Editorials.

We should like to express our hearty approval of the step which the Principal has taken in inviting Alumni of the University, who are in priest's orders, to preach at Evensong on the Wednesdays during Lent. It has long been felt that our University has not recognized its graduates in the way it should. On many occasions we have heard complaints with regard to this matter, and we have always recognized that they were well founded. But now that the ice is broken, so to speak, and clerical graduates have been invited to preach before the University, we should like to suggest that it would greatly help to foster a good feeling between the Alumni and our Alma Mater if those who have in any way distinguished themselves since they left our walls, were invited to lecture on those subjects in which they have either become distinguished, or so interested themselves, that they are capable of delivering an interesting and instructive lecture.

With regard to those priests who consent to preach, we should like to suggest that it would be a great opportunity to
secure them to lecture to the Divinity men on some phase of parochial work, which they might do on the evening of the day on which they preach. In these days when the priest's work is so complex, candidates for Holy Orders cannot be too well fortified to meet the problems which they will have to face in their future charges.

We cannot let this number pass by without expressing our appreciation at the fact that the University was represented at the Canadian Forestry Association meeting held in Ottawa in January last. Dr. Allnatt speaks in glowing terms of the speeches made by several of the prominent members, and of the earnest desire of all that our forests should be preserved. We feel sure that no better work could be undertaken by those who are interested in their country's welfare. The forests not only supply a large source of our industry, but they also act as regulators of the rainfall, and of other climatic conditions. We believe that as the Association grows stronger and makes its influence felt, greater care will be taken in the preservation of forests, with the result that the country will profit in many ways.

About a year ago one of our many exchanges suggested that a meeting of the editors of the several Collegiate magazines should be held, in order that by the interchange of ideas opportunity might be given for a general improvement in College literature. In our review of the exchanges at the time, we heartily endorsed the idea. We are still of the same opinion, and should like to see the matter discussed in the various College papers. We have an Intercollegiate Football Union, and also one for hockey. Although it could not be constituted on the same principles, yet some union that would bring into close touch the various periodicals of Canadian Colleges could be formed. The exchange column, which nearly all these papers have, does a great deal in this direction. Still, we are confident that a meeting of the various editors would do far more to promote interest in this particular aspect of collegiate life.
Higher Criticism has revealed many unknown truths and enlightened human minds concerning previous accepted facts, but it has also brought in its train questions which have caused considerable controversy.

Since the work of human revelation and research has proved that numerous narrations in the "Divine Library" are mythical or allegorical accounts, it has been asked, why should the Old Testament be read in Church? Such a question shows that the purpose of the Book has not been realized. What is the object of reading the Old Testament if we are doing so for admonition and warning? The purpose of such reading should be to learn the manifold interposings of Providence in preparing man for the Incarnation.

Novum Testamentum in vetere, latet; vetus Testamentum in novo patet.

What can the manna mean to us? Taken literally, it is the food miraculously given the Israelites in the wilderness, a meaningless interpretation to Christians. By it we must understand the Sacrament of the altar. What would the Levitical sacrifices mean unless they were a prototype of the One Sacrifice? If we accept Jerusalem literally, it signifies nothing more than that earthly city whither pilgrims journeyed, but allegorically we see the Church, militant. What lesson can a Christian deduce from the account of Jonah? Are we to imagine that the like may befall us if we are regardless of God’s will? No, the whole account is a myth, and a type of the death and glorious resurrection of the Son of Man.

In the Old Testament we hear God speaking to us by revelation through certain individuals, to whom He saw fit to make those revelations, and is therefore an essential preparation for the New Testament, where we hear the Word Himself.

It is further urged that the work of Higher Criticism has overthrown the belief in Inspiration, that since it has so dug and delved it is difficult to know what is and what is not inspired. The question raised is completely done away when degrees of inspiration are accepted, and this does not cause any doubt about the genuineness of the partially inspired narrations.

Now, if mythical or allegorical interpretations are taken of certain Old Testament narrations and Higher Criticism has not affected Inspiration, why should the question about publicly reading that book
be raised? Everything therein is an explanation for existing circumstances. All point forward either directly or indirectly to the Redemption. If it was for guidance and warning to those before the Incarnation why should not the church read it for the benefit of those of to-day, that we may see that God has from all eternity kept before His creatures His redeeming love.

A. D.

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**With the Monks.**

When we hear the word monk our thoughts are at once turned to those huge buildings in which many a man lived a life of prayer and obedience. Buildings now only known to us as picturesque ruins where birds alone raise chant to Heaven and serving as relics of the glorious worship and saintly lives given in past ages by the creature to the Creator. To think of monasteries existing to-day when commercial activity and desire for graft are rampant appears surely an anachronism. But there is a monastic revival. The sad devastation of past centuries must be repaired and the church has a great work to execute in regaining what she lost by the ruthless abolition of the cloistered life. The "cities of God" must be raised, grave and solemn in aspect, yet copies of the Holy Home of Nazareth where life is raised to its highest and noblest expression.

Seventy-five miles from New York on the west bank of the Hudson is enthroned a brick building, the outward appearance of which signifies its purpose. There live the "Order of the Holy Cross," truly ascetic in manner of living but existing for a very practical purpose. It was immediately after the exiled caused by the posting of our exam results that I started to spend a few weeks with this ever-toiling order of priests. Having once before tasted monastic life I knew the good and enjoyment to be derived from cohabitation with it. It was Saturday morning about eleven o'clock when I pressed the button at the monastery door. While waiting to be answered I surveyed the land round about and on all sides my gaze was met by vineyards; thus without entering the house it is quite evident that the monks here are not those often pictured for us in novels as living in idleness and pleasure only. Soon what would have appeared to many as a mysterious door was opened. The father-in-charge, in white habit with a black wooden cross hanging about his neck, bade me enter. We were now standing in an entry way...
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on one side of which was the ladies' gallery of the chapel and on the other the waiting room. We were not yet in the monastery proper. Ladies are only admitted to the gallery of the chapel and in case of business to the waiting room just mentioned. Before opening the door to the monastery proper the Fr. said "In the halls and passages strict silence is always observed." Up a flight of stairs and into the guest master's room I was taken. The Fr., in charge withdrew and face to face I stood with a typical monk in a room the walls of which were bare except for the crucifix. But neither his habit, nor the simplicity of the room detracted from his personality. "Je veus only" was written on his face and his voice was one of sympathy and love.

