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Editorials.

In our last number we expressed our approval of the step which had been taken in inviting clerical graduates to preach during Lent. Our chief reason for doing so was because we believed it would be a means by which alumni would be made to feel that their alma mater recognized them and took an interest in them. This, we believe, to be a very important matter for the welfare of the University. In a country such as this, and for a University like ours, it is of the utmost importance. The difficulty of inducing the youth of the country to take an Arts course is necessarily greater in a new country where the energies of its people tend in the direction of material pursuits to a large degree. The educational advantages of an Arts course need to be brought before the people constantly. This can be done in no better way than by those who have graduated from the University. To encourage alumni in this direction, it is necessary for the University to show its interest in those who have left its walls, and also use every means to manifest such interest. We therefore hope that the step which has been taken will be followed up by
others. May we hope that something more, along the lines suggested in our last issue, will be done.

While discussing the recognition of alumni who have gone out into the world, we also desire to turn our thoughts to those graduates who return for post graduate Arts or for Divinity. We are convinced that some privileges ought to be granted to those who have obtained the standing of Bachelors. As it is now, there is nothing to distinguish the man who has spent three years under college discipline and in study from the undergraduate in his freshman year. All alike have to come under the same rules. It is true the Bachelor may wear his hood upon certain occasions—or rather he has to do so because it is another rule. But in everything else he is as though he had not undergone his three years course of discipline. It surely seems reasonable that those who have become Bachelors, supposed by the University to have graduated in the discipline—for we are told that the discipline is part of our course—should have some recognition shown them. We do not agitate exemption from all rules, for a certain number are, no doubt, necessary; but we do feel that some of those which have to do with the University at large could be suspended in the case of those who have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The University by its attitude towards resident graduates seems almost not to recognize them as such. It would add greatly to the dignity of the degree if the holder of it were granted exemption from certain rules. It would also cause him to realize the responsibility of his position in a greater sense than he does now. If he is to be an example to his juniors, he must, also be led to realize that greater trust is placed in him. Looked at in another light it appears as though the University was doubtful of its influences in moulding the character of those who are its graduates. It is, in a way, a reflection cast by the University upon its own powers of training and influencing character. If a man enters into business he finds that as he gains promotion greater trust is placed in him, and also that he has greater freedom in acting on his own initiative. Business men find that it pays—and why? Because it is characteristic of human nature to work better—to rise to a feeling of responsibility, and realize that responsibility greater, if it feels that the responsibility is complemented by greater privileges of trust and the use of one's discretion. The resident graduate will be, in nine cases out of ten, the undergraduate in spirit as long as he feels that the
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University practically places him in the same position as the latter.

We should therefore like to call the attention of those in authority to this matter, and ask them to see if something cannot be done. It will, we are convinced, be more satisfactory to all concerned, if some steps are taken in this direction.

A Bacon MS.

Of Musick.

[Note.—The following paper, unsigned, but bearing a very strong similarity to many of the known essays by that accomplished author, Francis Bacon, was recently discovered in the neighborhood of Bishop's College, Lenoxville. We make no pronouncement on its authority, which we leave our readers to decide for themselves. The finder has added a few explanatory notes where necessary to which the numbers in the text refer.]

Master Shakespeare hath well said in one of his plays (1):

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Yet have I known a student, in a waggishness having brought a calf into lecture in a bag, himself received the sack. For as the learned Marinius (2) in his work, De Professoribus scien
texandis, hath laid down: "Licet discipulis aves canores, sicut gallos, in scholas inrerre, quo melius irae Professorum dulci carmine emolli-
antur; sed belius saetas et iugiones, ne timido Professori unquam, metum inijiciant, introducere non licet." And the plea of the student that, being weak of vision, he mistook a calf for a crow, was right earth, and might not be allowed.

For Divinity students to learn French is not amiss. Only let them enter the lecture room chanting some fit hymn, such as the sacred poet Bovisagei (3) hath writ:

En I Johannis Pelagij!
Quam dulce ludit organum!
Dum pater pulsat tympanum
Concitus soror cymbalum.

For so shall they both please the Professor, and maintain their own good report as holy men.

Juvenal says of the collector for the W. A. who waylaid him in the street, when, by a fortunate providence, he had left his purse at home:

"Cantabit vacus coram latrone viator"

and they say there was one zealous who when asked to contribute to missions, having not the wherewithal, would sing "From Green-
land's Icy Mountains," (4) right through instead, and that having for a wager been asked for alsms thirty times in one day, he sang
the hymn each time indeed, but afterwards incontinent went mad, supposing himself to be a gramophone (5), and so perished miserably. I hold it better to take a collecting card or box, for so may a man contrive privily to come at some part of the spoil, lest the Pagans lurch all the gains.

For Freshmen I mislike not that they be compelled to sing—only let the songs be not more than one hundred years old. Pliny relates how a certain Roman youth who entered Athens University was cruelly slain for that when compelled by the seniors to sing he gave them “Bonum vetus aestatis tempus,” and that his slayers obtained free maintenance from the State for the rest of their lives. Concerning which things Gornellius (6) treateth in his Book “Killing no murder,” wherein he saith that ‘he who pours water on the head of a comic singer doeth a good act, but that he who slays him deserveth a Peerage’. Certainly it is a shameful and unblessed thing that Freshmen who have no musick be forced to strive after the impossible. I hold it better that they should be given soap to eat or some such trash: For so shall there be no unseemly noise, and their curious and painful faces be a thing of great pleasure.

Also it would not be amiss that at Convocation, Professors, Recipients of Honorary Degrees, Juniors, Stewards, and the like, should sing and dance before the students. For so shall the conceit of the young be beaten down in them, seeing themselves surpassed in their own arts, and there shall be less rioting and confusion.

Tacitus saith of an organist skilled in theoretic, but who played out of tune:—

Capax choregi, nisi choregisset (7)

And their historian Notabimus (8) says that among the fierce Ethnics of the West it is the custom to place this superscription in their temples above the seat of a raw player—

Nolite telis conjecere; non potent melius.

Yet it were well if the Quirister boys contrive to pull his hair when he goeth wrong, so they do it seemly and without disturbance.

For ribald songs about meals:—

(Here the MS. ends abruptly.)
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NOTES.

(1) Evidently Bacon had as yet no idea that he wrote Shakespeare's plays.

(2) Maritus. There is a marginal note by the author in the MS. concerning this writer, as follows—"A man of great learning, dwelling in the Shedde." I have not been able to identify either the man or his habitation, but I conjecture that he was a hermit of some kind, though the name has a nautical sound.

(3) Bovisiger. I can find no other mention of this poet. The MS. margin simply has "also dwelleth in the Shedde." The poem is of the deepest interest, as it is evidently the original of the rude verse—

"Johnny M....plays the drum,
His sister plays the tambourine, etc.
Whether it is a panegyric of the well known musical talents of the Welsh, or a veiled attack upon the heretic Pelagius it is impossible to decide. Ludere organisum is monkish Latin, not classical.

(4) It is surprising to find Bacon familiar with a hymn which we had always imagined was composed during the last century, but there is no mistaking the MS.

(5) This is clearly an anachronism. Just as Shakespeare makes Antony and Cleopatra play billiards long before the game was invented, so Bacon allows himself to anticipate the greatest discovery of the present age.

(6) Cornelius. I can only trace one person of this name, who was certainly a man-of-letters, though I cannot find that he wrote any books. Bacon with true literary license, assumes knowledge of the name of a book written after his own death.

(7) One seems to remember that Tacitus' remark took a different form. Certainly I find no authority for the verb chorigo.

