The Mitre

University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec.

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

VOL. XVIII., No. 6. Convocation Number
University of Bishop's College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

THE COLLEGE OFFICERS.

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Michaelmas Term, from Sept. 10, to Dec. 21, 1910.
Lent Term, from Jan. 21 to March 31, 1911.
Trinity Term, from April 1 to June 22, 1911.

For Calendars and further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or the BURSAR.

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J. Tyson Williams, Esq., B.A. (Camb.)
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The Headmaster.
Assistant Masters—
J. Ramsay Montizambert, Esq., M.A. (Bishop's College) House Master
S. Percy Smith, Esq., B.A. (Oxon).
Chaplain—to be appointed.
Music Master—Irwin Sawdon, Esq. (Hon. L. Mus.)
Drawing Master—Mr. Smith.
Lady Matron—Miss Florence Jeffery.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

The Headmaster.
H. R. Catarns, Esq., House Master.
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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.
Top Row—E. H. Ireland, H. H. Scott, C. H. Savage, R. J. Shires, W. W. Alward,
Divinity Editor. Associate Arts Editor. Editor-in-Chief. Alumni Editor.
Ode to the Pine.

At the entrance to the grounds of Bishop's College there stands a massive pine measuring several feet in circumference. This tree is a conspicuous feature in all the earliest drawings of the College.

You dear old pine, I often think of you,
Standing in silent majesty and strength
Through all these years:
For many generations come and gone,
A calm spectator of the flow of men
Who pass thee by.

Amid the stress of winter others bend
Before the northern wind and frozen blast,
But thou remainest calm.
Thy robe unchanging and unruffled, is
Ever upwards looking and aspiring
Towards the sky.

Long may you stand, old friend, for years to come
Affording shelter to the birds that dwell
Within thine arms.
Rugged symbol of the Strength of Ages
I love to feel that thou art just waiting,
Waiting the day

H. F. Edge.

Through the Valley of the Shadow.

By A. V. Grant.

The Prize Story in the Leroy Competition.

The man bent down and tenderly kissed the lips of the dead woman.

Five years had run their course since he had last felt their touch. Then they had been warm and soft, clinging to his own and conveying with their fragrant sweetness all the intoxicating rapture of a newly awakened passion. But now, how different! Chill and unyielding, it might have been the chiselled mouth of some marble bust which he caressed.
Five years! It seemed to the man standing there in the darkened room like five centuries! Centuries in which he had suffered as he imagined no man could suffer and yet live to tell the tale. Years of heartache and blank despair, of torment in the realization that the one thing he held most dear in all the world would never be his, that he must drag out his allotted span in a world on which the sun, for him, had ceased to shine, and whose pleasures would be but a continual mockery—a reminder of what might have been.

Time had, naturally enough, dulled the first cruel pangs, and shown him that there was still much of interest and even happiness for him, but the bloom of youth had faded, the springing step, the bright eager look he once possessed were gone, and with squared shoulders and firm set lips he started out to face the future—a broken-hearted man.

He straightened himself and stood by the bedside gazing down at the still figure, dry-eyed, motionless.

The form was that of a girl of twenty-four or thereabouts, slender, with a face madonna-like in the tender purity of its features and contour, as it lay there, its gleaming white framed in her dark luxuriant hair. Her hands lay folded upon her breast, and in their lifeless clasp lay a single crimson rose. The man remembered it was her favorite flower, and recalled the day on which he had fastened just such another blossom in her hair. Had she kept that rose? he wondered. He marked with a pang that she wore her wedding and engagement rings—his rings, the man he once called "friend."

The sight of the dead woman, she whom he had loved—aye, and still loved with all the intensity of a nature reserved, yet capable of a deep and lasting passion,—recalled to his memory with intense vividness all the bitter circumstances which for the last five years he had been striving to crush out of his mind.

A simple tale it was, this love story of his, but the simplest, most common happenings often harbour much of tragedy, and so it was in Philip Gordon's case.

It was just five years before, at the close of a hot, dry August, that he had quitted the arid pavements of London, where, for eleven months out of the twelve, he practised law with no small success, and betook himself to his native northern moors with a feeling of zest and freedom, such as only those who have been confined in the stuffy metropolis for three long summer months can fully realize. Little did he imagine as the luxurious night express whirled him northward that he was going to meet the greatest happiness and the greatest misery of his life. For a month he remained the guest of a wealthy friend, who was entertaining a large shooting party in his highland estate, and it was there that he met, loved and wooed Jean Harding, the girl who lay before him. His eyes were resting on the dead girl-face, but he saw it not. In his thoughts he was far from the still sombre house in the London square. In fancy he and she stood once again on the lonely silent moor, where he had told her of his love. It was a glorious autumn twilight
in which the mysterious heather-clad hills threw their massive purple shadows protectingly around them, seeming to emphasize the earnest strength and changelessness of his passionate love. And she! A tender, clinging girl, not yet out of her teens, received his simple, direct avowal as only an impulsive, warm-hearted girl, thrilled with the glamour of a strong man's love, would be likely to receive it; she thought that she too loved, and yielded herself to his arms, and their lips met. Ah, the unspeakable glory of the brief moments which followed! The man caught his breath and involuntarily clenched his hands as the memory of it swept over him like a flood. They were engaged, and two days later he was obliged to return to London. Jean and her mother came up to town shortly after, but to Philip Gordon's disgust he was unable to see them, being compelled to go on a circuit. Three months passed and he was still absent in the midlands.