Having been shown to my cell, the name of which was St. Louis, I was informed that Sext was said at noon followed by seven minutes conscience examination and its leading on to None. Left alone I gazed out of the window and said "I am now in paradise on earth, where that peace of God which passeth all knowledge abides." As the clock was striking twelve the Angelus rang. All, no matter where they were, stood still and with bowed head and clasped hands repeated in silence those momentous words of the incarnation. The Angelus is rung also at 6 a.m. and the De Profundis when the departed are recalled to memory at 7 p.m. None being ended all were lined up in the hall at the refectory door. It was an inspiring sight to see all the monks and visitors of whom there were quite a few, standing perfectly motionless waiting for the father-in-charge to give the signal to enter. Each on entering bowed profoundly before the crucifix which occupies the centre of the wall. Punctuality is not only a military duty but belongs also to the monastic discipline. "No one must come late to work of God or to table," said the Superior. The Reader gives the blessing and the Reader, who has gone up into a pulpit, standing in the corner, reads a passage from the Scriptures. All rise and after thanks have been returned for the Word, the meal is begun and the Reader entertains the mind with extracts from the Lives of the Martyrs. "It is not here as in the world where people after a hurried sign of the cross begin to eat amid noisy greetings and conversation. The popular idea of the day leads one to expect good meals, highly flavored wines, cheerful faces and all kinds of diversions. It is a pleasant place, but not a luxurious one. The atmosphere is that of holy gravity. No voice is heard but that of the Reader. The very meals become a pious exercise during
which the souls are fed and the bodies kept under restraint. How
often in the world are all kinds of useless and annoying things said
at meals! How grand and dignified on the other hand is the silence
of the monastic refectory: On feast days the silence is broken at
dinner. Now, can be heard the rap of the Superior, the Reader
breaks off in the midst of a word, all rise and the grace is said by
the Father-in-charge. In solemn procession, the youngest, leading
the way, they go to the chapel repeating the psalm of the universe
in alternate strains. Here the grace is ended and after the Mysteries
contained in the Tabernacle have been adored, all betake themselves
to their own cells. During the day the monks are little seen except
on their way to chapel and at meals. They pass about the halls
noiselessly with their minds bent on their work. Each one has his
duty to perform and there is just enough time in the day for its
completion. Time here is never seen “hanging on hand.” There are
no looks of bewilderment as to what will be done next to fill in the
time. They are guided by the principle that time is not theirs,
therefore they must use to the best advantage what has been given
to them.

Night has now come. In the brilliantly lighted cities, there is
continual passing to and fro, mortals gaily dressed wending their
way to every variety of entertainment, but here is seen forms clad
in the monastic habit gliding gravely and silently along the dark
halls to the chapel. The altar is well lighted, sixteen candles burning
thereon. The priest clad in a cope and preceded by servers enters
to perform the office of Adoration. The Mysteries are taken
from the Tabernacle incensed and adored while the choir chant “O
Saving Victim.”

Compline now begins, the monk’s night prayers: this being ended,
mute and with bowed heads all remain in silent prayer. They recall
once more before the eye of their mind the day which has fled and
take account with themselves of all their actions and omissions.
No more sound disturbs the profound quiet. It is night—a time of
prayer and of sleep. Everything is dead silence till five next morn-
ing when a Father passes from cell to cell and calls “Let us bless
the Lord,” the answer being “Thanks be to God.” The religious
duties of the community are quite numerous, saying the offices,
meditating and offering the Holy Sacrifice—each one doing so daily
—take up many hours of the day.

The question is often asked, for what purpose is the cloistered
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life lived? First we must discriminate between the contemplative and the active monks. The former generally live after the rule of S. Benedict, remaining in seclusion and endeavouring to better the cold, bleating and dying world by their prayers and help the secular clergy by the fruits of their contemplations. When we remember the strenuous lives such monks live, we ought to tender them our respect and admire them for going apart from all worldly enjoyment to dwell with Him in seclusion, rather than scoff at the great sacrifice they make. Llanthony Abbey, Wales, and Painshorne, England, are living testimonies of the revival of the contemplative life in the Church.

The active monks take vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, wear the habit, live by rule but go out among men to better them by example and preaching. To these the monastery is a home, in which they are trained and to which they betake themselves for rest and spiritual growth. They spend very little time; there after their novitiate has been finished. They preach missions, stirring up a new enthusiasm and religious zeal in parishes in which the parish priest finds difficulty. Repentance and the Love of God, they place before congregations in a newer light and with a fuller meaning; ritual or ceremony having no place in their addresses. Workingmen and women are shown how religion is for them and told their responsibilities. Quiet days are held when representatives of all classes come apart, lives in quiet and hear the wonderful words of Love. The result of a mission always bears witness to its necessity, and some one has wisely said "Every parish should have a mission once in five years."

The demand for mission preaching is yearly becoming larger. At the present time the Order of the Holy Cross have a schedule for their next eighteen months' work, and since formulating the same, have refused over fifty requests from priests to come and preach in their parishes. When this is known no one will challenge the purpose for which these men have left family ties and social life to live by vow and rule. The parish clergy have all they can possibly do by attending to the daily routine of parochial work, and when extra force is required the Communities are the only source from which they can draw, and are the best qualified for the work they undertake.

When it is remembered that half a century ago the Church of England possessed not one community of priests—active nor con-
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Athletic Reform.

At present there is a general tendency towards reform in athletics. Covert professionalism and brutality on the part of players are coming in for severe condemnation. Public opinion is slowly but surely beginning to tolerate less and less the flagrant abuses which of late years have crept into our best games. The numerous articles on athletic impurity which have of late appeared in the columns of our leading magazines and newspapers are in themselves a proof of the awakened interest taken in this important question by the man in the street.

Now the spirit of sport for its own sake is even more necessary in our universities than anywhere else. If, where high standards of culture and learning are supposedly striven after, it is found that student athletes disregard the ethics of sport, how can the 'secular' public be blamed for doing likewise? And certainly there is not altogether the right spirit pervading College games or their management. The fact is more or less lost sight of that they are a means and not an end. Too much importance is attached to winning and losing, and too little to the physical benefits and the endurance and pluck resulting to the individuals engaging in them. When victory and defeat are overestimated questionable methods are sure to be introduced to accomplish the one and avoid the other. Not only is this so, but Colleges canvass the various High Schools and Academies for players. Often the fees of the students thus enrolled are paid for them in return for their ability to play games for the University. Fortunately this is nothing like as prevalent in Canada as in the United States. There the paid coach, whose highest recommendation is his capability for putting a winning team in the field, regardless of cost or means, and who often is not receives a bonus for each victory, is largely responsible for this state of affairs.
Now is the time to purge collegiate athletics of all the degrading influences which have crept in. Now is the time to root up all corrupt and unsportsmanlike practices and instil into players the spirit of fair play. A most effective means for accomplishing this is the formation of "The Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union." Its need has been felt for some time, and it will certainly make for better things if the students through their representatives strike out for themselves apart from outside influences. The constitution, though not finally settled upon and will hardly be radically changed, amongst other points states that "the membership of this union will be of two kinds—active and associate. The active members will be the athletic associations of McGill, Toronto, and Queens. The associate members will be the athletic associations of other colleges, which become members on the unanimous vote of the active members," also, "a representative of an associate member may be present at any meeting of the Union, and shall have the right to make representations." It can be easily observed what a potent factor for athletic purity would be this body, with a membership stretching from Nova Scotia to British Columbia—in which case it would probably be in two or three divisions. Let then the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union always stand up for what is honourable and drive out whatever is corrupt. Let it encourage a more active interest in games on the part of all students. Physically fit, and Canada at large will reach in the course of time a position in athletics to be imitated by the other nations of the world.

W. S.

The Henneries, Peckham, 28th Feb., 1906.
Third cock-crow.

To the Students of Bishop's College.

Gentlemen—

Knowing your innate respect for antiquity and the profound veneration which you instinctively feel for those whose genealogy may be traced back through countless ages into a remote and prehistoric past, we venture to appeal to you in behalf of the continued existence of the race to which we have the honour to belong. When we assert that there is no race in existence at the present moment which is of greater antiquity or of greater respectability...
than our own, we are certainly not guilty of the least exaggeration, for it is our proud boast and, at the same time, an incontrovertible fact that our race, no less than the universe, has existed from the very beginnings of things, and may alone claim with justice and in the literal sense of the words to be really and truly "an ovo." These considerations ought to suffice to prove that we are as indispensable a part of the general scheme of creation as the human race itself, and that the question with which we propose to deal is one of vital importance, not merely to ourselves but to the universe at large.