(8) Here again Bacon seems to be before his time. 'Notabilis' appears to be a poor attempt to latinise the name of Mark Twain, with whose class of humour the story is in keeping.

The Vernacular.

The vernacular of the street invades the home; illiterate communication corrupts good grammar. But notwithstanding efforts to correct careless diction, the abuse and misuse of words continue. The besetting sin of the English speaking people is a tendency to use colloquial inelegancies, slang and vulgarisms.

Of the purely syntactical side of English a master wrote, "I readily sacrifice the niceties of syntax to euphony and strength." It is by boldly neglecting the rigourisms of grammar that Tacitus has made himself the strongest writer in the world." One of the regicides of Charles I had as his motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Correct its syntax "Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God." It has lost all the strength and beauty of the antithesis.

The English language is the most flexible language in the world.
Some of its idioms are positively startling—"I don't think it will rain" is simple enough as an idiom but positively absurd when analysed. "I don't think it will rain" is not equivalent to "I do think it will not rain." Usage has made our language what it is. In many instances usage has supplanted grammatical rules.

"Persons who cannot write forcibly and clearly without vexing their souls about verbs, nouns, and pronouns, or without worrying with definition and syntax, might better change their pens for plough-shares, and their ink wells for water buckets and devote their time to truck farming."

Some of the errors perpetrated by writers who have achieved reputation as authors of good English show us what care is to be exercised in marshalling words, e.g.,

"Shakespeare has not only shown human nature as it is, but as it would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed."—Dr. Johnson.

In the King James version of the Bible, Isaiah xxxvii, 36, is an example of the blunder in question.

In the second act of "Julius-Caesar," Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Ligarius, "I will strive with things impossible; yea, get the better of them." We must all admire his perseverance.

"No one as yet had exhibited the structure of the human kidneys, Vesalius only having examined them in dogs."—Hallam.

This declaration implies that the dogs bolted them whole.

The whimsicality of affection takes delight in transforming abusive words into caresses. The dead Cordelia is "my poor fool," to King Lear. Rogue, rascal, tyke are pet names for little children. This is akin to the employment of grotesque pet names-like chuck, honey-and queer diminutives. Intimacy or familiarity explains these phenomena.

More than once a derisive nickname has been accepted by those to whom it is applied, and has thus risen to the rank of an ordinary descriptive term. Whig, Tory, Yankee are familiar examples. There are numerous examples in religious history—Puritan, Quaker, Shaker. It is possible that when the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch it was by their enemies.

With us the term Broad-churchman signifies one who is prejudiced to neither party of the Church, and in his own practices and belief tries to strike the Via Media, but in the States it has come to
mean one who is supposed to hold heretical views and yet remains in the Church. Dr. Creassey is an example of the present time.

Slang may be aptly described as a vocabulary of genuine words, curiously applied, and unmeaning jargon used with an arbitrary signification. Much of it is inane, coarse, low, and foolish; some is racy and strikingly expressive. Occasionally the slang of one age has become the accepted language of another—e.g., Dean Swift was much annoyed by certain young clergymen who in their sermons used all the modern terms of art—shame, mob, bully, shuffling—all of which have made good their position as respectable colloquialisms. Slang words frequently rise to the rank of colloquialisms, and thus in time gain admission to the more formal language. "To hit straight from the shoulder," "to floor a man," are now admissible, while there is a tendency to exclude "tooth and nail," "cough and ready."

There is also a development and a degeneration of meaning in our language, and it is interesting to note the difference in meaning of many words of to-day and of a century ago. An amusing instance of verbal degradation is afforded by a little group of words which should mean "instantly," but imply delay. Soon, I believe, is the Anglo-Saxon word for "immediately," but "I will attend to your business soon" is cold comfort to the waiting petitioner. Likewise by and by, presently, directly—proverbial mottoes of the determined procrastinator. Sanctimonious once meant devout, holy, or sacred, but to-day carries an implication of hypocrisy.

A. DUNSTAN.

Veritas.

While ruminating over analysis, cold and chilled to the bone by the northern zephyrs issuing through the crevices of the over-tight fitting windows, I was startled by the hilarious shouting of Bishop's progenies. Rushing from my chair towards the noise I beheld a sight which has left an indelible impression on the minds of the gods. There before me stood St. Patrick. Tall and stately, with ruddy complexion and darkened eyes he prowled and prowled around. Every one appeared in a state of ecstasy. But the poor saint was wandering in mind, forgetting the exact latitude of some of his haunts he betook himself to a holier precinct than ever before his shadow had darkened. Here he was greeted with non-belief in visionary spirits and had to hastily beat a retreat. When the leader
was put to flight; the followers became scattered, and no more of this strange sect was seen until they assembled for their agape, salmon and maple syrup.

May this be repeated on every anniversary of Ireland's patron saint. How could one who "fought for his views" restrain from such primitive customs. But be advised, O saint, wear not such a pugnacious look and threaten not to annihilate the whole Episcopal bench with your 'black hawthorne' if you are told nothing definite. Remember that you yourself have the assumed right of using your late diocese as your signature. Hurrah for Ireland! Hurrah for St. Patrick! Hurrah for Bishops! Give the "tiger" to his imitator.

**Sermon.**

Preached by the Rev. B. Watson, M.A., in the College Chapel at Evensong, on Wednesday, March 21st, 1906.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—St. John v. 17.

In these words we have a complete picture of what God is, and of what man is capable of being.

In other words, we have a complete picture of the highest and truest life.

And if the object of our religion is that we may have "life," and that we may have it "more abundantly," surely there can be no words more profitable than these for our meditations during this Lenten season.

You men here in college are still, as some of us were, it seems such a little while ago, looking forward to what, in some respects, whatever your affection for this place may be, and however highly you have learned to value the privileges which you here enjoy, you naturally look upon as a larger and fuller life. For the duties of that larger life you are conscious that your whole training here, physical, mental and spiritual, is meant to be the preparation. And so it is surely a question of which each one of you must acknowledge the importance—what is to be the motive of that larger life.

What your life is to be when you leave these walls, will depend upon the ideal which is the result of your training here, and upon the earnestness with which you continue to strive after that ideal. And so let us consider what is the true ideal of the larger life.

Perhaps we shall best approach it by tracing the growth of that
moral progress which leads up to it. Let us begin with the lowest conception of the meaning and purpose of our individual human life. The lowest level of human life is that of mere animal enjoyment. We need not consider this in its perverted forms. It is not the diseased conditions of our humanity that I am taking as our starting point.

Not the fever of sensuality, but the innocent, because thoughtless, animalism which underlies our physical life, the thoughtless selfishness which springs from that love of pleasure which is a part of our God-given nature. This is not necessarily immoral; it only becomes immoral for us as we come to realize that there is something higher.

But there comes a time when we begin to realize that there is something higher than this physical enjoyment of life and its pleasure. There grows upon us the idea that there is work for us to do.

This is the first step in our moral progress and it is a tremendous step, this step from selfish pleasure to regulated effort.

And yet it may not spring from any very lofty ideal. The aim of work may be selfish. Men may work to supply themselves with the means of gratifying their appetite for pleasure. That is the lowest possible motive for work.

And yet even that is something. When once a man begins to work there is hope for him. Work teaches many things. It teaches the need of self-control, even for selfish ends. It teaches us that our interests are bound up with the interests of our fellow-men, and by so doing, it prepares the way for the Christian idea of brotherhood. And work also tends to purify and elevate our idea of pleasure. It makes the enjoyment of idleness no longer a possibility. It leads to the love of work.

