained by the unwillingness of
Rome to meddle any further in their internal affairs than was
absolutely necessary to reduce them to a complete state of sub-
jection. The conduct of Gallio described in the Acts of the
Apostles is so characteristic of the feelings of the Romans in this
respect that I cannot help quoting the passage, although it is so
well known. “But when Gallio, was pro-consul of Achaia, the
Jews with one accord rose up against Paul and brought him before
the judgment seat, saying, this man persuadeth men to worship
God contrary to the law. But when Paul was about to open his
mouth, Gallio said unto the Jews. If indeed it were a matter
of wrong or of wicked villany, O ye Jews, reason would that I
should bear with you; but if they are questions about words and
names and your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded
to be a judge of these matters. And he drave them from the
judgment seat.”* The Romans, having garrisoned all the im-

*Acts xviii. 12-17. R. V.
important strategic points with Roman soldiers, and collected all
the revenue by means of Roman officials, were content to allow
the ancient religion of the country and the civil law based on
the ancient customs peculiar to the province, to remain undis-
turbed. Accordingly many petty native rulers retained the
dignity, which they enjoyed when the province was an independ-
ent state. Such were the tetrarchs of Judea; and this same
province of Judea, as described in the books of the New Testament,
furnishes a very real description of the manner in which the
customs and usages peculiar to a province were continued after
it had come under the dominant power of Rome.

De Alumnis.

It is with the deepest regret that we refer to the death of
the Rev. Professor Scarth, M. A., D. C. L., which occurred on
Wednesday, March 16. Dr. Scarth's connection with the Uni-
versity stretches back for so many years, that there can be but
few Bishop's men now living who cannot recall him and none of
them who will not regret the loss of his geniality and kindness.
The funeral which took place on the following Friday was attend-
ed by one of the most representative gatherings the Eastern
Townships have ever seen. All the members of the University
resident in Lennoxville were present in Academical costume.
As we laid him in the little cemetery on the side of the hill, with
the snow falling silently and thickly on our uncovered heads, we
sang the hymn "Rock of Ages, cleft for me", and then departed
mourning the loss of one of our best.

Among many others at the funeral, we noticed the following
Alumni, the Chancellor, the Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, the
Venerable the Archdeacon. The Reverends Albert Stevens, A.
H. Robertson, J. Hepburn, G. T. Harding, G. H. A. Murray, A.
J. Balfour, R. C. Tainbs, E. A. W. King, A. H. Moore, G. Pye,

We regret also, to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph
Henry Thompson, Professor of Divinity from '55 to '61, which
occurred at Bath in England. After leaving this University, Mr. Thompson was appointed successively Canon of Montreal, and Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. For the last thirty four years he had been Vicar of Datchet, Berks. Canon Thompson was eighty two years of age at the time of his death.

In consequence of the removal of the Rev. R. W. E. Wright M. A., '87 to Quebec, a vacancy has occurred in the Parish of Drummondville. This will be filled by the Rev. A. W. Dutton M. A., '97, who will be succeeded at Peninsula by the Rev. F. G. LeGallais B. A., '99. The Rev. J. G. Ward B. A., '00 will thus become Senior Priest on the Labrador Coast, and will have as his assistant Mr. A. J. Vibert who is now completing his Divinity Course.

Another of our graduates is removing from the Diocese of Quebec to the city of Montreal, in the person of the Rev. John Almond M. A., '94, well known as the Chaplain to the First Canadian Contingent for South Africa. We have to congratulate Mr. Almond on his appointment as Rector of Trinity Church, Montreal and wish him every blessing in his new work.

The Rev. J. S. Brewer B. A., '98, we understand is leaving St. Matthew's Church Quebec, where he has assisted the Rev. F. G. Scott since 1899, to take charge of the Parish of Valcartier.

We are glad to see the Rev. E. B. Browne B. A., '99 once more in this neighborhood. Mr. Browne has settled down to his work at the Church of the Advent, Sherbrooke, Que.

—in renewing his subscription to the Alumni Association for the current year, Mr. W. M. Gordon B. A., '01, takes occasion to say that he thinks that advertisement is most necessary for the future of the College. Every one in New York has heard of Trinity College, Toronto, but few are familiar with Bishop's.

We have received a letter from our old friend Mr. W. M. Moore B. A., '03, at present Principal of the Cowansville Acad—
emy, in which he makes a most valuable suggestion on the subject of advertising the University. Mr. Moore thinks that there can be no better way of doing so, "than by letting every graduate and student do the very best he can for his Alma Mater."

We notice that out of a staff of seven Assistant Masters at Trinity College School, Port Hope, no less than four are graduates of Bishop’s. They are W. H. Nightingale B. A., ’84, the Rev. W. R. Hibbard B. A., ’95, H. P. Boyle B. A. ’96, and of course, Dr. Petry ’83. We are glad to hear that T. C. S. is flourishing and that Dr. Petry finds himself in congenial surroundings.

The Secretary Treasurer of the Alumni Association begs to acknowledge the receipt of annual subscriptions from the following members—The Bishop of Ottawa, the Bishop of Algoma, the Venerable Archdeacon Roe, the Very Rev. Dean Williams, the Reverends E. N. Burns, A. H. Moore, Canon Mountain, J. R. Norwood, E. A. Dunn, M. O. Smith, M. G. Thompson, I. M. Thompson, A. J. Balfour, F. G. Scott, A. H. Robertson, P. Callis and F. G. Legallais and from Messrs. G. O. Smith, W. F. Roach M. D., W. Moore, W. Gordon, R. Campbell.