Then the blow fell that was to shatter his love dream. Two letters reached him one morning as he sat at breakfast, one in the hand-writing which he welcomed more than any other in the world, the other in that of his greatest friend, a fellow barrister named Robert Gray. The former asked for a release from her engagement to him, confessing that what she had mistaken for love was but a passing fancy. His friend's letter was to say that he and Jean had fallen in love with one another, and asked that he, Philip, would, out of chivalry, consent to waive his claim.

The blow was as crushing as it was sudden. With a nature like Philip Gordon's, chivalrous, sensitive and generous, only one course was open to him—to release the woman he loved from a promise which had become irksome to her. He did so, and a few months later Jean Harding and Robert Gray were married.

But the blow to the man who now stood in the chamber of death was a terrible one, and although it could not kill his love for Jean, yet it dealt a cruel wound with the friendship for the man who had stolen her from him. He could not forgive. After the marriage they both had several times made overtures asking him to look them up, but the wound still rankled, and his replies to Jean—he never wrote her husband—were polite but firm refusals. From that day to the moment when he stood by the bedside of Gray's dead wife, he had never written or spoken a word to his former friend. But an affection such as he had felt towards Robert was no ordinary one; many times since, when the first sharp sting of what he had done had passed from him, he regretted the broken friendship. In calmer moments, when time allowed him to look at his friend's action more dispassionately, he found reason to justify that which Robert had done. Robert loved her as deeply, doubtless, as he himself did, and she returned his love. Would not he, Philip, have done the same were their positions reversed? After all, love is outside human control and regulation. Indeed, reasoning thus, he long before would have attempted to resume the old footing of comraderie were it not for a foolish feeling of pride and a realization of how impossible it would be for him to assume an attitude of mere friendship towards his former love.
All this passed through the mind of Philip Gordon as he looked his last on the face of her he loved. He forgot the years of misery, the one-time bitterness. He remembered only the glorious hour when Jean was his own. He felt once again her clinging arms, and once more to his senses was wafted the intoxicating aroma of her hair, and in his ears rang the music of her voice. A tightness gripped his throat and his eyes became blurred.

"Jean," he whispered, "my dearest, my dearest."

He fell upon his knees, gripping with fierce intensity the still, white hands, crushing the crimson petals of the flower they held. His head sank upon his arms as fierce dry sobs shook his bowed frame.

He knew not how long he had been there upon his knees, when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder. With a start the kneeling man looked up.

"Bobs!"

"Philip!"

The two men looked at one another in startled silence.

If the events of five years previous had changed Philip Gordon, the recent blow which had fallen upon his quondam friend had wrought no less a change in him. Robert Gray was a slightly younger man of thirty-two, but his hair was already freely sprinkled with grey. Philip noted with a pang of pity the droop of his former upright figure, the white, drawn face and tired yet restless eyes, telling only too plainly their tale of mental suffering.

Philip rose to his feet.

"How came you here?" Gray whispered.

"I heard that Je'— that she was ill, and happening to pass by and seeing the blinds were down I—guessed, and the door being open—I, well I could not help myself." He did not mention that night after night for a week past he, Philip Gordon, had paced the opposite pavement, a prey to torturing fears.

Gray nodded and silently led the way down-stairs to his study.

There was silence for some minutes after they entered it. Gray sank listlessly into a chair near the empty grate. Philip walked over to the window. The venetian blinds were down, but between the laths he could see the square without bathed in sunshine. A hansom swung by, the cheerful jingle of its bell echoing far down the street. At the other side of the square, hidden by the trees, a hawker cried his wares as he slowly trundled his barrow before him. his harsh voice and the monotonous ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece being the only sound to break the heavy stillness.

Philip at length turned and approached the silent figure in the chair.

"Old fellow," he said, "I've been a cad, can you forgive me?"

Gray looked up. "It is I who should ask your pardon. But Phil—we loved one another."

There was silence.
"You cannot understand," he went on, desperately, "my love for her; she was my life, my—everything! I could not give her up, and now—. Oh, God, how can I bear it?"

"I think I understand," answered Philip in a low voice, "I loved her, too."

"Ah, yes, forgive me, Phil., I forgot, and you, too, must have needed her."

Overcome he buried his face in his hands, and there was once more stillness in the room.

Philip looked down upon the stricken man, and in that hour of grief his heart went out to his old comrade as it had never done before. A tenderness closely akin to that of motherhood welled up in his heart. He forgot everything that had come between them and the old spirit of their former friendship, strengthened immeasurably by their mutual sorrow, flooded his heart. He laid his hand gently on the bowed shoulders.

"Bobs," he said, "let's bury the past; we'll be friends again, eh? She whom we both loved would have had it so, and I want you, Bobs; I've wanted you this long while."

He paused, and although there was no answer he felt that their misunderstanding had passed away. A moment more he stood by his friend's chair and then he took up his hat.

"Good-bye for the present, Bobs," he whispered. "God bless you and help you, old chap."

A moment later, with firm step and lightened heart, he passed out into the bright sunshine.

