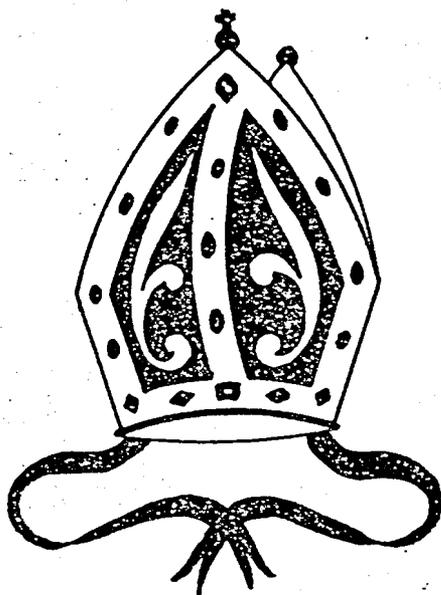


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The Mitre

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University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec.



"Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus."—Horace.

VOL. XVIII., No. 4.

March, 1911.

University of Bishop's College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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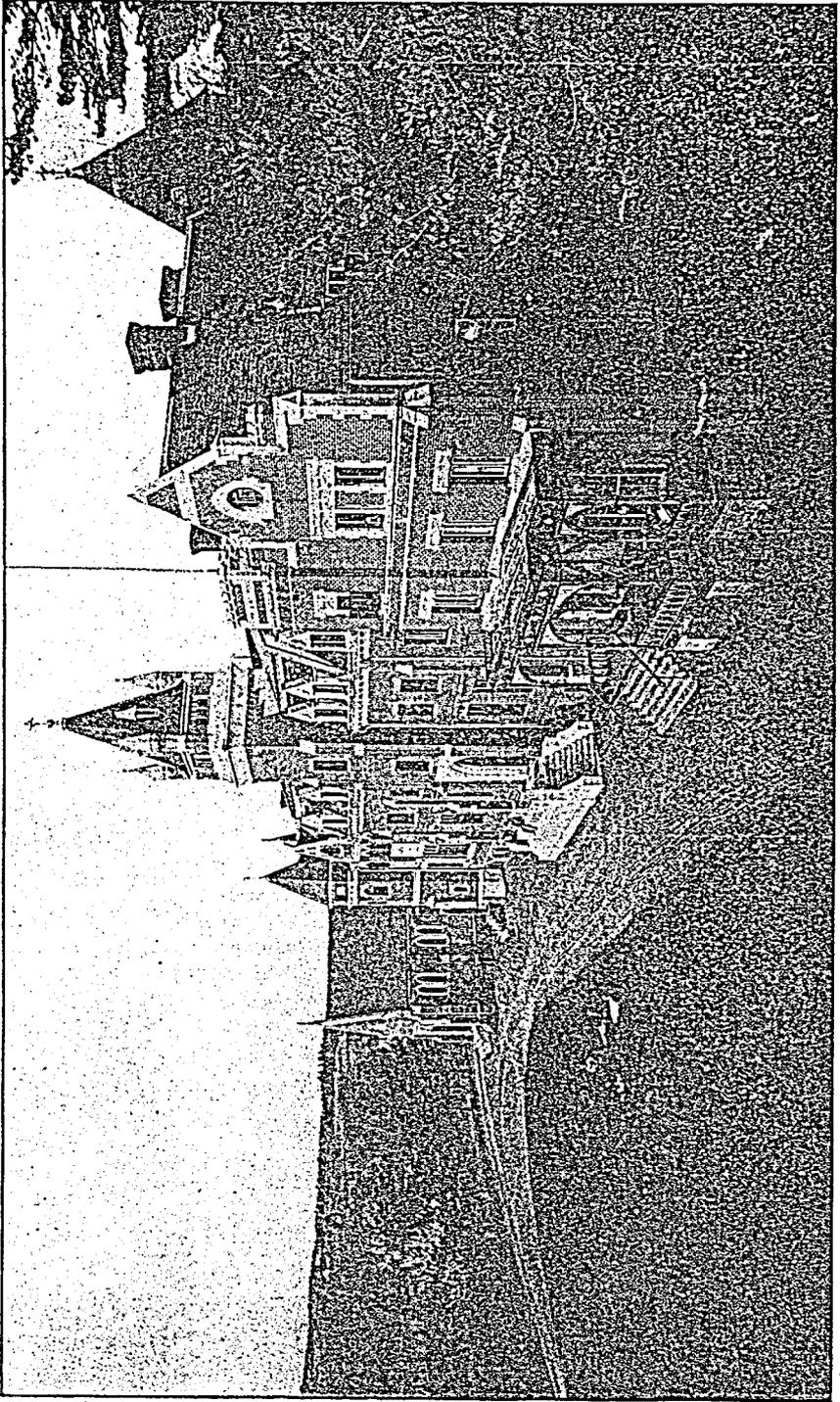
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Michaelmas Term, from September 14 to December 20, 1910.
Lent Term, from January 17 to March 31, 1911.
Trinity Term, from April 1 to June 20, 1911.



THE MITRE.

VOL. XVIII.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 4.

MARCH, 1911.

Our Lady of Snows.

Canada, fair land of promise,
Slumbers 'neath the dazzling snow
Ice enshrouds her mighty rivers
Hiding from our eyes the flow
Of their dark and silent waters,
Rolling onward strange and slow.

Silent lies her shrouded figure
Solemn stillness doth enfold
Verdant pastures, leafless woodland,
Distant hills, their outline bold
Scenery full of sphinx-like mystery,
'Neath the spirit of the cold.

Canada, in all thy seasons
Thou art passing, wondrous fair
In the morning of thy springtime
In thy summer beauty rare ;
When in brightest, richest raiment
Autumn decks thee out so fair.

But when winter snows enwrap thee,
Slumbering as a child ye seem.
Waiting for the kiss of springtime
To unbar thy ice-locked streams.
Then it is I most do love thee,
Canada, my snowy queen.

Life in the Yukon and Canadian North-West through the Eyes of Robert W. Service.

By R. J. SHIRES.

(Read before the Churchwarden Club March 9th.)

Though it is proposed, as the title of the paper suggests, to consider life in the Yukon and the North-West as portrayed by Service, yet in order that no false impression should be given, it may be well to state in the beginning that Service does not paint Western life as a whole, but only certain phases of it, and

these by no means the most desirable phases. The verses describe one side of the life only, and that the lower side. Since Service has been called "the Canadian Kipling," it may be well to illustrate what is meant by reference to Kipling's works. This latter writer has described certain phases of Army life, and has portrayed them well, too; but it would not be fair to consider these pictures, however true the phases in question as representing Army life as a whole. In the same way, though Service has undoubtedly caught the spirit of the "Sourdough," and has described his life in a really wonderful and striking manner, yet it must be remembered that the "Sourdough" is not typical of the whole range of humanity in the Yukon and the West.

Moreover, although it is true that a spirit of careless recklessness still pervades those regions to a great extent; though there is undoubtedly a contempt for and disregard of conventionality and the restraints of custom and tradition, one must remember that the great liberty of a new country tends to laxity and even to license. Besides one must not forget that in more civilized places there is a class of people who are by no means exceptionally moral and law abiding, and to whom freedom from restraint means very often indulgence in the wildest excesses. When you have people of this class in a new country where the life is sterner, harder, more primitive, there can be little wonder that scenes are enacted such as Service describes. But, be it known that in the West at all events, —and it is safe to infer similar conditions in the Yukon also, —the side of life which Service depicts is by no means the predominant one at the present time. Civilization has advanced, more cultured and refined people have gone there, and everything is carried on on a scale more nearly approximating to life in Eastern Canada than the works of Service would lead one to suppose. Of course there has not been time yet for a development similar to that in the East; and there still remains an undercurrent of "the wild, free, fearless life," and it is this undercurrent which one views in looking through the eyes of Service.

In going to the works of Service, the pictures which one finds there are not remarkable for beauty of form or delicacy of touch; but though these qualifications are lacking, the pictures have a remarkable strength and vividness which compel attention. In a way one is rather reminded of the paintings of some of the artists of the realistic school, which show things just as they are: nothing is hidden; the grim details are given in all their gruesome reality, however repulsive may be the result. Service has painted pictures which are terribly real, and which are not altogether pleasant because they show the offensive vulgarities of the more shady side of human life. Not only does this jar on one of refined and sensitive nature, but there is also a roughness and coarseness of language which offends one. The language no doubt suits the subjects dealt with, but strength and vividness have often been obtained at the expense of beauty and delicacy.

Service has addressed his verses to those who know the life he has described and at the close of his first book you find him saying :

"You who have lived in the land,
 You who have trusted the trail ;
 You who are strong to withstand,
 You who are swift to assail ;
 Songs have I sung to beguile,
 Vintage of desperate years,
 Hard as a harlot's smile,
 Bitter as unshed tears.

