The Mitre

University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec.

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

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THE MITRE.

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Windflowers

Would you were here, my love, and all delight
Were drawn into your eyes, yet—your face a clear
Pale silhouette against the sultry night—
Would you were here!

The white fleeced clouds roll over, tier on tier,
And on the shifting beams of wan moonlight
Towards my soul your rose-winged soul doth steer.

The moonlight wanes and waxes in the height,
And round us twain the night winds shift and veer—
The grass with wind strewn apple-bloom is white,
Would you were here!

Martin Kinder.

Glastonbury.

REV. V. E. HOBART.

(Paper read before the Churchwarden Club.)

Pre-Christian Glastonbury.

Glastonbury was an ancient fortress and treasure house long before it was the English Jerusalem, the mother of Saints, the grave of Kings and the second Rome.

Though it now lies fourteen miles inland yet it was once an island, at the back of a large oozy estuary, the Uscela. This lake or swamp—it was both—was dotted with islands, Bent Knoll the highest, Wedmore the largest.

From the land side there were two approaches, one from West Pennard and the fortress of Edgarly, and the other across the Brue from street.

The place was defended by a palisade and the Tor was its citadel.

A treasure city and emporium needed to be on a large scale and the working population who lived on the island might need to take refuge on it.

These inhabited the village discovered and to be discovered. The houses are low, mud, wattled huts, thatched with reed, circular, the hearth in the centre with slabs of stone for the threshold.
This was the meeting place of many civilizations. The Pyrie were here over 1000 years B.C., and they began the great roads in Somerset. They named the rivers with Celtic names and it was with them that the Phœnicians traded. The chief exports from Britain were corn, cattle, fabrics, gold, silver and lead, of these the lead was the most important.

"Tarshish and the Isles" probably means Cadiz and the Scilly Isles and certainly Somerset.

From Land's End to the mouth of the Parret, Brue and Axe, there was no safe anchorage for ships. This was the key or west Britain.

The treasure city was protected by three camps, at Bleadon, Brent Knoll and Otterhampton, and the great vessels would come up the Brue with pottery, bronze and salt from Cadiz.

About the time of Plato new Gallic tribes poured into England. The Aedui conquered the land between the Avon and the Parrett, making Bath, Glastonbury, and Ilchester their chief cities.

The opening of the Spanish mines, and Caesar's conquests must have dealt a deathblow to the trade which flowed from Glastonbury. Consequently the Glastonbury trade must have been at a low ebb at the time of our Lord's birth.

In A.D. 43 the Claudian conquests began. Camps rose, bridges spanned the rivers and roads were made. Bath became the social and Camelodunum the military centres. Skinner holds that as the great metal trade was centred in the Mendips, it seems most reasonable that Camelodunum was near Camerton, and not Colchete. In the museums of Glastonbury many fragments remain of these periods. Pottery of the Cymri, boats, bone, horse bits, bronzes, weaver's combs, pottery, showing Phœnician influence, and a host of curiosities tell of the Aedui, there are also plenty of Roman remains. Many places recall the names of the various rulers. Mendip is from the Semetic god, Meni. Brue, meaning swift river, Parrett meaning four, Wirrial Gweirio to make hay, are Celtic names.

British Christian Avalon.

Leaving the British rebellions we pass on to the year 63, when Joseph of Aramathaea was sent by S. Philip from Gaul and Galatia to England. He landed at Bridgewater and came up the Roman road and halted outside the half ruined town on Wirrial hill. King Arviragus, who had been appointed by the Roman governor Petronius, welcomed the new settlers and gave them land.

S. Joseph's staff grew into the Holy Thorn on Wirrial hill. It is of devantine variety. For fourteen years out of seventeen it has decorated S. John's altar with its flowers at Christmas.

There is an immense weight of authority from the Fathers that the bounds of the West received the faith from the early disciples, and there seems no reason to doubt that the belief in Joseph's mission was current in Britain before the Saxon conquest.
S. Joseph and his comrades built of mud and wattle the first Christian church, 60 feet by 25. There in the eastern fashion, with Greek rites, Greek Easter, Greek ordination, the disciples lived and worshipped.

In 179 A.D., at the petition of King Ducius, two Christian teachers came from Rome, Phaganus and Diruvianus. They restored the little church of the Mother of God and also built a monastery and chapel of S. Michael on the Tor.

After this there is a blank in the history. In the age of persecution Glastonbury can hardly have been spared. When S. Patrick retired here from Ireland he found twelve orthodox Catholics over whom he presided for the last years of his life. Here he died and was buried on the right side of the old altar.

After S. Patrick and his successor Benignus, a cloud veils even the names of many abbots, and we pass on to the days of King Arthur.

Here he besieged the island to recover Quinevere, here his sword Caliban was forged, here he had his vision, here he was carried to die after his last fight and he was buried.

While Cerdic, Cenric, Caewlin were subduing the East, Glastonbury still held the faith. At this time S. David came to worship at the shrine and with him came seven bishops and built a church to the east of the old one, which was commemorated by the Gallilee of later times.

S. David gave to the altar the great sapphire which Bluff King Hal purloined for his crown. When Augustine came in 597, Glastonbury, Bradford and Malmesbury were the chief towns of the dwindling British power. Impressed with its fidelity and strength Paulinus of Rochester came here and cased the old church with boards and lead. This old church, the Vestutia Ecclesia, existed down to the great fire in 1184, and we read that the bodies of S.S. Patrick, Ignatius and others which were buried in it were dug up and buried in shrines.