The exercise of man's God-given faculties of body and mind and will, in any form of systematic effort, tends to the development of self-respect. The athlete whose one ambition is to attain to the highest possible physical culture has a genuine ideal. His aim is only worthy of human effort because it is not the highest. The student who seeks knowledge for the mere joy of intellectual effort has reached a still higher level of moral progress. He has found a nobler ideal of self-development, an ideal which is only not the highest.

The business man whose work is his whole life, and who works not because he loves money, for its own sake, or for the sake of what it will buy, but because he loves his work, has an ideal which is only false because there is something higher. And what is it that is lacking in these ideals?
They are all partial, one-sided, childish. They leave out of the sphere of man's self-development the highest part of his nature.

Man is a spiritual being. No idea of self-development can satisfy his moral nature which is selfish in its aim. That is a proof of the existence of the human soul that is absolutely unanswerable.

We know that man is a spiritual being because he has in his nature the capacity for unselfish love. It is love that glorifies work, and makes it the noblest and therefore the ideal of human life. Love is the foundation of all duty. Obedience is a duty based not upon fear, but upon love. And all love is the same in character: the father's love for his children, the child's love for his parents, the love of brothers and sisters, the love of husband and wife, the love of disinterested friendship—the love of humanity—the love of God. All spring from the same divine source. They spring from the presence in man of a spiritual nature, of which love is the characteristic action. And the last and highest step in man's self-development is the cultivation of this spiritual element in his nature. It is the cultivation of this spiritual element in man, which prepares the way for the grasp of those great truths of Revelation which confirm the judgment of our moral nature as to the true ideal of our human life. The Revelation of Jesus Christ is the Revelation of the Divinity of Love. It confirms what our moral nature intuitively believes, the truth that 'Love is of God, and whosoever loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.' It teaches us that behind all nature there is the unceasing activity of a Father's love. It exhibits that love to us as not only at work in the operation of natural laws but as manifested in human flesh in the Person of the Eternal 'Word.' The immanent love has revealed itself by becoming the incarnate love. And therefore 'the love of Christ constraineth us.'

We are bound to aim at that ideal of love, which Jesus Christ reveals to us as being at once the Revelation of the Father, and also the ideal of our humanity.

And what is the practical application of this truth to our everyday human life? Love means service.

Jesus Christ has revealed Our Father to us, not merely as a loving, but as a working God. He is not a God who has created the Universe and set it going, and who is now resting and enjoying the contemplation of His work. He is working unceasingly in the Universe and His work is prompted by love. We may be thankful for the way in which our conception of the meaning of Our Saviour's teaching about
God has been enlarged by the development of scientific thought. Even those of us who can claim little if any definite scientific knowledge, are richer because of the ever increasing correspondence between the conclusions of sound and reverent scientific thought, and the highest truths of the Christian Revelation. For example, how immesurably our idea of the Divine Fatherhood is enriched by the conception of the history of creation as that of an upward progress, ascending from lower to higher forms of organic life, reaching its highest level in man, and culminating in the Incarnation. It teaches us that love is not only the law of the spiritual world but also the law of nature.

It is true that there must always be much that is mysterious to us in the divine plan. We cannot altogether explain why pain and death are necessary; we cannot yet reconcile the possibility of moral failure, with the ultimate victory of the divine will. But enough is plain to lead all who are studying the laws of nature with a reverent mind to see in those laws the great truth which Christ has revealed to us that nature in all her working is the manifestation of a father's love. And is not this simply the unfolding of our Saviour's words, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

The Son is not different from the Father. The human life of the Son of God was simply the reflection of the character of that Father whom He came to reveal. The Christian life which was in the beginning in "the Word," and has become "the Light of men," is the gradual development in God's children of that likeness to their Father, which is the spiritual element in their nature.

Christians are to be "followers of God."

Work is the manifestation of the Divine Fatherhood. Work must be the expression of our sonship. The meaning of that larger life, which Jesus Christ has come to enable us to live, is work for and with God. Work is the manifestation of love.

Love is not mere feeling. It is active spiritual force. Let us not imagine that we love God because we have certain feelings in thinking about the love which He has shown toward us. "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." "He that taketh up his cross daily and followeth me, he that giveth a cup of cold water to one of my little ones in my name, he that giveth food to the hungry in my name, or clothing to the naked, he who visiteth the sick and comforteth the sorrowful, he who obeys my command to go forth and publish the good news of my kingdom to his.
own brother first; and sets no limit to this duty till he has gone to
the furthest corner of the earth; he who thinks no act of service
beneath him which he can render to a brother man—he whose life is
a life of consecrated work; and whose one motive is to do his part
in that work of love which is his Father's business and therefore
his, "he it is," our Saviour says, "who loveth me." We have, I
think, in this one saying of our Lord's, the summing up of all prac-
tical religion. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." And
because it gives us the key-note of all practical religion, it is a message
for Lent. For what is Lent? Lent is a time to deepen our realization
of the true motive of religion and to bring our lives more into obedi-
ence to that motive. Lent is above all else a time for learning to
work more earnestly for and with God. Without that motive all
our Lenten observances become not merely meaningless and useless,
but positively harmful, because they minister to spiritual pride.
Lent is not a time merely for being more attentive to our religious
duties. It is a time to be used in that way. But why? Just because
it is only by the deepening of our spiritual lives that we can fit our-
selves to work more earnestly for and with God.

Lent is not a time merely for practicing self-discipline. It is a time
for self-discipline. But why? Just because it is necessary to cultivate
self-control in order to do our work. "Every man that striveth for
the mastery is temperate in all things." But the object of our Lenten
devotions, and of our Lenten self-discipline is simply work—work for
the establishment of God's kingdom upon earth.

If we are to be "fellow-workers together with God" we need this
Lenten season. We need it just as a soldier needs from time to time
to go into camp for training and discipline. Just as St. Paul reminds
us that the athlete who is training for a race needs to exercise and
discipline his body. It is not an easy thing for any of us to be faith-
ful to this ideal of service. St. Paul found it necessary to practice
very, severe self-discipline in order to keep down these lower motives
which would have drawn him away from God's service. He says,
"I buffet my body and bring it into bondage, lest by any means
after that I have preached to others I myself should be rejected.
"We all need Lent. Those whose work is professedly, as well as in
motive, the service of God need it perhaps most of all.

You men in college need Lent. You are tempted to separate your
college work from your religious duties. To make it an end in itself,
or a stepping stone to the future attainment of some end which is not God's service.

You need to learn this Lenten lesson of consecrated work, and to make that the spirit in which you enter into the duties of your life here, so that when you leave these walls, whatever the outward character of your future work, that may continue to be its motive. And there is a special reason why you should begin to learn this lesson now. St. John says, "I have written to you young men, because ye are strong." The strength of your young manhood is also its temptation. You are strong because you have in you that power of enjoying life which is one of God's choicest gifts. You all need to keep as much as possible of that gift. But it is a power which is given you to use for God. If you use it selfishly, instead of putting it to its proper use, you will lose it, and not only that, but while it lasts it will be a hindrance to your souls. It will choke the desire to work for God.

If you give your hearts to God while you still have this power, you will keep it and it will enable you to do a far greater work for God than you could ever do, if you should enter God's service after you had lost it. "The voice of joy and health" is in the dwellings of those who have learned while their hearts are still full of the joy of youth to consecrate themselves to God's service.

Some of you here are looking forward to the special work of the sacred ministry.

I need not say to you that the motive we are considering is one which must enter practically into all your preparation for your future work.

You have already set before yourselves that ideal which is contained in our Saviour's words, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." If so, you will feel the need of constantly reminding yourself of this ideal. You will feel the need of cultivating your personal religious life as the first step in your preparation for your Father's business.