Mr. Moore’s letter which appeared in our last issue has been attracting much attention. The Argosy, the publication of Mount Allison University, N. B., refers to it, and urges the adoption of similar suggestions as a means to advertise that Institution. It was noticed in the Montreal Gazette. In the Sherbrooke Record of March 26th, “The Onlooker” after quoting almost in full the substance of the letter, concludes his comment as follows.

“Mr. Moore’s letter deserves a wide reading in the Townships: Whatever may be a man’s chosen calling the value and importance of a college training is recognized more and more. Many young men round about us are unable to go to college in Montreal or elsewhere, but are in a position to take a course in this institution at our doors, and who would do so only for the conceptions pointed out, which Mr. Moore regards as misconcep-
The question of how the College may be best advertised, raised in your last issue by Revd. A. H. Moore, seems to me to have three sides, advertisement by the press, advertisement by the Faculty and advertisement by the students, past and present.

With regard to the first, it is at present being done satisfactorily. There's nothing like leather to the shoemaker, and I believe firmly in the value of as frequent mention in the daily papers as possible. The present weekly letters appearing in the Montreal Gazette are an excellent institution, and the university column in the Saturday edition of the Star should also be taken advantage of, if indeed it is not already. Any occurrence, educational, athletic or social that we can manage to induce long-suffering editors to publish should be written up, and if occasionally they are refused or cut down, the College will only be experiencing the common lot of those who seek free advertisement in the newspapers.

Mr. Moore suggests that good would be done by the social intercourse of the members of the staff with the school-
masters and other people of influence in the Eastern Townships. There seems to be a good deal in the idea, but I would suggest that if any Professor went round he has no need to go empty-handed. To preach for the clergyman on Sunday, or to deliver a popular lecture, if possible illustrated by views, would serve as the introduction every advertiser wants, and much real good might be achieved, both for the College and the people visited, by a little interchange of opinions.

Mr. Moore refers to the popular apprehension of the College as not being altogether desirable. It is not very pleasant to read that anyone is prejudiced against one, but it is really not surprising. Just because Lennoxville stands for certain things it must raise opposition among those who disagree with her, and it is of the utmost importance to show to all and sundry that she is as broad-minded as we all know her to be. A very little tact, a very few quotations of the men of different religious beliefs that hold her degrees will show things in a proper light and this can be best done by personal intercourse.

I am an Englishman myself and am content with the fact, but I have lived in Canada for over eight years. I have worked with Canadians by day and by night for years together, and I have held as typically a Canadian position as it is possible to imagine and I utterly fail to see there is anything in the ideals of Lennoxville that cannot be fitted into Canadian life. In fact if anyone notes the trend of university opinion in the larger centres, they will find that where Lennoxville most markedly differs from other colleges, the residential system and the specialization of the curriculum, the sister seats of learning are trying often with much difficulty to follow her lead.

But after all the homely old proverb, the proof of the pudding is the eating, holds good in educational as well as culinary matters. The fate of Lennoxville rests far more with her Alumni, past and present, than with anyone else. There is no good in advertising anything unless it is worth while. Now I firmly believe that the Lennoxville system ought to, and does turn out better men and as good scholars as any other university. It is rather interesting to note that the proportion of Lennoxville
men, who go for professional courses to other seats of learning, that are elected to undergraduate offices by their colleagues, is distinctly high. It is also a pleasant thing to see that, putting aside those graduates who have arrived at positions of real prominence and responsibility in the world—and they are not few—there are many others who in quieter spheres are doing real, hard work and are gaining for themselves the confidence of their neighbours. These men are the very best advertisement the College could possibly have.

But this is a somewhat indirect method, and as to the direct method I think a little plain speaking would not be amiss. I do not know how things are now, but I know that in my time the undergraduates as a whole had contracted one very unpleasant habit, that is sometimes termed essentially English. They grumbled at everything, and everlastingly held themselves the most ill-used of men. I have had an evening of one of my return visits entirely spoiled by men, otherwise hospitality itself, imagining I had come all the way from Montreal to hear their petty grievances. I remember once, when I was a professor, nearly precipitating a row, because a student with whom my official relations brought me into touch about once a term, fancied I scowled at him as I passed on the stairs. I have heard old students, really very much attached to the place, speak of it afterwards as though it were in articulo mortis.

Now this attitude of mind, as long as it is confined to the College building, merely throws an air of gloom around, and as the bemoaner of his fate gets the most of it, it carries with it its own punishment. Far more important is it that the students should speak well of the College outside, and when men grumble about a place eight months in the year, it is hard for them to praise it the other four. No one pretends Lennoxville is a veritable abode of bliss without a single feasible improvement, but after a fairly varied experience I have failed to find an earthly Elysium.

As a newspaper man I saw some of the interior workings of a good many institutions, that the public regard as great and glorious concerns, marching steadily forward to the good of them-
selves and Montreal, not to mention Canada. In every one there were grumblers, and it would have been quite as easy to riddle each one with criticism, and prove it could not run another week without a disaster as to commend its efficiency. To a newspaper man it was very grievous the crash never came, and after a time one became quite as skeptical of the complaints as of the praise. Lennoxville has its faults so have other places, as I expect all the kickers of my own time have long ago found out to their own discomfort.