In 634 Birinus christianized the West Saxons, so when Cenwalk stormed this strip of land and defeated the Britons the island was saved to Christianity. He granted two hides of land but insisted on a Saxon monk being made ruler. Thus Glastonbury became English, and got its newer English name, being Ynswtryn or wood island before, or Avolonia, apple land. Glastonbury is the Saxon translation into Latin of Ynswtryn; Glastonbury being wood.

The monk or hermit of the British period shaved the forepart of his head, wore leather next his skin and had a white cowl, with staff and girdle. They lived in separate huts, fed on bread and salt, drank water and milk and grew corn. They kept Easter on the day of the full moon "as it had been kept and handed down by S. Philip the apostle."

**ENGLISH GLASTONBURY.**

The British monastic system did not long survive the Saxon conquest for in 688 King Ine came to the throne, and as his house had received the faith from Birinus he favoured the Latin rite. He built a minster to the east of S. David's
church the seat of the great church of S.S. Peter and Paul. He established the right of sanctuary, "that makeshift of mercy in fierce ages." He built a monastery and gathered together the hermit monks. He endowed it with twenty-one hides in addition to Aviragus twelve. He confirmed all previous grants, gave the abbey primary jurisdiction over all cases, freed it from the interference of bishops and princes and introduced the Latin rite. The result of this was to awaken a new missionary spirit. The sons of S. Mary went out not only in England but Germany founding religious homes and filling sees.

Nothing much more happens till in 800 Egbert came to the throne. Now the Danes appear and Glastonbury is once more in peril from the heathen. In 846 the armies of Dorset and Somerset defeated the robbers at the mouth of the Parrett. But in 878 the Danes were complete masters. Alfred was watching from pastures of Athelney, the tide he could not stem, and watching Denewulf's cakes. Was it the meanness of the old church which saved it, or was it a feeling of awe for so holy a spot that kept the Danes at a distance? Which ever it was the church escaped. Alfred's three successive battles which drove the Danes out of Wessex, Pen-Aglea and Edington were almost certainly fought at Pen Edgarly and Somerset Edington. The routed robbers fled to their base at Downend, a loop of the Parrett, near Dunball Station, hence came the christening of Guthrum at Aller and the peace at Wedmore.

Alfred not only renewed the charters but gave presents to the monastery.

The year 936 is an important one, for in it the great Dunstan was made abbot by Edmund the Elder. Both the source and inspiration of Dunstan's life was Glastonbury. Here he was born and educated. Here he learned from Irish scholars music, painting and metal work. Before Edmund was murdered in 943 the Benedictine rule was firmly established. The reaction under Edwy was severe but it was a worldly and unbottomed reaction. Dunstan was banished but his work survived. The short, fierce war-like Edgar more than restored it. The very year that Dunstan died 988, the horrors of the third Danish war began with the pillage of Wolchett. Archbishop of Alphege, son of Glastonbury, died magnificently for the poor. At last Sweyn over-ran Wessex and all England was at his feet. Yet no torch was put to the old church. This is so great a miracle that one modern writer has made him burn it out contrary to the opinion of Cnut, who found it standing shortly after. After this came the siege of Cnut and Edmund. Edmund left a wish to be numbered with the saints at the ancient place, and Cnut came here to worship and gave a charter of confirmation. Even Harthacnut gave a shrine to S. Benignus, but the abbot's under Edward and Harold wasted the goods of the abbey and the success of half a century was worse than fever and war to the monastery, yet what a record is here.

Before the conquest nine primates were given to England and bishops without number. The place was the embodiment of English religion, uncodified laws, laxity of formal discipline, carelessness about possible future evil.
Consequently neither William nor the legal Lanfranc could be expected to look on it with the eye of its English lovers.

**After the Conquest.**

It is hardly to be wondered that William Lanfranc dealt harshly with Glastonbury, which was above all diocesan and much civil control. The conqueror impoverished the abbey, took the abbot in his train as half prisoner and half courtier.

In 1077 the inevitable Norman abbot Furstin came and the first attempt was made to subdue the abbey to the see but it was resisted. Furstin resolved to bring in the Roman rite and to discard the Gregorian music and office. The monks rebelled, armed men were brought in and many monks were slain. William ordered Turstin back to Normandy and made grants of land to Our Lady of Glastonbury.

William Rufus, for a bribe, restored Turstin but he had grown wise. He erected a new stone church to the east of S. Dunstan, but this was carefully levelled by his successor Herlwin as not worthy of the abbey. Herlwin also a monk of Caen, succeeded Turstin. His marching orders were, "Let us do what we can, if we cannot do what we would." He began a grander church, enlarged the monastery and increased the revenues, and threatened to clip the porter's ears if he refused admission to the poor.

We will pass on to the reign of Henry II, who used much of the revenue of the abbey in his wars with France. He appointed Peter de Marcy to take charge of the abbey. Peter was rapacious and impious—more a man of the world than a monk.