Others of you are looking forward; it may be, to a life of what is called "secular" activity. You are preparing for work which is not in the same sense as the sacred ministry, God's service.

You must see to it that you learn here to make God's service the motive of your lives. If that motive is one which is too high to fit into your plans for your future life, then you need to revise your plans.
It does not follow that you must give them up. You may not feel any vocation to a higher work. You must be prepared to follow such a vocation, if it comes. If it does not, then remember this, that just as our Father works in His universe in many different ways, but with one motive, so there are many ways in which you may do His work, if your motive is that of working for Him.

There is no sphere of honest and useful work which cannot be glorified by the Christian motive. There is need for work of all kinds in establishment of God's kingdom. May it be our aim, this Lent, whatever our present work may be, to make this motive of Christian service more and more the key-note of our lives, so that when Easter comes, we may not merely feel a sense of relief because Lent with all its unwelcome restraints is over, but may feel something of that holy joy which comes from a deepened union with our risen Lord, and a deepened resolve to give ourselves in the strength of that union to our Father's service.

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**A Meditation.**

Tell me, Thy resting place, O Lord, after all
The sufferings of Thy Flesh, cruel and keen?
Tell me, where Thou wert on Holy Sabbath unseen?
 Sanctify Thou my heart as that sepulchral hall
And cleanse it from recollections that appal;
it shall become a temple for Thy dwelling solely.
The indifferent world e'en now doth press her call,
Some by silence give assent, others mourning, sigh.
While,Thy saints excepted, the rest cry out, Crucify?
But better thoughts of Thee, I think, are in my breast.
So come, O Lord, come with me and rest.
Unless Thee I follow, Thy disciple I cannot be.
And if I tread the wine press Thou hast trod,'tis immortality.
Then to that awful cup teach me to draw near.
That I may see myself in true likeness there.
Grant me then, O Lord, the gracious gift of tears.
To wash away the sins of the past twenty years.

A. Dunstan.
A Lesson from Nature.

The moon hung low o'er the hill top,
And it kissed the brow of the hill;
I gazed at its silver splendor—
'To myself I said, "Be still!"

In daylight the laughing river
By its banks ran rippling with fun;
In sympathy cours'd my life-blood,
And danced with the rays of the sun.

What need for your fretful worry?
Of what use is your dull despair!
Just learn a lesson from Nature,
For you'll find no worry there!

Further Impressions of a Freshman.

TO HIS FRIEND ACROSS THE OCEAN.

I have now been nearly six months an inmate of Bishop's College. I am, as yet, nothing more than an insignificant Freshman. But little by little, day by day, I am getting rid of that ill-fitting, clumsy envelope of Freshness, I am peeling off, so to speak, and soon the beautiful new skin of full-fledged member of the University will appear for the admiration and envy of the world.

Whatever my imperfections may be at the present time, I am however in a position to give you a good and true account (I call your special attention to this word true, for some malicious, ill-tempered, jealous, ill-mannered person have dared to doubt the veracity of the account of my first impressions. Such unbelief in my truthfulness nearly broke my heart; it cracked it, I am sure. I got it mended all right last Christmas, but I am afraid another shock would smash it all to bits. So good and kind people, if you do not wish to have this great misfortune imputed to you, read, swallow, digest, and believe the marvellous but true story, which follows).

Now please go back to the beginning of the paragraph, I shall proceed, and I hope you shall not force me to make any more interruptions. I need not repeat, need I? No, all right. I was then saying that I was in a position to give you a true account of what our life is in these sacred precincts.
Now, what do you want to know? Everything, I expect. If so, you are doomed to disappointment. There are many things which I could not disclose even to save my life, and this for two reasons: First, it would be impossible for me to admit a heathen like you to the participation of some sides of our inner life. Second, there are secrets in which the cleverest amongst us have been unable to solve. They are beyond the grasp of the human mind. One especially has baffled all the efforts of generations of students. They have tried over and over again to fathom it but every time they had to admit themselves beaten. You will, perhaps, wonder that I have not yet used the powerful intellectual light with which I have been endowed by a bounteous Providence to explore these mysterious depths and unravel this enigma. My only excuse for not doing so is that I am afraid of the possible consequences, which the disclosure of such a secret might have upon the University at large. I dare say I have brought your curiosity to such a point that, if I did not satisfy it, there might be some danger that the little brains you possess (no offence meant, it is not your fault, you know) would not stand the strain. Besides there is no danger in my imparting this secret to you, for it is very unlikely you will be able to solve it—[What did you say?—Stop talking nonsense and out with it!!!—Indeed!! quietly old man. Do not be in such a hurry. It is most injurious to your bodily and mental health.] Don't, for goodness sake give to the ladies of our acquaintance another opportunity of saying in a sweet, melodious voice: "Patience is a virtue that very few possess, sometimes found in a woman, but never in a man." A woman said so first, I expect. No one else would have dared to.] Are you prepared now? If so, read slowly, carefully, respectfully, thoughtfully:

"By what mysterious process are concocted the beautifully coloured puddings which now and then adorú our tables??"

"What mysterious ingredients unknown to this world enter into the composition of what is served to us under the name of jam??"

Yes these are two questions which have faced us for months and months, at which we stare helplessly in despair. They haunt our dreams at night, they occupy our thoughts all the day, but no answer has as yet been given. One human being and one only, could at once relieve our mind of such an unbearable burden, but up to the present has refused to yield the key of the mystery entrusted to her care. A way down below, in some dark and gloomy recess,
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surrounded by a formidable array of saucepans and dishes, in front of a blazing fire, reigns the mystic Mary, who, by means of the magic art, which the sorcerers of old would have envied, and which would have put to shame Lucrece Borgia herself, prepares the food which imparts to our wearied bodies such supernatural strength. It is not my intention to dwell at length on this subject. [For any further explanations on the food question, I refer you to the famous expert X, Y, Z. Pip.] I am afraid I have said too much already. What if I should rouse the anger of this dread deity of the lower regions (of the University not the others). I dare not think of the possible consequences of my rash words. You see, I am not at all cut out for martyrdom. There is still the hope that they will never be known to her.

I hope you have now recovered from the shock which the disclosure of such a secret is bound to cause. Be prepared to receive another. A most wonderful discovery has lately been made by one of our number, a discovery which will turn the world upside down or upside down, whichever you like. I am sorry to say the poor chap who made this discovery is now suffering from complete exhaustion due to the terrible mental strain which preceded this outcome. We all sincerely hope he will recover as we cannot coolly contemplate the loss of such a light. I shall say very little about the man; I know his great modesty would not suffer me to do so. But I can speak at length about the discovery, since it came out in the shape of a pretty little poem in the last issue of the Mitre. (Cf. poem in March issue "The Girl with a Head.") Up to the present you have thought, I dare say, like most, if not all of us, that the heart was a very useful organ. Well, my dear sir, you were living in the greatest delusion, it is not a bit of use, it might as well be taken out and thrown away or pickled and preserved as a curiosity. The head, is the thing; the head is everything, the heart rubbish. Now do you perceive what revolution such a discovery will cause. Perhaps you don't. Follow me attentively, I shall take them in turn.

First in the language. The word heart is to disappear altogether. Henceforth when you have met the sweet, blushing, young maiden of your dreams, you will speak thus: "O my darling, I love you still, all my head, my head is full of you; my head was empty before I met you." Then with a bending head you will press her to your
head, and your two heads will beat as one. Does it not sound heavenly?

When you meet your great friend you will now greet him with a hearty welcome and give him a hearty shake hand. Is not that beautiful?