If any Lennoxyule man has a grievance let him explain it to the proper authorities or for ever hold his peace. If he explains it to chance hearers, who know not the place, he will easily make out a case, gain a great deal of very gratifying personal sympathy, and do perhaps irreparable harm to a College, which he is bound by every tie of manhood and honour to respect and help. The College is a society, of which the undergraduate as much as the professor is a member, and if he does it unwarranted hurt, he is disloyal to himself and his colleagues.

Two more definite suggestions and I will close this over long letter. Calendars of the College should be sent round regularly to every schoolmaster, minister of all Protestant bodies and prominent citizens of the Townships, and direct representation of the College, either by the Principal or Chancellor, should be gained on the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction.

Yours faithfully,

L. R. Holme.

TO THE ALUMNI EDITOR OF THE MITRE.

Dear Sir:

The Editorial in the December issue of the Mitre, enunt the advisability of bringing Bishop's University more prominently before the public and the series of articles which it has brought forth, make highly interesting reading for those who have watched the trend of educational affairs in Quebec for the past twenty years. This article contains a reference to Sherbrooke and after
stating that this city has sent only three students to Bishop’s in the past four years it says, “Surely something is radically wrong here. Is University education valued at so little in the metropolis of the Eastern Townships? We fear that the majority of intending students are attracted by the more showy name and fame of some large college.” The article then proceeds to ask what is the cause of this state of affairs and in answer to that question a flood of answers in the press of this Province has been brought out. The question is a wholesome one and since Sherbrooke has been mentioned perhaps I may be allowed to offer a suggestion.

The Quebec system of education is entire. Our wee tots beginning in the primary grades of our elementary schools pass, by successive steps, through the elementary, model and academy grades into the University. Our course is designed to give a thorough secondary education to our students but is so framed as to lead direct to University matriculation. The final examination is entirely under the control of McGill University. The University of Bishop’s College has no recognized place in the autonomy of the course of study for this Province.

The A. A. examinations were conducted, until within a few years, by the two Universities jointly, but it was generally understood at the time that Bishop’s voluntarily withdrew from the arrangement.

The Head Masters of the Academies, fully cognizant of the shaping of events, have, quite naturally, made a study of the McGill course and McGill requirements in order that their students might not find themselves at a disadvantage either in writing their A. A. examinations or in the earlier years of their college course.

In view of these facts what is more natural than that the Academies of the province should become closer in touch with the faculties of McGill and that their students should continue their course in the University which has shaped their earlier years.

Yours sincerely,

Sherbrooke, April 9th, 1904.

NEWTON T. TRUELL.
With regard to Mr. Truell's letter, Professor Parrock has kindly contributed the following note.—

The University of Bishop's College did not voluntarily withdraw from the A. A., Board of Examiners. Until some four years ago, Bishop's College examiners did their full share of the A. A. work: at that time McGill wishing to get rid of the dual control of the examinations, presented a new scheme to the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction which practically placed everything in the hands of McGill University. Bishop’s, so far from desiring to withdraw, made an offer to the Protestant Committee to undertake the whole or any part of the examination, but this offer did not meet with acceptance and the McGill scheme was adopted. The result is that Bishop's University has been shut out from a legitimate sphere of work and the A. A. Examination is now little more than the McGill matriculation. It must be remembered, however, that the Matriculation standard of the two Universities is practically the same, and the A. A. examination is accepted for entrance at Lennoxville on the same terms as at McGill.

Tales of Paris.

IV—Les Bas-fonds de Paris. (continued.)

In rapid action one is almost unconscious of oneself. Conduct, on such occasions, is the result of impulse and not of thought. So it had been with me. From the moment Dostovski and I had heard that cry for help, and had caught sight of the scuffle, I had not once stopped to think what I was doing. The run to the rescue, the attention to the woman who pretended to be hurt, her snatch at my watch chain and escape down the alley, the pursuit on my part and pointing of the revolver to frighten her into surrender—all had been done on the spur of the moment. And now the brawlers, the woman, Dostovski and my watch chain had vanished and I was left in the clutches of the policeman. With his left hand he grasped me so firmly by the scruff of the neck that my collar-stud snapped, and with the right he wrenched the revolver out of my hand and pocketed it. "This will be useful evidence at the trial," he remarked. Just then a second police-
man arrived on the scene, his sword ready drawn, in case the
newly arrested woman-shooter should show any sign of resisting
the representatives of the French Republic. He was a mere boy,
obviously only just enrolled in the force, and this must have
been the first capture he had witnessed. But the other, who
gripped my coat-collar tight enough to throttle me, was a short
thick set man of about forty, with a rugged face, a sallow com-
plexion, bushy eyebrows that contracted in a perpetual frown
over his dull eyes. A heavy coarse moustache quite hid his mouth.
His whole expression was hard, drawn, immobile and callous.
There was no arguing with him. He was just a man-catch-
ing machine; a mechanism whose cog wheels revolved round
the ideas of handcuffs, prisons and lawbreakers; a beast of prey
whose moral existence depended on capturing victims.

The boy-policeman surveyed me with mingled curiosity
and horror. "Ah le scelerat," he muttered. "How many shots did
he fire at the woman?"

The other made no reply, but digging his left hand into
the back of my neck, gripped my right-hand wrist with his free
hand, and gruffly commanded "en route."

Five minutes ago I was a free English citizen; now I was
changed into a kind of human game, captured by these hunters
of criminals who never let go their prey.