Little of joy or mirth,
 Little of ease I sing ;
 Sagas of men of earth,
 Humanly suffering,
 Such as you all have done ;"

"These my songs are for you,
 You who are seared with the brand ;
 God knows I have tried to be true ;
 Please God you will understand."

The man has "tried to be true," and who shall say he has not succeeded? Ask those who know the life—those "who are seared with the brand," they will tell you what wonderful success has attended the writer's efforts. He has succeeded, and it would seem that that very truthfulness to life is the secret of those weird songs, and the source whence comes that rugged strength which one cannot but admire.

It is often said that the work of Service is rough and crude, and it cannot be denied that down here in the East, well within the pale of civilization, far removed from conditions and influences such as produce the scenes recorded, these rhymes seem uncouth and even coarse. That is really the result of environment more than anything else. Here there is much more restraint, and the unpleasant things are hidden more or less by conventionalities, or at all events they are not so vividly brought before one. Out there, in the more settled communities, you have the same restraint ; but in the wilder parts, where the undercurrent is strong, one is apt to judge Service's work more leniently. It may be that daily association with such scenes makes one more callous, or it may be that one learns to expect that sort of thing, and grows more accustomed to making the best of conditions as they are. However that may be, Service does not seem to jar on one so much out there, and is apt to overlook the roughness and coarseness and enter into the absolute humanity of the work. It is absolutely true that one cannot help realizing how well Service has entered into his subject, and how he has made his work live. How thoroughly he has done this only those who have lived out there and come into actual contact with that side of life can fully understand.

It is a kind of life so strangely different from the quiet, well-regulated life

of the East that one finds it hard to realize that it is but a matter of ten years or so since the things described were in full swing ; and that many reminiscences still survive at a distance of but a few hundreds of miles from us. And, as one thinks of the great difference between the two, it is interesting to try and discover some of the causes which make the Western life so different from that of the East. It would seem that there are three things which tend to produce this effect, and these are :

1. The country itself.
2. The men.
3. The primitive conditions which necessarily obtain.

With regard to the country Service has written :

“There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
 It's the cussedest land that I know,
 From the big dizzy mountains that screen it,
 To the death-like valleys below.
 Some say God was tired when he made it ;
 Some say it's a fine land to shun ;
 Maybe : but there are some as would trade it
 For no land on earth—and I'm one.

You come to get rich (damned good reason),
 You feel like an exile at first ;
 You hate it like hell for a season,
 And then you are worse than the worst.
 It grips you like some kinds of sinning ;
 It twists you from foe to a friend ;
 It seems its been since the beginning ;
 It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
 That's plumb-full of hush to the brim ;
 I've watched the big husky sun wallow
 In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
 Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
 And the stars tumbled out neck and crop :
 And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
 With the peace o' the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever ;
 The sunshiny woods all athrill ;
 The greyling aleap in the river,
 The bighorn asleep on the hill.
 The strong life that knows no harness ;
 The wilds where the caribou call ;
 The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
 O God ! how I'm stuck on it all.

It's the great, big broad land 'way up yonder,
 It's the forests where silence has lease ;
 It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
 It's the stillness that fills me with peace.”

So much for the country. Now what about the men? Of all the places in the world, perhaps none is more cosmopolitan in character than our great North-West. Not only is almost every nationality represented, but there are men from almost every rank of society. It is no uncommon thing to find a Cockney of the most pronounced type rubbing shoulders with the son of an earl or a duke. In most unexpected places one runs across university men mining, ranching, farming; doing anything and everything in fact but what they might be expected to do. There are the proverbial "black sheep" of aristocratic families, the careless, restless wanderers, prospectors, card-sharpers, gamblers, whisky-sellers. Service gives many illustrations of this, such, for instance, as the following:

"We couldn't sit and study for the law;
 The stagnation of a bank we couldn't stand
 For our riot blood was surging, and we didn't need much
 urging
 To excitements and excesses that are banned.
 So we took to wine and drink and other things,
 And the devil in us struggled to be free;
 Till our friends rose up in wrath, and they pointed out
 the path,
 And they paid our debts and packed us o'er the sea."

Or again in "The Parson's Son," you get a picture of a man from a home of refinement who has gone to the bad. "The Low-Down White" gives still another illustration:

"Oh, I have guarded my secret well! And who would dream as I speak
 In a tribal tongue like a rogue unhung, 'mid the ranch-house filth and reek
 I could roll to bed with a Latin phrase, and rise with a verse of Greek?"

Yet I was senior prizeman once, and the pride of a College eight;
 Called to the bar—my friends were true, but they could not keep me
 straight;

Then came the divorce, and I went abroad and "died" on the River
 Plate.

But I'm not dead yet, though with half a lung, there isn't time to spare,
 And I hope that the year will see me out, and, thank God, no one will
 care."

These men are in the majority, and they in some degree tend to make the life what it is.

Before dealing with the conditions,—which are those incidental to a new and unsettled country,—it may be well to mention one feature which makes men so susceptible to the influence of the conditions, and that is the loneliness. The effect of this is well brought out in "The Telegraph Operator."

"I will not wash my face
 I will not brush my hair;
 I "pig" around the place—
 There's nobody to care.

THE MITRE.

Nothing but rock and tree;
 Nothing but wood and stone;
 Oh, God, it's hell to be
 Alone, alone, alone.

Day after day the same,
 Only a little worse;
 No one to grouch or blame—
 Oh, for a loving curse!
 Oh, in the night I fear,
 Haunted by nameless things,
 Just for a voice to cheer,
 Just for a hand that clings!

There's not a thing to do;
 I cannot sleep at night;
 No wonder I'm so blue;
 Oh, for a friendly fight!
 The din and rush of strife;
 A music-hall aglow;
 A crowd, a city, life—
 Dear God, I miss it so."

The awful loneliness tends first of all to carelessness, then to desperation. So bad is it indeed that even now many people go insane through loneliness more than anything else. What matter whether one is alone on the farm or on the trail, hunting or prospecting, it gets terribly monotonous. The craving for human society is awful, and it grows until a man will do anything to satisfy it. Generally he makes for the nearest town; he wants companionship and he is going to have it at all costs, and he is going to have a little excitement, too, just to compensate for and make him forget the awful, ghastly loneliness. The town is reached at last after hardships, perhaps, which only serves to increase the determination to have a fling when the goal is won. There a man comes into contact with the conditions which are rife in a new country and which affect the life so powerfully. What law there is, is of the pistol and knife variety; and the man who can draw quickest and shoot straightest has the best chance. Brute force alone is recognized, something which has a very demoralizing effect. But that is not all, the worst thing perhaps is the fact that there is no restraining influence. The law which exists there exerts no moral power, there are no friends at hand whose good opinion a man desires to keep, there is nobody who will be ashamed of him if he does go to excess, and he would only be doing what the rest are doing. Add to these things the fact that he must go to the saloon, for that is the centre of life and the one place where he is sure of finding the companionship for which he craves, and you see how much conditions of life mean. In the saloon he is bound to come into contact with men of the class mentioned, and this, and everything else in fact, is against him. It is awfully hard to "go

straight" under such circumstances, and the general result is that a man is swept along by the tide. Don't judge him for you don't know the circumstances ; and however easy it may seem to you to resist allurements which, at best, are but coarse and even vulgar, just wait until you have felt that awful, heart-eating loneliness and the terrible craving for human companionship of any kind whatever before you condemn him. Over and over again this is brought out by Service. In "The Song of the Wage-Slave" for instance, as the old man reviews his life, these are the words he says :

"Thou knowest my sins are many, and often I've played the fool—
Whiskey and cards and women, they made me the devil's tool.
I was just like a child with money ; I flung it away with a curse
Then back to the woods repentant, back to the mill or the mine,
I, the worker of workers, everything in my line.

A similar touch is found in "The Prospector." The man after weary, lonely search finds gold ; but by that time all he wants is to get back into touch with human life ; the gold is valuable to him only for what it can give him of forgetfulness of what he has been through :

"Yet look you if I find the stuff it's just like so much dirt,
I fling it to the four winds like a child.
It's wine and painted women, and things that do me hurt,
Till I crawl back, beggared, broken to the Wild."

These quotations illustrate the case of a man, who from sheer loneliness, is driven to seek companionship and excitement, and who falls an easy prey to the conditions which exist. It is possible, though, that a man may come into contact with the conditions under other circumstances. Still, even in such a case, the conditions generally win. The odds are very heavily against the man under any circumstances. Take the example afforded by "The Man from Eldorado."

"He's the man from Eldorado, and he's just arrived in town,
In moccassins and oily buckskin shirt ;
He's gaunt as any Indian, and pretty nigh as brown,
He's greasy and he smells of sweat and dirt.
He sports a crop of whiskers that would shame a healthy hog ;
Hard work has racked his joints and stooped his back ;
He slops along the sidewalk followed by his yellow dog,
But he's got a bunch of gold-dust in his sack.
He seems a little wistful as he blinks at all the lights,
And maybe he is thinking of his claim
And the dark and dwarfish cabin, where he lay and dreamed at
nights,
(Thank God, he'll never see the place again !)
Where he lived on tinned tomatoes, beef embalmed and sour,
dough bread,

THE MITRE.