It will readily be admitted that any question relating to eggs must be of absorbing interest and of supreme importance, since upon them, and upon them alone, depends our existence both individually and as a race. It must also be admitted that though Nature is prodigal in her gifts, the supply of eggs is as much limited by external conditions as that of any other natural product. In spite of this, we find ourselves confronted by a practically unlimited demand for eggs, and through the inordinate appetites of some of your number for these dainties, our ancient race is not merely imperilled but threatened with speedy extinction. Our innocent offspring are daily nipped in the bud or what comes to the same thing, are daily done to death in the shell.

It is true that more or less plausible pretexts are found for this wholesale massacre of our innocents: conscious of their guilt, those of you who seem to have such an inveterate and deadly hatred against our species are not lacking in excuses for their damnable crimes. In the first place, some assert that eggs are food for the brain. This assertion has never yet been proved; but even if its truth may be accepted without question, it would be equally true to assert that "eggs have never yet created the non-existent." Then again, if one is suffering from loss of appetite or a cold, his remedy is "eggs." For sore throats, coughs, or any other of the numerous ills to which flesh is heir, an egg is, like Peruna, regarded as an infallible cure. In short, there appears to be no malady so hopeless as to be beyond the reach of "eggs," and before very long it will be no surprise to us to learn that the most efficacious prescription for a wooden leg is "eggs."

You will, we are sure, recognise that the subterfuges resorted to in order to deprive us of our offspring are only too obvious and transparent. We put it to you, Gentlemen— we appeal to the finer
instincts of your nature—can this sad state of things go on forever? How would one of you, we venture to ask, care to be boiled (in or out of a shell), or fried, or poached, and served up on toast to appease the hunger and tickle the palate of some creature stronger and more cruel than yourselves? Self preservation is the first law of nature, and we feel that your attitude towards such a ferocious monster would be one of stout resistance and bitter hostility; that in fact you would go to any lengths to prevent your extermination. That, therefore, must be our attitude toward the human race, and rather than submit to the gradual extinction of our race we are determined on resistance to the death. This then is our ultimatum: unless the wholesale slaughter of our species is instantly checked and severe punishment meted out to the offenders, we are firmly resolved to commit suicide and allow ourselves to be served up on the College dinner table. That will be an end worthy of our cause and at the same time a great and a glorious revenge.

We are, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

MR. RARE OLD-BIRD.

MRS. VERA OLD-BIRD.

P.S.—Mrs. Old-Bird is 88 years of age. I am 41.

MR. R. OLD-BIRD

Seeing Life in the West.

To the Editor of the Mitre, Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Sir,—As I have now had over two month’s experience in the West since completing my work for the College last summer, I may perhaps venture to write a few words concerning this country.

In the first place let me say it is a great mistake to think that you have seen the West when you have not gone beyond Manitoba. Never dream you have seen it as it really is until you have either visited “the sunny province of Alberta,” seen the “sunset doorway of the Dominion,” Vancouver, or spent at least a week in one of the typical western cities, let us say Seattle.

Manitoba is the province for large wheat farms and the farmers are very prosperous. After their crop is secure you may meet them
travelling with their wives and families either in Alberta, or in the
the majority of cases, going right through to the coast to spend the
winter months.

Winnipeg is certainly destined to be a great city. The very steps,
looks, words and actions of its people form an index wherein one may
read wealth and prosperity. Health, I understand, has been a mat-
ter of secondary consideration in the past, but is now coming in for
its due share of attention by the city directors.

Another thing I should like to say is, that there is no difficulty
whatever in obtaining work in the west; only one must not be par-
ticular as to the kind he does. If you are out West to see the
country and gain experience, as I was, work at anything that
is honourable and you need not be alarmed at what time of the
year to come.

When in Manitoba in September I was anxious to have a finger
in the harvesting operations and so I hired out for a time to pitch
wheat. I found the work not so hard as pitching hay in the East,
if you know exactly how hard that is, although the severity of the
work depends entirely upon the number of pitchers, in proportion to
the teams to be kept going. There were two boys just out from Eng-
lard in our gang who found the work pretty strenuous at the start,
but they soon acquired a fair amount of skill in tossing up the
sheaves.

This was at Austin, after which I stopped off for a few days in
Brandon, spent nearly two weeks in Regina, and then proceeded to
Calgary. Reaching this city at 5.30 p.m., I secured a position at
once and went to work the following morning at 6 o'clock. Secur-
ing this post or not evidently depended upon your answer to the
question 'Do you drink?' asked by the proprietor, in a very exas-
perated tone. Later, on making inquiry, I discovered that a few
days before, all four members of the staff had been absent at the
same time, thus creating a rather annoying situation for the owner
of the business. When I returned to the place some three months
after I found that one of the four fellows had taken poison to re-
lieve him of the abject condition into which he had fallen.

As for Calgary itself, I thoroughly liked the place. Its location
is ideal and I believe it will soon be an important centre for manu-
facturing and commerce. A good many of the large ranches around
Calgary are owned by Englishmen who seem to be perfectly con-
tented in their surroundings. I may add here, that from the hills
about the city a beautiful view is obtained of the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies on a fine day.

About the latter part of October I went North, visiting Edmonton and Strathcona, and stopping off for a few days at Wetaskiwin on my return trip. Here I had the pleasure of being present at the opening of their new high school and of listening to the addresses of both Ltet. Gov. Bulley and the Hon. Mr. Rutherford, Premier of Alberta. This school building as well as the other institutions of learning which I visited, while in Alberta, certainly reflect credit upon educational affairs in general in the province.

I was particularly struck with the country surrounding Edmonton and for some distance south. I spent over two-month's time in this locality at a place called Wood River, and was especially delighted with the climate. From Oct. 30th to Jan. 14th I walked to and from my work, a distance of nearly one and one-quarter miles and never once did I have to go or come in a storm. When one contrasts this with the fall rains, deep mud, and rough, frozen roads that we are liable to have in Eastern Canada, one must of necessity decide in favor of the West. During the time mentioned above, the weather was cold at two different times, but for a few days only, on the Wednesday before I left Alberta. (Jan. 3rd I think it was) the thermometer registered 50° above. Another part of the country in the same district that pleased me very much was that around Chesterwald, some 20 miles north-west of Ponoka.

Generally speaking, and from what I have been able to observe, I have found no place throughout the whole length of my trip, which to my mind presents such favorable opportunities for young men starting out in life, with limited means, as the Province of Alberta.

Say what you will, these opportunities are not to be found either in the Western States of the Union, which I have visited, or in the older provinces of the Dominion of Canada. And why not? Simply because land values have been forced up by the greater influx of population and the choice localities have been selected. In Alberta the situation is different. The several new lines of railway which are now crossing the province in every direction will open up vast acres of the very best wheat land in the world.

This is the time of awakening in the West, but strange as it may seem, the people in the Western States in America are far more alive to the fact than the young men of Eastern Canada, whose birth
right it properly is. I have met with dozens of Americans, who are only waiting until spring to cross over into Alberta and find homes for themselves. They will be making no mistake, I assure you. Land values have doubled during the last four years and I see no reason why they should not double again during the four years to come.