On May 25th, 1184, the feast of Pope Urban, whose body lay here, a fire broke out and the Norman church, monastery and the ancient House of God were destroyed. A cry of horror arose and the old king hastened to the rescue. He sent his chamberlain, Ralph Fitzstephen, a man of honour, to rebuild the house. Ralph first fed the monks, and then in the very spot where the ancient church had first stood, with loveliest work and moulded stone, he completed the church of S. Mary and spared nothing in adorning it. He repaired all the houses and finally laid the foundation of the beautiful church and enlarged it to a length of of 400 feet with a breadth of 80 feet. He pressed forward the work and spared no expense. What could not be got from Glastonbury the royal bounty supplied. The stones laid in the foundation of the church were both those of the great palace of Henry, and others of the old wall which surrounded the abbey. "Then he erected a great part of the church and would have finished the same in rare style if the Lord had not taken away the life of the king."

Before we pass on to the evil days of Savaric it is interesting to notice what the monks were like. The abbot had now obtained the mitre, wore the ring,
gloves, sandals, dalmatic and tunic on great occasions. The monk wore a dark
cowl and sleeveless outer garments. Each had two of these. Two cassocks, two
woven vests, two pair of linen breeches, four pairs of long hose, and every year
a new pelisse of black wool. He had a new pair of thick shoes, once a year and
for winter night shoes, two coverlets to his bed and ten pairs of short hose.

He fed on measured portions of bread, meat, fish, biscuits, beer, and wine,
according to the dignity of the feast, in three meals and two snacks, or two meals
and three snacks. There were 58 professed brethren, of whom the majority
were priests.

Savaric, who succeeded to the see of Bath is the type of a churchman not
uncommon at the time. Of high lineage, a dashing sportsman, a man of courts
and travel. He persuaded the king that he could best serve the diocese if he
were both abbot and bishop. We find Bishop Savaric coming to his abbey in
mighty state with a train of soldiers. He burst in the door and enthroned him-
self with the help of eight traitors among the monks and became bishop of Glas-
tonbury and Wells.

With Savaric’s death in 1205 the building of the great church of S. S. Peter
and Paul was at a standstill, hospitality was diminished and worship neglected.

The king, bishop, nobles, and Innocent also, made up their minds that the
see and abbey must be separated, but the troubles of John’s reign and the energy
of the bishop-abbot, Jocelin, put off the final partition till 1216.

In 1219 Jocelin released the abbey from episcopal sway. In 1285 Michael
of Amesbury was consecrated abbot by Jocelin. Under him the building went on
pace and the great church now roofed in rang out the music of the Mass.

After this building was at a standstill till the time of John of Taunton 1274,
who did much building besides work on the abbey. His successors did much to
enrich the interior of the abbey, but it is not till Geoffry Fromont 1303 that much
building was done. After Fromont, Walter Mornington, 1341, was the next
builder of note. He erected the choir.

And so we pass on to 1493, when the greatest abbot since Dunstan was
elected. This was Richard Bere. He was a Glastonbury and Oxford man. To
him we owe the body of the Edgar-chapel to the east of the great church. Abbot
Richard vaulted in stone the eastern part of the church and strengthened the
central pier with a beautiful S. Andrew’s cross. After him we get Richard
Whyting, the “last abbot of Glastonbury.”

Now we come to that period which one is almost tempted to pass over. The
world has given it the almost beautiful title of Reformation.

Monasteries may have been useless in some places, but the Somerset peasant
for hundreds of years felt the loss of the great house, which had kept the Faith
from almost the first dawn.

Whilst poor Richard Whyting was taking his death patiently upon Tör hill
the destruction began. Monks and servants were dismissed and the holy relics
sent in bags to the king. The lead was stripped off the roof and used for Jersey castle. "Every person had everything good and cheap except the poor monks."

Cattle, furniture, locks, doors, glass windows and iron were sold at nominal prices. The carved wood was hacked to pieces, stones were sold for all purposes.

One of the saddest things of all is the little stir which it made. Men believed there would be no more taxes if the monastries were destroyed, but they soon found out their mistake.

The results of the dissolution were unhappy, the library of costly books was destroyed, relics and jewels vanished never to be recovered. Instead of a week's alms of £30, a good schooling and much help for scholars we get the wail, "Now charitie is waxed cold, none helpeth the scholar, nor yet the poor."

Pole thought of establishing the Jesuits there, but the death of Mary prevented Rome from getting her finger in the pie. Everything was allowed to go ruin—the land was not kept up, the sea-wall was allowed to fall to pieces, so that in 1606 the sea rushed up to S. Benignus church. A Puritan finding the Holy Thorn on Wirrial Hill a stumbling block cut down one limb, but to the delight of the bystanders maimed himself in the act. Later one of the Roundheads completed its destruction, but not before slips were planted in various parts, one of which exists now, being planted in the abbey grounds.

In 1724 the abbey was in the hands of a Presbyterian "and every week a pillar, a buttress, a window jamb or angle is sold to the best bidder. Whilst the writer was there they were excoriating S. Joseph's chapel for that purpose and squared stones were laid up for that purpose in the abbot's kitchen, the rest goes to paving yards and stalls for cattle or the highway."

Hearne, under keeper of the Bodleian and a nonjuror, publisher of all the Glastonbury chronicles, made great protest against the wholesale destruction, and the old Presbyterian began to realize that he could put more in his pocket by keeping the ruins as a view-place than by selling the stones.