At the death-bed of his love he had found his friend.

Driftwood.

I stood upon the restless ocean’s strand,
And saw the driftwood that the waves had lifted
And scarred and battered, flung upon the sand,
All drifted, drifted, drifted.

I stood beside the storm-tossed sea of life,
The human flotsam there with voice was gifted;
It said, "We sought no part in all earth's strife,
But drifted, drifted, drifted."—F. O. CALL.

The Origin of Names.

How often in our travels do we see a summer cottage called "Lake Side View" when there is no lake within miles of the place. Or a house called "Mountain View" when the country perfectly flat.
With this fact in mind I have been constrained to think the same unappro priateness applies to our little corner in this great country of ours. Lennoxville, in which our University is situated, I think a most unappropriate name. One would naturally imagine by the name Lennoxville, or as the street car conductor calls it, Hen-Eggs-Ville, that eggs, real hen's eggs, were plentiful. Nothing is more foreign to the truth.

The Old Lodge is the quietest house in the whole University. The other morning excitement ran high. At 7:45 a.m. a bell was heard in the hall, to awaken the inmates for breakfast. A voice was heard over the transom asking the bell-ringer what there was for breakfast. The thought in the enquirer's mind was, is breakfast worth getting up for, or shall I turn over and have another half hour in bed. The reply made to the enquirer by the bell-ringer decided the question. "Eggs for breakfast this morning, sir. Parson Bill was out of his room like a dart, was it the first of April he thought? No, this is May. Could it be possibly true that there were real eggs for breakfast, real hen's eggs?

The good news soon passed all round the Old Lodge, every man was up in an instant, and I verily believe that half of them were so excited that they forgot to take their usual morning tub before breakfast, there was but one goal and aim that morning—the dining-hall. Oh, you eggs!

It is hard to express in words the look of satisfaction on the faces of all. One was heard to say, "It's the easiest thing in the world to be a Christain when you know you are going to have eggs for breakfast." But, alas, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The faces, only a few minutes before round and beaming with anticipatory delight, have become suddenly long, and countenances bear marks of disappointment. What has happened? Did the bell-ringer deceive us? We believe he was sincere when he told us that there were eggs for breakfast, for the concoction there on the table goes by that name at Bishop's, with all due apologies to every respectable hen that ever laid an egg. What then was there for breakfast? It is a mystery and ever must remain such. We can but guess. It is certain that nothing was further removed from that morning's breakfast than the suspicion of a real egg. It is true that the concoction served up had the appearance of scrambled eggs, the colour was well blended, but the faith required in order to believe you were eating real scrambled eggs was more than the members of the Old Lodge possessed. No shell ever enveloped the material sent up for breakfast that morning, and to put the best side on the situation, it was egg powder of a very inferior quality.

The disappointment was severe, but I venture to say we deserved it for ever expecting that there should be eggs, as we understand them.

The members of the Old Lodge can now be seen taking their eggs into the dining-hall when they want breakfast.

Disillusioned One.
With the Convocation number of the Mitre another College year is brought to a close, and already the buildings have taken upon them the silence of a family vault, save for the hurrying footstep of some belated student, who has not yet spread his wings.

There is a distinct air of gloom permeating everything and everywhere; the sun is shining just as splendidly as it did yesterday when the lawns were alive with the bright dresses of Convocation visitors, and perhaps it is this very fact that the climatic conditions are just the same, the tennis courts and flower beds just as gay, the river, flowing serenely past, just as cool and inviting, which emphasizes the change which in the last twenty-four hours has taken place. All is unchanged, but the human element is lacking; and nowhere perhaps is the lack of that element more noticeable than in a university (we were almost saying, in an institution of this sort, but such a phrase would be too reminiscent of a certain dignatory of the Canadian church). Students manage to make a lot of noise, and never more so than when June examinations are safely past and the business of packing up preparatory to leaving for the long vac. is in full swing; so now that
now that all is over, the last waggon load of baggage has rumbled across the bridge at a pace which sets the "Walk, or pay two dollars" mandate at defiance, the few stragglers redouble their efforts to hasten their departure and the editor feverishly replenishes his pen in his anxiety to finish up and be off too.

The Mitre staff of 1910-11 must now make its adieu and extend its cordial good wishes to those to whose lot it has fallen to man the good ship Mitre during the coming year.

The Editor-in-Chief wishes to express his appreciation of the good work his colleagues have done during the past year, and the noble way in which they have all put their hearts into the work of making the Mitre a success.

The present Editor, for his sins, has been re-elected to fill the same position during the coming year, and while he feels that the student body might have mercifully pitched upon some other poor wight to fill a position so far from enviable, yet he cannot but feel gratified at their token of confidence, and takes this opportunity to express his thanks.

The following have been elected for the coming year: Business Manager, Mr. E. Ireland; Assistant Business Manager, Mr. A. W. Reeves; Exchange Editor, Mr. W. R. Walker; Athletic Editor, Mr. A. E. Norcross. At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, held on June 21st, Mr. H. H. Dinning, B.A., was appointed Alumni Editor.

We are glad to be able to state that at the meeting of Convocation, held the same day, it was decided that the present M. A. hood should be changed. The new hood is to be of the Cambridge shape—black, lined with white and edged with a line of purple an inch deep.