On rusty beans and bacon furred with mould,
His stomach's out of kilter and his system full of lead,
But it's over, and his poke is full of gold.

He has panted at the windlass, he has loaded in the drift,
He has pounded at the face of oozy clay ;
He has taxed himself to sickness, dark and damp and double
shift

He has laboured like a demon night and day,
And now, praise God, it's over, and he seems to breathe again
Of new-mown hay, the warm, wet, friendly loam ;
He sees a snowy orchard in a green and dimpling plain
And a little vine-clad cottage, and it's—Home.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's had a bite and sup,
And he's met in with a drouthy friend or two ;
He's cached away his gold-dust, but he's sort of bucking up,
So he's kept enough to-night to see him through.
His eye is bright and genial, his tongue no longer lags ;
His heart is brimming o'er with joy and mirth ;
He may be far from savory, he may be clad in rags,
But to-night he feels as though he owns the earth.

Say he : "Boys, here is where the shaggy North and I will shake
I thought I'd never manage to get free.
I kept on making misses ; but at last I've got my stake ;
There's no more thawing frozen muck for me.
I'm going to God's Country, where I'll live the simple life ;
I'll buy a bit of land and make a start ;
I'll carve a little homestead, and I'll win a little wife,
And raise ten little kids to cheer my heart.

They signified their sympathy by crowding to the bar ;
They bellied up three deep and drank his health.
He shed a radiant smile around and smoked a rank cigar :
They wished him honour, happiness and wealth.
They drank unto his wife to be—that unsuspecting maid ;
They drank unto his children half a score ;
And when they got through drinking, very tenderly they laid
The man from Eldorado on the floor.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he gives a grand affair ;
There's feasting, dancing, wine without restraint.
The smooth Beau Brummels of the bar, the faro men, are there
The tinhorns and purveyors of red paint ;
The sleek and painted women, their predacious eyes aglow—
Sure Klondyke City never saw the like ;
Then Muckluck Mag proposed the toast, "The giver of the show
The livest sport that ever hit the pike."

The "live one" rises to his feet ; he stammers to reply—
And then there comes before his muddled brain
A vision of great vastitudes beneath an April sky,
And clover pastures drenched with silver rain.

He knows that it can never be, that he is down and out ;
 Life leers at him with foul and fetish breath,
 An then amid the revelry, the song and cheer and shout,
 He suddenly grows grim and cold as death.

He grips the table tense and he says, "Dear friends of mine,
 I've let you dip your fingers in my purse ;
 I've crammed you at my table, and I've drowned you in my wine
 And I've very little left to give you but my curse.
 I've failed supremely in my plans ; it's rather late to whine ;
 My poke is mighty weazened up and small.
 I thank you each for coming here ; the happiness is mine—
 And now, you thieves and harlots, take it all.

He twists the thong from off his poke ; he swings it o'er his head
 The nuggets fall around their feet like grain
 They rattle over roof and wall ; they scatter, roll and spread,
 The dust is like a shower of golden rain.
 The guests a moment stand aghast, then grovel on the floor,
 They fight, and snarl, and claw, like beasts of prey ;
 And then, as everybody grabbed and everybody swore,
 The man from Eldorado slipped away.

He's the man from Eldorado, and they found him stiff and dead
 Half covered by the freezing ooze and dirt.
 A clotted Colt was in his hand, a hole was in his head,
 And he wore an old and oily buckskin shirt.
 His eyes were fixed and horrible, as one who hails the end ;
 The frost had set him rigid as a log ;
 And there, half lying on his breast, his last and only friend,
 There crouched and whined a mangy yellow dog."

There you have the story of the conditions carried out to the bitter end. Even with the vision of home before him, the loneliness he had experienced and the conditions he encountered were too much for the man, and so he went under as dozens have done.

The things which tend to make life what it is in the Yukon and North-West have been touched upon, and it remains now to see the effect of this life upon the individual. First of all a man grows careless ; there is no standard to live up to ; there is nobody to care what he does, though there are plenty to jeer at him if he tries to go too straight ; and besides, those around him are careless, and so bit by bit he drifts into the same channels. He is lonely, the temptations are strong, and after all, it seems about the only thing to do. Added to this there comes a certain feeling of fate as a grim, relentless power driving one on. This idea of fatalism seems to be developed first with regard to the country. Life tends to be one long struggle with the Land. Though to-day she may smile on your efforts and let you take her gold, tomorrow she will try to crush you. Using her mighty rivers, her terrific snow-storms, her deadly cold, she generally succeeds in the end, and a man comes to realize this :

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend;
Shoulder to shoulder we've fought it out,—yet the Wild must win in the end.

I have flouted the Wild, I have followed its lure, fearless, familiar, alone;
By all that the battle means and makes, I claim that land for mine own;
Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come when I shall be overthrown,
Then, when as wolf-dogs fight we've fought, the lean wolf-land and I;
Fought and bled till snows are red under the reeling sky;
Even as lean wolf-dog goes down will I go down and die."

From that it is an easy step to transfer this fatalism to life in general. Conditions and influences are against one. What can one do? They are bound to win in the long run, and even now they have thrown the struggler once or twice. And, besides, what does it matter? Nobody cares! So gradually you get the attitude towards life expressed something like this:

"I've chewed on the rind of creation, and bitter I've tasted the same;
Stacked up against hell and damnation, I've managed to stay in the game;
I've had my moments of sorrow; I've had my seasons of shame.
That's past; when one's nature's a cracked one, it's too jolly hard to mend
So long as the road is level, so long as I've cash to spend,
I'm bound to go to the devil, and it's all the same in the end."

That is how the life affects a man, how it has affected hundreds, aye thousands. Even to-day a man feels something of this, though, as has been pointed out, the conditions now are very much modified. But with all the modification, there is still the same loneliness to be experienced, though perhaps not quite so bad. Still there is the same desire for companionship and excitement fostered by the loneliness, and still one is exposed to conditions which, as of old, have a nasty way of getting one down. But with all this it is a grand life; still there remains "the freshness the farness, the freedom." The land possesses its old lure and charm: there is the joy of a gallop over the big, wide prairies, there is the struggle with the big rushing rivers in the tiny canoe, the long, long days on the trail and the nightly camps; still there is the round-up, still the search for gold, still the lovely silent woods. All these grip a man and hold him in a spell. When the life is hard and rough he will curse it, and long for the comfort and ease of civilization, but though he may leave it for a time he can never forget it. Always the Wild will call. The quiet comfort of Eastern life will pall, and though the civilization and culture is like a Godsend after what he has endured, still he cannot rest:

"I knew it would call, or soon or late, as it calls the whirring wings;
It's the olden lure, it's the golden lure, it's the lure of the timeless things.
And to-night, O God of the trails untrod, how it whines in my heart-strings!
I'm sick to death of your well-groomed gods, your make believe and your
show;
I long for a whiff of bacon and beans, a snug shake-down in the snow,
A trail to break, and a life at stake, and another bout with the foe."

The spell is strong and one cannot resist it. It may be easy to condemn a man who cannot stay still, but don't do so until you have felt the call of the West yourself. It is no light matter; and "The Lure of Little Voices" tells the story well:

"There's a cry from out the Loneliness—oh, listen, Honey, listen!

Do you hear it, do you fear it, you're a-holding of me so?

You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes how they glisten—

Do you hear the Little Voices all a-begging me to go?

And now they're all a-crying, and it's no use me denying;

The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless as a child;

My heart is aching, aching, but I hear them sleeping, waking:

It's the Lure of Little Voices, it's the mandate of the Wild.

I'm afraid to tell you, Honey, I can take no bitter leaving,

But softly in the sleep-time from your love I'll steal away.

Oh, it's cruel, dearie, cruel, and it's God knows how I'm grieving;

But His Loneliness is calling and He knows I must obey."

When a man feels this call strongly, he cannot help himself. He knows that he will be leaving home, friends, comfort, culture—everything which appeals to his better side; he knows, too, that he will go back to hardships and difficulties, to places where there will be but little comfort and less culture. He knows all this, and feels too that "the Wild must win in the end." Yet he goes.

"They're making my money diminish;

I'm sick of the taste of champagne;

Thank God, when I'm skinned to a finish

I'll pike to the Yukon again.

I'll fight—and you bet it's no sham fight,

It's hell!—but I've been there before;

And it's better than this by a damsite—

So me for the Yukon once more.

There's a land where the mountains are
nameless,

And the rivers all run God knows where

There are lives that are erring and aimless

And deaths that just hang by a hair;

There are hardships that nobody reckons

There are valleys unpeopled and still

There's a land—oh, it beckons and beck-

ons

And I want to go back—and I will."