Among the sightseers came one Fanny Burney. She was bewitched by the great beauty of the place. "If," she said, "this monastery was built by that famous old cruel hypocrite, Dunstan, I shall grieve so much taste was bestowed on such a wretch."

Thus they learned history in Fanny's time. In 1908 Bishop Kennion, of Bath and Wells, by one of the humours of history, acquired the abbey site for the church, and though a score of abbots would shudder that their traditional opponent should have bought the sacred acres, we may hope that S. Mary's Church will be roofed in and the eternal sacrifice be once more planted on this holy spot.

"Before we leave let us climb the Tor and take one last look at the home of the Saints.

This is the old citadel—we can still see the old ramparts of the treasure city.
Here they watched the Phoenician "liners," the men of Dido's race, until 146 B.C. Carthage fell, and the great ships of the Tarshish sailed no more up the Bristol Channel. This is the hill which Joseph of Arimathea likened to Tabor—the Mount of Transfiguration. Here, in the second century, Phaganus and Diruvius built an oratory in honour of S. Michael, the archangel of the church.

Here S. Patrick found the place entangled with briars. Here was still a chapel and monastery in Henry I time. Here the butchery of Abbot Whyting took place on Nov. 5th, 1539. This was a British and Roman camp, and there on Brent Knoll, which rises up against the sea-line of the channel, Ida, one of Arthur's friends, slew three giants. It guards the estuarie of the river one can just see. On the right is Edmund's Hill. Turn south-east and you look to Edgarly where fiery Edgar had a house. There was S. Dunstan's chapel and there Alfred fought the Danes. Look north and you see the Mendips, the home of the lead mines. There beyond Edgarly is the road to West Pennard, along which Sir Launcelot followed dead Guinevere.

What march and counter march has been watched from this spot. Approaches of pirates, Irish devotees, Danes, Lancastrians, rebels, Roundheads.

This hill shows us 'the holiest earth of England,' as an old writer calls it. The aged people still tell of fairies. The very cattle within sight of the Tor and it can be seen from unimaginable distances, try to approach it on Christmas eve. 'They must be well penned in to keep them back,' is the verdict.

Look nearer, there at our feet lies the noble ruin—a memorial England should always keep her eye on when she is tempted to lose her hold on the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints—the abbey of Glastonbury."

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A Christmas Tale.

Author's Note.—I have strong literary tastes, some of my friends say talents. The great Anglo-Saxon public will be in a position to judge the truth of their protestation when they have read the following tale. It has always been a consuming ambition with me to write a three volume novel. The modern novel being to my mind all too short to enable one to bring out the full delineation of character and appreciation of setting which is to be, to use a slang idiom, my strong suit. Nor is my novel to be of any particular type, the critics are not to be in a position to say—we have before us a detective story, or an historical romance, or a modern society tale,—no, they are to be at a complete loss as to how to label my literary effort. They will merely be able to say: Here is a good work, we leave it to the intelligence of the public to discover what it is all about. I intend that my novel shall embrace all types, culling from each one all that is best; to put it briefly, it must be a story with a strong love interest, breathing passion and pathos; there must be mystery about it, an undiscovered crime, or a hinted impropriety, to be cleared up in the very last chapter in a perfectly unexpected
manner. Beauty must abound in it—beauty of language, beauty of thought, and as prose is but a very poor medicine for expressing the loveliness of true aestheticism poetry must be scattered liberally throughout the story.

I feel confident that such a work will be enormously appreciated. It will be a whole library of fiction enclosed between the covers of three easily portable volumes, a multum in parvo. Obviously such a work, small as it is, when we consider the amount of literary ground it covers, cannot be produced in the Mitre. Even if the editor was willing to print such a bulky manuscript, I could not oblige him, as the novel in question is still in a state of mental incubation; but upon his earnest solicitation for a contribution, I consented to write something, and I felt I could not do better than to give a brief foretaste of what my brain may some day spring upon the world. For this purpose I wrote a short tale embodying the main features of my three volume novel yet to be. Condensed as it must needs be through an oppressive and arbitrary limitation as to pages of foolscap, the tale will manifestly lack that rounding off, that finish, that orderly sequence of events, that skilful construction of plot and unravelling of mystery which will be one of the chief charms of my chef d'œuvre. Gaps in the narrative, connecting details omitted, hints of mystery unsolved, may be filled in by the imagination of the reader. If any one in attempting to do so fails to satisfactorily supply the deficiency, a letter, enclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to the Editor of the Mitre, will call forth the author's own ideas on the subject.

With these few words I introduce this little tale. I have entitled it "A Christmas Tale," not because it has anything to do with Christmas, but because the Editor delighted to hear that my contribution was to take the form of fiction begged that I make it Christmasy. Willing to oblige I have therefore altered the title, which recently bore the modern title, "A Fantasy."

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Frought were the words with meaningless contempt;
Wrapt was the maid in thoughtless contemplation,
Riding through the trees, singing as he went,
Came an armed knight of fatal fascination.
And ever and anon flowed the silent river.