We started off; the elder policeman setting a military stride
and myself stumbling along shoved half behind by the hand
which grasped me by the neck, while my wrist was almost crush-
ed as in a vice by the man’s grip. On my left hand side walked
the other, glancing at me from time to time, and ejaculating.
"Ah! gredin, ah! sale gredin, tu tiens tes vingt ans, mon gaillard."
Obviously he was a provincial.

In a few minutes we reached the nearest police-station.
Over the doorway drooped the melancholy tricolor, and a gas jet
glimmered feebly through a muddy glass case. A prisoner, when
arrested, undergoes a short examination by the Inspector at
which it is decided whether he shall be at once dismissed or de-
tained for trial. But the police-force must have been unusually
active that night for the official was engaged with other victims and I was thrust into a large room to await my turn.

There, in a dreary, dirty apartment, with bare brick walls, and chipped and soiled benches, I beheld the great army of the unfortunates,—the thieves, drunkards, foot-pads, mendicants, card sharers, pick-pockets; all the fools, frauds and knaves whom our modern civilization first corrupts, then weeds out of the world and herds in penitentiaries so that they may subsequently return to their old haunts with the vices of the prison added to the vices of nature. Both sexes were there; some huddled round an extinguished stove, others seated on the benches along the wall, others crouched on the floor. I noticed amongst them an old man with white hair and beard, a battered top hat on his head, wearing a soiled frock coat; he sat there motionless, gazing straight in front of him, as if unconscious of his surroundings, a look of senile vacancy on his face—some octogenarian kleptomaniac to be hauled off to prison where he would die, or be released a broken, decrepit imbecile. Next to him were some toughs obviously caught stealing, who awaited their turn with the Inspector. They were still handcuffed, but managed to move about pretty freely and shouted snatches of songs in raucous voices, jibed the other prisoners, and burst into hollow peals of laughter which grated on the ear. My gaze then rested on a female with disordered hair and dressed in filthy rags, who prowled up and down the further end of the room, away from the other victims herded in the centre. There was something terrible in the dogged persistency with which she strode this way and that, speaking no word, gnawing her nails, glaring in front of her like a caged beast. Just then the door opened and a woman with flaring red dress, white shoes, a fan and false hair pulled awry, was thrust into the room; she screamed and protested in a strident voice at which the toughs set up a yell of derision and began chanting:

    Viens poupoule, viens poupoule, o viens,
    Les petits polissons,
    N'ont pas besoin d'elecons.

Just after her, entered a strong, thick set man who flung himself down on the bench nearest the door, and in a tone that
embraced all the wrath and despair of his strong baffled nature uttered the one word “merd!” After which he lapsed into silence and fixed his eye on some distant point on the opposite wall, while his face settled into a look of extreme bitterness.

In another part of this lazaretto lay a negro, quite unconcernedly chewing tobacco and gazing callously about him. I was wondering what had brought him there, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a spectacle full of that infinite pathos, which makes one occasionally stop short and wonder what is the meaning of this queer world. On the middle of a bench, removed from everyone else, sat a youngster about fourteen years old, bare-headed, bare-legged; his only garments a ragged shirt and patched, tattered knicker-bockers. He sat there, his back leaning against the wall, his muddy bare-feet resting on the brick-floor; one hand clasped three unsold newspapers, and the other was doubled into a fist with which he rubbed his eyes, while he sobbed as if his heart would break, the tears trickling down his two dirty cheeks. A child’s grief is always pathetic, but here in this den of vice and brutality, amongst warped, distorted and diseased natures, this ragged little figure, clinging with comical solicitude to his newspapers and shedding tears of unmixed bitterness, was heart-rending. I got up, walked across the room, and sat down beside him. And then, taking one grubby little hand into mine, spoke a few words of comfort. But he only drew his hand quickly back and turned away; like children who are used to ill-treatment and always keep their sorrow to themselves.

Just then someone touched my shoulder. I looked up. There stood the policeman who had arrested me. He merely beckoned me to follow and led the way across this dismal apartment, almost suffocating with its sickening odour of human beings, then along a passage. Before I knew where I was, I found myself in an office standing before a desk at which a middle aged man in uniform was seated. It was the Inspector; he had been interrogating prisoners all the night and his face wore the irritated, almost savage expression of an over-worked official.
I was utterly unprepared for the interview, and like all fools from England, began by blurting out. "I am a British subject, if this treatment continues I shall appeal to . . . ."

"Oh dry up, dry up," interrupted the Inspector wearily. "Sergeant, what is this person charged with?"

The Sergeant, in a businesslike way, gave his account; how he had heard cries for help and with his colleague had run up to the scene of the scuffle just in time to catch this foreigner who was levelling a revolver at a woman who fled from him. The others had escaped.

The Inspector turned to me with a look of inquiry. I gave my version; how, with a friend, I also had arrived on the scene of the street brawl; had seen a woman, apparently wounded, leaning against the wall, had gone up to her to examine her injuries when she had snatched my watch-chain and dodged down a lane.

Of course I pursued and had been caught by this Sergeant merely raising my revolver to intimidate her. "Yes, yes," broke in the Inspector impatiently, "but what have you to substantiate this improbable story—where are your proofs?"

"Of course I can't produce any, as my friend isn't here. But this Sergeant hasn't any proof either. My word ought to be as good as his."