Of course the cost of living in these Western provinces is higher than in the East, or in the Western Pacific States, but I fail to see why this state of things need continue, after a good healthy competition is established between the incoming lines in the matter of transportation.

Proceeding west from Calgary I thoroughly enjoyed the unparalleled scenery through the Rockies as well as my stop-over at Vancouver and Victoria, both fine western cities. But Seattle flies it's kite above them all for nerve, gaiety and general aggressiveness. It is indeed a revelation to one from the East to spend ever so short a time in this city. In the ways of the world I should pronounce it the "deep" of all western coast cities, barring San Francisco, which I have yet to see.

I stopped off for several days in Portland, Oregon, and whether or no the terms "moss back" and "web-foot," which the Oregonians persist in applying to themselves are always applicable I cannot say, but on this occasion at least the country lived up to its reputation. It rained incessantly.

The weather during my three weeks stay in California has been delightful, but it is raining at present and bids fair to continue for some time. I spent the first two weeks of my time in and around Sacramento. Sacramento itself is the centre of a fine agricultural and fruit growing section, the State Capitol and grounds being amongst its greatest attractions. It will probably not be much larger than it is at present unless something more is done in the way of opening up the valley with railroads.

I was in Sacramento County during the height of the orange season, and one day returning from Orange Vale I brought home as many lovely large oranges as could be carried in the wagon-box, considerably over a bushel at any rate, purchased for fifty cents. This drive through Orange Vale, Fair Oaks, Folsom, etc., I shall always remember with a great deal of pleasure.

But Los Angeles! Los Angeles is the Mecca of all Pacific tourists. The streets are literally swarming with them, electric cars
are crowded, and automobile observation cars are continually moving them about from one place of interest to another.

At the beaches (I have visited some 8 or 10 of them since coming south), the people all seem to be on a sort of perpetual holiday. But perhaps the most popular resort of all is Santa Catalina Island, reached by the steamer SS. Cambrillo, running from San Pedro Breakwater to Catalina in about two hour's time. Another very beautiful spot, and only, a short way from Los Angeles by electric line, is Pasadena.

I came South along the Valley Route, but am to return by way of the Coast Line, taking in Santa Barbara and some other places before reaching San Francisco.

Yours truly,

Fred'cr C. Banfill.

The following letter was received by the Principal about the end of last term. It was written by two Swedes. We thought it might be of interest and amusement to our readers.—Ed.

W——Dec. 4th, '05.

dear sir,—We make Norwegian skis. And as College students use very much in some of the old countries as you well know. We thought it well to apply to your Excelency the principal to see if we could introduce our skis amongst your students. As it is well known to be a very healthy pastime in the winter. No need saying more about that as a man of your station knows it all.

We intend to sell skis direct from the makers to the users, thus making them as cheap as possible.

the price for a suitable students skis is delivered at the station here f. o. b. $2.25. Sample same price.

if it would be favorable to your high consideration you will perhaps let us know your wens and decision by one of the first mails.

Yours very respectfully,

N. & M.
To the Alumni Editor.

The views of Bishop's College in the early days, which appeared in the October MITRE, are interesting and illustrate the days of small beginnings. The date (1856) beneath the later view is however incorrect. The School building shown in the engraving was not built until 1861 in which year the ante-chapel and portion now occupied by the Council Chamber were also built. I imagine this view was taken in 1865 when an appeal was made to friends in England on behalf of the College. The Lodge was built in 1848 and the chapel shown in this picture in 1858. One hopes the editorial in the December MITRE on the Library may come to the notice of the Library Building Committee. When in the jubilee year an appeal was made to the friends of the College, looking to the erection of a Library building, it was kindly received and I may add that several subscriptions were obtained with the understanding that if possible a separate building would be provided. The very consideration of protection from fire, urged by the editor, was in the minds of many men and the committee may not ignore this in administering the Fund to which these men contributed.

Yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR H. MOORE.

Stanstead, Jan. 3rd, 1906. Pres't Alumni Association

The Rev. H. A. Brooke, M.A., who has been for some time assistant to Canon Ellegood at St. James Church, Montreal, has decided to accept the Rectorship of the pro-cathedral at Saul; Ste. Marie, Ont., in the Diocese of Algoma.

Mr. Brooke, whose father was an English clergyman, came to Canada for his University education, taking his B.A. at Bishop's in 1890, and his M.A. in 1893. His first charge after his ordination by the Bishop of Quebec in 1896, was Peninsula, Gaspé. Later on he was moved to Scotstown, Que., where he spent six years. His next charge was Stanstead which he left after three years, to go to St. James.

The MITRE extends its congratulations and very best wishes to Mr. Brooke in his new work.

The Rev. John Almond, M.A., who has preached in the College
Chapel on the first Sunday in term at the invitation of the Missionary
Union, was selected by the Archbishop of Montreal to preach
the sermon at the opening of the Montreal Synod this year.

The Rev. A. W. Carroll writes from Tombstone, Arizona, that
he hopes to come East during the summer and to pay the College a
visit next autumn before returning to Arizona. His many old friends
will be glad to hear that the Doctors give him a good report
indeed.

We are indebted to Mr. Carroll for news of other graduates:
Ernest King is in business in Tucson, Arizona. The Rev. Marcus
Carroll is Rector of Danvers, Mass. Of the Rev. W. M. Gordon he
writes—"I saw Gordon in New York and visited his parish in East
Orange, N.J. His work is a great success and he is building up a
good parish from nothing. In fact, he is getting along splendidly.
He lives at home in South Orange and goes over to his parish by
bike, or trolley car. He is just the same chap we knew at Col-
lege."

The Rev. J. H. Nelms, of St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia, asks
us to remember all his old friends in Canada.

We regret to hear that the Rev. George Fletcher, of Killaloe, in
the Diocese of Ottawa, has been obliged to give up work again for
a time owing to ill-health. We trust that this rest will result in a
complete recovery.

The Rev. C. W. Balfour, M.A., writes from Huntsville, Ont., that
he is in hopes of being present at Convocation in 1907.

The Rev. R. W. Hibbard, we understand, has left T.C.S., Port
Hope, to become Rector of Berthier and Headmaster of Berthier
Grammar School.

Not long ago the usual circular letter, containing a short report
of the work of the Alumni Association and of the progress of the
College, was sent out to all Alumni. With this report went a re-

minder that the annual subscriptions for the year are now due. So
far, only a few returns have been received. A full list will be pub-
lished in our next issue.
Ordination.

On the Sunday preceding S. Thomas' Day, the Rev. E. J. Bidwell, Headmaster of the School, delivered an excellent sermon in the College Chapel, on Apostolic Succession, setting forth as of absolute necessity and of Scriptural warrant. This formed, as it were, a preface to the solemn event of the following Thursday.