Kneeling upon the ground, clasping a quarto volume of the breviary close to her beating heart, crouched a nun, none more beautiful. I will tell you of her charms. She had curly hair like threads of gold, now, alas, in obedience to her order, cut close by the ecclesiastical shears, long tapering fingers, waxen in their emaciated whiteness, and besides these she had many other pleasing features too numerous to mention. Now and then she coughed, a dry, hacking cough it was, telling all too plainly that her captive soul could not long remain in its earthly prison. Alas how fair a flower to be claimed by death's sickle.
Here they watched the Phoenician "liners," the men of Dido's race, until
146 B.C. Carthage fell, and the great ships of the Tarshish sailed no more up the
Bristol Channel. This is the hill which Joseph of Arimathea likened to Tabor—
the Mount of Transfiguration. Here, in the second century, Phaganus and Dir-
uvianus built an oratory in honour of S. Michael, the archangel of the church.

Here S. Patrick found the place entangled with briars. Here was still a cha-
pel and monastery in Henry I time. Here the butchery of Abbot Whyting took
place on Nov. 5th, 1539. This was a British and Roman camp, and there on
Brent Knoll, which rises up against the sea-line of the channel, Ida, one of Ar-
thur's friends, slew three giants. It guards the estuary of the river one can just
see. On the right is Edmund's Hill: Turn south-east and you look to Edgarly
where fiery Edgar had a house. There was S. Dunstan's chapel and there Alfred
fought the Danes. Look north and you see the Mendips, the home of the lead
mines. There beyond Edgarly is the road to West Pennard, along which Sir
Launcelot followed dead Guinevere.

What march and counter march has been watched from this spot. Ap-
proaches of pirates, Irish devotees, Danes, Lancastrians, rebels, Roundheads.

This hill shows us 'the holiest earth of England,' as an old writer calls it.
The aged people still tell of fairies. The very cattle within sight of the Tor
and it can be seen from unimaginable distances, try to approach it on Christmas
eve. 'They must be well penned in to keep them back,' is the verdict.

Look nearer, there at our feet lies the noble ruin—a memorial England should
always keep her eye on when she is tempted to lose her hold on the Faith once
for all delivered to the Saints—the abbey of Glastonbury."

A Christmas Tale.

Author's Note.—I have strong literary tastes, some of my friends say talents.
The great Anglo-Saxon public will be in a position to judge the truth of their
protestation when they have read the following tale. It has always been a con-
suming ambition with me to write a three volume novel. The modern novel
being to my mind all too short to enable one to bring out the full delineation of
character and appreciation of setting which is to be, to use a slang idiom, my
strong suit. Nor is my novel to be of any particular type, the critics are not to
be in a position to say—we have before us a detective story, or an historical ro-
mane, or a modern society tale,—no, they are to be at a complete loss as to how
to label my literary effort. They will merely be able to say: Here is a good
work, we leave it to the intelligence of the public to discover what it is all about.
I intend that my novel shall embrace all types, culling from each one all that is best;
to put it briefly, it must be a story with a strong love interest, breathing passion
and pathos; there must be mystery about it, an undiscovered crime, or a hinted
impropriety, to be cleared up in the very last chapter in a perfectly unexpected
manner. Beauty must abound in it—beauty of language, beauty of thought, and as prose is but a very poor medicine for expressing the loveliness of true aestheticism poetry must be scattered liberally throughout the story.

I feel confident that such a work will be enormously appreciated. It will be a whole library of fiction enclosed between the covers of three easily portable volumes, a multum in parvo. Obviously such a work, small as it is, when we consider the amount of literary ground it covers, cannot be produced in the Mitre. Even if the editor was willing to print such a bulky manuscript, I could not oblige him, as the novel in question is still in a state of mental incubation; but upon his earnest solicitation for a contribution, I consented to write something, and I felt I could not do better than to give a brief foretaste of what my brain may some day spring upon the world. For this purpose I wrote a short tale embodying the main features of my three volume novel yet to be. Condensed as it must needs be through an oppressive and arbitrary limitation as to pages of foolscap, the tale will manifestly lack that rounding off, that finish, that orderly sequence of events, that skilful construction of plot and unravelling of mystery which will be one of the chief charms of my chef d'œuvre. Gaps in the narrative, connecting details omitted, hints of mystery unsolved, may be filled in by the imagination of the reader. If any one in attempting to do so fails to satisfactorily supply the deficiency, a letter, enclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to the Editor of the Mitre, will call forth the author's own ideas on the subject.

With these few words I introduce this little tale. I have entitled it "A Christmas Tale," not because it has anything to do with Christmas, but because the Editor delighted to hear that my contribution was to take the form of fiction begged that I make it Christmasy. Willing to oblige I have therefore altered the title, which recently bore the modern title, "A Fantasy."

**A Christmas Tale.**

Fraught were the words with meaningless contempt;
Wraipt was the maid in thoughtless contemplation.
Riding through the trees, singing as lie went,
Came an armed knight of fatal fascination.
And ever and anon flowed the silent river.

Kneeling upon the ground, clasping a quarto volume of the breviary close to her beating heart, crouched a nun, none more beautiful. I will tell you of her charms. She had curly hair like threads of gold, now, alas, in obedience to her order, cut close by the ecclesiastical shears, long tapering fingers, waxen in their emaciated whiteness, and besides these she had many other pleasing features too numerous to mention. Now and then she coughed, a dry, hacking cough it was, telling all too plainly that her captive soul could not long remain in its earthly prison. Alas how fair a flower to be claimed by death's sickle.
A black-bearded, beetled-browed man stood over her. A revolver dangled from his hip by a piece of string, and he wore a heavy fur-lined overcoat. In one hand he held a pocket-book and in the other a stubby pencil. It was the man who spoke, "Am I to understand, oh, Sister Selucia, that you absolutely refuse to be interviewed, that you scorn the advances of the chief reporter on the staff of the 'Hautboy Screamer'? Remember, I have it in my power to sully your fair name."