But it is not to those only who already know that life the call of the Wild rings out. Others are invited who have never yet seen the Wild or felt its spell. It has lessons to teach such as can be learned nowhere else, and the lessons are perhaps among the finest stock-in-trade a man can have. It is the experience that teaches one to be "a man in a world of men." The West may be a rough and a hard school, but if the opportunity comes for you to go out there, don't neglect it.

THE MITRE.

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur, where there's nothing else to gaze on,
 Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
 Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
 Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
 Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through it
 Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
 Have you strung your soul to Silence? Then, for God's sake, go and do it;
 Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.
 Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig aquiver?
 (Eternal truths that shame our scothing lies)
 Have you broken trail on snowshoes? Mushed your huskies up the river,
 Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?
 Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled with the mongrel races,
 Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?
 And though grim as death the worst is, can you round it off with curses?
 Then hearken to the Wild—it's wanting you.
 Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, grovelled down, yet grasped at glory
 Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?
 "Done things" just for the doing, letting babblers tell the story,
 Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?
 Have you seen God in His splendours, heard the text that nature renders?
 (You'll never hear it in the family pew)
 Tha simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things—
 Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.
 They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their preaching,
 They have soaked you in convention through and through;
 They have put you in a show-case; you're a credit to their teaching—
 But can't you hear the Wild? It's calling you.
 Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide us,
 Let us journey to a lonely land I know;
 There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam to guide us,
 And the Wild is calling, calling—let us go."

 The White Owl.

He was sitting perched on the bannister rail of the middle flat of the Shed, sun-
 ning himself tranquilly in the March sun which streamed in at the window. Outside
 the air was keen enough, although the rapid drip, drip of the melting snow from
 the roofs and the harsh cry of a couple of crows wheeling slowly around the
 College tower told of the close proximity of spring. Within it was warm almost
 to discomfort, but the White Owl seemed to enjoy it and eyed me with sleepy,
 blinking orbs as I leisurely made my way up-stairs with a pile of texts books
 tucked under my arm—for I had just come out of lecture.

My time was my own for the next half hour and I paused to have a chat
 with the old fellow.

"How 'dy," he said, in a muffled, half strangled voice.

"Pretty good," I replied. "How's 'self?" I then noticed hanging out of

the corner of his beak was something which looked suspiciously like a mouse's tail. He gave a herculean gulp and the tail disappeared.

"Oh nothing to complain of," he said in his ordinary voice, "grub rotten, degeniorating every day."

I nodded my sympathy. (If you wish to get the White Owl to talk you must above all things be sympathetic. Sympathize with his foibles, of which he has many, and you will find him expand like an air-balloon, but show lack of interest and an inclination to laugh at him and he will shut up immediately and remain as stolid and unresponsive as the Sphinx himself.)

"A thin, measly creature that," he sighed, "caught in the piano-man's room. They don't keep enough grub here to feed a June-bug on let alone a two ounce mouse, not like the old days." He lapsed into reverie.

"The old days," I repeated encouragingly.

"Ah, those were the times," he replied, rousing himself. "Jointing every afternoon and rough housing till midnight. Those were the splendiforous times. Many's the night I've perched up there on that curtain rod and 'owled with laughter till my sides ached, chairs and tables and crockery lippeting, bunconcoling, rip-sizzing down these very stairs till you couldn't hear a mouse squeak. Ah, those mice, they waxed plump in those days. To-day, pah, a joint once a week is about your limit and the rest of the time you spend in sleeping or working. Now that new warden of yours—I well remember in the old days when he was a student, how he—Well, well, tales out of school are not in my line. He closed his eyes and chuckled. He ceased after a minute, and there was such a long silence that I began to think he had fallen asleep.

To rouse him I said, "You use words, sir, in your conversation which I have never before happened to have heard."

The White Owl opened his eyes and looked cautiously round, then sidled up to me along the bannister. Again he pierced all round him, and then apparently being satisfied that we were entirely alone, reached up and whispered hoarsely, "I took 'em."

"Took them, took what?"

"The coins."

"You took old T—."

"—ssh," said he digging a claw into my arm and looking round fearfully. "Walls have ears."

"And potato marks, too, sometimes," I added facetiously.

"Yes, every single one he has lost I took and swallowed. It is that which gives me such a remarkable talentcility for coining words."

I grew excited. Here was a most remarkable mystery on the point of being cleared up. "And the papers, too," I breathed, "Did you take them?"

He nodded, "The papers too; but those I only read then return, but I don't always put them back in the same place, so he fails to recognize them and throws

them away as rubbish."

"You had better be careful," I said, "he'll catch you some day and he'll 'have the law on you.'"

But the White Owl was paying no heed, but gazing out of the window, from which could be seen a student walking towards the Art Building.

"There's another good man gone," he remarked with a sigh.

"Gone! Where to?" I asked.

"Gone to the bad; they tell me he's engaged. It isn't every Scotchman is is canny."

"Oh, but," I said, "he is a very lucky fellow. According to all accounts she is a most charming lady."

The White Owl shook his head sadly.

"Another student, a fellow countryman of his, is also engaged," I informed him.

He looked startled and pained. "Is that so? Dear me, how too, too sad; another poor soul blighted."

"Do you mean plighted?" I corrected.

"Plighted and blighted, same thing," he groaned. "Matrimony thy name is——" He hesitated, groping for a word; failing apparently to find an adjective fearful enough he changed the subject. "How's that bob-tailed tabby over there in the Arts?"

I blushed. "There were three, two deceased, mother doing well."

"Ah, happy two," murmured the Owl. "Celibacy is my watchword."

"Hear, hear," I said enthusiastically. "I'm with you there."

He looked quite pleased and lifted his right claw.

"Put it right there, my boy, put it right there; I'm glad to find someone who holds such sensible views." We voluntarily shook hands, or 'clands,' as the White Owl would term it.

"So you, like me, don't believe in petticoats, eh?" he said with more geniality than I ever before heard in him.

"Not I," I replied stoutly. "No, nor hobbles, or harems, or merry widows, or waist paper baskets; they are all a snare and a delusion. Women! I avoid them as I would the plague. How can the earnest student prepare himself for his life work if he indulges in social amusements? It is my strong, deep-rooted opinion that no man worthy of the name his sex bears should have any dealings with or ever speak to a woman, until he has reached the age of thirty-five at least, and then——"

A voice below called up the stairs, "Hullo, there, a lady wants to speak to you on the phone."

A deadly pause. The White Owl gazed at me amazedly. "I thought——" he began, but I had fled conscious stricken. There are occasions when sympathy has its drawbacks.

A Nature Lesson.

Near a road I have travelled often there is a huge boulder projecting skyward. It is not high enough to be called a mountain and too slender, I suppose, to be called a hill. Some evergreens grow on its top, but its breast is naked granite. I doubt if anyone has ever scaled it; not because it would be impossible, but because it is away from the haunts of those who do things apart from a commercial interest.

I never chanced to be on its eastern side at daybreak, but I have ridden towards it as the sun set. At such times I noticed that the sun's rays still lighted its summit when the surrounding landscape was in shadow. Whether the birds sing earlier there, or the dews pass sooner I know not, but I fancy the rough old boulder a type of character of which the world knows few. Far-sighted, because of their moral loftiness, they gleam a cheerful reflection of a Light which was, now departed. Their radiant gaze is the warrant to their fellows that the sun still shines and darkness is not forever. Above the shadows of time,—far past the horizon of life's landscape, they see the coming of a brighter day. We hide beneath our self-made theories and are blinded by our blighting doubts. They grow in grace and see indeed the End for which we grope. C.G.L.

JUST MY LUCK.

From the Turkish.

See I a dog, there's ne'er a stone to throw;
 Have I a stone, there's ne'er a dog, I trow;
 But have I stone and dog at once in view,
 It is the King's dog! Damn! What shall I do?



The Mitre.

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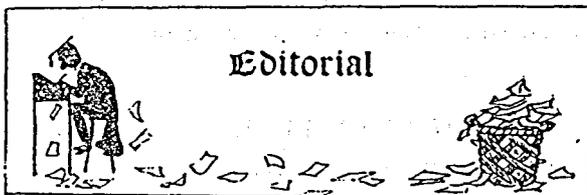
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The month of March has come upon us in true felis leonian style, roaring around the College and shaking his shaggy head, causing the powdered snow to fly in all directions. We hope that, true to the proverb, he will take his departure with a timid bleat. Meanwhile the Lenten term is in full swing. With the arrival of Ash Wednesday we have settled down to a period of quiet, welcome to many who look forward to June exams either with trembling, or with hopes of possible honours, and dress suits, dancing pumps and white kid gloves are laid away for a season.

The Dramatic Club, we are sorry to hear, after strenuous efforts to get a caste together for the proposed annual play, has failed to secure the requisite number of ladies, and so, owing to the lateness of the season and the difficulty of choosing another suitable piece to put on, have been forced to give up the idea of having a play this year at all. Our thanks and commiserations are due to the Dramatic Club Committee who have worked so hard but without avail, and we hope that next year they will meet with greater success. It would be the great-

est pity to allow to die a feature of our College activity which has, for the past few years, met with so much success.