We must congratulate ourselves on the fact that Bishop's now has a distinctive M. A. hood, and one that will, we hope, before many years are past, come to be famous throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

"If of thy wealth thou be bereft,
And of thy goods there be but left
Two loaves—sell one and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."
Convocation day this year coincided with that of the Coronation of King George V, so that the day was an occasion of double festivity. The weather was more than kind to us, and the bright sunshine and cool breezes combined to put everyone in as good a humor as possible.

The special service, which took place in the chapel at eleven o'clock, consisted of the customary choral Communion, with the addition of special prayers, epistle and gospel, and address appointed to be read in all churches in commemoration of the Coronation service in Westminster Abbey. The College choir was reinforced by Sherbrooke and Lennoxville ladies, and the singing reflected much credit upon Mr. Bearder, who presided at the organ. The anthem, “Sing, oh heavens, be joyful, oh earth,” was sung. The special preacher this year was Rev. Dr. Van Allen, of Advent Church, Boston. He delivered a very powerful sermon upon the great need of social reform; and showed how that only through the church could such reform be brought about. The Lord Bishop of Quebec was the celebrant.

Both the service in the morning and the proceedings in the afternoon were largely attended. By three o'clock Bishop Williams hall was filled to overflowing, but a cool breeze blowing in at the windows prevented the atmosphere from becoming uncomfortably hot. The proceedings opened with the singing of the National Anthem, after which the Chancellor delivered his speech, of which the keynotes were loyalty and patriotism. Reference was made to Earl Grey's degree, which had been conferred last fall.

The Principal then read his report, which was an entirely satisfactory one. Reference was made to the departure of Mr. F. W. Frith, M.A., who for the last fourteen years, has faithfully served the College as Bursar and Registrar, and also of Professor Gummer, M.A., who is going to take up work at Queen's University, Kingston.

The absence of Dr. Alnatt was mentioned as being the first time he had missed a convocation for over a quarter of a century, and the Principal expressed a hope that he would return from his European trip like a “giant refreshed.” Loud applause.

Professor Vial then made his report, which showed an unprecedented num-
ber of Divinity students, there being no less than twenty-two in the L.S.T. class, besides those taking the preparatory course.

The honorary degrees were then conferred as follows:


Next degrees in course were conferred, followed by prize giving, distributed by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

The valedictory was read by H. H. Scott, B.A.; in which he expressed a hope that the new four year course in Arts would fill the College with scholars and athletes.

The proceedings closed with speeches delivered by Dr. Van Allen, Dr. McCorkill, Rev. Frank Charters, the Lord Bishop and the Principal.

After convocation the visitors were invited to view an exhibition of “Arts and Crafts” got up by the students and held under the new library, after which the Principal entertained the visitors and students to tea on the tennis court.

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Valedictory.

Mr. Chancellor, my Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To those of us who have just received the Arts degree Convocation brings mingled feelings of pleasure at having obtained the object of our course, and regret at the thought of leaving the College where we have passed three happy and I hope instructive years. It is always hard to leave a place for which one has formed deep attachments, and I think that all graduates and undergraduates will agree with me that Bishop's has a peculiar charm of her own which one cannot easily forget.

On the other hand, there is a feeling of eagerness to get out into the world and face the more serious side of life with all its complex problems which have to be solved by each one of us in our own individual way. And may it be our aim in whatever course we take up, always to have the best interests of our Alma Mater at heart, and may be able in some small way to repay her for all she has done for us.

To-day is a day for great thanksgiving and rejoicing, not only for those who have reached the highest pinnacle in the world of letters by winning the right to append B.A. to our names, but it is also an occasion for national rejoicing, since it is the Coronation Day of our Gracious Sovereign George V, and as loyal subjects of a great Dominion, we, in our little community, offer our allegiance and sincerest good wishes to him who has been entrusted with the ruling of our vast empire.

In looking over the events of the past year, the most noticeable change is that of the lengthening of the Arts course from three to four years. Bishop's is
the last of the Canadian Universities to make this change, and as the others have prospered under it; so we hope and trust our own College will prosper. But there are many of us who view this innovation with some misgivings, and we are anxiously waiting and hoping for the coming years to prove that it has not been detrimental, instead of beneficial to the University.

In the past two years we have been sorry to see vacant rooms in the Arts building. Such a state of affairs should not be, for with all the advantages which Bishop's offers, with its beautiful situation and residential system, there should be a demand for rooms greater than the accommodation; and until there is such a demand the College will not go forward and fulfil her duties as she ought. It is of vital importance to fill up the place with a good class of men, full of life, vigour and spirit, athletes as well as scholars, who will further the interests of their College unselfishly and to the utmost. The faculty of Arts has now come to a critical juncture when it must either go forward or slip back, and it is for us graduates and our undergraduates to see that it takes the former course.

Now I do not wish to seem to be laying down a course for adoption, as that is the special privilege of the College authorities, and they can do so much better than I, but I do wish to bring before you the future of Bishop's from the student point of view. The three years' course was one of the greatest attractions of the College, but now she is on the same footing with her sister universities. It is impossible for her to rival them in wealth and size, but she has her own mission to fulfil, small though it may be, and she must fulfil it in her own peculiar way. Therefore, although it is with anxiety that many of us view the change, we still hope that it may turn out to be beneficial, and we must go forth to-day determined to exert all our efforts in behalf of our Alma Mater, which we love so well.

