Fidelity

An Alpine tarn hid in the Laurentide
A flawless gem amid the hills deep-set
Of purest water;—gleam of diamond, yet
With softer opal hues at eventide,
And pearl at dawn, when shroud of mist doth hide
The source of all earth’s beauty;—spangled jet
When midnight’s pall doth earth and heaven beset,
And Erebus doth o’er the world preside,
A Mirror, faithful to a fickle sky,
Roused by her wrath, calmed by her winsome smile,
Dark with her frown, sad when her clear blue eye
With tears is clouded, yielding to every wile,
Emblem of faithfulness and truth sublime
Which iciest coldness chills but for a time!

REV. H. C. BURT, M.A.

The Magistrate.

The Bishop’s University Dramatic Club achieved another triumph in the production of Pinero’s Comedy, The Magistrate, at the Clement Theatre on the evening of Thursday, February 18th. The audience, though perhaps not quite as large as last year, was most appreciative and the play sustained their attention throughout. The Committee had for this year departed from the traditional choice of a classic play like “The Rivals” or “She Stoops to Conquer” and had selected a modern farce consisting principally of a succession of ludicrous incidents all depending on Mrs. Agatha Posket’s innocent fraud in concealing her real age from her second husband. This involved much harder work on the part of the actors, for the success of the piece depended almost entirely on the vigor with which the incidents were presented and consequently the greatest credit is due to those who by months of careful practice brought the representation to an eminently successful issue.

The Dramatic Club are again under the greatest obligation to the Sherbrooke Ladies who most willingly gave up a great part of their spare time to assist in the Play. Miss White and Miss Shreve took the leading parts with that grace of manner associated in our minds with former dramatic efforts. The former as Agatha Posket sustained her role with charming dignity while Miss Shreve gave a
most pleasing and lively presentation of her younger sister Charlotte. The Minor parts of Miss Tomlinson, the music teacher, and Popham, the maid, were well taken by Miss Robins and Miss Somers.

Mr. A. T. Speid, as Posket, one of the magistrates of the Mulberry Street Police Court, fully maintained the high standard of amateur acting with which his name has been connected in so many College plays. The part of his fellow magistrate Mr. Bullamy, the fussy old gentleman who in the end saves the situation, was cleverly taken by Mr. C. von Stridsberg whose assumed voice and unlimited capacity for assimilating jujubes brought down the house. The difficult role of Cis Farringdon, the boy of nineteen whom his mother’s deception has robbed of five years of life, was taken with admirable abandon by Professor Gummer who both looked and acted the part to perfection. Mr. Whalley, as Colonel Lukyn, combined ferocity with absentmindedness in an irresistible manner while his friend Captain Vale was fortunate in a most laughable presentation in the person of Mr. A. P. Durrant. The Balcony scene where poor Captain Vale is kept out in the pouring rain while Colonel Lukyn has an embarrassing interview with Mrs. Posket was a striking success.

A word of commendation should also be given to Mr. V. Hobart, who, as Inspector Messiter, sustained his part with dignity and smartness. The minor positions were all well taken, Mr. Malden presenting the chief clerk at Mulberry Street with a nervous diffidence well in keeping with the author’s intention while Mr. Wright, as Sergeant Lugg was impressive with a cockney accent and a telling moustache. The ludicrous scene of the discovery of the belated supper party at the Princes Hotel by Inspector Messiter was splendidly rendered and well deserved the laughter and applause with which it was greeted. Mr. Moorhead, as constable Harris was irresistible when directed to hold his breath. Mr. Sturley gave the small part of Mr. Posket’s butler with proper pomposity and Mr. Scott as proprietor of Prince’s Hotel spoke English like a Frenchman. Mr. Emo, as Isidore the waiter, was properly flurried.

All who took part in the Magistrate are to be congratulated in bringing a difficult venture to a most successful conclusion. Indeed it is hard to conceive of the play being better presented by an amateur cast. The play was repeated on the following Tuesday evening in the Lennoxxville Church Hall and was highly appreciated by a crowded audience.
The Mitre

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

C. G. Lawrence, Editor-in-Chief
C. G. Stevens, B.A., Business Manager
C. G. Hepburn, B.A., Alumni Editor
J. S. Brown, Athletic Editor
F. J. Leroy, B.-ès-I., Exchange Editor
A. R. Warren, Associate Editor—Divinity
H. F. Wright, Associate Editor—Arts '09
R. A. Malden, Associate Editor—Arts '10
R. H. Hayden, Assistant Business Manager

THE MITRE is published by the Students of the University of Bishop's College

Terms $1.00 per year in advance, single copy 15 cts.

Contributors of Articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

Copyright will be secured on all articles sent to and accepted by the Editor-in-Chief accompanied by written request that they be copyrighted.

Address all contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business correspondence to the Business Manager.

The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que. Printed by E. J. PAGE, Sherbrooke, Que.

Editorial

The success of Bishop's on the stage is becoming more and more a matter of course. Seldom amateurs attain so nearly the standard of professional artists as did the cast of the Magistrate in Clement Theatre on Feb. 18th. An appreciation of the play appears elsewhere in this issue; it only remains for The Mitre to congratulate the club on its success and to thank in behalf of the Students of the University those who were so painstaking and untiring in their efforts to make it what it was.

It is also our pleasant duty in this number to congratulate Mr. L. Ralph Sherman, B.A., of Divinity '09 on his appointment as Rhodes Scholar by the University of New Brunswick. We feel we should, also congratulate U.N.B. in having so worthy a representative
IN MEMORIAM

Edward Chaloner Hale

We extend to the members of the family of the late Mr. Edward Chaloner Hale our especial and deep sympathy in their bereavement. We shall miss a man of genial and cheerful spirit, kind and helpful to young and old, and of old time manners and high ideals.