The Editor has received a letter from an old graduate of the University stating his opinion on the question of changing the present M. A. hood. We hope that others of our readers will favor us with their opinion on this subject, which is of such importance to the welfare of our University.

A question which we, as Canadians and loyal subjects of the British Crown, must take the greatest interest in, and one which is at present agitating the whole of North America and the British Empire at large, is that of the proposed reciprocal agreement between this Dominion and our good neighbors across the border. That it is a question upon which hang many large issues is allowed by everyone, while some, however, maintain that it is purely a private matter between two adjoining states, that it concerns those states alone, and that beyond a question of tariff revision it has no significance whatever. There are others, and not a small minority either, who hold that such a step as reciprocity with the United States would involve a jeopardizing of our future independence, and that the keenness of the United States for reciprocity with us is greatly enhanced by the fact that in it they see a move towards that ultimate dream of hers, which being realized will mean the absorption of Canada into herself.

Men who hold this latter view are being dubbed by ardent tariff reformers alarmists, timorous and unprogressive, and they pour ridicule upon the suggestion that the American Government has any thought beyond the advancement of their commercial interests.

Such a view may or may not have any truth in it, and perhaps we do our Anglo-Saxon neighbours an injustice when we suggest that they have such deep-laid schemes against our freedom as a nation. But whether or no, it behoves us to give such possibility our fullest consideration. There is every reason why the United States Government should look northward with covetous eye, and utterances lately made in their Senate, unofficial and unauthorized as they were, are sufficient to prove that such a possibility as ultimate annexation was in the mind of at least some of her leading men, and sufficient to set us upon our guard.

There is no true Canadian now, we venture to think, in this Dominion who would look upon the annexation of Canada by the United States with anything but displeasure and dismay; but we must remember that our population is largely leavened by Americans, and that year by year they are pouring over our borders in ever increasing numbers. Such people, though they make excellent citizens of the empire and appear well content with British rule, must always have a warm feeling in their hearts for their motherland, and would welcome the uniting of the two countries under one flag.

And we must remember that such Americans will have a large say in the politics of the Dominion. Let us have commercial reciprocity by all means if it is to our benefit to do so, and if it can be satisfactorily proved that a closer intimacy with our cousins across the border would not in any way weaken the bonds which bind us and should ever hold us to the mother country and keep us an integral part of the British Empire. Let us never forget the debt we owe our foster mother and the allegiance which she rightly claims from all her children. Let us keep ever before our minds the necessity of maintaining the high destiny to which the British Empire has been called, that of being the greatest nation in the world. Unity must be her watchword, for through unity only will she be able to continue to fulfil that destiny.

Meanwhile, great things may be expected from the Imperial Conference, which is to be held in London this summer, and we trust that the outcome of it may be a yet closer linking of England and her dominions one with another than already exists.

The Leroy Prize.

Competitors for the Leroy Prize, given for the best original short story, must send in their MSS. before May 7th.

Extract from rules regulating this competition :

1. The competition is open to every registered student (ladies included) who is a subscriber to the Mitre.
2. Every story must be strictly original; a declaration to this effect signed by the author must accompany the MSS.
3. Each story must not exceed 3,000 words.
4. If two stories are proved worthy of the prize, the prize will be divided equally between the authors.
5. The prize story will be copyrighted.

Further information may be had by applying to the Editor-in-Chief, to whom all MSS. must be sent.

To the Editor of The Mitre.

For some years there has been a growing conviction among graduates of the University that the present colouring of the Master's hood is directly and indirectly detrimental to the interests of the institution. This is the opinion not merely of a few youthful "M.A.'s" anxious to appear in hoods of a startling hue, but of many closely connected with the life of the place for years. While open to correction from the gentlemen themselves, I believe that all of the present Faculty who have been for any length of time associated with the University are strongly in favour of a change in the colour of the hood in question, and not one man who has graduated of late years has expressed anything but enthusiasm for the project when brought before his consideration. If it were made possible

FOR ALL Bishop's graduates to express their opinion by a vote, after having the matter laid clearly before them, with arguments on both sides, there is no doubt as to what the opinion of the vast majority would be.

The only thing that blocks the proposed change is the unyielding, unreasoning conservatism of a few ancient graduates, who have the opportunity of making their will carry at Council, etc., where lesser men have no entree, and so cannot have their case heard.

But in spite of this, a few year ago (as to the exact year I am uncertain, but not as to the fact, which can be easily verified) the question of the change of the M.A. hood was brought up before Convocation and lost by only one vote. The matter was laid on the knees of the Olympians last summer and discussed again with a gentle, good-humored smile for the childish aspirations of puny mortals.

As far as one can see, the only possibility of this matter being properly threshed out is through the columns of the Mitre. Allow me, then, some of your valuable space to bring up a few points, and to request others to express their opinions pro and contra.

The colours of the Oxford, Trinity and Bishop's M.A. hoods are to all intents and purposes indistinguishable. As a consequence, if an M.A. of Bishop's wears his hood in Ontario he is at once taken for a Trinity man; if in England, he is asked what was his College at Oxford. No one knows who has not experienced it how wearisome and humiliating it is to explain again and again that it is only that the hoods are same in colour. To avoid this the hood is seldom worn in Ontario—sometimes the B.A. hood is worn instead as it is distinctive. In England, where Oxford rightly looms large in public estimation, a Bishop's Master must feel his hood a "giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief."

Is it not beneath the dignity of Bishop's University to send out her men under false colours? Why should she place her M.A.'s in a false position, compelled to apologise for her lack of independence by elaborate explanation?

Bishop's University does not need to apologise for her existence, but neither can she afford to keep her existence and work a secret.

In Ontario where Trinity men naturally far outnumber our graduates, it is imperative that the hoods of the two institutions should be easily distinguishable, if the existence of Bishop's is ever to be kept before public notice. (One presumes that Bishop's is to be considered a University and not a College of Quebec.) The only hoods which are a factor in making known a University are the B. A. and the M.A. Our Bachelor's hood is very beautiful and once seen would never be confused with any other. Why then have such a nondescript hood for the Master's?

During the many discussions that have taken place, various suggestions for a new M.A. hood were made. That which has found most adherents is a hood of VERY DEEP royal purple silk, lined with white silk. This hood would be in appearance much like the Cambridge M.A., which is black lined with white. Nat-

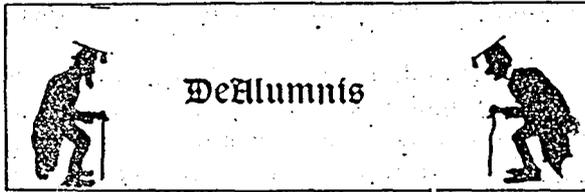
urally the purple would need to be very dark—in that case the colouring would not be gaudy but very rich.

This colouring would give the advantage of a hood that would

1. Be distinctive.
2. Contain the episcopal colour, purple, and so be reminiscent of the name of the University and its chief founder.
3. Consisting of the College colours of purple and white.
4. Be in keeping with our present B.A. hood.

I venture to hope that the matter will be freely discussed through the medium of the Mitre, as the beginning of a determined and organized effort to remove what is a hindrance to the wider recognition of the University.

MAGISTER ARTIUM.



The wife of Rev. Mr. Croly, B.A., rector of Wingham, Diocese of Huron, gave birth to a baby boy in March, we therefore extend to Mr. and Mrs. Croly our congratulations.

We are glad to hear such bright accounts of the work which Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, B.A., is carrying on in his far-away mission in Ottawa Diocese.

Mr. K. G. Boright, B.A., '07, is in the employ of the Westinghouse Co., Hamilton, Ontario.

We have to congratulate a graduate of '09 on his prospective marriage. Poor '09! Soon you will all be snared.

The Rev. John Almond, M.A., rector of Trinity Church, Montreal, has been appointed chaplain to the Canadian Coronation Regiment.

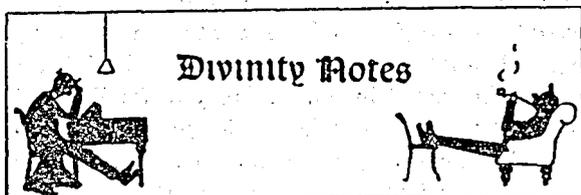
The sad news has reached us of the death of Mrs. Stevens, wife of the Rev. Albert Stevens, M.A., rector of Coaticook, which unhappy event took place on Monday, March 20th. Mrs. Stevens had been in poor health for some years. We tender to her bereaved husband and family our sincerest sympathy.

We tender to the Rev. Mr. Patterson, B.A., Claremont, Vt., our sincerest sympathy in his recent bereavement occasioned by the death of his father.

Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., who has been for some time acting as curate in the Diocese of Wakefield, England, is returning to Canada to take up work here. We do not yet know the diocese Mr. Clarke hopes to minister.