And now we of the class of 1911 must bid you farewell, and we do so with keen regret. We have all enjoyed our stay here and we shall always look back upon it as the happiest time of our lives. We feel a gratitude that we cannot express for all the benefits we have received, especially for the degree which it has been our good fortune to obtain this afternoon, whether it be a first class or a second class, and we shall return from time to time proud of being alumni of this University and looking forward to wearing the new M. A. hood in years to come.

June 22, 1911.

H. H. Scott, '11.

Exhibition of Bishop's University Arts and Crafts.

A most pleasing feature of this year's Convocation festivities, and one which we believe has not been paralleled in the history of the University was that of the exhibition of University Arts and Crafts, held in a disused portion of the new library building. The object of this exhibition may best be set forth in the words of the introduction which prefaced the tastefully got up catalogue of exhibits.
It runs as follows:

"For a long while past it has appeared to the promoters of the exhibition that a University so rich in ancient tradition and objects of historic interest should most certainly have a museum of its own, where might be enshrined the aforementioned priceless treasures, so that, free from moth and dust, through the changing manners and customs of passing centuries, the generations yet unborn may realize some of the conditions under which their ancestors of the 20th century passed their adolescence.

It was not, however, until quite recently that any definite movement towards this most desirable addition to our University was set on foot, but the idea once openly discussed was received with enthusiastic acclamation on all sides, and a committee was immediately formed to investigate the feasibility of such an undertaking.

It is not here our intention to enter into details of that committee's work, fascinating though such a history would be. The results which here lie before you silently, but no less effectively, testify to the untiring zeal and energy with which that committee set about its appointed task.

We were fortunate in acquiring the New Library Building as a temporary exhibition hall, itself one of the most magnificent, if microscopical additions to our beloved Alma Mater. The beauty of its structure, the elaborately yet tastefully plain interior decoration at once strikes the visitor's eye on entering.

The exhibits themselves are most varied in nature, and are catalogued under various sections. The visitor's attention is especially drawn to the magnificent display of food products, for which Bishop's University is so justly famous, and which have been kindly loaned by the College culinary department.

It is to be hoped that before another Convocation comes round a suitable building will be erected as the permanent home of the Bishop's Museum of Fine Arts and Crafts."

The organizers of this novel departure spared no pains to make it in every way a success, and present an exhibition worthy of a University "so rich in ancient tradition and objects of historic interest." The lower section of the new library was peculiarly fitted to act as an exhibition hall and enabled the visitors to view a portion of the University buildings hitherto closed to the public. Everyone was at once struck with the beauty of its interior decoration, which might be seen to even greater advantage after a few layers of dust had been removed with the aid of the visitor's pocket handkerchief. Besides the aforementioned programmes, which served as a pleasant little souvenir of the event, there were printed tickets, which were distributed to the visitors in the Bishop Williams Hall before the proceedings of Convocation. With such a precaution there were very few visitors who did not find their way over to the hall after Convocation, and so rapidly did it fill up that we fear that a number were unable to get as close a view of the exhibits as their worth merited.
The Chancellor was an interested visitor as was also the Lord Bishop of Quebec, who in his robes and followed by his chaplain with the pastoral staff, made a round of the exhibition under the able guidance of a certain "pea hen," the flow of whose language was a cause of astonishment to any one who had not had the pleasure of living in the same building with him for the space of nine months.

It would be impossible here to make more than a brief mention of the large and varied collection of exhibits the committee had managed to get together. The following, however, are a few of the most striking. The exhibition was divided into four sections—(a) Picture exhibits, (b) Art and Graft exhibits, (c) Textile exhibits, (d) Archaeological and Miscellaneous exhibits. Of the first section there were some eight pictures chiefly in pastelle, from the brushes of various gifted members of the student body. These included besides several life-like portraits of famous men connected with the University, a series of allegorical pictures entitled "Reform in the P-r-k Era," shewing the rapid transition the present generation is now undergoing from a conglomeration of good-for-nothing, devil-me-care, swashbuckling youths, a terror to the "powers that be" and a menace to the whole Eastern Townships, to a time not far distant, it is devoutly hoped in certain exalted circles, when arrayed in starched bib and tucker, a pat of melted butter on each oathless tongue, this exemplary body of young men will sit at the feet of their kindly preceptors and divide their time between discussing with bated breath the difference in style of Ibsen and Aristophanes, and peeping fugitively into pocket mirrors to see if their halos are on quite straight. An articulated skeleton, seated on a chair and arrayed in gown, trencher and B.A. hood, attracted much interest; it was catalogued as "Specimen of a Bishop's graduate after the new four year course of College grub."

The Culinary section proved of great interest, the exhibits including specimens of breakfast porridge a la mouse, preserve de june-bug, drinking water, egg, hot dog (raw and finished product), and toast, were kindly loaned by the bursar.

The textile exhibits included a prehistoric undergraduate gown (circum 1911 B.C.), a very fine sample of art needlework lent by one of the students who professed to do his own darning (we have certainly heard him), and a specimen of Bishop's College mural decoration.