The funeral cortège was joined by the Faculty, Students and School-boys in the bridge crossing the St. Francis river where they had lined up just outside the gate of Mr. Hale's late residence, "Plantation." As the procession passed the College and School the bells tolled as a token of regret and respect to the memory of a graduate and old B.C.S. boy. The cortège proceeded to St. George's Church where our beautiful solemn service was conducted by the Rev. R. W. E. Wright, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Allnatt, Vice-Principal of the University, and the Rev. G. H. Parker. The Hymns were "Lead Kindly Light" and "The Roseate hues of early dawn."

At the close of the service the casket was borne from the crowded Church to solemn requiem music and the long procession proceeded to Sherbrooke where the interment took place in the family lot in St. Peter's Cemetery. The pall bearers were the Rev. Principal Parrock, F. W. Frith, and A. Ward of Lennoxville and Dr. Austen, H. Irwin and T. J. Parkes of Sherbrooke. Among the many beautiful flowers was a cross of roses from the Students.

The late Mr. Hale was the second son of the Hon. Edward Hale of "Sleepy Hollow," Sherbrooke, grandson of Hon. John Hale of "Plantation," Yorkshire, England and great-grandson of General John Hale who figured so prominently at the taking of Quebec. Mr. Hale was educated at Bishop's College School and was an M. A. of the University. To the present day there has been no break in the succession of one or more members of the family procuring their education in our midst. He took a sincere interest in our Institution which owes much of its prosperity to the earnest work and financial aid of his father who designed our original Arts Building on the lines of Bishop's College, Calcutta. The Hon. Edward Hale was Chancellor of the University from 1866 until his death in 1875.
THE MITRE.

True Autographs.

True friendship cannot be expressed in words
Not does a lifetime serve to show it forth;
Long after friends are gone their mem'ry lives
And by our heartaches do we know their worth.

For with a pen men write upon a page
Such empty thoughts as come into the mind,
But only truth can live within the heart
And there alone true autographs we find.

Channing Gordon Lawrence.

Sydney Smith

It is strange that the present age displays but little interest in a group of writers who may fairly be regarded as its literary ancestors, the essayists and reviewers of the later Georgian and early Victorian period. The times were distinguished by much of what is generally known as creative work, because violent political changes had stirred the heart and stimulated mental powers into action or reaction. Those were the days when great things were done not only by statesmen and soldiers but also by men of letters. But besides the giants there was a class of clever and able writers who would have stood out conspicuous in a less prolific and original age. The work of men like Wilson, Hazlitt, and Sydney Smith is as good of its kind as it could possibly be, and the wit, the facile dexterity of the last has never since been excelled.

Is it not in the pathway marked out by such as these that the genius of the time seems to lie? Even the form and method of their labours survive in the "Reviews" which their abilities made so popular to their contemporaries. Undoubtedly much of the freshness and vivacity of periodic literature has vanished. There are now too many reviews, too many magazines and too many journals. But the usefulness and efficiency of the best of them is yet unquestionable.

Perhaps it is quite natural that Brougham and Jeffrey and Gifford should be forgotten. The heavy Latinized style of prose made fashionable by Johnson is bad enough when its master employs it; it becomes intolerable from the pens of imitators. The influence was still strong. Moreover Brougham has the hustings too often before
his eyes, Jeffrey is too much of the Whig pamphleteer, Gifford too much of the prosy scholar, to appeal to other generations than their own. It is only the serious student who finds it worth while to follow in details the fierce strife which accompanied the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Great Reform Bill, the Abolition of Slavery. Still there are some writers who by the originality of their treatment, or by the grace of their style, or by the keenness of their wit can provoke an interest in subjects which would otherwise be dry-as-dust to the men of later times. Swift was one of these; Sydney Smith was another. Swift was a genius who devoted his enormous powers to the service of a party; Sydney Smith was brilliantly clever and did the same thing. The politics of either is a matter of comparative indifference. By reason of its ephemeral interest political controversy perishes from the memory of man unless the controversialist can make the dry bones live by putting something of himself into his writings. This is what Swift in the eighteenth, and Smith in the nineteenth centuries succeeded in doing. One suggests the other, not because they are at all alike in genius or in style, but because they are both tremendously clever, both are political satirists, both are clergymen, both are disappointed of great rewards. Swift was a Tory; Sydney Smith was a Whig.

Sydney Smith was a Whig. He does not however seem to have been the Whig of the old school who was quite as bent on maintaining the privileges of a certain aristocratic faction as indignant at the Tory desire to share in them— that old Whiggism which espoused the people's cause only for the clique's interests and at other times repressed it with quite a Tory fervour. Rather was he a Whig of the transition period genuinely eager for reform, intolerant of abuses, candidly anxious for full civil and religious liberty.

His political convictions were quite in character and thoroughly sincere. As a man he seems to have been frank, unromantic, somewhat flippant somewhat self-seeking but never consciously unjust, never ungenerous, and never mean. Hestruck hard and must have often hurt but it was all done in the open where hard blows were expected and generally returned. He was a pleasant companion, a brilliant conversationalist and an assiduous diner-out.