Your dear little wife, if you have the fortune (or shall I say the misfortune; though I must tell you fortune is the right word) to possess one when in your cool, manly indifference you refuse her the dainty little hat (with a big bill attached to it) upon which she had set her heart—I beg your pardon, I meant head—will wring her otherwise dainty little hands and say, her voice choked with tears, "You headless man! How can you have the head to refuse me? You will break my head! I am sure you will. I have nothing at all to wear. Do you want your wife to go out in rags?" I don't know whether you have noticed that there is a dangerous disease very prevalent among the feminine (I was going to say feline) portion of humanity, and I don't think the other portion, which must be the worst half, considering the first is the better half of the second (the men say so, but I never heard a woman pay to us the same compliment)—Good gracious! I am getting thoroughly mixed up! Now what on earth was I talking about? I don't know how it is, but when I start talking about women I always get rather excited somehow. Strange, is it not? Yes, I see now, I was saying that I did not think the other portion, the worse one, have found any remedy for that disease which might be called the I-have-nothing-to-wear-itis. Did you not know of it? I admire your ignorance. Just get married and you will jolly soon know what it is. I might tell you now; there are, in my opinion only two alternatives or remedies, either go to Zululand, Central Africa, Timbuctoo, the North Pole, or to any place where they live in the blissful ignorance of dressmakers and milliners; beyond the reach of Eaton's catalogue; or else be prepared to adorn with your signature just a few little cheques to settle the very little bills of those dear people who do their best to alleviate the predicament of one suffering from I-have-nothing-to-wear-itis.

I am afraid I have drifted a long way from my original course. Yet I do not think it is a waste of time. I only hope you will benefit by my little digressions. I come back to my point. I dare say you understand now how much our language will be influenced by such an invention as the one which has just been made. I quite
believe, of course, that it will gain in beauty and strength by the alterations I mentioned above. This is no doubt one of the intentions of the inventor. But then, I am terribly afraid that some other possible changes, supposing his suggestions were followed, would not at all be for the bettering of humanity, which ought to be the aim of every inventor. Do not be afraid, I am not going to preach a sermon, though goodness knows you might need it. I shall simply explain to you.

Revolution No. 2. Now, my dear fellow, when tired of leading a solitary life you cast your eyes around you, in search of something to fill up the huge gap in your head, not heart, mind, you're very careless about the way you make your choice. Look at the head, not the face, part of it; that does not matter in the least; let the nose be twisted up or down, crooked or potato-shape; let there be no nose at all; don't you ever stop to look at it; but not the back part of it; what does matter whether there be any hair at all, what does it matter whether the color be yellow, black or even blue. That does not count. But look at the bumps. Is the bump of arithmetic there? good, that will do. You may take her, she is all right. Is the bump of money-saving there? still better. Is the bump of gracefully carrying off the blues there? that is getting near perfection. Though I don't know what it is to carry the blues off with grace. But as it seems to be a great virtue, I suppose you will find the bump all right. But do you want the pearl, the perfection, the ideal? It is the one who does not care whether she wears a hat or not! That's the one you must take. What do you say? What about love? What a ridiculous idea. That is done away with. It was nonsense, rubbish. It is gone with the heart.

By the way I had quite an unexpected visit a few nights ago. I was working. Yes, Sir; I was working! Strange things happen once in a while, when I heard a gentle knock at the door. I opened, and whom do you think I found outside? No use asking you, you would not know. That nice little chap Cupid. He is a great friend of mine. I made his acquaintance some time ago, and he has always been very decent to me. The poor thing was shivering and tired, and seemed to be in great grief. I took the little fellow in and made him as comfortable as possible. Then when he had recovered he told me a very, very sad story. How one, whom he had always thought to be his best friend and a great admirer of his gracious mother, one for the sake of whom he had used so many arrows,
how this one had suddenly turned against him and cruelly driven him away. Was not that terrible? But that was not all. That inhuman being had also destroyed, or at least meant to destroy, his dwellings by making the heart unfit for habitation. I did not tell the poor sorrowing Cupid that his tormentor was trying his best to carry out his plan, I have too much sympathy for him (not the man). I comforted him as well as I could, telling him that he need not worry, for it was not likely that after having ruled over humanity ever since he conquered Adam's heart, he would be dethroned by one who either was so innocent that he did not know him, or so base that he could no longer know him. Then cheered and encouraged my little friend left me, but not without having vowed the most terrible revenge upon his former devotee.

I had meant to speak to you of our life here, but I am afraid I have done very little of it. You must forgive me; it is rather late now, and if I wrote any more, our dear editor would start grumbling and accusing me of monopolizing the MITRE. Yet he is a nice sort, our editor; the only thing he strongly objects to be awakened before 7:22 1/4 o'clock. It is a sad I dare say. I tried it at 7:22 1/4 but I'll never do it again.

Now, good bye all and may your shadow never grow less.

FRESHMAN.

De Alumnis.

It is with the deepest regret that we record in these columns the death of two distinguished graduates—the Very Rev. Buxton B. Smith, D.D., Dean of Ontario, and H. B. Brown, Esq., K.C., LL.M.

Dr. Smith graduated from Bishop's in '66 and proceeded to the M.A. in '73. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him "iure dignitatis" in 1895, when he became Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, in the diocese of Ontario. Having been for many years, rector of St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke, Dr. Smith had promised to preach in that church at the dedication festival on the very Sunday before his death.

The MITRE offers its warmest congratulations to the Rev. J. P. Whitney, our recent Principal, on his appointment as Hulsean Lectur-
er in the University of Cambridge for the coming year. We also learn that the Master and Fellows of Trinity College have offered Dr. Whitney the Vicarage of St. Edward's, Cambridge, recently vacant by the death of Canon Watson, D.D., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College. Among the former Vicars of this parish (which Dr. Whitney has accepted) there have been the Rev. Dr. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and Carlisle, the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Canon Anger, late master of the Temple and the Rev. Chancellor Lias.

Among the graduates whom we have had the pleasure of welcoming back to the College this term we count the following: — O. W. Ford, G. Morey, and A. E. Rollitt. Professor Abbot Smith, D.D., of the Montreal Diocesan College, the Rev. G. F. C. Caffin, M.A., and C. Watson, M.A., preached for us on Wednesday afternoons in Lent at the invitation of the Principal.

The Rev. A. G. Scott, D.C.L., has twice been among us this term, and on the second occasion both preached in chapel and delivered a most interesting lecture on Poetry. Dr. Scott's volumes of poetry have already been reviewed in these columns, and there is no need to recommend them here. The lecture was well worthy of the man, as only a lover of poetry could deliver it. The last half in which Dr. Scott illustrated his remarks by reading selected passages, was particularly enjoyable.

The following members of the Alumni Association have forwarded their subscriptions for the current year: the Revs. E. N. R. Burns, Professor Allnat, M. C. Shewan, C. W. Balfour, J. B. Nelms, J. G. Ward, A. H. Robertson, H. F. Hamilton, the Bishops of Algoma and New Hampshire, and H. R. Fraser, Esq.

Mr. H. V. Routh, B.A., writes from Trinity College, Toronto, to say that he is so busy with research, lectures, examination work and a book which he hopes to publish, that he has no time to finish a series of articles on Universities which he promised to write for these columns.

H. B. Brown, K.C., LL.M., of Sherbrooke, was connected with the University for many years. On the organization of the Law Faculty,
in 1880 he was appointed Professor of Commercial Law. Later on he was made hon. counsel with Strachan Bethune, K.C., of Montreal, and J. Dunbar, K.C., of Quebec, in succession to Mr. Justice White. Being thoroughly familiar with the Acts respecting the University and its Constitution, his advice as legal adviser was always most useful. In 1880 he received the degree of LL.M. His death is much lamented by the University as well as by the citizens of Sherbrooke.