Amongst the archaeological exhibits were to be noted a number of fine specimens of Fossilum Chewingumienisis which, so the catalogue informs us, "are sometimes found like snails and limpets adhering to articles of furniture," also a fine collection of coins kindly loaned by Mr. Thos. Gornal, the well known authority on the subject of numismatology.

Taking everything into consideration the exhibition was a great success, and a hope was expressed on all sides that the authorities would see their way to providing a permanent home for this interesting collection of University exhibits in the near future.
Another College year has drawn to a close and the corridors no more resound to the noise of voices, whether it be in heated argument regarding the qualification of a newly made deacon, or in the cheering on to greater efforts an impromptu game of hockey. The aforementioned game usually receives the “coup de grace” before any decisive issue can be reached.

Convocation, from the view point of the Divinity Faculty, passed off quietly, and, one might almost say sadly, owing to the fact that a large percentage of the Divinity students finished their college course and will never more return to the College as students, and it is also a reminder to the rest of us that the time for our departure is fast approaching.

Mr. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., was ordained to the office of diaconate on Trinity Sunday in Fredericton, N.B. Mr. Lawrence will be stationed at Kingston, N.B. Our united good wishes follow him to his new field of work.

On June 25th five students of Bishop’s College were ordained by the Lord Bishop of Quebec to the office of diaconate, viz., C. G. Stevens, M.A., N. H. Snow, B.A., W. H. Moorhead, B.A., H. F. Edge and T. M. Melrose. The ordination was held in the parish church at Coaticook, being the home of two of the candidates. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Prof. Vial, M.A., B.D., who took for his text “The choosing of the seven.” At the evening service the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. The men will be stationed as follows: Rev. N. H. Snow to La Tuque, Que., Rev. C. G. Stevens to New Carlisle for the summer and from there to the Labrador coast, Rev. W. H. Moorhead to Quebec, Rev. H. F. Edge to British Columbia and Rev. T. M. Melrose to Alberta. All of us who are still left unite in wishing them every success in the beginning of their life work.
It is with a deep sense of regret that we record in these columns the death of one of the cleverest and most popular of our younger alumni in the person of Graydon J. Hughes, B.A. '08, who died in June while attending Cornell University. He was entered in his first year law there and had done very creditably in his Christmas exams. A very brilliant future was predicted for Graydon by all who knew him, and death cut short a most promising career.

Rev. C. G. Lawrence, B.A. '09, has been placed in charge of the parish of Kingston, Kings County, N.B.

A. C. M. Thompson, B. A. '08, has completed a very successful year in law at Laval, attaining a very high standard in his June exams. "Well done, Doctor."

P. S. Gregory, B.A. '08, has finished his third year in Science at McGill, winning the British Association gold medal.

We were pleased to have a visit paid us by little cupid in the person of the Rev. A. T. Love, who spent a couple of days with us on his way home from the Synod. He is no longer, as in his college days, a smiter, but is now a uniter of hearts.

J. S. Brown, B.A., '10, spent a few days with us at the College closing. We believe he intends returning to Rothsay College next year, where he is engaged on the teaching staff.

C. G. Stevens, B.A. '08, received his M. A. degree in History at Columbia University at its annual commencement in June.

R. H. Hayden, B.A. '10, is spending his summer vacation in a monastery in New York.

We were pleased to have Mr. C. G. Hepburn, B.A. '08, back with us for the closing. Mr. Hepburn has completed a year's study at the General Theological Seminary, New York, and is taking his M.A. degree from Columbia University in Sociology.
A. A. Sturley, B.A. '09, spent his Easter recess in Paris in company with a Rhodes scholar from New Brunswick.

W. B. Scott, B.A. '08, has finished his second year in law at McGill, coming out second in his class besides winning a cash prize of $100. "Well played, Willum."

Carl Alexander Von Stridsberg, B.A. '09, intends spending his summer vacation at Coney Island.

Colin B. Hughes, B.A. '07, was in Lennoxville in June, attending his brother's funeral.

Miss D. J. Seiveright, B.A. '10, is spending her summer holidays at Lake Garthby after completing a successful year's work as principal of East Hatley Academy.

H. S. Chesshire, B.A. '10, is spending his summer holidays at the Vicarage, Stoke-under-Ham, England.

Rev. W. H. Moorhead, B.A. '09, has been appointed assistant Immigration Chaplain by the Bishop of Quebec, with summer residence at Quebec city and winter residence at Halifax, N.S. It is not understood yet whether Mr. Moorhead will be supplied with an interpreter or not.

Rev. N. H. Snow, B.A. '09, who was ordained deacon in June by the Lord Bishop of Quebec at Coaticook, has left for his field of work at La Tuque on the Transcontinental railway.

We congratulate W. O. Clifford, B.A. '09, on his recent marriage and wish he and Mrs. Clifford much joy and happiness.

We are pleased to hear that Dr. J. Johnson, B.A. '99, is recovering from his recent severe illness, and is gaining back his health and strength in South Carolina.