We are sorry to hear of the rather serious illness of Mrs. Belford, wife of the Rev. James Belford, M.A., of Windsor Mills. Mrs. Belford has undergone an operation in the Protestant Hospital, Sherbrooke, and is doing as well as can be expected. We wish her a speedy recovery and hope that she soon will have regained her former strength.

The Alumni Editor earnestly requests all graduates of the University to help him out by sending him all the Alumni information that they can scrape up.



On Friday evening, February 24th, we had the great privilege of listening to a very helpful and instructive address delivered by the Lord Bishop of Montreal. We all sincerely hope that this is only one of many addresses that we shall have the pleasure of hearing from His Lordship.

During the Lenten season arrangements have been made, through the kindness of our Principal, to secure a special preacher for evensong on each Wednesday. These services are very much appreciated by us all, for through this means we get the inestimable benefit of the experience of those actively engaged in the field of parish work.

Mr. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., has taken in charge the mission of Ndwport, Vt., for the remainder of the academic year.

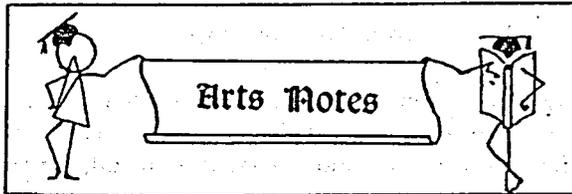
Rev. V. E. Hobart, of the L.S.T. class, has been appointed curate of Sherbrooke. Mr. Hobart hopes to complete his course in June, after which he will take up his duties of parish work.

Mr. A. H. Plummer is at present taking missionary work at Stanstead, Que., pending the appointment of a permanent priest.

We have a new addition to our exclusive circle in the Shed in the person of Mr. Sisco, who has lately come into residence.

We all extend to Mr. Patterson our deepest sympathies for the late sad bereavement which he has sustained through the death of his father.

Further horrible revelations have come to light concerning a certain graduate who has recently left these walls. Not only has he had the audacity, the unblushing effrontery to augment his wardrobe at the expense of the personal apparel of Mr. Thomas Gornel, to wit, one pair of hymenial trousers (as noted in our last issue) but he has further steeped himself in villainy by taking with him a silver challenge cup the property of the Bishop's University Chess Club. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that he intends to permanently retain this valuable piece of plate, or that his kleptomaniac passion for souvenirs has so gripped him that he is dead to the voice of conscience. We trust that these words may perchance reach his eye and cause him to hasten to return both articles. Meanwhile the vision of the gentleman seated in some rectory in far British Columbia arrayed in one of Mr. Gornel's most cherished heirlooms, and quaffing his mid-day draught from a silver challenge cup, does not coincide with the ideal, which many doubtless of the Mitre's readers have formed of the right department of an earnest young theological student.



A breezy little budget in society circles has just terminated with the advent of Lent, so those who aren't perpetual high-flyers are busy recuperating and passing the time in lighter forms of amusement, such as distributing potatoes and milk promiscuously over the walls and shoving one another through glass doors. A few content themselves with even less strenuous exertions, so, comparatively speaking, things are quiet in the Arts building nowadays.

First Friend—"I hear, Editor, that certain persons are sore over something which appeared in the last Mitre."

Second Friend—"Never mind, old fellow, remember 'the pen is mightier than the sore-d.'"

It's bad enough to risk life and break appointments in trusting to the street railway, but when it comes to wasting three long hours on the "midnight" while she pushes two disabled freights from Bromptonville, we feel that the limit is reached.

On the 22nd of February the annual skating party and dance came off, and was very successfully handled by the Committee. About one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out, of which number about one hundred were accepted, so it was a jolly little hand-full that invaded the new common room before the whistle blew. The same programme as in previous years was carried out, the school rink being very kindly loaned to us by Mr. Williams. The ice was in splendid condition, and although it was rather stormy outside, we consider that the weather man was very good to us. The Band from Waterville certainly did its duty and such can also be said of those who furnished the subsequent dance music. The supper was all that could be desired, and much thanks is due to the lady students who very kindly supplied us with examples of their art in the domestic science line. "Jim Bamboo" also comes in for a share of the glory for the excellent manner in which he managed the "tout ensemble" of the "grub fight." The floor of the school dining-hall again balked against our efforts to "slip it easy," but all things considered, it was a most successful event, and we only wish there were a few more such "shines" upon the near horizon.

Mrs. Vial, Mrs. Burt and Miss Gill kindly acted as patronesses, while the Committee was composed of Messrs. Hinerth, Sherring, Shires, Alward and Wood.

It's no use, our moral characters have become depraved so much money and biscuits, not to mention breakfasts, have passed hands upon the outcome of little "bridge" parties, hockey games, etc. Even Divinity men had to dig down into their pockets after the great "Hum-Dah-Minnehaha" match.

No. "H." has been there before and grown wise. The next "man-trap" set in the "Old Lodge" must be for some unsophisticated inmate. Any suggestions?

"To the male patient every hospital nurse under forty is 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'" Query: We should like the Editor's opinion on this statement.

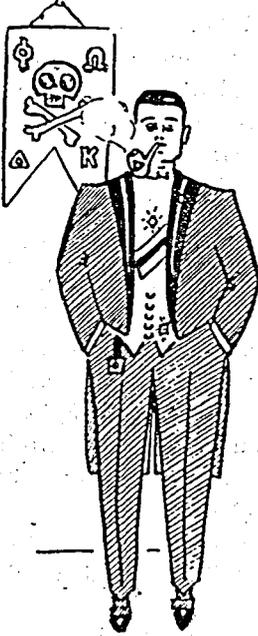
Ed.: Loath as I am to disappoint you, I must yet decline to venture any opinion on such a delicate subject.

Mr. N. R. Ward '11 and Mr. H. E. Norcross '12 have been chosen to represent the 55th Megantic Light Infantry in the coronation contingent from Canada. They have our warmest congratulations and our envy at their good fortune.

The second crease in Basket Ball recently covered themselves with glory, in their first expedition of the season, before the camera.

Societies.

The Church Warden Club.



The meeting of the new year was held on February 2nd. Owing to the absence of the secretary, who was recuperating from a grievous sickness in Bermuda, Mr. H. S. Chesshire was elected to take his place. After the routine business had been transacted, selections from Kipling's Ballads were read.

On February 9th a paper was read by the Club's honorary medical adviser, Dr. E. Browning, M.D. It was entitled "The History of Medicine." In it he showed how that up till quite recently physicians and surgeons had been working in the dark, quantity and not quality being their strong point. Even in the time of Charles II they appeared to use their patients in a very experimental manner, hoping that if they continued pouring drugs down they would eventually hit upon the right cure. At this meeting two new members were elected to the Club, Mr. W. R. Walker and Mr. C. C. Hinerth.

On the following week the Club amused itself by reading extracts from Charles Kingsley.

On March 3rd Professor F. G. Vial, B.D., read an excellent paper on "Horace Walpole and his Memoirs." He showed Horace to be a man of undoubted intellect and wit, but lacking the greatness of his father, the great Sir Robert, to whom he always remained loyal, and in the defence of whose policy much of his writings were taken up. Mr. Vial quoted many extracts from the Memoirs themselves, shewing what an insight they gave into the more intimate history of his period. Horace Walpole's style of writing was racy and witty, full of caustic comment and delicate sarcasm. His judgment of his contemporaries, however, was often marred by his own strong prejudices; the Duke of Newcastle came under the flail of his pen, and Smollett and his works were stigmatized as worthless. At this meeting Mr. A. V. Grant, the Club Secretary, made his appearance and once more resumed his secretarial duties.

On March 9th a very interesting paper on Robert Service was read by Mr. R. J. Shires '12. Owing to his courteously having allowed his paper to be printed for the benefit of readers of the Mitre, there is no need to review it in these lines.

The Par Ergon Society.

Two papers during the last month have been read before this Club.

In February Mr. A. H. Plummer read a very able paper upon "Banking Methods and their Connection with and Influence upon Commerce." The opening paragraph was devoted to an explanation of a bank clerk's work. The different duties of each official was dealt with, including that of the manager, and the legitimate ways of employing bank funds were dealt with, the contrast being brought out between the capitalist and the banker. Having shown how the banker holds the balance between the laws of supply and demand, the paper went on to deal with some interesting cases of fraud and defalcation. A short history of two typical banks, that of Amsterdam, representing the banking systems of the 17th and 18th centuries, and the Bank of England, representing the head of the modern banking hierarchy, was then given. The former failed because it never realized the value of employing the money that was entrusted to it nor allowed public audit. The latter succeeded because it was never a Government institution, but was free and open to the public scrutiny as to the value of its assets.