At 7.30 on S. Thomas' Day Mattins were said in the Chapel, and at 8 the Bishop, Faculty and students, vested, entered in procession and took their respective parts in the service for "Ordination of Deacons," Dr. Purrock acting as chaplain. Hymn 207 was sung, after which the Rev. T. B. Waitt, M.A., Principal of Bishop's College, preached the sermon from S. John x 41, "John did no miracle; but all things John spoke of this man were true." In part he said:

"We first think of the dignity of the service to which ordination sets us apart. Most true it is that all are called to the service of God, most true that the priesthood of the laity is a grand reality in the Christian dispensation. Yet as the preface to the Ordinal teaches us "from the Apostles" time there have been these orders of Ministers in Christ's Church," a ministry representing the whole Christian people before God, and being God's representatives to them. The work of the Ministry then is an especially dignified form of the service of God, "cui servire est dignare,"—dignified in the first place because the call to the Ministry is a Divine call, just as the Ministry itself is a Divine appointment. Hence the necessity for insisting on the purity of the inward motive in those who offer themselves for ordination.

The inward call has been coming in many ways over many years, the finger of God pointing out unmistakably the road we are called to tread, and yet upon us lies the responsibility of answering the call and following the direction, and we must see to it that the right motive inspires us. No thought of sordid gain or worldly advancement, but a willingness, if need be, to forsake all and follow the Divine Master. Then, too, the service dignified by the Church's call and the Church's charge—The Ordination service showing us the Bishop exercising the apostolic powers, handing on the sacred powers that he has been charged to transmit, showing us also the assent of the Christian laity in the choice of the ordained.

"We think next of the responsibility of Ordination—and to be in an especial way "witness unto Christ"—like the Master, to spend the life in bearing "witness unto the Truth." The laity rightly ex-
pects that this witness shall be faithful and unwavering. And the force of such a life of witness, lived quite simply and in humblest self-repression is seen in the example of S. John Baptist. When our Lord visited the places where S. John had worked, the people's testimony was "all things that John spoke of this man were true," and the result so clear and strong, "many believed in Him there."

The minister must never forget that he is set apart for a life of witness "for the benefit of Thy Holy Church."

"The solemnity of the ministerial charge consists very largely in the responsibility for the souls of men. The minister must read, as he has never read before, the most wonderful book in this world, the book of human nature,—and he must take to the study the spirit of sympathy and gentle, kindly consideration. Such as always is the characteristic of our Lord's dealings with the souls of men in the pages of the Gospel. "Lastly believe that the Charisma of Ordination is most real. Priests gathered with us could, if they would, testify to its reality in their own lives. Most wonderful sometimes the power that come to the ordained, strength where before was weakness; the guidance almost unperceived at the moment, to speak the right words, to do the right thing at the right time; an insight into the mysteries of the Faith never before experienced. But the Charisma most real as it is, is a gift to be used not to be allowed to rust. It grows to perfection by its right use. Therefore comes the exhortation of the Apostle so forcibly to the newly ordained: "Stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands."

After the singing of Hymn 208 Rev. Dr. Alluatt presented G. J. Bousfield, B.A. and W. F. Seaman, B.A., as candidates for the office of Deacon. The Litany was said by Rev. Prof. Dunn, and the Communion Service by the Bishop, Rev. T. Br Waitt acting as Epistoler and Rev. G. J. Bousfield reading the Gospel.

The service throughout was conducted with great solemnity, the Bishop speaking with much impressiveness and resonance.

Both of the newly ordained have returned to college to finish their studies, after which they will enter upon parochial work—the Rev. Bousfield in the Diocese of Ottawa for which he was ordained by Letters Dimissory, and the Rev. Seaman in the Quebec Diocese. The students wish them success and hope they will prove fidei defensores.
Athletic Notes.

Basket-Ball.

The Basket-ball season which closed before the Xmas examinations was terminated by one of the fastest games played this year. It was the deciding games between the College and School teams for championship honours, each having won a game from the other and standing twelve points all. The whistle blew at 7 o'clock on the evening of Dec. 3rd, and the teams lined up as follows:

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<tr>
<th>BISHOP'S</th>
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<td>Williams</td>
<td>Defence</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harding</td>
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<td>Hepburn</td>
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<td>McNaughton</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Redmond (Capt.)</td>
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<td>Love (Capt.)</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Boswell</td>
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The game was too closely contested for any brilliant team work or individual play. The College were the first to make a tally, but the School soon evened the score and for a time led by one point. In the second half, however, the College played a more aggressive game and soon had the lead, but just before time the School again evened the score and the game resulted in a draw the score being 5 all. Srgt. Harney was referee and T. L. Adams, '06, umpire.

Basket-Ball Colours, Season 1905.

At the meeting of the Basket-ball Committee to wind up affairs for the season of 1905, it was decided that the following men should be awarded their Basket-ball colours under the new regulations of the athletic club:

- H. A. Harding, Arts '06, Defence
- T. L. Adams, Arts '06, Defence
- R. Hepburn, Arts '07, Centre
- A. K. Boright, Arts '07, Forward
- J. Williams, Arts '08, Sub. Defence
- M. McNaughton, Arts '08, Sub. Forward

(Signed) A. T. Lowe, Arts '06, Captain

This is the first year Basket-ball colours have been awarded and it has been a most successful experiment. It has raised the position of Basket-ball in College athletics and vastly increased the interest in the game, as the past successful season shows.
HOCKEY.

The hockey season is now in full swing and in spite of the weather’s objections to allowing ice to remain frozen for more than twenty-four hours at a time, things point to a fairly successful season for Bishop’s. During the past two years our hockey teams have not had so much luck as might be wished and we had to drop out of the E. T. League. This year, however, it was decided to try our fortune once more and arrangements were made to enter the E. T. League at Xmas, and so far the team is doing as well as can be expected. Much credit is due to our energetic Captain, Mr. Reginald Hepburn, for the way in which he has managed the team and who in spite of many discouragements, such as bad ice and consequently few practices, has turned out a team which if they do not carry off the cup are certainly no disgrace to the colours they wear.

The College played their first league match at Stanstead on Feb. 13th. The small size of the Stanstead rink puzzled our men not a little in the first half, until they grew accustomed to it. The game was hotly contested throughout. The first half ended 6-4 in favor of Stanstead.

In the second half, however, Bishop’s soon evened the score, and in spite of all Stanstead’s desperate efforts to get the game in hand again, the College managed to maintain their advantage and just before the whistle blew for time the College scored their winning tally, and the game ended with a final score of College 9, Stanstead 8.

On Friday evening, Feb. 9th, the College team played the Eastern Townships Bank. The game was clean, but rather too one-sided to be good from the spectator’s point of view. The College soon had the game in hand and when time was called the score stood 14-3 in favor of Bishop’s—Mr. Graden Hughes gave good satisfaction as referee.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 20th, the College seven lined up against Cookshire in their second league game. The ice was slow and heavy which rather favored the heavier Cookshire team. The game, which was played on College ice, started at 8 p.m. The College team lined up as follows:
Cookshire rushed things from the first and it was not long before a chance shot found the nets. Three more tallies were added in quick succession before the College found their feet and then the play began to be more even. The game now centered round the visitors’ nets, but owing to the extreme weakness of the shooting abilities of the College forwards the score remained unchanged. Cookshire now made another rush and, by pretty combination, succeeded in finding the net. It was now Bishop’s turn and Captain “Reg” did not miss his chance and Bishop’s got her first tally. A few minutes later Bishop’s scored again and the anxious spectators began to take heart. Bishop’s men, however, failed to prevent their opponents from adding another goal and the half closed, Cookshire 6, and Bishop’s 2.