We extend our sincerest congratulations to the Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, M.A., B.D., for having recently attained the latter degree. He has done so at the earliest possible time, and by doing so has amply justified the high estimation of his intellectual powers those who were associated with him during his university career had formed. As has been noted in these pages before, his career here has been a brilliant one. Besides obtaining the Prince of Wales medal two years in succession, he obtained numerous other prizes, including the Haensel Reading Prize. He was college organist, president of the University Dramatic Club, edi-
tor of the Mitre, and for several years figured in the foot-ball team. He graduated in 1907, obtained his M.A. degree in 1910, in which year he was also ordained to the diaconate and appointed to the mission of Madawaska, Ont. At convocation this year he received his degree of B.D. and a week later was priested by the Archbishop of Ottawa. Our best wishes go out to him and we will watch the future career of our youngest "bachelor of divinity" with warm interest.

Athletic Notes.

Cricket.

The College season opened on May 9th with a match with Bishop's College School, which ended in a win for the School by the score of 44-40. Yardley was their best bat and made a careful 13. Greenwood and Wilkes both assisted with 7 a piece. Fortune and Jephson bowled well, each taking five wickets.

For the College, Boothroyd and Chesshire made the largest scores, getting 7 and 10 respectively, while Scott and Boothroyd divided the bowling honours. The fielding on both sides was good.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>U. B. C.</th>
<th>B. C. S.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scott, b Jephson</td>
<td>Yardley, c Savage, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alward, c Jacques, b Fortune</td>
<td>Gordon, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesshire, b Jephson</td>
<td>Abbott, c Murray, b Burt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burt, b Jephson</td>
<td>Wilkes, b Boothroyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Hobart, 1 b w Jephson</td>
<td>Jephson, b Boothroyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrews, c Williams, b Jephson</td>
<td>Williams, b Boothroyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boothroyd not out</td>
<td>Fortune, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savage, c and b Fortune</td>
<td>Hall, c Savage, b Boothroyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireland, c Hall, b Fortune</td>
<td>Greenwood not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray, b Fortune</td>
<td>Laurie, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinerth, b Fortune</td>
<td>Jacques, c Savage, b Scott</td>
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<td>Extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Total</td>
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40 | 44

The return match was played with the School on May 16th and the College came out victorious by the score of 85-55. Both teams fielded excellently, some good catches being made. Andrews made a splendid 29, and was closely followed by Burt with 20. Ireland added a useful thirteen before he was caught. Scott and Boothroyd each accounted for five wickets.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>U. B. C.</th>
<th>B. C. S.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scott, run out</td>
<td>Yardley, c Savage, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alward, b Yardley</td>
<td>Gordon, b Scott</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesshire, b Jephson</td>
<td>Abbott, c Murray, b Burt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott</td>
<td>Wilkes, b Boothroyd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jephson, b Boothroyd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Williams, b Boothroyd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Fortune, b Scott</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Hall, c Savage, b Boothroyd</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Greenwood not out</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Laurie, b Scott</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jacques, c Savage, b Scott</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Extras</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Total</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

4 | 5
On Saturday, May 19th, the College easily defeated Waterville by eight wickets and 10 runs. The visitors batted first and scored 55, Imms with 17 and Randall with 14 being top scorers. The College then went in and made 65 for three wickets. Hobart and Boothroyd getting 28 and 22 not out respectively. For the bowlers Scott took 5 and Hobart 4.

Waterville.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Batsmen</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Extras</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Read</td>
<td>b Scott</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imms, b H. Hobart</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wicks, b Boothroyd</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randall, b Hobart</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheatley, c and b Scott</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milard, b Hobart</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts, c Edge, b Scott</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood, b Scott</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, c Scott, b Hobart</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisher, b Scott</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munroe, not out</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td>55</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

U. B. C.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Batsmen</th>
<th>Wickets</th>
<th>Extras</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scott, b Wheatley</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shires, b Randall</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Hobart, b Randall</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Hobart, not out</td>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boothroyd, not out</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td>65</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ireland, Savage, Alward, Murray, Edge and Hinerth did not bat.

The School and College met for the third time on Monday, May 29th, and the former won by the score of 3 wickets and 37 runs. The College batted first making 45, C. Hobart with 10 being the only one to make double figures. Scott took 5 wickets and Boothroyd 3.
For the School Yardley did splendidly 35, and Jacques was second with 15. The former also bowled well, taking half the wickets. The fielding was fair.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>U. B. C.</th>
<th>B. C. S.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boothroyd c Andrews, b Jephson</td>
<td>Yardley l, b, w, b Scott 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alward c Wilkes, b Yardley</td>
<td>Wilkes b Scott 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrews b Yardley</td>
<td>Greenwood c Ireland b Scott 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Hobart, b Fortune</td>
<td>Gordon c Boothroyd 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burt b Jephson</td>
<td>Jephson l, b, w, c Boothroyd 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheshire c Gordon, b Fortune</td>
<td>Fortune b Scott 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireland c Wilkes, b Fortune</td>
<td>Abbott b Scott 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott, b Yardley</td>
<td>Jacques b Boothroyd 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savage c Andrews b Yardley</td>
<td>Hall not out 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray b Yardley</td>
<td>Laurie not out 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinerth not out</td>
<td>Anderson, did not bat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extra</td>
<td>Extras 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>Total 82</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Tennis.