On March 4th Mr. A. V. Grant, B.A., read a paper on "Imperial Federation." His paper dealt with the possibility of forming a gigantic federation of Great Britain and her dominions beyond the seas. He began his paper by tracing very briefly the rise of England from a small unimportant island north of Gaul to that of the greatest empire the world has ever known. The dangers attendant upon such a vast and scattered empire, with its risks of disintegration owing to diverse interests and difficulties of guarding such a huge frontier from foreign aggression, were then dealt with and the suggestion made that an Imperial federation modeled upon that of the United States and Canada, such a danger would be minimized. Possibilities of such a union were discussed and the great advantages of all parts of the Empire that federation would bring—advantages protective, commercial and philanthropical were set forth. The keynote of the whole subject being sounded in the following verse:

"We've sailed wherever ships can sail
We've pounded many a noble state
Pray God we may not faint nor fail
Through craven fear of being great."

At this meeting the Secretary of the Society, Mr. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., tendered his resignation, which was regretfully accepted. No new Secretary was appointed.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede has made a good start this year, all the Divinity students except three having joined. It is to be hoped that the Guild will, from now on, prove itself a living factor in the student life at Bishop's.

The Rev. J. S. Brewer has kindly consented to address the members of the Guild on Monday, the 27th inst.

Absent members of the Guild are earnestly requested to write to the Guild with regard to matters which may be of special interest to the members, as men preparing for the ministry, as with the kind consent of the editor, G. V. B., letters will in the future be printed in the Mitre, absent members are asked when writing to state if there is anything in their letters that they do not want published in the College magazine.

This month we publish extracts from a letter received from the Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, M.A., missionary at Madawaska.

To the Reverend the Superior and the members of the Guild of the Venerable Bede, the Divinity House, Bishop's College :

.....

The mission consists Whitney, Madawaska and Killaloe (the latter added since January 1st) all situated on the G. T. R., running from Ottawa to Parry Sound on Georgian Bay.

Whitney is purely a lumbering village of some 400 inhabitants situated on the south shore of Long Lake. There is no Anglican Church here, but we have the use of a "Union" building alternately with the Presbyterians. When we have the service of the church the rostrum is removed and used as a lecturn, and a folding altar put in its place with a red altar frontal and a "fair linen cloth" and a re-table.

We also have a prayer desk. I had a Latin cross made, painted and gilded. This was used for the first time at Christmas. The re-table had a "Holy, Holy, Holy" made for it in crimson cardboard letters.

There is a new reed organ, and though the music is chiefly a duo between the organ and the organist (myself), as my people are feeble-voiced, we have the canticles and four hymns at each service.

The Sunday School is promising an average attendance of 25 to 30. As I can be at Whitney only one Sunday in four, there was much confusion and little teaching, but by introducing St. Paul's series of Catechisms in place of leaflets, the difficulty has been quite got over.

.....

Killaloe, 53 miles east of Whitney, has been under my care only since the 1st of January. . . . Here there is a dear little church. It is to be brick veneered next summer all being well. There is a fine east window—three lights representing the Crucifixion.

.....

Madawaska is the central point, 16 miles from Whitney and 37 from Killaloe. There is a good white frame church here, well equipped. Owing to the zeal of the Rev. H. B. Moore, of Douglas, a neighbouring mission, there is a

very magnificent altar cross, brass and jewelled, brass vases and office, book rest, brass altar rails.

When I came there were complete red hangings, so we made a special effort to have the white for Christmas. A white felt dossal and a white anti-pendium were donated, and a frontal promised, but the latter never came. Up till the Tuesday before Christmas it was expected, when word came that we could not have it. (It was a frontal from Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and it was found that it had been given as a memorial, so it had to stop there.)

Here was a nice situation—the church beautifully decorated, all white appointments and no frontal. There was nothing to be got in the store suitable and I began to despair, when I remembered that on the tables at the restaurant were used what are technically called "silence cloths," made of material like heavy canton flannel. One of these was seized and washed and an I. H. S put on and pinned on the red frontal, so that the fringe appeared to be attached to the white. The effect was excellent. A friend gave me some beautiful vases as a memorial, and when all was ready one could feel that the House of God had put on a festal dress.

We were anxious to have special music, so we worked hard for an hour every Wednesday after evensong for five weeks, at the Christmas carols—the parts, tenor and bass, being drilled daily, the trebles having separate practices also.

Christmas eve I spent at Whitney. Held mattins there next day. After mattins we gave the Sunday School children their prizes.

Then I wheeled down to Madawaska on a "speeder."

Evensong at Madawaska was a triumph for the church. The improvised choir did nobly, and though the service was at least an hour and a half long the congregation was quiet and apparently appreciative. I will say that the Christmas evensong and the good-will and heartiness shown in its rendering made my first Christmas separated from friends a deeply happy one; such happiness as is in store for every church missionary in the obscure corners of Canada, and will fully compensate for any loneliness he may feel at such seasons, when friends and relatives gather to renew the old bonds of affection.

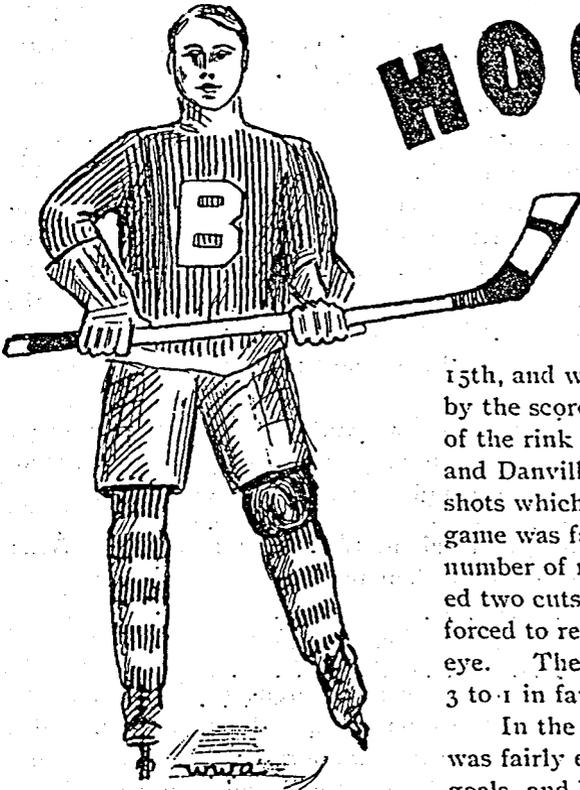
I sincerely hope the Guild will flourish and keep "alive"; for until you get away from the dear old College you cannot realize how much it means to a man so far separated from her to be kept in touch with those who are preparing and putting on their armour for the campaign under the banner of the Cross.

With kindest regards to all the members of the Guild and their beloved chaplain.

I am, sincerely yours,

A. F. CECIL WHALLEY.

Athletic Notes.



HOCKEY

DANVILLE VS. U.B.C.

The College Hockey team went to Danville on Feb. 15th, and were defeated by the home team by the score of 8 to 1. The poor lighting of the rink made it hard to follow the puck, and Danville got most of their goals on long shots which were very difficult to see. The game was fast and rough and there were a number of minor accidents. Ward received two cuts on the head, and Savage was forced to retire by a nasty slash over the eye. The first half ended with a score of 3 to 1 in favor of Danville.

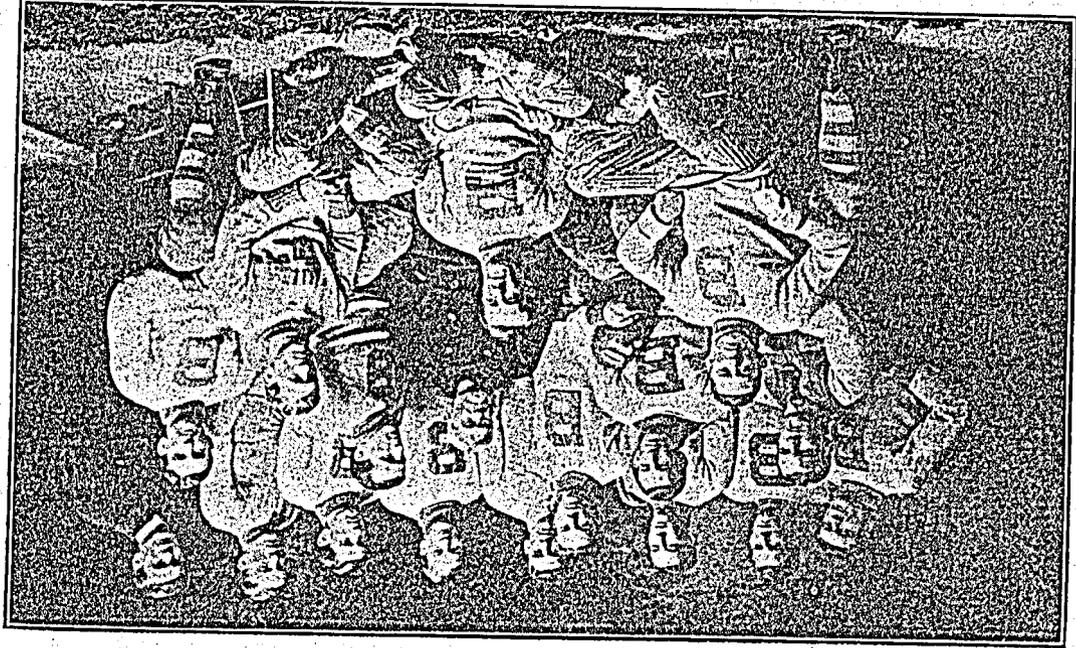
In the second period, while the play was fairly even, the home team put in five goals, and Bishop's failed to tally. There

was a good deal of heavy bodying, and both teams checked so closely that there was little or no combination. Murray and Ward worked hard on the forward line, and Ireland checked well on the defence.