He laughed cynically and moistening a pencil quickly drew a 'P' upside down in his note book. But the woman kneeling upon the ground answered him never a word, only a half stifled groan passed her white lips, and her eyes rolled around the landscape as if in mute appeal for rescue.

Here they sang:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Buttered buns, buttered buns,} \\
\text{Heaving on the ocean's waste,} \\
\text{Won't you quit your Sally-luns,} \\
\text{Hasten here and have a taste,} \\
\text{We've found two upon the shore} \\
\text{Cast up from the ocean's maw.} \\
\text{Little birds are eating skilly} \\
\text{Filched by them from poor old Billy,} \\
\text{Who is serving time in gaol} \\
\text{For tying can to small dog's tail.} \\
\text{Hear them twitter in the east} \\
\text{Won't you come and join the feast?} \\
\text{And ever and anon flowed the silent river.}
\end{align*}
\]

Meanwhile the knight rolled on caroling blythely, his faithful hooded falcon trotting at the heels of his gallant steed.

Right comely did he look as he pressed forward. His raised visor revealed the pleasant features of a youth with ruddy cheeks like unto two fair apples. Most cheerfully did he trot along through the green leafy glades caroling musically as he went. This is the song he sang:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,} \\
\text{Right merrily I live, memory like a sieve,} \\
\text{Yet merrily I live, tra-la-la,} \\
\text{And ever and anon flowed the silent river.}
\end{align*}
\]

And what happened next, you ask, oh breathless reader? Well, to tell you the ungarnished truth I am not quite sure, but anyhow they all ended by falling into the silent river and getting drowned. The nun fell in because she could not keep her eyes from rolling over the landscape in search of a rescuer. Poor much misunderstood woman, she caught her death of cold and wet.
The reporter fell in because he tripped over his revolver, which, as you will remember, was fastened to his hip by a piece of string.

The knight fell in because his memory being like a sieve he forgot the river was there, and his poor faithful hooded falcon fell in too because it couldn’t see.

I have drawn a picture of them all in the river just before they went down for the third time. They look very wet and unhappy, all except the knight, who has already forgotten that he has fallen in, and his armour being water-tight he of course does not feel the damp.

The editor says he wishes he could produce the drawing but is afraid it would be too expensive.

As they drown they sing:

Farewell, farewell to this beauteous world,
We are going the deuce knows where,
But we hope to a place where there’s nothing to do,
And there’s plenty of skittles and beer.
Remember us kindly to all our good friends,
Tell them hasten, the water is fine!
In spite of the tadpoles and suckers and things,
And the bottom all covered with slime.

At this juncture the water closed over the nun’s head for the last time and the reporter with his pocket-book and little stubby pencil followed suit. The handsome young knight had just time to get out two more “Tra-la-la’s” before he too disappeared beneath the flood.

And ever and anon flowed the silent river. Look out for my three volume novel and don’t fail to purchase it.

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**Rondel**

The links whereon we erst did play
Have taken on their robe of white.
No longer can we try to smite
The wily golf ball day by day.
No golf, alack! until next May.
Our souls all feel inaction’s blight.
The links whereon we erst did play
Have taken on their robe of white.
We cannot drive our gloom away
With thoughts of next year’s prospects bright.
Twill be a long-deferred delight.
“Five golfless months! alas!” we say.
The links whereon we erst did play
Have taken on their robe of white.
THE MITRE.

Golfing Triolets.

I.
If you try approach shots
With the aid of a putter,
You'll get tied in knots
If you try approach shots.
I warrant that lots
Of expletives you'll utter,
If you try approach shots
With the aid of a putter.

II.
To do long holes in three
Is my crowning ambition.
How glad I should be
To do long holes in three!
Grant, golf gods, to me
This simple petition.
To do long holes in three
Is my crowning ambition.

VIATOR.

We notice the following posted up on the Massawippi Bridge:

NOTICE.

No Rubbish whatever is to be Dumped on College Property.

By Order of the Bursar.

We congratulate the Bursar on prohibiting such an objectionable practice, but we would ask him to bear in mind a time-honoured custom and relax the ban where Freshmen are concerned.
The Editor and his staff wish all readers of the Mitre a happy Christmas and most prosperous New Year.

In doing so we suffer from no slight qualms, lest these words may fail to reach your eyes till too late for the greetings to be seasonable. College news dished up in cold and semi-petrified condition is bad enough, but wishes for a merry Christmas voiced a month or so after the turkey and plum pudding have ceased to call up even the faintest sigh or recollection would be a state of affairs calculated to bring down the prematurely gray hairs of the editor to an equally premature grave.

Our remarks are occasioned by the long delayed publication of the October number, for which we most humbly apologise to our readers. Nothing in this life is certain, least of all the appearance of the Mitre, and we are seriously considering the advisability of taking a leaf out of the Queens of East Aurora's book and printing on our cover: "Published every little while." It would at least release us from the painful position of target to the sarcastic witicisms of our fellow students and enable us to pass a calendar without a guilty blush and averted eye.