As a priest he was scarcely ideal. It is difficult to understand his reasons for taking Holy Orders. Certainly his clerical duties sat lightly upon him and seem to have been regarded as quite inciden-
tal. He had a keen eye for abuses in the church and it appears somewhat inconsistent on his part to hold several benefices at once and live most of the time in town. But we must remember that it was an age of pluralities and non-residence. Nothing pleased him better than to poke fun at a Bishop; yet he disliked dissenters and churchmen of the evangelical type. He was morbidly suspicious of set religious phrases and the cant of the conventicle and the “serious” drawing room. It was hard for him to realize that genuine piety could dress itself pretentiously. Seldom do men of strong individuality living in a free atmosphere understand the power of a cult to dominate its members even to the use of a stereotyped vocabulary. It sounds like humbug to the uninitiated but very often it is quite sincere. To him the church was no Divine Society but a department of the state. According to his views the church should not be given more liberty but made more subservient. Bishops were tyrannical, so he thought: curates were abused. Legislative action should be taken to curb the one, and relieve the other. To set in motion the general life of the church for the correction of its own abuses never entered his mind and hardly could. It was a frankly Erastian age.

Of course Sydney Smith was far more than a pamphleteer on politico-ecclesiastical subjects. He was a critic of no mean ability. Though out of sympathy with Scott he appreciated his genius. While he had no special fondness for poetry he recognized the work of the many bards of his time as being of a distinguished order. Most of his critical efforts were devoted to books of travel, sermons, parliamentary reports, and reports of various societies, religious and otherwise. No one else, I fancy, could make the criticism of such material interesting, but he succeeds in doing so. During some years he was connected with the Edinburgh Review for the foundation of which he was largely responsible. Most of his articles were originally contributed to it. For some years he lived in Edinburgh which at the time vied with London itself as a literary centre.

Sydney Smith lends himself fairly well to quotation though to be thoroughly enjoyed he should be read in a complete collection of his essays. Here is a characteristic comment taken from a review of Waterton’s *Wanderings in South America*. The naturalist has been describing the habits of the sloth. The description takes the critic’s fancy and this is part of what he says: “The eagle to the sky, the
mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree; but what is most extraordinary he lives not upon the branches but under them. He moves suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

The following is by way of introduction to a severe denunciation of the cruelties practised upon the little chimney sweep, a species now happily extinct—"An excellent and well-arranged dinner is a "most pleasing occurrence and a great triumph of civilized life. It "is not only the descending morsel and the enveloping sauce ...... "but the rank wealth and beauty which surround the meats, the "learned management of light and heat, the smiling and sedulous "host proferring guests and relishes, the exotic bottles, the embo-
"ssed plate, the pleasant remarks, the handsome dresses, the cu-
"ning artifices in fruit and farina! The hour of dinner, in short, "includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification which "a great nation glories in producing.

"In the midst of all this, who knows that the kitchen chimney "caught fire half an hour before dinner! and that a poor little "wretch of six or seven years old, was sent up in the midst of the "flames to put it out?" Certainly the contrast could not have been made more effective and arresting.

Under the ambiguous caption "Persecuting Bishops" there is a display of much clever bantering joined to sanity, kindliness and a sense of justice. It should however be read as a whole.

Peter Plymley's letters find Sydney Smith very much at home. An amiable fiction called Brother Abraham of strong Tory proclivities must needs be converted to sound political principles. Accordingly he becomes the unfortunate recipient of clever letters from town ridiculing his innate conservatism, his Protestantism, every-
thing he has cherished from his youth up, pulling to pieces the very heroes of his party. Had honest Abraham possessed more than a typical existence the correspondence would only have changed slug-
gish into passionate conviction; no doubt most of the country clergy and all the country squires were up in arms. But what of that! The essayist no doubt expects it, but if he can convince a few waverers and make England laugh, he has a reward which will compensate him for the increase of Tory indignation. Abraham has been defending Mr. Perceval, and Peter replies: "You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime-minister. Grant
you all that you write; I say, I fear he will ruin Ireland and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interest of the country; and then you tell me he is faithful to Mrs Perceval and kind to the Master Percivals! These are undoubtedly the first qualifications to be looked to in a time of the most serious public danger; but somehow or another (if public and private virtues must always be incompatible) I should prefer that he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country."

At this period the United States were beginning to attract the public interest they have never since lost. Several of the essays of Sydney Smith are concerned with the (then) new Republic. He always writes as a friend though sometimes as a candid friend and he makes two very acute predictions. One is related to the question of slavery; the other to the difficulty of controlling from a central government states which cover half a continent. He speaks "of the great disgrace and danger of America—the existence of slavery which if not timeously corrected will one day entail a bloody servile war upon the Americans." The other comment is, "the Americans are a very sensible, reflecting people and have conducted their affairs extremely well; but it is scarcely possible to conceive that such an Empire should very long remain undivided or that the dwellers on the Columbia should have common interest with the navigators of the Hudson and the Delaware." The questions were fought out together during the great civil war, but the problems of natural difficulties and diversity of interests here propounded must have seemed insuperable to a keen mind like Sydney Smith, and indeed they constituted the chief danger to the Republic for half a century. A final separation has not occurred and statesmanship and a wide patriotism has probably settled the matter for all time, but it was attempted more than once and the last time was only crushed with the loss of thousands and thousands of lives. One may fairly say this, I think, because the Civil War was the result of a clashing of political ideals, that of centralization with that of individual state-freedom. The negro question was rather a dramatic and popular representation of the principles at stake. That the separation never became established does not derogate from our writer's reputation for sagacity. The elements of disruption were there. It was only the rise of new forces, the marvellous progress of material civilization,
the appearance of great men fitted for great tasks, which finally conquered the forces of disintegration.