In the second half the game was nearly all Cookshire and their goal was seldom in danger. The College forward line, although playing a hard game, was outplayed at every point by their faster and heavier opponents and it was only the brilliant work of the defence that saved Bishop’s from worse defeat. Williams at cover and Thomson at point did splendid checking and lifting, Robinson in goal played his usual good game and handled all the shots coming his way. For twenty minutes did this trio defy all attempts to score. It was a great uphill fight. Ten minutes before time a broken skate caused a delay, and when play was resumed the game became ragged and Cookshire managed to score four more times in the short period. The final score was 10-2, but the game was by no means as one-sided as this score makes it appear and had our fellows been as able shots as the visitors, the score would probably have been fairly even. Mr. Graden Hughes ’08, of the Lennoxville Club, was referee, and gave general satisfaction to both teams.

On Tuesday, Feb. 28th, the College went to Cookshire to play their return league game. The ice was rather heavy, but considerably better than expected. The game started at 8 o’clock and for the first fifteen minutes the play was fairly even. Cookshire then got in some pretty combination and four tallies followed in quick succession. Bishop’s now got in some good work and scored twice
before half time, while Cookshire again twice found Bishop's net. Half-time, score Cookshire 6, Bishop's 2.

In the second half Bishop's opened the scoring, but Cookshire soon retaliated by adding three more points to their score. The game now became a little rough and off sides were frequent—many which seemed to escape the eye of the referee. After a short delay on account of a slight mishap to one of Bishop's men, the game was resumed but the attack of Cookshire was too much for our defence and they succeeded in scoring 4 more goals to Bishop's one, before the whistle blew for time. This made the final score 13-4 for Cookshire.

An exciting exhibition of hockey was witnessed by a goodly number of spectators in the School rink on Feb. 21st, when the "Veterans" attempted in vain to defeat the Preparatory School. The game resulted in a win for the "Prep" by 6-2. The members of the Veteran team seemed to experience great difficulty in getting their sticks to come in contact with the puck, without themselves immediately coming in contact with the ice. For the Veterans, Mr. Hamilton, the captain, put up a great game, while Messrs. Lewis, Roy and Levers supported him to the best of their ability. All the Preparatory team played well, Patterson especially putting up a splendid game.

The second team, under the capaincy of Mr. A. T. Love, has also so far a good record this season. On Feb. 7th, they defeated the School second team by 8-1 and in the return game the score was 3-3, but heavy ice and a change in the team probably accounted for the tie, although the School played far better hockey than in the first match. More second team games are being arranged.
Divinity Notes.

On St. Thomas' Day, Dec. 21st, '05, two of the senior students, Mr. G. J. Bousfield, B. A., and Mr. W. F. Seaman, B. A., were ordained to the Diaconate in the College Chapel. They returned to the College after the Christmas holidays and will complete their course in June. The numbering of two deacons amongst us in the "shed" must be recognized as a great benefit, for they will be able, owing to their position, to restrain the exuberant spirits of the juniors and to set before them true ideals of loyal churchmanship.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th, the Rev. Prof. Dunn gave a skating party to which he invited the inhabitants of the "shed." After a pleasant skate the party adjourned to the house where dainty refreshments were served. Then after listening to a few solos and chatting a while, the company dispersed, declaring that they had spent a very enjoyable evening. A number of the teachers from King's Hall were present.

The Students' Missionary Union has begun the year with good promises. The study classes of last year have been renewed and have proved most interesting. During the month of February, two of these classes have been held and instructive addresses were given at each. Rev. H. F. Hamilton, M.A., read a paper on "Primitive Missionaries" at the first class and at the second, Mr. A. Dunstan, Arts '06, read a paper on "Christus Liberator," after which he proceeded to discuss the reasons which render celibacy in the case of men ordained very desirable. But the fact of most importance in regard to this Union is that passing from the field of theory to that of practice. The members of the Union have obtained permission from the Rev. R. Wright, M.A., Rector of the village Church, to open missions at Huntingville and Moultin Hill. This work is arousing much enthusiasm amongst the students, and we hope will be properly appreciated by the people who will thus profit by these services.

For a number of Sundays since the Christmas vacation the Rev. G. J. Bousfield, who was ordained to the Diaconate in Advent, has assisted at the services at the Church of the Advent in East Sherbrooke, and owing to the illness of the Rev. Dr. Shreve, he was called upon to assist and preach at St. Peter's upon two occasions.
THE MITRÉ

We have again come to the season of Lent. Many of us have resolved not to smoke, skate, attend parties, etc., and a few even resolved to "swat." Would that we had a little more of the spirit of the Hebrew prophets, so that not only in the Church's appointed season, but always, we might exhibit this self-restraint and divine patience which we all admire and strive after at this particular season.

Mr. F. G. Strange went to Fitch Bay after the Christmas holidays and is studying under the guidance of Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A. He will return to College next September to resume his course.

Mr. F. C. Walling, who was to have been ordained in Advent, was compelled to leave the College owing to severe illness. He has the good wishes of all his fellow-students, who hope he will soon recover his strength.

Arts Notes.

We wish to request that a little more interest be shown in the welfare of the Mitre—more particularly by students, sometimes sending in some sort of contribution to the pages of the Arts Notes. We ask this, because collecting jokes is without doubt wearisome work, and as for manufacturing them the strain is so great on the mental faculties (almost as great as the strain required to see their point) that the unfortunate fellows whose duty it is to do their best in that direction have to frequently throw up the sponge, and, through sheer exhaustion, let up for a while. No doubt at this point it will occur to the reader that a joke, to be a good one, should be spontaneous, that it should reveal itself, unbidden, to the perpetrator's purely receptive mind, and (hence) already cut and dried, issue on to the paper to-wreath the reader's thereof in ready smiles. This may be the case theoretically, but when it comes to the practical point it is quite another story. Except in rare cases the receptive mind is not receptive enough, or else the joke does not think fit to occur, even if all possible pains are taken to ensure a thoroughly receptive mental attitude.

Thus, whatever may be the reason for the above phenomenon, the fact remains that the editors could very well do with more help than they have received in the past, which, sad to say, has been very
nearly nil. As things are at present the word 'editor' is a misnomer. To be accurate the word 'contributor' should be substituted in its place. Need this state of affairs continue? Surely it is not a very difficult matter when a good original joke is heard, to jot it down and send it in. If this were done it would make our paper more bright and amusing; and thus more popular; it would materially relieve the overworked members of the editorial staff and, moreover, it would make students feel more that it was their paper and that they had some say in it.

There are plenty of clever things said inside the College if only they could be preserved; there are plenty of amusing incidents capable of being treated in a light and witty way, any of which it may occur only to you to relate, much to the inestimable benefit, it may be further added, of your own power of expression in black and white.

This Christmas will long be remembered by members of the College for being a record one for the number of engagements which have occurred. One engagement at any rate has been publicly announced and not denied; however our business is not to do more than touch upon it here. But, over and above this engagement, beyond question, there are others that, though they may not, be as yet thoroughly settled—with the ring bought and the bill paid, are yet worthy of some notice. The hero of one of these quasi engagements lives in the Shed, and consequently has not a great while longer to remain in College, and the thought of this must no doubt be very satisfactory to him—that is if he is not of the fickle kind and is not already regretting "the things that were." There has not been such an epidemic of wounded hearts in the anatomy of the College for a very long time, not for some years, at least; and one is tempted to wonder whether the unusually mild winter has had anything to do with it. The weather, was certainly very spring-like during the Christmas vacation; it has improved lately and turned quite cold again. Perhaps it is just as well.