The teams and officials were as follows :

Bishop's	Danville.
McCrum	Goal Brown.
Ireland	Point Barlow.
Cameron	Cover Point Stockwell.
Ward	Right Wing Parkes.
xSavage	Rover Towns.
Murray	Centre Burbank.
Scott, Capt.	Left Wing Thorpe, Capt.
Referee—Norcross. Time-keeper—Dinning.	
x Replaced by Alward.	

BISHOP'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM



SAWYERVILLE 5 vs. U. B. C. 15.

In a fast match the Sawyerville Hockey Team went down to defeat at the hands of the Bishop's septette on March 13th. The soft and sticky ice prevented good hockey and there was little attempt at combination.

The first half was very exciting, Sawyerville netting the first goal after a few minutes play. Bishop's evened up, and then the visitors again took the lead. However, in a short time Bishop's scored again on a long shot and followed this up with two more. The first half ended with the score 7 to 4 in favor of the home team.

When play was resumed Sawyerville was again the first to score, but Bishop's came back with three goals in quick succession. The game was clean and free from tripping. Most of the scores resulted from individual rushes, and in this respect the College team was more successful than the visitors. Cameron put up a strong game in the second half, scoring seven goals, and Murray worked hard at centre, getting four tallies. For Sawyerville, Robertson in goal played well, turning aside a lot of difficult shots, and Laws was very effective in breaking up rushes.

Norcross and Savage handled the game satisfactorily.

Bishop's		Sawyerville.
McCrum	Goal	Robertson.
Ireland	Point	Laws
McKee	Cover Point	H. Picard
Murray	Centre	French
Ward	Right Wing	McCan
Scott, Capt.	Left Wing	C. Picard
Cameron	Rover	S. Picard
	Sub., Alward.	

Basket Ball.

Y.M.C.A. 21 vs. U.B.C. 34.

A very fast match took place when the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A came up to the College gymnasium on Wednesday, February 9th. The game was clean and exciting, and the scoring was very rapid. The College established a good lead in the first half which they maintained until the end. Their shooting and passing were good, and they covered their men closely. Ireland shewed up well, scoring most of the baskets and fouls. Y.M.C. got in some pretty combination at times, but on the whole did not get into the game hard enough. Their shooting was poor and they let their men get away from them.

Messrs. McGuire and Savage handled the game satisfactorily.

THE MITRE.

Y. M. C. A.	Bishop's.
Tate	Ireland
Edney	Hinerth
Sangster, Captain	Murray
Miller	Alward
Johnson	Scott

B. C. S. 24 vs. U. B. C. 17.

The College played the return match with the School on Thursday, March 3rd, and lost by the score of 24 to 17. Both teams shewed lask of practice and the game was ragged and at times rough. In the first half the College had the best of the play, and when time was called led by 9 to 6. But in the second half the School played better combination and scored some lucky baskets, which put them ahead. Gordon put up a good game in the last period and was responsible for six baskets, while Ireland did good work for the College forwards, making eleven points for his side. Dinning was a tower of strength for the defence, and covered his man well. The College fumbled the ball a good deal and the close checking gave both sides few chances for shooting.

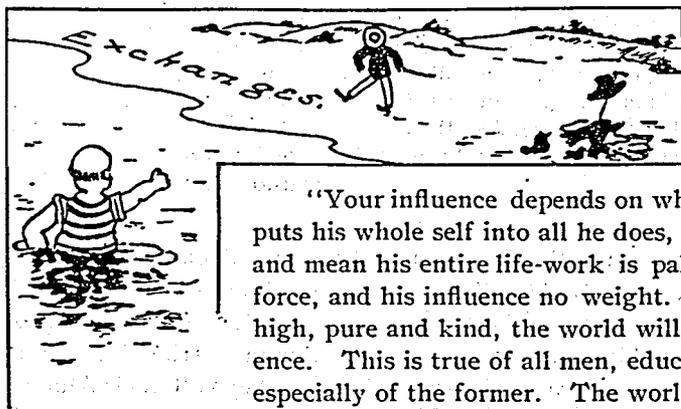
Patterson and Sangster as referee and umpire gave mutual satisfaction.

B. C. S.	U. B. C.
Gordon, Captain	Savage, Captain
Hall	Ireland
Baker	Murray
Elliott	Alward
Cockfield	Dinning

U. B. C. II 38 vs. Y. M. C. A. II 31.

On Saturday, March 11th, the College II team went to Sherbrooke and defeated the Y. M. C. A. II by the score of 38 to 31. The game was hard and rough, both sides playing strenuously. The score at half time was 17 to 17, and in the second period the Y. M. C. A. had to drop a man. Cameron went off to even up and both sides continued playing four men each. McKee shewed up well for the College and got some pretty baskets.

U. B. C. II.	Y. M. C. A. II.
Cameron	Kerr
Hinerth	Dresser
Ireland	Edney
McKee	Miller
Wood	Parsons
Referee, Savage.	Umpire, McGuire.



"Your influence depends on what you are. Every man puts his whole self into all he does, and if that self be small and mean his entire life-work is paltry, his words have no force, and his influence no weight. If that self be true and high, pure and kind, the world will be better for his existence. This is true of all men, educated or uneducated, but especially of the former. The world listens to an educated

man and is influenced by what he says and does, and every man who has the high privilege of taking a College course ought to aim at leaving the world somewhat better than he found it."—Manitoba College Journal.

From the same exchange we quote the following tributes paid to women by some men of note: "Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines"—Ruskin. "Woman is the masterpiece."—Confucius. "Woman teaches us repose, civility and dignity."—Voltaire. "Woman is most perfect when most womanly."—Gladstone. "There is a woman at the beginning of all greater things."—Demartius.

"A Lay of Ancient Rome," which appears in the Dalhousie Gazette, is certainly worth quoting. We give a couple of verses in the hope that many will read with appreciation and enjoyment this extract from such a learned and classical work:—

"Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
 He erat you bettum ;
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarettum.
 He wore a diamond studibus
 An elegant cravatun
 A maxima cum lauda shirt
 And such a stylish hattum.
 He loved the luscious hic, haec, hoc,
 And bet on games and equi ;
 At times he won ; at others tho'
 He got it on the nequi
 He winked (quo usque tandem)
 At puellas in the forum,
 And sometimes even made
 Those goo-goo oculorum."

"We ain't no bloomin' wonders, nor we ain't no blockheads, too,
 But simple men in College, most remarkable like you.
 An' if, sometimes, our conduct isn't all that fancy paints,
 Why! simple men in College don't grow into plaster saints.
 O, it's Student this, an' Student that, an' Student run away,
 But it's 'Hats off to the Student' when he's So-and-So B. A."

Dalhousie Gazette.

It was with great pleasure that we read in the sixth Book of Magilliad of certain strange festivities of Hoi Magilloi and Hai Donaldai. The historian has been at great pains to record very fully the weird customs which these people follow. Amongst other things he remarks: "Now this same tribe Hoi Magilloi besides their great labours in wandering through what they call their Almamater to get their 'degree,' spend also some time in other labours, not less great, but which seem to cause infinitely more pleasure.

At uncertain intervals, therefore, that they may provide enjoyment for themselves, they hold melees, or, as they term them—"Dances," at their rendezvous of the Union. And there those of Hoi Magilloi who belong to the Ancient and Honourable Order of Fussers, together with those Hai Donaldai lucky enough to have friends among the Fussers, repair in couples. These evenings are said to be a source of great merriment and pleasure to those participating in them."

The narrative is continued much in this strain, and The Martlet is to be congratulated on the freshness, humour and style of this article.

The University Monthly has some excellent articles, amongst which "Chaucer's Sources" and "Does Milton see Nature through Books," were most appreciated. In the latter it is well shown that Milton did see Nature through books, but though he "borrowed his Nature descriptions, still they are his own."

"The growth of the higher self leads to self-denial and self-conquest. The more really one becomes a person, the more clearly does he perceive that the end of life is union with the divine Person. The more perfectly he fulfils the moral law, the less his conceit."—Notre Dame Scholastic.

"May every soul that touches mine—
 Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
 A little grace, one kindly thought,
 One inspiration yet unfeigned, one bit of courage
 For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
 To brave the thickening ills of life,
 One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mist
 To make this life worth while and heaven a surer heritage."

Emerson College Magazine.