There are few men who in their writings reveal so much of themselves as does Sydney Smith. Not merely the outward things, though he is by no means chary of describing his circumstances, and suggesting what he thinks is his due. But he puts himself into his essays and reviews. He writes as he talks and talks as he truly thinks and feels. The plane of thought and feeling is not remarkably elevated, but it is wonderfully clear of rubbish. He lives in the world, and is frankly of the world; yet the world does not satisfy him as it is. Its injustice, its cruelty, its intolerance, its hypocrisy, its Mr. Perceval's, fill him with indignation. Like all partizans he condemns some innocent and some positively good things and persons with the bad. But his humaneness, natural liberality and common sense reduces such mistakes to a minimum. He never sacrifices principle to interest; abuses must be swept away; if in the process the Rev. Sydney Smith obtains preferment, happy is he: if not, well,—Thank God! the world is better than he found it. Truly here is no Saint, no hero, no idealist, but one who we may justly describe, I think, as a good man who improved his generation and enriched posterity.

F.G.V.

Glimpses of American Poets.

Perhaps the widest read of the American poets is Longfellow. In truth who could but admire his nobler works? His beautiful portrait of the depth and sacredness of woman's love, as pictured in his Evangeline is a lasting monument. Therein one finds countless scenes, pictured with almost the vividness of the brush. There is also an uplifting romance, beautifully told and woven into the scenes in which it is enacted. Longfellow is one with whom, most of us are intimate.

The works of William Cullen Bryant many would lay aside as too gloomy for perusal. With this touch of melancholy, which seems to pervade his works, one may find passages which speak to all. e. g.
"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks.
A various language": —

These opening lines of his Thanatopsis, the poem by which the author is more commonly judged, cannot but arouse one to a desire, to enter on the subject with the poet. If as Bryant goes on to say in the next few lines, one will but go to nature in the dark hours of life, she glides,

"Into his darker musings, with a mild and healing sympathy,
That steals away their sharpness, ere he is aware."

What true lover of nature, if he will but try, cannot experience the truth of the poets saying? One cannot read Bryant, but that he will feel the awful grandeur and overpowering might, that lies back of the scheme of the universe.

If Bryant saw overpowering might in nature, Emerson beheld munificent goodness. Flashes of this are revealed in such passages as:

"Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oars forsake."

Again one sees it in the "Apology,"

"Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen—
I go to the God of the wood,
To fetch his word to men."

or yet again in the "Blight,"

"But these young scholars who invade our hills,
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood
And travelling often in the cut he makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is in Latin names."

James Russell Lowell also had this close affection for the beauty of nature. This element seems to be, to a great extent prevalent among America’s poets and one is led to wonder, if the newness of the country, and the glory of its scenery has not touched all of her writers. Lowell is not given wholly to rhapsodizing over nature. His Vision of Sir Launfal brings one into a deeper and grander sphere.

"He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight
That thread of all sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its meagre palms
For God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Mr. Lowell's Bibliolatres is worthy of consideration also.
"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, tis thy soul is poor,
There towers the mountains of the voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find; but he who bends,
Intent on Manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore."

It is indeed difficult to lay aside Lowell's works and cease quoting that other authors may gain a space in this article. From, "An Incident in a Railroad Car" let us gather up a few choice lines.

"All that hath been majestical
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all
The angel heart of man."

"And thus among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home
Which casts in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece or Rome."

"But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature, in the weak,
And friendless sons of men;
To write some earnest verse or line
Which seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart."

The Chambered Nautilus teaches us a true lesson and sets one thinking. This was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un resting sea."

Brief indeed is this article to bring forth all that is best among this branch of the English poets, but if these few snatches of verse have but aroused someone to the point of reading more from the
same sources, then its purpose has been accomplished. It is truly worth one's time to read not only those cited but also, Whitman, Poe, Whittier, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and others to whom we may turn and gather much. Before closing it seems most fitting that we should take a short glimpse of a living poet whom we all should know—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Gems of the purest ray shine out in the bulk of her works.

"If all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply to attain,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart, and brain!"

"Man may not worship at the ancient shrine
Prone on his face, in self-accusing scorn.
That night is past. He hails a fairer morn,
And knows himself a something all divine."

"Religion now means something high and broad,
And man stood never half so near to God."

"Twixt what thou art, and what thou would'st be, let
No "If" arise on which to lay the blame,
Man makes a mountain of that puny word,
But, like a blade of grass before the scythe,
It falls and withers when a human will,
Stirred by creative force, sweeps towards its aim"

"The two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean,
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the road?"

These quotations are but a smattering and there are countless others which each of us can procure. Not only in Ella Wheeler Wilcox but in all those whom I have quoted there are treasures stored up which will appeal to us all.

R. H. HAYDEN.

H. H. Dinning, '10 succeeds A. A. Sturley, 09 as Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association.

Rev. Canon Scott preached at the Anniversary Service of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, March 21st.

A very interesting lecture on Canterbury Cathedral was given by A. H. Robertson of Cookshire, on March 23rd,
A meeting of the executive committee of the Alumni Association was held early in February at the College. Rev. F. G. Vial M.A. presiding—The resignation of Rev. J. J. Seaman M.A. Secretary of the Association was accepted and Mr. F. O. Call M.A. was elected to fill his place. Mr. Robert Campbell, of Quebec was present at this meeting.

Mr. A. J. DeLotbinière B.A. has left McGill to take up a course in the Forestry School, Toronto. We wish him every success in his new studies.