However, "Speramus optima", is an excellent motto, and if by any foul mischance this issue should not appear before Christmas let good will towards the editor temper your judgment, and remember our intentions are of the best.

We are very glad to learn that the council's application to the Provincial Government for a financial grant has been favorably received. A deputation, including the Chancellor, the Lord Bishop of Quebec and the Principal, waited
on Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier, Nov. 23rd, and their application was given a sympathetic hearing. The Premier assured the members of the deputation that the Government appreciated the work done by the University, and whatever assistance was granted to the two other Universities of the Province, McGill and Laval, they might rest assured that a fair amount would be given to Bishop's College.

It is unknown at present what grants are going to be made, but we may count on the sum to be apportioned to Bishop's being of very material help indeed. We understand the grant is to be an annual one.

The entrance hall of the College is, we hear, to be adorned with a gift from Lord Strathcona, in the shape of a "Nelson Shield." It is to consist of a copper shield mounted upon polished oak. The copper is embossed with the following design. On the upper corners are the oak and maple leaves. In the upper centre is the historic ship "Victory" under full sail. In the lower centre is the bust of Nelson, on one side of which is his immortal flag signal, and on the other the date of the momentous day in the Empire's history. At the bottom is a scroll bearing the words, "Made of copper from H.M. ships "Victory" and "Fondroyant." Presented by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., through the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, for Canadian Schools, 1907 E.R. VII." Upon the base of the wooden mount is a metal scroll bearing the name of the University.

It is Lord Strathcona's purpose to present one of these shields to every educational institution in Canada. Bishop's will be deeply grateful to his Lordship for his generosity in making such a unique gift—a gift which will serve to vividly remind us and generations to come of our nation's supreme naval victory and of her great son, whose genius and life was sacrificed for her welfare.

To encourage literary ability amongst the students the Mitre offers a prize of three dollars for the best essay on "Leap Year," treated seriously or in a light vein as the competitor chooses.

The competition is open to all students now in course. The essay must not exceed fifteen hundred words and must be handed in to the editor on or before February 15th, 1912. No manuscript will be considered after this date. The editor reserves the right of withholding the prize if, in his estimation, none of the essays come up to a certain standard of literary ability.

We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. J. C. Stewart on his appointment to the College bursarship, and trust that he may occupy that honourable office for many years to come.
The Rev. W. E. Patterson, B.A., '97, is in Europe, and hopes to be back in January.

R. A. Maldei, B.A., '10, is to be ordained to the diaconate on St. Thomas' Day by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

The Rev. C. F. Lancaster, M.A., (B.A. '05) while at Ste. Anne de Bellevue as rector, is taking a course at Macdonald College.

The Rev. F. G. LeGallais, M.A., (B.A. '98) is now rector of Johnville, Que.

The Rev. W. H. Moorhead, B.A., '09, is now in Halifax as Immigration Chaplain. His address is St. George's Rectory, Halifax, N.S.

The Rev. H. S. Laws, B.A., '07, was at the College Football dance held on November 30th.

The Rev. H. N. Snow, B.A., '09, was at the College on December 5th on his way home to Coaticook from La Tuque.

At the anniversary of the St. Francis District Association of the Church Society of Quebec held at Sherbrooke on the 5th and 6th December, the sermon at the special service was preached by the Rev. J. Almond, M.A., (B.A. '94) rector of Trinity Church, Montreal. He has promised to address the College Missionary Union some time after the Christmas vacation.

In an amateur production of "Patience" at His Majesty's, Sherbrooke, A. V. Grant, B.A., took the part of "Major Murgatroyd."

The officers of the Alumni Association have under consideration the calling together as many graduates of the University as possible in Montreal during the month of February to outline a forward movement in behalf of the University.

It is hoped that all graduates will make it a point to be present. A circular will shortly be issued which will furnish them with fuller information.

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**Divinity Notes**

Of late "The Shed" has assumed an unusual calmness in view of the coming exams. The recent hockey matches and "religious" processions held up on the top flat have been suspended until next term?? The students are enjoying every minute with their great friend "St. Clement."

Rev. R. A. Forde and his wife left early in November for his new home at Chilliwack, B.C.

Mr. Sisco is now taking mission work at Danville and Asbestos.

While the Rev. Raymond Andrews was sitting for his deacon's exams, the house in which he was in caught fire and Mr. Andrews had the misfortune to lose his bag, books and his watch. The students are sending him a gold watch, also a purse.

Rev. C. G. Hepburn is teaching in the Quebec High School, besides helping Canon Scott at St. Matthew's Church.

Mr. A. H. Plummer had charge of the mission of Metapedia, Que., during the summer months.

Mr. Haig this summer was in Gowganda, Northern Ontario, doing mission work among the miners.