We have mentioned in a previous number the great improvements that have been carried out in the Arts Building this year. It is now our privilege to chronicle an additional improvement, which makes a marked difference to the interior of the building by the appearance of comfort and elegance that it gives. The walls of the stairway
have been adorned and relieved of their pristine bareness by a series of costly and beautiful pictures, that hold the eye and cheer the heart of the passing student or professor on his way to the lecture room or dining hall. We owe the kind fairies who made us this present our very heartiest thanks, and we can truthfully assure them that the improvement is very much appreciated by those concerned. At a recent meeting of the students a vote of thanks was carried unanimously, to the contributors to the pictures hanging on the walls.

There is quite a craze for musical instruments of various kinds in the College this year. The most popular are those that respond to deft fingers with a plaintive twang of lingering tenacity—that give opportunity for the soul to express its deepest and tenderest sentiments by means of their vibrating strings—whose melody from time to time may be heard issuing from some student's room further down the corridor. But, and here is the pity of it, there is nothing organized about this instrumental playing. There are no little Common Room concerts that might be arranged so easily and held periodically with scarcely any trouble at all. Why should not some of our more musical students be enterprising and set the fashion by "getting up" such a concert? It is not as if there was no musical talent inside our walls; there is plenty of it—both vocal and instrumental. Besides, it goes without saying, such concerts would be a very pleasant addition to the life of the College.

WANTED—A very reliable awakener in the morning, and moreover one which will not only awaken but also get a man out of bed. The common alarm clock is useless for the majority of people when once they get accustomed to it. They say it does not go off. There is a certain amount of doubt about this. Some automatic spring beneath the bed might do, but then the disadvantage of it would be its too great suddenness; for doctors agree it is bad for the health to get out of bed too suddenly after wakening. It is certainly bad for the temper. But, after all, even if one does get out of bed earlier, the chances are that one will spend a longer time over dressing and so be not much better off after all.

That regular rendezvous, the village rink, is being made good use of again by students of social tendencies or by those simply in
search of quiet amusement as they see enacted day by day the great game of hearts. What stories the whitewashed walls of that rink could tell, if only it were in their power. What conversations could they not repeat! What tragedies have they not witnessed! What important results have there not grown out of chance introductions within them!

A young lady, on being asked not long ago the question, "Did you ever hold up a train?" indignantly replied, "No, how could you ask such a question?" But on second thought, as the questioner's meaning dawned upon her, she was compelled to answer in the affirmative.

The following however is a true story and it happened to one of our own students, a Divinity man. Though the incident occurred while he was taking a mission during the summer vacation, it has only now at length come to light, which however is not surprising, considering it is not the kind of story a man would be very eager to tell about himself. The tale was thus:—He was taking service in the church at—, and had more than once allowed his glance to stray in the direction of the front pew where was seated a young lady with whom he was not an entire stranger. The time had come for him to give out the last hymn before he was to rouse the congregation to a sense of their sins by the eloquence of his sermon. He rose up and gave out in clear, calm accents, "The 257th Heaven," and then, unfortunately for him, he corrected himself, while the deep red blush of shame suffusing his shrinking visage did not altogether leave him for some time. They say he was not so collected over that sermon as usual.

We particularly notice among the numerous names of students rooms (writ large on their doors) this one—PARADISE LOST—because it strikes us as being particularly appropriate knowing as we do the character of the inmate and his necessary and sorrowful state of separation so long as he is within these walls. Together with our sincere sympathy for his unhappy condition we express the earnest hope that he will some day, a day not very far distant, experience Paradise Regained.

In the midst of life we are in debt.
The popular sentimental song "Would You Care?" has a slightly revised version more suited to the less tender mode of expression of the average man. The latter part of the chorus of this new version runs as follows:

"Would you swear if you should find me
Closely held in someone's arms?
Would your tongue swear just a little?
Tell me, darling—would you swear?"

We heard a good definition of common sense not long ago. It was defined as "that sense which is not common."

We earnestly trust that our candidates for Holy Orders will *not* take as an example of preaching the style of the popular preacher as illustrated by Mr. Wentworth last month; but will on the other hand take care not to drift, as life goes on, into any such pious peculiarities of manner.

Has anyone seen our winter weather? The January thaw certainly did good work this season, wiping out practically all the snow, washing the ice down the rivers, and resurrecting the wheeled waggons once more. One could almost believe that spring was here, with the thermometer up to 50° or more in the shade. The prophets prophesy a late spring as the result. Time will show. The clerk of the weather certainly thinks he owes us some reparation for the severity of the last two winters; but Canada is hardly Canada without its winter; one might as well be in England relishing its rain and mud.

"Would I were my lady's ring
Upon my lady's finger;
To me it would seem the sweetest thing
There, like the ring, to linger.

There was once a book lying on the breakfast table, a paper book, and on the cover was printed the likeness of a key; a key such as might be used for the purpose of entering one's domicile after dark. The key caught the eye of the ever-observing 'despot' of the dining hall and he asked the owner of the book if he might borrow it a moment, and so have a look at the various forms of keys which he evidently concluded were therein set forth. He seemed to be interested in keys. He soon, however, returned the book (a classical crib), not being so interested in it as he had at first imagined.
It was a cough that carried him off.
It was a coffin they carried him off in.

Observations Serious and Otherwise.

A keen sense of humor is responsible for a good many heart
aches.

It is only as a fellow grows older that he begins to find out
how little he knows.

Folly and wisdom go hand in hand, or, in other words, a wise
man is in many ways a fool.

Worry is the root of all evil.

If you want anything very badly it is very often a good plan to
seek the direct opposite.

It is only necessary to be afraid of something happening for it
to happen.

A man's most precious possession is his character—not his repute-
tation but his personal private character.

Compliments, like curry, must be served delicately, and they must
always be taken with a grain of salt.

Walking is both good and bad for the soul.

It is a matter of some consolation to think that while there's
life there's soap.

It has often been said that all good things come to an end, but
it is equally true that there is no end to bad things.

If there is one thing more disagreeable than another it is that
when among a social crowd there is so much talking that one can't
get a word in which way.

There is nothing that makes one feel so much like kicking oneself
as putting one's foot in it.

A meeting of the Debating Society was held in the Council
Chamber on Monday evening, Feb. 12th.

The motion debated upon was, "Resolved that the Government
alone should control the manufacture and sale of intoxicating
liquors."

The motion was ably introduced by Mr. Dunstan, who spoke
very forcibly and to the point.

The leader of the opposition, Rev. W. P. Seaman, B.A., failing
to put in an appearance, Mr. Allen, the second speaker of the nega-
The President and chairman then proceeded to put before the house the above motion, which was lost by a large majority.

The Principal, as critic, showed that the present system was not one with which we could rest contented, but that too much confidence could not be put in the government after some samples of its control over other affairs. He also stated that in a case of this kind where the object was the bettering of the moral standards of the people, that the question of revenue should have no material effect upon it.

It was then moved that the committee decide on measures to be taken to procure the presence of speakers at the meetings.

Much excitement is expected in the next meeting which will consist of a mock trial.

The mystery of the Upper Flat or who runs the Amateur Shooting Gallery. Who is there that would not gladly welcome the presence of the illustrious Sherlock Holmes in untangling a snarl such as this?