We hear that Mr. H. A. Harding B.A. is enjoying himself, king-fishing this winter. We wish him fisherman's good luck.

Rev. O. G. Lewis B.A. paid us another visit in February to attend the performance of The Magistrate and also to captain his famous term of Minnehahas in an exceedingly exciting game of hockey against their old time rivals the Humdahs.

Rev. E. R. Roy M.A. has accepted a call to the parish of Greenwich, Conn. Our best wishes accompany him in his new duties.

Rev. P. Callis M.A. attended the meeting of the Corporation held here recently.

Rev. H. H. Corey B.A. is snowshoeing along the Labrador coast this winter.

Rev. C. W. Mitchell M.A. has taken up parish work now at Streatham, London S.W., in addition to his scholastic duties.

We congratulate G. J. Hughes B.A. on the laurels which he helped to win for the Grand Mere hockey team this season. All who saw Graydon play in the match here a short time ago feel proud of their doughty captain of 1907-08.
We heard with sincere regret of the death of Charles C. Woodside B.A. at Worcester. Our deep sympathy is tendered to his parents in their time of sorrow.

---

**Divinity Notes**

---

**GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.**

On January 28th, at an evening meeting, was read the first of the series of letters from outside members: it was from the Rev. O. G. Lewis, of Shawinigan Falls, P. Q., and gave a very helpful account of parish life and conditions of work. When Mr. Lewis was staying here for part of the Christmas vacation he related some of his personal encounters with frozen pipes and other minor troubles of housekeeping.

At this meeting we sincerely welcomed a few words from Canon Scott, who spoke of the strength given to outside members by the existence and prayers of the Guild.


The office of admission was held in the Oratory, at seven o'clock in the evening.

---

**QUIET DAY.**

The annual Quiet Day began at Compline on Tuesday, March 9th, and closed with a Celebration of Holy Communion on the following Thursday morning.

The conductor was the Rev. J. Paterson-Smyth, Rector of St. George's Church, Montreal. In addition to services, there were three addresses and one sermon, the latter being preached in Chapel as one of the Lenten course of sermons on Wednesdays.

The addresses were on:—

1. The difficulties and outlook of a divinity student.
2. Vocation, and the answer to the call.
3. The personal life of a divinity student.

The sermon in Chapel was on Conscience.

Throughout the Quiet Day Dr. Paterson Smyth showed a persistent and most earnest will to help us by all means, and on all points. The informal, general talk with him in the afternoon was of very real value; it helped us, also, to see how deep and wide is his sympathy with the many questions of doubt and difficulty that must arise in the career of a divinity student.

The evidence of the speaker's experience in the past of difficulties similar to our's in the present, gave a note of practical reality to the whole day; the deep spiritual conviction which had borne him through such difficulties came home to us as an inspiration to win the battle of life by fighting as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

---

**Students' Missionary Union.**

On February 9th the Rev. W. S. G. Bunbury, of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, addressed the Union on "The Power of Prayer."

One of the first experiences to be sought in life is that of the power of prayer, for it is, the speaker declared from his own experience, the great power behind all work. Not only is prayer the motive power, but it is also the sustaining and strengthening power of all work that is worthy of the name. A test question by which we can all gauge our use of prayer in this—"Does God find in me that faith which can only express itself by real, systematic prayer?" This question applies to every life, for no life can be really successful in work unless the motives be based on, and guidance sought in, the habit of persevering prayer.

In no work is the highest, purest strength more needed than in that of the missionary for heathen people, but without the strength of prayer the missionary would be no stronger than other men!

Whatever may be the limitations of our openings for work, there need be no bounds to the use, the effectual use, of the power of prayer.


Mr. Shortt said at once that the subject was far too big to deal with even generally in one hour. He therefore took up the question in its dealings with Japanese students in Tokio.
Form the fact that students come from all parts of Japanese Empire to study at Tokio, their number in that city is very great, amounting to about 300,000. This makes the city a centre of great importance to Missionaries, because, after taking their course at one of the colleges, most of the students return to their homes; thus, if they have become Christians, they help in the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is very difficult, almost impossible, to influence many young people in their native towns or villages; in the first place, the Buddhist priests are very watchful against converts being made, and, in the second place, the intense conservatism of family life makes approach on religious questions a most difficult matter.

This family tradition does not extend beyond the home-town, and so it is comparatively simple to influence, or, at any rate to attract, the enquiring and thoughtful students who are away from home.

Open persecution on religious grounds is strictly forbidden by Imperial laws, but, in many ways, life can be made very difficult for those who are known to be converts; and, in the same way, enquirers can be greatly discouraged by opponents of Christianity.

The moral temptations of Japanese cities are unspeakably great for young people; to meet this in some measure, boarding houses for students have been started by the American Church Mission, the S.P.G., and the Y.M.C.A.

The ethical and educational training received by Japanese students still leaves a great want in their lives, and this want constitutes a great and pressing call—among many others—for the increase of the number of Christian missionaries in Japan.

Many other points of great interest must, though lack of space be left out of this brief account of Mr. Shortt's address.

Canon L. Norman Tucker, General Secretary of the M.S.C.C., a graduate of Bishops', is giving a series of six lectures in the Council Chamber at twelve o'clock on Mondays.

The lectures are on Church Work in western and north-western Canada. The scope of the lectures is a very wide one, including the early settlements and missionary efforts in Canada, the development of missionary and training centres, the work at present going on, and a forecast of the possible growth and needs of the Church.
The course is specially intended for students who hope to be ordained for work in the North-West; but all can find a great deal of both interest and help in the details of past and present history so ably put before us by Canon Tucker.