"Excuse me," said the policeman firmly and emphatically, "but here is the very identical revolver just as it was when he tried to fire on the woman." And he laid the unlucky weapon on the table.

Then a sudden idea flashed through my brain. "Monsieur l'Inspecteur, will you kindly examine that revolver?" The official looked at me curiously for a moment, then took up the arm, looked down the barrel, played with the trigger, drew back the hammer. Then he laid it down and looked blankly at the Sergeant. The Sergeant looked blankly at the Inspector; both looked blankly at me. There was no getting over facts, the revolver was not loaded.

Ten minutes later I was out in the street, hurrying home-ward. It was now broad daylight, the townsfolk were stirring.
Les Halles were full of vegetable sellers and butchers unloading their carts. But I made my way to the Latin Quarter, as fast as I could, though almost dropping with fatigue. I reached my students' hotel and while mounting the stairs I passed by De Latremouille's room and hearing voices inside, I entered. There was the whole band assembled, sitting on chairs, on the floor and on the bed; drinking hot punch, smoking and telling anecdotes without a thought of retiring to rest, though it was past five in the morning. Dostoveski and Cherbuliez were there and—was I mistaken?—no, there was the long lost Xavier puffing a cheroot. All, in one breath, asked where I had been, and on hearing my story, burst out laughing. I really could not see the joke and rallied Cherbuliez and DeLatremouille on relinquishing the search to dance the Cake Walk, and then turned furiously on Dostoveski for running away, when the police appeared.

"Voyons, voyons, mon ami," laughed back the Russian. "You English have no sense of humour."

"And where on earth have you been?" I demanded, facing the grinning Xavier.

Cherbuliez broke in with. "My dear boy, it is the privilege of Paris to disappear for as long as you like without questions being asked."

H. V. R.

Mirage.

Treasure the shadows. Somewhere firmly based,
—Arise the turrets that in the the cloud-land shine;
Somewhere to thirsty toilers of the waste,
--Yon phantom well-spring is a living stream.

Treasure the shadows. Somewhere past thy sight,
Past all men's sight, waits the true heaven at last.
Tell them whose fear would put thy hope to flight.

*Here are no shadows save from substance cast.*

Edith M. Thomas in Lippincott.
The passing of Canon Scarth was a shock to all the friends and lovers of Bishop's College. He was, we all knew, one of the most helpful of her sons, with an affectionate and loyal heart, and with unremitting devotion to her welfare. And the service that he so rendered her covering nearly fifty years, was practically gratuitous. For many years he served her freely; later on, when the College began to be able to pay for those services, he accepted a small stipend, more a gratuity than a stipend. All this time he was working double tides, as Rector of the important parish of Lennoxville; and in the College, first Lecturer and then Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Liturgics. Much more important than even this work of teaching was the share he took from first to last in the commissariat, and the entire practical administration of the College finances.

Indeed it is hard to realize how Lennoxville without Dr. Scarth can be Lennoxville at all. So much had he made himself a part of her life and work from the beginning. We may say with confidence that wherever the sons of Lennoxville are found—and where are they not found?—there was felt a real sorrow as for the loss of a personal friend when the tidings came that he had passed away. And this sorrow was not a mere ordinary feeling of regret, but also a sorrow for Bishop's College and a sense of the loss she sustains. In all branches of her work he had a share—so that his presence could ill be spared. Besides there was the suddenness of his removal. He was supposed to be in fairly vigorous health, and quite equal to carry on with ability
and success his many College and School engagements for years to come. Then, while we were thus congratulating ourselves and him, we looked and with awful suddenness, he was gone!

The writer is asked to give some account of a life so useful and so full of interest. Fortunately we have from Canon Scarth’s own pen a most interesting account of Canon Scarth’s life. What the writer proposes to do is to give such additional account of Dr. Scarth’s life and work as he for various reasons felt bound then to pass over, but which comes in here most appropriately.

The reader will find from Dr. Scarth’s own pen, two documents which he calls *Annals.*—*Annals* of his own life and *Annals* of his Parish. The former of these has already been made public, having been read to the Clergy of the Deanery at a clerical gathering in Lennoxville. The other now sees the light for the first time. These most valuable and interesting papers are to be made public shortly.

A third document, prepared for the writer, is also to be added as giving a true and lifelike account of Dr. Scarth looked upon as the Priest of the Parish,—his “manners and morals”—as these presented themselves to a sympathetic observer of his life as he went in and out among his own people.

How Archibald Campbell Scarth’s family derived their origin on both sides from the Royal Blood of Scotland,—that he devoted himself from his earliest years to the ministry of the Gospel,—that he studied for that purpose with zeal and success for three years in Knox College, Toronto, and one additional year in Montreal;—how, when he renounced Presbyterianism, he studied two years more in Anglican Theology under one of the most distinguished of her Theologians, Canon Thompson of Datchlet, brother-in-law to our dear Bishop Williams; the reader will find set forth graphically in these *Annals.*

Then follows what is most important of all, how he felt bound to renounce the Presbyterian Ministry; in which he and his forbears had been brought up for centuries and to go forth as an outcast, he also tells us, in the *Annals* with a touching simplicity which is very attractive.
Then follows the other great incident in his life,—his falling in in Montreal with a great spiritual prince of the Church of England, and was taught by him to recognize in the Church of England, not in the Kirk of Scotland his true Spiritual Mother,—the great and distinguished Archdeacon Leach. There follows, in a few sentences pregnant with force and pathos his story of his conversion,—how he "left his own people and his father's house" in obedience to these new claimants upon his allegiance. He also tells us how deeply he was touched by feeling the Church's hand upon his head, first in Confirmation and next in Ordination,—a hand the sacredness of which he had never since for a moment lost;—how in obedience to it, he came out to work in these Townships,—though not for long; how this Lennoxville of ours soon found in her need that here was the man she exactly needed for such work as she had to offer;—how he was generously relinquished to her by Bishop Fulford for that work, at once entered upon it with zeal and devotion till the day of his writing,—all this and much more the reader will find charmingly set forth in Canon Scarth's Annals of Lennoxxville and its pastor.