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**Divinity Notes**

On Tuesday, March 27th, a Quiet Day was held for the Divinity men. The conductor was the Rev. H. J. Fothergill, parish priest of Magog. Our thanks are due to him for the calm and yet irresistible way, in which he led our thoughts away from the weary routine of lectures and ordinary life to the contemplation, first, of God, and then of our own souls. Although too much introspection is apt to produce fanaticism, yet at the present day we are suffering from the other extreme, and a quiet day, in which to regard the growth of the soul should be of great value to that "shepherd" in embryo.

In the last number of the *Mitre* we mentioned the fact that missions were being opened at Huntingville and Moulton Hill. Under the guidance of Mr. Weary at Moulton Hill, and Mr. Dunstan at Huntingville, the work is progressing well. The congregations are good and the interest in the work does not lag. On Sunday, April 1st, the Rev. T. B. Watt M.A., was special preacher at Huntingville. Several other students helped by saying the service and assisting in the singing. During the summer Mr. F. Leroy will take the services in these missions, so that the work done during the spring will not be discontinued during the long summer vacation.

Rumour says that during the summer vacation very few, if any students will be engaged in mission work in this diocese. Many are returning to their homes for the holidays, and others have succumbed to the charms of Algoma and the glamour of the mysterious west. Western Canada, which receives thousands of immigrants every year, is in great need of men, and offers us an opportunity of establishing a good type of churchmanship in some sections of the country at least. Wycliffe and other colleges are sending out men, but Leinox-
ville is very poorly represented in the west. We hope, since the Diocese of Quebec is not suffering from lack of clergy, that some of our students who visit the west this summer will choose it as the scene of their future labours; and will make conquests for the Church among those heterogeneous immigrants who will, to a certain extent, control the future of Canada.

On every Wednesday evening during Lent, there have been special services in the college chapel at 5 o'clock. The special preachers were Alumni of the University, hence the sermons were particularly interesting. The preachers were Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., Rev. G. T. C. Caffin, M.A., Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A., Rev. Abbot Smith, D.D., Rev. B. Watson, M.A. and the Bishop of Quebec.

Here is a little story—a true story—will the Arts editor kindly pardon my plagiarism? A certain Divinity student spent his Christmas holidays very pleasantly with the rector of a parish in this Diocese, and assisted him at the services. While there, however, he found time hanging heavily on his hands. So he decided to undertake the study of French, and of course a tutor was needed. At last one was found and he made great progress in the language. When he returned to the "Shed," he, who, when we last saw him, did not know a single word of French, greatly startled us by repeating this couplet.

"M'aimez-vous?
Oui, beaucoup."

We recommend this couplet to your earnest study, for there is a question in regard to its authorship which is not yet fully answered. What lyric poet could have written such a beautiful little verse we do not know. Conjectures are rife. Some critics think that this could only have been the work of "Amor," who perhaps communicated it to the aforementioned tutor when in a state of exalted inspiration. Others have come to the conclusion that it is a work of composite authorship, though, strange to say, neither J. E. nor P. in their opinion, have had any hand in its composition. In fact they say that it is much later in date even than D., and probably represents two lines of extemporaneous ditty, which was sung by two lovers in the not very distant past.
In the "Shed" as well as in the Arts building a new order of knighthood has been instituted. This is not a distinction which has been won by some far-removed ancestor in famous battles, where chivalrous deeds were conspicuous. This enviable distinction is the peculiar acquisition of one of our number who by notable deeds has acquired his right to a crest. The crest is a marvel of workmanship. It is a shield, almost as pretentious as that of Hercules, with many ornaments and beautiful inlaid work, where the words "I butt in" are finely carved. But the motto! That motto which represents the sum total of the man's virtues, that motto, which he has earned repeatedly and still earns daily, if such a thing be possible, is written in Latin! (Of course, you can translate, but in case by any unhappy mischance you are unable to do so I now take the opportunity of referring you to the owner of the crest, for, in the words of Omar, "He knows about it all—He knows! HE KNOWS!")

Here it is: **Semper in-via.** Now do you not agree with me in calling it most terse and yet most expressive? Who the designer was we do not know, but does not your heart go out to him and your intellect commend his skill and sagacity? Indeed none but a great mind could have given birth to such a singularly appropriate crest for our sturdy knight with such a highly developed inquisitive faculty.

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**Athletic Notes.**

**Hockey.**

On Thursday, March 1st, the College played their first league game with Lennoxville. The game was played on College ice, but in spite of that fact we were easily outclassed by our faster and more tricky opponents. The game opened with a rush by the Lennoxville forwards which resulted in their first score. This was soon followed by a second tally, and all through the first half the village added to their advantage and very rarely were the college men dangerous, and only four times did our forwards find the net. The score at half-time stood, Lennoxville 9, college 4. So far the game had been decidedly disappointing from the spectators' standpoint, but the second half soon promised better hockey. Both teams worked harder, and although the Village added six more goals to their score, the College also managed to net five times, and that in spite of some most phenomenal stops by the Village goal keeper, who is certainly
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A worker. The final score was Lennoxville 14, College 9. Mr. the College, Robinson in goal played his usual steady game, and Williams at centre and Hepburn at rover both did most effective work. For Lennoxville all played good hockey, Graden Hughes especially deserving mention.

The return game with Lennoxville was played in the Minto Rink on Thursday, March 8th, and resulted in a win for Lennoxville by a large margin. The game was 'devoid of any special interest, but both teams played good hockey throughout. On Tuesday evening, March 6th, the College played their last match in the B. T. League against Stanstead Village. The ice was 'rather heavy, but nevertheless a good game was witnessed. The College line was the same as in the previous games. The game opened with a rush by a the College forwards, but Stanstead goal proved equal to the occasion, and no score resulted. After about ten minutes of rather scappy hockey the College made their first tally, and soon afterwards added another goal to their credit. Stanstead then found the net, and the College added another goal before half-time, making the score, College 3, Stanstead 1.

In the second half the hockey was rather indifferent, with the exception of now and then a brilliant rush by the College forwards, which resulted in three goals being added to their score, while only once did Stanstead succeed in ending Robinson. When time was called the score stood, College 6, Stanstead 2, but this hardly shows the merits of the respective teams, and had the College been playing in their usual form the score would have been much larger in their favour. This match closed the hockey season for this year, and although the team has lost some matches, still they have done very creditably under the circumstances, and much credit is due to the captain for their successful season.

HOCKEY COLOURS, SEASON 1906.

The final and important meeting of the Hockey Committee was held on March 23rd, to award the hockey colours for the past season. After the meeting the Captain posted the following notice—

I. That the following have won their colours again this season: Mr. H. A. Harding Arts '06, right wing, winner of colours '03, '04; Mr. G. K. Brought, Arts '07, sub with colours, winner of colours '05.

II. That the following have won their colours for the first time
Mills has also had a most successful season. The two most exciting
games which this wonderful seven have played this year, were perhaps those with Huntingville, which resulted in wins for the third team by the scores of 9—0 and 5—4. Both of these games were played on College ice, and in some respects proved the most exciting matches of the season, but nevertheless they are exceedingly hard to describe. Every one knows what to expect at a hockey match, and the majority of spectators understand the fine points of the game. All at any rate understand what they are going to see. Now the beauty of going to see the noble Considerable's seven is that no one knows what they are going to see. Several people, who were present on those two notable occasions, when asked to describe the game, said that words failed them, and little wonder. For the sake of those who missed this grand opportunity of studying the great game of hockey in its prehistoric condition, before it became the scientific of the present, our special correspondent will endeavor to give some slight idea of the first of these most interesting spectacles.