———

Supper was then served in the College Dining Hall, after which an impromptu dance was given in the College Council Chamber. The music for this was given by volunteers, to whom the thanks of the students is due.

The poet stood in the College hall
His face dark with vexation;
He turned and walked upon his hands
To get an inspiration.
The party broke up about 12.00, all having had a very enjoyable time.

On the part of the student body we would like to offer Dr. Parrock our sincerest sympathy for the recent bereavement which he has undergone.

We are very sorry to hear of the negligence of some of the students, especially among the newer ones, in not procuring their soup tickets in time. This is a very deplorable circumstance and we sincerely trust that this warning will be sufficient and that the same fault will not occur again.

We are very glad to note that the Christmas examinations have been shortened to one week. There is hardly anything else that will please the students better, unless it be the fact that the vacation at that same season is lengthened one week on that account.

1st student: Have you seen the new books in the library?
2nd student: No; but that reminds me that I have not had my chapel certificate framed yet.

Exchanges.

The Dalhousie Gazette contains an excellent article 'A hand at Pedro.' The writer has well succeeded with a few strokes of the pen in giving an interesting account of a strategic capture of a cattle-thief. Though short, it is void of any abruptness and is told in simple language. This is a very important matter and lost sight of entirely by many article contributors of to-day.

In criticising an article of an exchange the Dalhousie Gazette has become a victim to boastfulness. Every College organ tries to keep in touch with the success of graduates, but in so doing it is unnecessary to add "It is needless to say that he is a graduate of —" We are wont to look for such expressions from the ophiomorphous pen of a political editor.

"Young People's Societies," contained in the last issue of the Diocesan Gazette, is a very timely article and it is gratifying to see
that the clergy are becoming aware of the necessity of caring for children. The young will in their time occupy important positions in ecclesiastical affairs and the more they know of the Mother "the more interest" will they display in the dealing with questions pertaining to her. "We must avoid the sugar-coated theories of compromise and preach bravely and clearly the Righteousness of Christ's Kingdom," and "Till young people have learned to make their pleasures pure they are not likely to make their aspirations holy," are the key sentences to the article.

It is necessary to remind the editor of *Acta Victoriana* that we expect to find in a magazine what the "contents" enumerate. There is no acknowledgement of the receipt of Exchanges, much less criticism, although the "contents" state that such is to be found, *Lapsus mentis* no doubt on the part of the editor. Apart from this error the *Acta Victoriana* is on a par with any that has come to hand. "Notes on my first visit to London" is especially worthy of reading.

The following is from the pen of the editor of the *Manitoba College Journal*:—"As the students have no voice regarding who shall be admitted to the College, the student body should not be held responsible for the actions of those who break the rules—and furniture. Not only is this done, but some men charged for windows they never broke, doors they never smashed and wires they never cut, in order to arrange what they think an injustice, go straightway and break something the value of which has been extracted from them."

Now can we imagine a College Faculty admitting undesirables? but from the above we must conclude, in the affirmative. It is to be feared that "innocent fun" has been confounded with "vice" by the writer. His last statement is perfectly true and it is time that the Bursars assessed the guilty ones. That a whole student body should have to pay for damages done when a few were in revelry is a great injustice.

The *Argosy* is very tastefully gotten up, and the illustrations are especially fine. "Venice, the Bride of the Adriatic" is well written and entertaining. But the editorials are not up to some others that have come to hand. Force, clearness and beauty are to be found in the use of simple language.
THE MITRE.

The McGill Outlook is far below the average. The last number contains absolutely nothing but a few class jottings and anecdotes, most of which are chestnuts.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
   And I un-n the other said:
   "How I, 8 that you be g
   Have smiled upon this suit of mine!
   If a heart it palps for you—
   Thy voice it win 6 melody
   'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2——
   Say O! my nymph, wilt' marry me?
   Then lapsed the soft, "Why 73-lv."

North—"McSweeney's uncle is here to-day."
Raz—"Is that so? Is he a man or woman?"

The Girl with A Head.

There are plenty of girls with curly curls,
   There are plenty of pleasing eyes
   That know how to glance—some girls can dance:
   But a girl with a head I prize:

   Yes a girl with a head that knows what's said,
   And why it was said—what it meant;
   That knows how to act with a little tact—
   Keeps track of the money she's spent;

   And she knows what to do when feeling blue,
   She can carry it off with grace.
   If she's wearing a hat she doesn't let that
   Make her think all the time of her face.
   If she's 'ere in the wrong it won't be long;
   Before she discovers the fact:
   She'll be ready to show she's found it so
   And be sorry she wasn't exact.

Now the girl with a heart unless she's smart,
   Though worth quite a lot of expense,
   Can by no means come near that treasure dear
   The girl who has common sense.

   There is a lady with a looking-glass—
   There is a pretty face——
   But when all has been said the girl with a head
   Is the girl that better's the Race. — C A.
Pisgah.

Glory and honour to the Most High God
Who now hast brought Thy servant to this mount,
Whence, though excluded justly for thy sin,
I view the Promised Land.

Now shall I to my grave depart in peace,
Praising Thee, Lord, Who, by this sweet foretaste,
Dost grant me surety of completed bliss
In fulness of Thy time.

Holy art Thou, O Lord, for Thou dost punish sin,
Loving art Thou, O Lord, Who grantest men to purge
By cleansing grief the guilt of their dead past,
Sustained by inner peace.

And now, farewell, O Land, that often in my dreams
I pictured, fair and fruitful as I see now;
For others be thy joys, with thankful heart I go
To seek a fairer home.

Mowler: I see some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love-affair is to run away. Do you believe it?

Cynicus: Certainly—if you run away with the girl.

A young man, whom 'we may call Johnson, because that was not his real name, was married several days ago, and it occurred to him that he would take his bride to a town which he knew well on their honeymoon.

He was particularly desirous of visiting this town, as he told his bride, because at the hotel where he intended staying "they served such delicious honey at every meal."

"This will be delightful," said Mrs. Johnson.

The couple arrived at the hotel in due course, and they were just in time for tea. Johnson escorted his bride proudly to a table in the dining-room, and then after an admiring glance at her, looked quizzically round the board.

There was no honey on the table, and none in the room. Johnson was surprised, and called a waiter.

"See here," said he, "where's my honey?"

The waiter seemed at a loss as to what to say, but finally leaned forward and in a stage whisper said: "She don't work here no more!"
"Why does everybody cry at weddings?" "Well, I'm only an old, lonely bachelor, living all these years alone, but I guess it's because those who have been married themselves start it, and the others join in."

Magistrate: Describe the man.
Witness: Oh, well—a sneaky sort of man.
Magistrate: What do you mean by that?
Witness: Well, your honour he'll never look you straight in the face until your back's turned!

"I heard about a queer case of absent-mindedness: the other day. You know that old Professor, Algebray?"
"Yes; what did he do? Try to pick his teeth with the hypotenuse of a triangle?"
"No. You see, the Professor and Jones occupied the same room at the Tip-a-Day hotel. The Professor wanted to take an early train, and told the clerk to wake him at three o'clock. The clerk did so, and in the hurry the Professor got Jones's clothes on. He didn't notice the difference until he reached the station, and I'll be kicked if he didn't go back to the hotel and go to bed."
"Well, I don't see any absent-mindedness in that."
"You don't! Why, he thought the clerk had waked the wrong man."

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