Of the great change in his religious convictions which took place in those all important First Days in Montreal, we desiderate much more than we find. The few lines however in which he tells his story is deeply interesting, a true Apologia pro vita sua, though we feel as we read that there is much behind to which we are eager to penetrate. The writer of this Memoir however is in a position to supplement what Canon Scarth does give us out of his own personal knowledge. This brief sketch then, may be entirely relied upon.

The Scarth family was brought up for centuries in the full faith of Presbyterianism as the true and only religion for Scotland.

Then he became unsettled in his religious convictions, how he does not tell us,—but due most probably to the influence of Dr. Leach, who became his guide, philosopher and friend, a great and loving soul.

That friend, to whom Dr. Scarth tells us in his Annals he was so deeply indebted, was one of the most remarkable men of
that or any age. To him, the ethical thought and mind of Canada, and more particularly of Montreal, owes more than I cannot but think than it has ever yet realized. To him, however, and to his guidance our Canon yielded himself without reserve. Mr. Leach, as he was then,—the justly celebrated Archdeacon Leach as he became later on,—the great Preacher, Rector of St. George's, Montreal, and Professor of Ethics and Moral Philosophy in the University of McGill College,—it was to him and his influence that Dr. Scarth owed all.

Mr. Leach too, like many men of that age, when they went into the Presbyterian controversy came out of it the stanchest of Churchmen; for, great and heroic soul that he was, he faced and answered the question, followed his conscience and bade farewell to the Presbyterian Kirk for ever.

I suppose that Dr. Leach was the most remarkable and brilliant preacher the Church of England has so far produced in Canada, and I have heard them all. Those Sermons of his like Newman's in Oxford,—unsurpassed for logic, philosophy, religious feeling, and all that goes to make up the highest products of the gift of utterance,—formed a part of my education, and that of many hundred others, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful.

Well, at this point we must picture to ourselves Archibald Campbell Scarth as standing before us, with his eyes and heart fixed upon Dr. Leach. "His companion, guide and own familiar friend." That Archdeacon Leach at this point won to the Church the entire love and confidence of his heart and kept it, we have his own declaration in the Annals. By Dr. Leach's advice he came to Lennoxville, completed his two years course under Professor Thompson, and ripened into what you all have known him immovably anchored, in the Church's harbour, the faithful Pastor, the trusty friend, the College Tutor and Professor,—the wise and good adviser of boys and students, whose confidence he had a singular facility in winning. I suppose that today there are at this moment many an one scattered over the face of Canada,—many hundred Lennoxville boys and men, who, when they have read
in the newspaper the sad announcement of his passing away, are filled with real sorrow, and a real resolve to try to copy his good example.

"Let me die the death of the righteous,
And let my last end be like his"

H. R.

RICHMOND, APRIL 10th, 1904:

Note—This Memoir together with the Annals and letter mentioned above are to be published shortly.

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**Divinity Notes.**

The Rev. F. G. Scott, D. C. L., of Quebec, conducted a Quiet Day for the Divinity men in the Divinity House Oratory at Mid-Lent. He gave a series of seven addresses on the call to the Ministry, couched in such simple yet beautiful language, delivered with such earnest and quite devotion and so replete with graphic and telling illustration that they will not easily be forgotten. The impression produced by Dr. Scott's visit was deep and the results will be lasting; because by his simple devotion and earnestness he brought us into the presence of God and made us realize the awful responsibility of the priest's work. Dr. Scott quite won the hearts of all the men and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing him often.

The Rev. Dr. Allnatt conducted the Three Hours Service on Good Friday, and also delivered the addresses in Chapel during Holy Week.

Dr. Whitney has been appointed Rector pro-tem, of Lennoxville.

During the month of March, the Rev. R. A. Cowling, B. A. paid us a visit and renewed his acquaintance with the puck and skates. The Rev. F. W. Carroll, B. A., spent a few days with us on his way from New York to Quebec, to take up again his work as curate at the Cathedral.
We once bewailed in these pages the lack of a smoker in the shed, because this state of affairs brings with it a lack of matches. One of our number has acquired the habit. Ought we not to rejoice? Alas! to have matches we must have smoke.

Slave. What, O Master, is a social reformer?

Sage. Learn, O Slave, the one who thinks a necktie unnecessary at the breakfast table.

For once the "Shed" furnished excitement. A grand spectacular pyrotechnical display was given recently by one of the chimneys. Sparks chased themselves merrily over the snow in the direction of the Arts building, Gymnasium and Racquet Court. The only result was, a chimney cleaned without the expense of a chimney sweep.

Public Debate.