At 8 p.m. the team lined up. I say lined up, because that is the term generally used; "managed to get in position," would be more expressive of this somewhat difficult feat, indeed very difficult some of them found it! After a minute or two of strenuous play the referee blew his whistle to allow those players who had connected with the ice to regain their respective positions. This process had to be resorted to again and again, as the players, and especially the Huntingville men seemed to love that ice. They would kiss it and lie down and hug it, and when warned by the referee to get up and play the game, would wearily rise, but it was no good, for, no sooner was the referee's back turned, then they would be down again embracing that ice harder than ever. Still, in spite of this, the game progressed swimmingly, though the puck seemed to be rather an unnecessary hindrance to the play. It seemed to get under their skates, and trip them up. Once or twice it found its way into the Huntingville net, and then a most extraordinary thing happened, it got lost. Readers, you will hardly believe this statement, but remember this was prehistoric hockey. Its disappearance was not noticed for some time, but presently the referee perceived something wrong and stopped the game. The College point said that he had lifted it down the ice, and on inquiry the Huntingville cover admitted having seen something pass his way some time before, and so after a search it was finally discovered in the corner with a player reposing quietly upon it. The offender seemed indignant when
told to get up by the referee. He seemed quite comfortable where he was, and told the referee that he didn't see why the game could not go on without him and the puck. That official seemed rather doubtful on the subject, but after consulting the rule book, decided that at any rate the puck was a necessary part of the game, but thought the player might remain in the corner, so long as he did not loaf off-side. The puck being found, play resumed, and after the rubber had thrice in quick succession found its way into the Huntingville net, half time was called.

The second half was even more exciting than the first, but space will not permit an attempt at detailed description. The knowledge of golf proves useful to the "Considerable" forwards, who took long distant "drives" for goal, but neglecting to say "Fore", most of them came in contact with some one before reaching their destination. However, two managed to do so. Huntingville introduced a little baseball skill, and the "centre rush" made a three-base hit, but owing to the strong construction of the rink, no serious damage was done. Acrobatic performances were quite common, the rickety-looking cover-point being the most notable performer. Thus the game continued, until the referee, finding the strain on his nervous system too great, blew his whistle for time, when the score was found to be 9—0 in favour of our famous seven. The crowd then dispersed, considering themselves lucky to have been born, even if they never had another happy moment. Truly it was fearfully and wonderfully played.

HURRAH! hurrah! for Captain Mills,
For he's the player of the day.
He has a team that can't be beat.
In any game they play.
He lines them up as follows—
Grand players on the whole.
He puts himself at cover-point.
And Ken Boright in goal.

That curly-headed Safford
Is a fine rover—they say.
But its Clark and its Roy
Who know how and when to play.
That Mitchell is a raider,
And be sure to give Laws room,
But if you give them hockey sticks,
They'll use them just like brooms.
So if you can't play hockey,
And want to learn some tricks,
Just make a call on Raymond—
Captain Raymond and his six.

A great statesman was one day accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said——
"Hallo, Lord——! I'll bet you don't know me!" The eminent man gazed at him unmoved.
"You win!" he remarked laconically, and walked on.

The son and heir was much interested in the news that a baby sister had arrived. On being formally presented to the little baby, he regarded her with some awe, but presently exclaimed: "Wait a minute!" and disappeared from the room. The father and mother awaited his return. In his hand he extended the key of a beloved mechanical toy. "There!" he cried breathlessly. "Now wind her up!"

Arts Notes

Though strictly speaking these pages have nothing to do with athletics we cannot help remarking on the increasing interest that is being taken in the gymnasium and in gymnasium work. This growing interest in the cult of the body is very pleasing to see, for there is perhaps no form of physical exercise that so surely and steadily builds up the body, and makes it fit to face life's rigours as systematic and persevering gymnastic training. Not only does it brace the body, but it braces one's nerve directly, and indirectly tones up and makes happy the mind by means of the body according to the law "mens sana in corpore sano." The young student coming to college for an Arts course is at an age ripe for physical development. But no student can be too old for physical culture, and those that hope to enter the Church are the very ones that have most need of a strong physique—one that will endure the strain of hard work in a hard parish that may reasonably expect good health as a rule, and a physique that will have energy to preach well it may be three times in the day.

Here at College a man has an opportunity for gaining stamina, and with stamina character and strength of character that he will never get again as long as he lives. Unfortunately this chance of a life time is hardly realized. In fact it is often entirely unthought of. There are many advantages in going over to
the gym." In the evening, after study, it forms a pleasant break. It is relaxation to the mind, and the relief moreover in the midst of social surroundings and incidents is of ever fresh interest, because ever changing. Unlike other forms of exercise, "gym." is independent of the weather, and can be enjoyed at all seasons of the year. And, lastly, the gymnasium is a good one.

The visit that the Rev. F. G. Scott paid to our University last month will not pass from our minds for a very long time, if it does so ever. The grandeur of his splendid sermon, with its interest-compelling power, led us to expect something a little more than good in his lecture on Poetry, which he was to give in the Council Chamber on the following day. But our expectations, great as they were, were far surpassed by the reality. The lofty ideals, and the noble and soul-inspiring sentiments that he gave us are utterly beyond the power of the pen to describe. We left the lecture room feeling that we had been lifted up into another world, the world of true poetry. We felt that we had for an all too brief space of time almost stepped over the limiting line that veils our minds from the wonderful mysteries of time and space.

It would be an absolute impossibility to give anything approaching a summary of Dr. Scott's lecture, which he entitled "Poetry and Life," but the following, put very briefly and crudely, are a few of the things he said to the large audience (including ladies), an audience putting a pretty severe test on the seating capacity of the Council Chamber:

"Poetry is not a thing that can be readily defined, but it is something deeper, fuller and more human than pretty language. There is certainly a vast mine of poetical instinct in every soul however practical and hard-headed the possessor may be. Consciousness is not a complex thing and its nethermost layer is emotion. Emotion is like the igneous rock in the substrata of consciousness—its very foundation. Emotion is a nobler thing than thought or wisdom coming from the mind, and therefore the mathematician is not so useful to his fellow men as the man who has the power to reach their emotions. All outside objects have power to call up some emotion. Every word has its emotional connotation, and this is naturally more noticed in childhood. The rhyming word is part of the rhythm; it marks a pause in the rhythm which itself is the first and crudest arrangement of sounds, thus being a stage lower than music.
Poetry is the art of establishing a correspondence between the soul of the poet and the soul of the reader, and this is done by means of images, sounds, words and rhythm. There must be in the real poet a powerful battery of feeling and the insulation of art. And, finally, poetry is life and not a mere trick of words.

The difficulties in the way of snow-shoe parties this year have been well nigh insuperable. Of course the chief difficulty was the lack of snow, and then when there was some it was not always suitable. It was wet, sticky, clammy snow that thawed uncomfortably round the moccassin-enveloped foot and altogether gave one an impression of moisture that was by no means conducive to comfort. Certainly, the chief difficulties in the way of snow-shoe parties was lack of snow, but there were other hindrances to them as well; many other social distractions—there seemed to be more this winter than usual. Thus the total number of tramps is only three.

The first of these was given by Miss Gill. It was in every way a complete success. A large number of the fair sex were fitted out with snow-shoes in the bright sunshine of an ideal day for the sport. They came from Compton, Lennoxville, Sherbrooke, etc. Those from Compton College owing to the lateness of the train were not at the starting place on time, but they soon caught up to the others who had set out over the golf ground and up the hill to the familiar snow-shoe slide. The humours of the slide over, the leaders headed for Dr. Allnatt's through the woods by a different route, where the usual delightfully welcome refreshment awaited them, thus putting a finish on a most enjoyable afternoon.