On February 9th, R. Andrewes came back, after having been home for some weeks with his father, who had been dangerously ill. For the time Mr. Andrews was much better, but on the 21st news came to his son that the parting of the ways had been reached.

We most sincerely give our prayers and sympathy to those who are mourning their great loss, and ask humbly that God will in His own loving time give the joy of reunion in place of the pain of separation.

Before coming to live in Canada, the Rev. W. J. Andrewes was Rector of Shottisham, Suffolk, England.

---

On Thursday evening, February the fourth, the annual Skating Party and Impromptu Dance was held. Skating commenced in the School Rink at about a quarter to eight. The music rendered by the Waterville Band was most enjoyable while the ice was in almost perfect condition. Added to these facts, the people assembled together were most congenial and signs of merriment were in evidence on all sides.

A little before ten o'clock after the completion of the first half of the programme, all adjourned to the Dining Hall for a light supper. Here the guests were charmingly received by Mrs. Parrock and Miss Gill, who kindly acted as patronesses. After supper dancing was commenced, the Council Chamber and School Dining Hall being thrown open for the occasion. We take this opportunity of thanking those guests who so kindly played the piano. And to whom the success of the last half of the programme, was in a large measure due. A few minutes before twelve the last strains of "Home Sweet
Home” ended and the '09 Skating Party was over—but not forgotten, nor will be for a long time.

The College seems to be suffering from an epidemic of bronchitis and la grippe. Mr. R. H. Hayden '10 and Mr. H. H. Scott '11 have had to return to their respective homes. We hope they are fast recovering and will be back making a noise in the Lodge again next term.

On Tuesday March the second, Robert Burge died suddenly from heart failure at about 8.40 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Burge had come up to the College as usual, seemingly in perfect health. When “old Tom” was ringing the bell for Chapel Mr. Burge complained that he found it difficult to breathe. Hardly were the words out of his mouth before he had dropped to the floor. Medical help was at once summoned but he had passed beyond the stage where human aid could have been of any assistance.

Robert Burge had served the College and School faithfully for the last thirty years, doing his duty conscientiously and always looking after the interests of the institution by which he was employed. His place will be very hard to fill and now one almost feels that some part of the University is missing. His family have our very deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

On Feb. 12th Mr. C. K. Rhodes, received the very sad news of the death of his father, Mr. Armitage Rhodes of Quebec. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the family.

The Par Ergon has made a good beginning. The first meeting was addressed by Prof. Hamilton on The Elements of Polytheism, the discussion being opened by the Dean of Ontario. At the second meeting Prof. Gummer read a most interesting paper on the Origin of Civilization. Entomology was the subject of the paper read at the last meeting by C. G. Lawrence '09. The membership is growing rapidly and interest is increasing.

The B. U. Chess Club is in a flourishing condition this year and great enthusiasm is shown in the fortnightly meetings. There were ten entries for the “Member's Challenge Cup” and several well contested games have already been played. The final is to be played on March 31st.
The Churchwarden Club still continues on its majestic way. The arrival of the blazers has not only suitably clothed the "rare souls of wit," but has caused a number of men to indulge in what our tailor calls "Semi dress wear."

Among the many good papers read must be mentioned Napoleon, by E. E. Boothroyd, President. It was certainly worthy of being read to the Club. The Hon. President, Dr. Parrock, contributed a very interesting paper on Monasticism, which gave rise to much discussion. After Mr. Sturley's able paper on Copernicus, the feelings of members were much upset by some views expressed in Mr. Stridsberg's paper on St. Benedict, and the din became terrific; the Club separated into small knots of men, who slew each other in corners and battled hotly in wordy warfare. Before the meeting began it was necessary to raid the Chess Club, to bring in unruly members who had left their first love!

On Feb. 3rd Prof. Cox, of McGill gave a deeply interesting lecture on Leonardo da Vinci. The slides of some of his works were very good showing the man in all phases of his versatile genius.

The idea Athens is dead is certainly not tenable to any of those who listened to Principal Peterson (McGill) in Feb. 17th. To a large audience he shewed a magnificent series of the slides of the ruins of Athens giving his hearers a vivid account of the past glories and noble remains of that city-remain's which still astonish the world, though sadly ruined by time and the, barbaric hand of man.

On March 3rd, a large assembly met to listen to the absorbing topic of Palestine before the days of Moses presented in a scholarly manner by Prof. Brodie Brockwell (McGill). He drew attention to the high state of culture existing in those early times, and raised several interesting points, which have led to much heated discussion in the men's rooms. We will not bore our readers with an account of the magic word "Androgynistic" which has opened up a new horizon to the scholar in Oriental religions. Seldom is it given us to hear such a deep subject treated in such a scholarly manner.

On March 16th Dr. Rexford, Principal of Montreal Diocesan College took his audience a tour round Rome. What need is there for "Cooks" when we have followed Dr. Rexford, and seen his slides?
Just a Picture

What do we mean by peace? It is one of those strange elusive words that we use every day, which yet are beyond any exact definition. There are as many different ideas and ideals of peace as there are human hearts in this world of stress and turmoil. Something I saw some years ago seems to me to express most beautifully peace, in its truest sense.