The tennis tournament this year was a great success. All the matches were well contested, especially that between Andrews and Savage for the semi-finals, the latter winning 5-7, 7-5, 6-4. In the finals Scott and Savage played off on June 22nd, when Savage again proved his right to the championship by winning 6-0, 6-0, 6-1. He received a splendid tennis racket presented by Dr. Parrock.

Library Notes.

Since the last notice in the Mitre the following books have been added.

"The Army Pageant," edited and arranged by F. R. Benson and Algernon Tudor Craig. Among the contributors are Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, F. R. Benson, Sir A. Conan Doyle and Lord Roberts and others.

"Cambridge Modern History," Vol. XII. This volume was planned by the late Lord Acton, Regius Professor of Modern History. It is entitled "The Latest Age."

"The Golden Bough," Vols. I and II, by J. G. Fraziet, LL.D. A resume of this work is being prepared by the Mitre’s esteemed reviewer, Mr. R. J. Meekren.
"Makers of Canada," Vol. XXI. An index to the complete set.
"Chinese and Arabian Literature." Illustrated.
"Persian and Japanese Literature." Two Volumes.
"Cyrano de Bergerac," Comédie Héroique en cinq actes en vers.
"Unsanitary Housing," the address delivered by Dr. Chas. A. Hodgetts at the second annual meeting of the Committee of Conservation held at Quebec, January 17th, 1911.

"The University of Bishop's College," a poem, by James Jones. This little volume was published in New York in 1855, and was presented to the Library by H. J. H. Petry, sometime headmaster of B. C. S. One cannot but wish that the growth predicted were more likely of attainment:

"But let us now anticipate the growth of Bishop's College and maturity.

When years and ages shall have passed away,
And generations laid within the grave,
And further generations yet unborn,
Shall throng thy gates, and crowd thy hallowed halls,
Exceeding those of Oxford at this day;
And when thy students shall be multiplied
To hundreds and to thousands, and thy courts
Resound and re-resound with songs of praise
To God, the author of all human good."

The following lines have to do with the condition of the site before the building of the College:

"The beasts of prey then roamed the tangled woods,
And rocks and mountains answer'd roar for roar;
And birds voracious wheel'd their airy rounds,
Uttering their melancholy screams on high,
Poising with outstretched wings and eager eyes,
Rising and falling, circling round and round,
Ready to pounce upon their prey below.
All brutal creatures raised their joyful notes,
Or else poured forth their brute complaints to Him
Whose goodness feeds the ravens when they cry."

It would seem from this that "grub kicks," at Bishop's are of early origin. One wonders whether the "birds voracious, ready to pounce upon their prey," are the forerunners of the present day examiners.
The Questioner.

I called the boy to my knee one day
And I said "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same light-hearted way
When you're turned, say, thirty more?

Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face.
For it seemed to say,
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy, "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay new-mown;
Will you keep them always so?"

Then back from those years came a rakish song,
With a ribald jest or two;
And I gazed on the child who knew no wrong,
And I thought he asked,
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried, "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"

Then out of the past came another's eyes
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue,
Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?
For he answered me,
"Did you?"

Manitoba College Journal.

We wish to very heartily congratulate the staff of The McMaster University Monthly on their excellent Graduation Number.

By way of rousing some further interest amongst our students we quote the following extract from The Acadian Athenaeum:

"It would seem as if the place of a college journal were not fully recognized. A college paper is issued, not only to give college news and some valuable reading, but also as a means of developing latent talent, of providing opportunity for those who desire to improve their style of writing, and to be the expression of
the undergraduate body. That the college paper is not utilized as such is very manifest. It is hard to obtain a respectable number of articles from the student bodies for a story contest or to obtain matter from them for any regular issue to which time and thought has been given. That a body of aspiring men in the various branches of learning shall exhibit such indifference is remarkable. We advocate for college paper by college men, and are assured that to attain this end something must be done to arouse our students to a keener sense of their opportunities and responsibilities in this matter."

We hope our students will take this to heart and make a special effort in the right direction next year.

AN IDEAL.

To think the things that God desires,
To do the things that Love inspires,
To keep the heart full of the fires
Of youth,
That's living.—McMaster University Monthly.

"The world needs more individuality in its men and women. It needs them with the joy of individual freedom in their minds, the fresh blood of honest purpose in their hearts, and the courage of truth in their souls. It needs more people daring to think their own highest thoughts and strong vibrant voices to speak them, not human phonographs mechanically giving forth what someone else has talked into them. The world needs men and women led by the light of the truth alone, and as powerless to suppress their highest convictions as Vesuvius to restrain its living fire. They have the glad inspiring consciousness that they are not mere units on the census list, not weak victims of their own impulses, not human bricks baked into deadly uniformity by conventionality, but themselves—individuals. They are not faint carbon copies of others, but strong, bold print originals,—of themselves. They are ever lights not reflections, voices not echoes. To them the real things of life are the only great ones, the only objects worth a hard struggle."—William George Jordan, quoted in The Argosy.

All our contemporaries—such indeed as have not already ceased ere this—speak of graduations, closings, farewells, and so we realize only too well that another academic year has gone to be counted among the things of the past. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to be in touch with the life and thought of so many universities, through the medium of their publications, during the past year, and it is with a sigh of regret that the pen is laid aside and a pleasant and profitable task brought to its conclusion.