The second was Miss Waitts'. It was after the snow had disappeared for the second or third time this winter, that we had a return of cold weather and, what was more important, of the cloud crystals. The opportunity was too good to be missed and at short notice a tramp was arranged. Although there were many that were unable to come on such short notice, still the tramp was most delightful and the leaders could not very well have chosen a more charming route. The day was fine, brilliantly so, and the temperature was neither too cold nor too warm. The direction was this time over the Saint Francis, crossing it at the Long Bridge, and so through the woods that lie beneath the Quebec Central. Here we encountered a sporting "slide" which was safely negotiated by the
majority, and soon after the river was crossed and home made for along its smooth snow-covered surface. There was quite a lot of fun at tea with the telephone and a few other trifling incidents.

It was towards the end of March, before the lamb-like side of the character of that month had become noticeable, that we enjoyed the final "snow-shoe." We are indebted to Mrs. Frith for the success and pleasure of this tramp. The day, though fine and bright, promised to be very windy indeed. But fortunately the wind moderated soon after the start was made and we were very little inconvenienced by it—only in fact in one place as we emerged from the woods, and came upon the "Old Slide." Here a disappointment awaited us—the slide was without snow. However, bearing to the right and descending towards the road, we found a new slide, one which, with its difficulty of steering and unforeseen dangers, more than made up for the failure of the other. The chief beauty was a fence running across it which necessitated terrible contortions to avoid decapitation. The leaders now followed the road for a little and then made a wide detour, over the fields and through the woods till we reached the C.P.R. track. This was crossed and even now the energy of the party showed no signs of exhaustion. The way led further into the forest and away from home through devious paths and down dangerous declivities till at last we reached the Rest House after a tramp of quite five miles. The party did not come in altogether. The first half had nearly finished tea at Mrs. Frith's when the remainder arrived. In spite of the fact that there were none of the Faculty on the tramp we had a thoroughly delightful time. The only regret was that the number of students did not equal the number of ladies. However those that were there spent a most enjoyable quarter of an hour waiting in the Drug Store for the car that was to take our fair visitors away.

'Tis better to have lived and died than never to have lived at all—generally.

There was great excitement in Lennoxville last month when the members of the Woman's Auxiliary literally invaded the place. They came from all parts of the province, and held their meetings in the Church Hall over a period of two or three days. One of the most prominent of their lecturers was the Bishop of Selkirk, who lectured to a very large audience both in the Church
Hall and in the Bishop William's Hall, on Mission Work in the North-West. His lectures were full of interest and were received with great enthusiasm. They were illustrated by lantern slides of beautiful scenes and realistic incidents. They showed us what great results can be achieved by true Missionary zeal. Another lecturer was the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, lately missionary in Corea, who gave an exceedingly interesting lecture on Japan, also illustrated by photographic and other slides.

At the tea table. "Blood is thicker than water, but tea is thinner than both."

Can we truthfully say that the spirit which impelled the ancient Romans to gather together to witness gladiatorial combats and the Spaniards to view the famous bull fights, has vanished entirely from among us? Perhaps it has to a certain extent but not entirely, so, judging from events which have transpired of late. We are still like the ancients in that we see to it that we ourselves are in a safe position, and also in one from which we can obtain a good view of the sport. The only drawback in the game was the fact that the vanquished shewed rather less fight than was expected from them. Taking things into consideration, it must be granted that the rodents are rather getting the worst of it this year.

Now that spring is here, migration is beginning to take place towards Sherbrooke. The mystery is "what is the great attraction which draws with such unresisting force the unwary student?" Answers to this question will be gratefully received by the editor, especially if the writer has had experience in such matters.

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Query—Why is Virgil's poetry like three men abreast?
Ans.—Because there are six feet in a line.

I'm glad I'm not the little ring
Upon my lady's finger.
For me 'twould be the cruellest thing
Upon her hand to linger.
For on the cold and wintry days
When her fingers might be bitten,
If I should rest upon her hand
I'd surely get the mitten.

(With apologies to the last number of the Mitre)

Exchanges.

Queen's University Journal is a very fair production, and contains much solid reading matter besides local jottings. The "Levana" Poem is jargon. The author says in its first line, "'Tis no easy matter to start it," but any one who wades through it will admit that after a start was effected there was no easy matter to stop it.

Prof.—"Would you prescribe eggs for this patient?"
Student.—"No, I don't think so."
Prof.—"Why? What's the objection?"
Student.—"They're forty cents a dozen."—Ibid.

King's College Record can claim a place in the foremost rank of exchanges, but all its material, except collegiate news, is drawn from Oriental sources—a strange coincident, "Algeriras," however, is very interesting, and replete with information about Spanish life. In this magazine we find a "College News" column, and it is deserving of commendation, and it would be a step in the right direction if other exchanges were to adopt it.
Trinity University Review is always noted for its extensive editorials, and the March number keeps up the reputation. When the editor-in-chief is such a prolific writer, the associate-editors must have comparatively little to do. The poem, "One Thing Needful," is quite humorous, and contains many elements of truth. Rev. Prof. Jenk's lecture, "Rome in days of old," will be profitable for any one to read, and must have proved most interesting at the time of delivery.

"Besides, examinations tend to stunt.
Our social obligations to the ladies;
Its hardly fair to make them bear the brunt
while we're in hades."

The McMaster Monthly contains a biographical account of the late Dr. Harper, of Chicago University, and among other anecdotes the following is found—"I believe it is my mission to set everybody studying Hebrew." Surely we all can appreciate his deace if such a bugbear was ever to beset us; But we must all admire Dr. Harper's scholarship, and that in the Semitic languages especially.

"The Poet and the Preacher," is extremely original, but no doubt would prove helpful for those to whom it is written. Poetry is said to strengthen the power of conception, and that since preaching is only the imaging of ideas already in the mind, if we strengthen the thought we necessarily do likewise to the image.

"There was a young maid of Japan,
Who married a Hottentot man.
Now, she being yellow, and he a black fellow,
Their children were all black and tan."—Ex.

There is a limit to boastfulness. We can all stand a certain amount, but after the limit is reached it becomes hot air. The Argosy presumes to state that the success met with by the Christ Church crew, Oxford, in the boat races is due in a large measure to the Rhodes scholar from the "Argosy's alma mater" When no one else will blow your trumpet, blow it yourself.

Among other exchanges we note the following: —Mc Gill Outlook, C. B. C. Recorder, Crosser, Acta Victoriana, Délhowie Gazette, Manitoba Journal, Holy Cross Magazine.
A wanderer through South Carolina watched an old negro fishing in a brickyard pond for forty minutes, during which time the hook was not pulled up.

"Do you think there are any fish there?" he asked at last.

"No, sah; I reckon not."

"But you seem to be fishing?"

"Yes, sah."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish. What is your object?"

"De objick, sah, of my fishin' for fish whah dey haint any fish, is to let de ole woman see dat I haint got no time to hoe de truck in de-gyahdun patch."

A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook—

"One lamb!"

"Great Scott, mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat no hull lamb. Gimme some fried oysters instead.!!"

"One fried oyster!" bawled the waiter.

"Well, Methuselah's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster ain't going to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Hang these city eatin' place!"

Farmer: Now, then, you young rascals, what are you doing with my turnips?

Cockney Youth: Please, sir, Billy and me is leading the simple life.

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