A long lake lay stretched before me, its waters inky black before the coming storm. Behind for several miles rose the woods in a gentle upward slope. Away at the right a little village showed indistinctly in the gloomy darkness. Across the lake the shores sloped upward steeply from the water’s edge. The place where I stood was a high, rocky point, stretching out far into the water, bare of all trees and underbrush and forming a most magnificent site for a large iron cross, that rose now with almost vivid whiteness against the angry sky. A mighty wind from the west was lashing the dark water of the lake into huge waves, that rose and fell with their gleaming lips of foam and came pounding with a roar like thunder against the base of the cliff, dashing great clouds of spray up almost to the top of the cross. The sky as black as the water, was, like it, streaked with white broken here and there with vivid flashes of lightning that rent the heavens from north to south, throwing into silhouette some tall tree or lonely farm house. The thunder roared incessantly, each peal echoing from hill to hill, crossing and recrossing the water. All around the wind was twisting and bending the trees, like some great demon delighting in the torture of human souls who writhe and shriek in their agony.

Then even as I watched, awed and terrified by the splendour of the scene, my ears caught the sound of the soft cooing peep of some tiny mother birds. For some time I strained my eyes in vain to find the little things, and at last discovered, close beside me, sheltered safely in a groove of the granite base a little mother sparrow protecting her one fledgling. High above her towered the cross, strong and unshaken by the fiercest wind that blows and here the little thing knew that she was safe.

It was a wonderful picture and many and many a time when I have been tossed hither and thither by the daily perplexities and struggles of life this picture has flashed in upon me bringing with it, a sense of security and peace that has remained even after the thought that brought it has passed from my mind.

D. J. S.
Our first hockey game was played on February 12th. against Windsor Mills. Bishop's showed lack of practice and training, playing fast hockey at the beginning of each half but weakening toward the end. The game was apt to be rough at times, heavy checking and tripping on the part of the Windsor Mills team being particularly noticeable. Windsor Mills scored first about ten minutes after play began, but Bishops came back strong and netted two before the end of the half. The second half opened with Bishop's besieging the Windsor Mills goal but good work on the part of their goal tender saved a score until Stevens scored on a shot from the wing. With a lead of two goals and about ten minutes to play Bishop's seemed to have the game well in hand, but the whole team seemed to go to pieces. With only two minutes to play Windsor Mills scored, and within half a minute of time they scored again making the final score 3—3. An overtime period of ten minutes was decided on, in which Windsor Mills scored 3 while Bishop's failed to tally. Final score Bishop's 3; Windsor Mills 6.

In the absence of Emo, the College goalkeeper, Wiggett, of B. C. S. played in goal and put up a splendid game stopping several shots which looked like sure scores. Stevens also played a good game and both times when he was sent to the fence his absence was greatly felt by the other forwards. Bishops lined up as follows:—Goal, Wiggett; Point, Laws; Cover pt. Wright; forwards, Stevens (Capt), Sherman, Cameron, Brown.

On Saturday, February 13th. a team of Bishop's Graduates came out to play the present team. The graduates came out with the firm idea of showing the undergrads how hockey should be played and for this purpose they had gathered together a septette of stars; but the fact that they had never played together before greatly handicapped them and they succumbed to the superior combination of the Undergrads. The game was fast and clean, very few penalties being handed out and those for minor offences. Capt. Hepburn played
a splendid game for the graduates, rushing the puck time and again down the ice only to find no one to whom to pass it, and to be quietly relieved of it by Lovell. "Doc" Thomson also played a good game for the Graduates his checking and rushing being very effective; Whalley in goals for the Grads, stopped some hot shots and saved several scores. For the Undergrads Capt. Stevens and Lovell played well, the latter doing some good checking while the former was always right on hand with the goods. The game was well handled by Messrs. F. R. Robinson B.A. and C. G. Hepburn B.A. who were very impartial in their decisions. The final score stood 6-3 in favour of the Undergraduates.

Teams and officials.

**GRADUATES**

A. F. C. Whalley B.A.
A. C. M., Thomson B.A.
W. B. Scott B.A.
R. Hepburn (Capt.) B.A.
G. K. Bergh B.A.
Prof. Hamilton B.D.
P. S. Gregory B.A.

**UNDERGRADUATES**

H. S. Laws B.A.
H. P. Wright
H. P. Lovell
D. I. Cameron
L. R. Sherman B.A.
C. G. Stevens B.A. (Capt.)
J. S. Brown

Referee C. G. Hepburn B.A.
Judge of Play F. R. Robinson B.A.

**STANSTEAD 12 BISHOP’S 6.**

On February 25th Bishop’s went up to Stanstead to play the town team and were defeated by a score of 12-6. The smallness of the rink and the poor lighting were a great drawback to our men who found it impossible to play any sort of combination. The score at half-time was 6-4 in favour of Stanstead.

The Bishop’s team was:

Goal, Emo; Point, Wright; C. Point, Lovell; Fowards, Cameron; Sherman; Stevens (Capt.) Brown.

**MAGOG 10 BISHOP’S 2**

On March 4th the Bishop’s team made a trip to Magog and were again defeated. The game was fast and clean throughout not a single man being ruled off. The Magog team played better hockey than our men.

The following represented the College:

Goal, Wiggett; Point, Wright; C. Point, Lovell; Fowards, Stevens; (Capt.), Cameron, Ward, Brown.
BASKET BALL

On February 13th the College Team defeated a team of Graduates by a score of 9-3: the Graduates put up a good game but their shooting was poor. For the Undergrads Hayden played a very good game, scoring eight out of the nine points.

The teams were:

**GRADUATES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Boright B.A.</th>
<th>Gregory B.A.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thomson B.A.</td>
<td>Hepburn B.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott B.A.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**UNDERGRADUATES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Miller</th>
<th>Patterson (Capt.)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hayden</td>
<td>Dinning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinerth (Hinchliffe)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Referee—C. G. Stevens B.A. Umpire—C. G. Hepburn B.A.