It has been said that "There is nothing new under the sun," but as we marked the gleam of triumph and self satisfaction in the eye of the secretary of the Debating Society as he posted the subject of the Annual Public Debate, we thought that, at last, the committee had hit upon something quite new. We had mis-interpreted the gleam. The subject for debate was—"Resolved that women should have the same opportunities educationally and politically as men." No one disputed the innocent freshman, who as he read the notice, exclaimed "I say! I think that is rather stale! Don’t you?"

It may have been that feeling of respect to the aged, that drew so many visitors from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, to the Council Chamber of Bishop’s College on Saturday March 26 to listen to the debate upon the subject.

The cause of the ladies was championed by Messrs. H. V. Routh, B. A., Rev. J. H. Nelms and F. Plaskett, B. A.,. The opposition was represented by Messers. S. E. Fryer, B. A., C. V. Dicken, B. A., and Mr. Bonelli.
Mr. Routh led off in his usual happy style. He charmed the audience by his eloquence—he terrified his opponents by "anticipating" their arguments—he blushed furiously at the admiring glances of the ladies. His vivid word picture of Mr. Fryer's "ideal woman" was excellent.

Mr. Fryer, in a very eloquent speech, presented the arguments that Mr. Routh had anticipated, some that he had attempted to anticipate, and not a few that he had failed to anticipate. His speech was enlivened by witty sallies, and he showed himself particularly apt at repartee.

Mr. Nelm's remarks were to the point and delivered in his usual fluent manner. He was very jealous of his time, and with the skill of the lawyer prevented all interruption by his opponent.

Mr. Dickens said he wished to deal with the question from the point of view of the "Home." He paused. As no one made any objections he did so, and did so quite thoroughly. He said that Napoleon had once remarked that "France needed mothers." Then he paused some more. Mr. Dickens has the happy faculty of sticking tenaciously to one point. He made a very deep impression. We failed however to see why he kept his hand in his pocket. Perhaps this attitude was suggestive of a woman's opportunity in the Home. Somebody sighed when he finished speaking.

Mr. Plaskett settled the Napoleonic argument. He explained that France needed mothers in order that Napoleon might have a big army to lead over the Alps or to get lost in Russia and perish in the snow banks. He ably defended his position.

Mr. Bonelli railed against the lady educationalist and journalist. He said most men "in the home" preferred "current jam to current fiction." Someone in the audience feelingly suggested "prunes." Mr. Bonelli suffered from lack of preparation. His hair seemed to trouble him somewhat.

Among the side speeches, Dr. Parrock's humorous remarks in favor of the opposition, were greeted with much applause. Mr. Fletcher also waxed eloquent. He said he didn't propose to say much—but he did.

The debate was so hotly contested that the judges had great difficulty in making a decision, which was, however, in favor of the opposition. It was interesting to note that the judges were all married men.
Dr. Whitney, already well-known for his book on the Helvetic Reformation in Lord Acton's Cambridge Modern History, is now engaged on a treatise on the German Reformation for Rivington's series. There is reason to believe that this work will be particularly successful, as Dr. Whitney has already handled a kindred subject in his admirable map of Germany at the Peace of Westphalia, which was contributed to R. L. Poole's Historical Atlas of Modern Europe.

The leading English papers of recent date have reviewed Volume II of the Cambridge Modern History. Among others the Guardian of March 2nd, says, "Out of the nineteen chapters which make up the present volume, only nine are written by the authors to whom Lord Acton assigned them. In some cases if we mistake not they were chosen by Lord Acton himself. Principal Whitney of Lennoxville, for example, made an elaborate study of the Swiss Reformation before he left England to take his important theological work in Canada......Principal Whitney writes an exceedingly clear and thorough account of the Helvetic Reformation—one of the best Chapters in the book, quite worthy, in fact, to be placed by the side of the contribution of Dr. Kraus."

The Church Times also, of date March 4th, after an exhaustive and almost destructive criticism of the whole work says of Dr. Whitney's part in it, "It is the historians who grasp the essential fact that Luther and Calvin were at one in the theory of the unfree will, and that on this theory all Protestant theology is based. Zwingli taught otherwise, but his teaching was swept aside. This remarkable man, by the way, is admirably treated by Dr. Whitney. His real influence is defined. His sacramental doctrine dominated the reformed, rather than Calvin's; his democratic ordering of religion was in the long run more enduring than the new Genevan sacerdotalism. His career was meteoric; the henchman of the Papal Court, he suddenly converted Zurich, the most devoted political and military ally of the Papacy,
into the centre of the most complete religious revolt. There are few more dramatic revolutions in history, and Mr. Whitney brings out well the bewilderment of the Papal Court and its slowness to believe that Zurich was unfaithful."

We hope to publish a fuller criticism of Dr. Whitney's Chapter by Mr. Harold V. Routh, B. A., in our next issue.

In a lecture delivered at Quebec and Ottawa by Mr. Routh on Student-life in Paris, the type of character produced by residence in a large capital was fully discussed. The lecturer showed how the quickness, versatility, and intelligence, at which the Parisians aim were best developed in a city where want of college interests turned the student for recreation and amusement to all the sights and attractions of a great centre of civilization. In conclusion, he compared this ideal with the type that Anglo-Saxon universities endeavor to form, and contended that the solid basis of character, self-reliance and spirit of fellowship are best developed in resident universities, more or less apart from the outer world, and filled with a strenuous life of their own.

Mr. Routh also lectured in Montreal, on March 31st, before the St. James' Literary Society. His subject was, "Is mankind progressing?"