**BISHOP’S VS. Y.M.C.A.**

In a scheduled game of the E. T. Basket Ball League the College was defeated by Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. by a score of 21-9.

**Bishop’s (9)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hinirth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Y.M.C.A. (21)**

| G. Parsons (Capt.) Armitage Hurn |
|-----------|--------|
| Audet     | Jones  |

Referee—Kay; Umpire—Porteous.

PUCKLETS.

The Freshmen have a good hockey team but they couldn’t trim the Seniors. In the two games played the Seniors scored fifteen goals to the Freshmen’s six: the first game the Seniors won 10-2, and the second 5-4.

In a fast and exciting game the Minnehahas defeated the Humdahs 7-2.

Murray has been elected captain of the College Second Team. So far the Second team has only played one game which they lost.

In two of the College Matches, owing to the absence of Emo the regular goal tend, G. Wiggett of the school played in the nets for us and both times played a first class game. He has played a star game at centre for B.C.S. all season and in the two games he played for the College he showed that he also knows something about a goal keeper’s business.

The main cause of the teams poor showing this year was the small number of men who turned out to practise. The Captain had the greatest difficulty in getting fourteen men on the ice, and it is almost impossible to have a decent practise without the full number
of players. It is a shame that more of the students do not take a
greater interest in hockey and endeavour to help out all they can.
Even the men who do not play the game might at least turn up at
the matches and give some encouragement to the men who are up-
holding their Alma Mater. It is a pity that something cannot be
done to arouse the men from the state of lethargy into which they
have fallen and to get them to take more interest in our Athletics,
as success in this department of our College life will gain a reputa-
tion for Our University. Buck up everybody and do all in your
power to raise the standard of our Athletics. This year a University
has won the Allan cup, emblematic of the Amateur Hockey Cham-
pionship of Canada. Why should not Bishop's University hold this
honour sometime in the future?

Exchanges

In the 'University Monthly' there is an article entitled "The
necessity for training in Public Speaking and Reading" which is well
worth reading. He points out that it is not sufficient to have the
mind of a leader, it is also essential for him to possess the faculty
to convince the people of the justice of the views he entertains upon
any question. Newspapers, or magazines will never eliminate the
necessity for public speaking.

What is being done in the various Colleges to train men for
this important part of their life? In how many Colleges is training
in public speaking seriously attempted?

Distrust of the old systems have resulted in a complete aban-
donment of the subject entirely. But it must be remembered that in
whatever walk of life he finds himself, the man who is able to
express himself with facility, refinement, force, conviction will have
a far greater chance of success.

Once more we come across a plea for nobler ideals in public life
This time it is the "Manitoba College Journal" that takes up the
cry. We are glad indeed to see that students are beginning to take
up the matter seriously. They will be the politicians of the next
decade and to them the country will look to purge our corrupt-
ed politics. That such a process is truly needed need hardly be point-
ed out. Just open any newspaper and at once the words; graft,
scandal, bribery and so forth meet your eyes.
We would like to see such an article in every College Magazine. Do not drop it. Keep it up, for your country's sake.

In the "Argosy" there is an article which treats of some similar subject. It is entitled "Party Politics," It is a study of the methods of party government. It is good and well worth reading.

The conclusion is striking:

"So our party system runs on. There are benefits as well as disadvantages. It serves us in these strenuous times—some think—well. There are those, however, who hope for the time, when it will be the office of the politician not to maneuvre for party positions but honestly to endeavour to improve social conditions; when our representatives will think less about making a smart repartee, than about being straightforward in all their actions and when they will take, as a rule of conduct in their capacity as public officer, that very excellent and forcible, though not very poetic requirement of Premier Asquith, "No damn nonsense."

We commend to the attention of all the Students the Article "True College Spirit" which appeared in Lux Colombiana and which points out what is meant by "College Spirit."

The following extract may be taken as a summary of the Article:

"College spirit is that love for the College which inspires every Student to work to accomplish the best for the honour of the institution, whether it be in scholarship debating, athletics, or talking to your neighbours in the halls. Yelling yourself hoarse at a ball game is simply the outward demonstration of the inward zeal and enthusiasm. The Student who works for a high standing in scholarship, although he does not care for athletics, may have more of the real College spirit than some of you, who yell until your throats are raw at a basket ball game, but don't trouble yourselves much about scholarship. Of course he is missing a great deal and so are you."

**Lighter Side of Exchanges**

A man dropped his wig in the street, a boy who was close behind picked it up and handed it to him. "Thank you my boy," said the owner, "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."

---

Boyibus kissibus sweet girl [arum].
Girlibus likebus, want some [morum].
Fatherribus hearibus loud soun [dorum].
Kickibus boyibus out front [doorum].

At the Science dance—

A fair freshette for the first time wore a new gown at the Science dance. A freshman approached and with usual courtesy asked for the next dance. She said: "Why certainly, but will you use your handerchief?"
He answered: "Yes—Yes."—and he blew his nose.

I cannot smoke and study, so I don't study.

"Ah, I see you are married; exclaimed the merchant.
"No, Sir," replied the applicant for a position, "I got this scar in a railroad accident.

"We have hungered for you" said the cannibal chief to a new missionary "You will fill a long-felt want in our midst."

We acknowledge receipt of the following Exchanges.

---

Write us about it . . .

When you wish information, estimates, etc., as to cost of our price, or the entire furnishing of a room,

write us about it.

By return mail we will send you every information in our power.

EDWARDS FURNITURE CO.