An idea seems to prevail that, along with the advertising correspondence which is going on in the local newspapers, the beauty of our buildings should be enhanced. But a most novel way has been chosen to attain this end. Instead of putting stained glass in the windows of the Ante-Chapel, Reading-Room and other rooms on the front side of the Art's building, bars of iron have been placed on the outside of all these windows. But perchance, there was no thought for the beauty of our buildings. It is likely that a totally different object was in view. Thus our building, so beautiful in the daytime, has been turned into a prison at night. This action may allow sweet slumber to reign supreme, but:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
The University Extension Lectures given by Dr. Whitney in Sherbrooke on Shakespeare, his Age and Art, proved a success. These lectures, consisting of a series of four, were well attended and proved most enjoyable and instructive. The proceeds went towards purchasing text books for the Sherbrooke Academy.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Harold Harding back to College. Our sympathies are with him for losing so much of last Term's work on account of illness.

The Lyric Club, consisting of the Rev. J. J. Seaman, Messrs. Iveson, Collins, Hepburn and Walling, paid a visit to Agnies on April 12th, where they furnished the greater part of a Concert under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild of St. Barnabas' Church. They were right royally entertained, and we understand their efforts were fully appreciated.

The very best of friends must part. Be consoled, Lieutenaut, Canadian summers do not last forever.

First year man, (impatiently)—You are an ass.
Prep. member, (madly)—Don't get personal.
“Tis better to have smoked and stopped
Than never to have smoked a tall—cigar.”

Student to College Carpenter:—What are you putting those bars on the windows for?
College Carpenter:—To prevent excessive ventilation.

Although our Spring poets are not as active as usual, yet we have received from an anonymous contributor the following:

**EPIGRAM**

Experience shows, while a rule may be right,
The exception is frequently righter,
Though the ordinary man must not talk through his hat,
Yet Bishop's may speak through the Mitre.
We were all glad to welcome the Bishop's Medical and Dental Hockey Team from Montreal. They came out on March 4th, to do battle with the Arts Faculty and succeeded in defeating us easily. They had a well balanced team and their men were swift skaters and accurate shooters. Donnelly at point showed that he had lost none of his old time championship form. Rowell on the forward line shone particularly; his stick work and skating were of an high order. Amongst our own men Read played a splendid game at cover-point and stopped many a sure score, while Hamilton and Harding on the forward line played hard and steady games. It was a good clean exhibition throughout, and the referee, Robinson of the School, had very little work to do. After the match the Rev. H. F. Hamilton and Mr. Routh entertained the two teams to a supper in the Dining Hall.

On March 16th, the 3rd Year Arts and the Divinity men played a hard game of hockey against the 1st and 2nd year Arts. The Seniors won after a very exciting match by 7 goals to 4. It was noticed that the referee found the ice so slippery that he discarded skates and took to rubbers.

The skating season has been one of the longest on record. One of our enthusiasts reports having skated on the school rink on April 7th.

The river is clear of ice and boating and canoeing are favorite pastimes at present. The boats and canoes have been overhauled and look quite new in fresh coats of paint and varnish.

With the advent of Spring the energetic Secretary of the Cricket Club is getting the Warden to work, scraping and oiling the bats. The Committee have decided to expend some money on new nets and other necessary things, and under our Captain, Mr. Plaskett, we hope to have a successful season. If the weather keeps fine practices will commence in a few days.

__Exchange Column.__

"To have a friend is to have one of the richest gifts that life can bring, but to be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of the soul day by day."—Ex.
Kathleen—"Do you know why you should never wear a veil when you sing?"

Myrtle—"No, why?"

Kathleen—"Because you might strain your voice."—Ex.

The Argosy is bright with plenty of variety and quite up to its usual form. It contains rather an undue proportion of personalia, which, however, is doubtless appreciated by the old graduates. Its leading articles, "The Individualism of Emerson" and "Quebec City and thereabouts" are well written and very interesting, particularly the latter, in which the writer, after relating his journey from Nova Scotia to Quebec, gives a very good description of the leading features of the Ancient City, Montmorency Falls and Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Football casualties are still coming in. Here is the latest:

"Went to see the football game
Thought that I could play the same
So in haste I joined the eleven—
I am writing this from heaven."—Ex.

Queen's University Journal contains a very interesting editorial in reply to a "fairly good magazine" that had undertaken to criticise the Journal because of a lack of literary contributions from the student. The Journal significantly replies "a few of our exchanges in their attempt to secure literary contributions from students fill their columns, with matter the absence of which would enhance their publications." That the editor has grasped the key note of what a genuine college Journal should be, may be inferred from the following: "We must admit that those of our exchanges have appealed to us the most which have considerable literary matter and yet are not stingy of College news. Of these there are a few, and them we can afford to copy. Others, of our exchanges, have literary matter in abundance; but no College news; and to these we prefer our own Journal."

Mr. R.—(opening a criticism at the debate)—"Mr. Chairman and boys of the College"

Voice—"What about the girls?"

Mr. R.—"I was under the impression that the boys embraced the girls."—Ex.
Trinity intends in the near future to erect extensive new buildings to meet the growing demand for residence within her walls. The federation with Toronto University will greatly increase the numbers in residence at Trinity and will doubtless add much to her prestige.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of other exchanges as follows,—Crozier, Church Times; McMaster University Monthly, Trinity Review, Reveille, Manitoba College Monthly, Student, Algoma Missionary News, Presbyterian College Journal, and B. C. S. Magazine.

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