Reports from the Rev. H. F. Edge at New Westminster Junction, B.C., state that there are lots of chances for good work in the West. Mr. Edge has uphill work but is doing much good.
We quote the following from an account of Mr. W. G. Jones' ordination from a local paper:

St. Matthias Church, Winchester, was honored last Sunday by an unusual event taking place there, the occasion being the ordination of Mr. Willcott Grant Jones, of Hillier, who has been in charge of the parish of South Mountain and Dixon's Corners for the last three or four months, after taking a Theological Course at Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

The ordination service began at 10:30, matins having been said at 9:30, the Ven. Archdeacon Bogert, of Ottawa, preaching the sermon, which was based upon the analogy of the work of the physician of the body and the physician of the soul, as exemplified by St. Luke. Before the sermon the hymn, "Christ is gone up," was sung, and after the Litany "We pray Thee Heavenly Father." At the Communion service the Archbishop was the celebrant. The Epistle was read by Rev. R. H. Archer and the Gospel by the newly ordained Deacon. Plummer's Communion service, including the Benedictus and Agnus Dei was used, as it is in this parish on every ordinary Sunday in the year. During the ablutions, "Peace, perfect peace" was sung, followed by the Nunc Dimittis, closing a service of special solemnity and beauty, heartily joined in by the large congregation which included many visitors from the parish of Mountain and the neighboring church of Chesterville. In the afternoon the Archbishop kindly received the visitors at the rectory, having a cheerful word of cordial interest for one and all.

Many of our readers will be glad to read this letter from that Old Lodge genius, "Parson Bill." His breezy words waft us back to the days when our reverend classmate whirled through these corridors (walking was always too staid a mode of locomotion for "Bill") and added to the gaiety with song, dance, rough house and good fellowship:

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I am writing this small article for the College Mitre and respectfully submit it to you for approval. I feel I should apologize for the personal element herein contained, but without which the article I fear would be of like interest.

As your readers know, I am stationed in the City of Port Arthur as curate. Having a great dislike to the common mode of existence (for you cannot call it "living") in one room, for which you pay from $10 to $15, I have therefore sought quarters of my own. I have rented a very neat comfortable little, what some people rudely call a hut, shack, shanty, etc., but what I call "My Rectory." I have four rooms, two doors (both open), four windows, chimney (with a hole in it), telephone, electric lights, car passing my door, post office box attached to telegraph pole outside my front door. What could be more complete? I am monarch of all I survey. I have no one to quarrel with, no one to call me too
early, life is one long dream of dear old Bishop's. But occasionally this blissful state is interrupted. The following article, which appeared in the Port Arthur Daily News, will give your readers a detailed account of my intruders.

Rev. F. G. Sherring, the popular young curate of St. John's Church, who also has charge of the Anglican work in the Carrick addition and the north end of the city, has recently moved into comfortable bachelor quarters at No. 2 Rockwood avenue. Saturday evening he was surprised by about fifty friends from the north end and the Carrick addition, who initiated him into the mysteries of a "kitchen shower." Included in the surprise packages were tinware, potted plants, roast chicken, home-made bread, butter, tea, coffee, sugar and all kinds of vegetables. The reverend gentleman rose nobly to the occasion, and treated all his guests to a bounteous spread to provide for which the visitors had thoughtfully brought all the delicacies in season.

As you will see by the above newspaper report, it was intended to be a "Surprise Kitchen Shower." Fortunately I had my storm doors on, so I was able to survive the shower. Being a "surprise" shower, I could not do better than to allow my visitors to accomplish their end, accordingly our old friend Theophilus (of the Madame Sherry play) came vividly before my mind and I said, "I'm surprised." My visitors being now quite satisfied they left me to my pipe dreams.

Might I venture to make a suggestion to your readers? Thank you. What an excellent idea this kitchen shower would be in Lennoxville. I am sure the students at Bishop's would be quite "prepared" to be "surprised" for the sake of half the "joints" that I had last Saturday.

If I only had a few showers like this when I was in Room 45, Old Lodge, what a time we could have had.

PARSON BILL.
Rev. Fred'k K. Sherring.

An innate sense of true modesty was always one of the writer's few failings.—Ed.

On November 2nd the Freshmen invited the seniors to an informal dinner in the Old Lodge. It has not yet been decided whether this was a grand stroke of policy or a tribute to merit. Never mind, kids, you're all right and we like you, but where did the hens come from?
F. Earle Atkinson made his semi-annual visit on Nov. 10th and was gladly received. He expressed himself satisfied with our behaviour and gave a salome dance just to show there was no ill feeling. He's the same old “Baldy” all right.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

On October 25th an important case was brought before the Civil Court of Injustice and was handled in a successful manner by the Debating Society. A certain Flagpole was arraigned for having by fair means or foul brought pressure, due or undue, to bear upon a certain Wiseman and prevented him from being present to accept the position of Pen-wiper to the State of Length. During Wiseman’s absence from an important committee meeting Flagpole stepped in and gained the position, which almost certainly would have fallen to the lot of Wiseman. Flagpole was arrested and held for trial.

According to custom the court was opened, the jurors called and the prosecution and defence began their debate. Many witnesses were called and the case began to assume an interesting aspect. It was brought out that Flagpole had acquainted Mrs. Wiseman of the fact that her husband was being seen altogether too much with a certain Miss Highflyer, so when Wiseman sallied forth to the committee meeting, keeping the whole affair secret as was arranged, Mrs. Wiseman was ready for him, with the deplorable fact that Mr. Wiseman was unable to attend, and in fact was put in a dangerous physical condition. Mrs. Wiseman, and Mr. Wiseman still in a critical state of health as well as secretary of the Committee of the State of Length, stood for the prosecution, while the physician who attended Mr. Wiseman during his indisposition, declared that he had been “done for” in a manner which certainly prevented him from attending any meeting. For the defence a Methodist minister and a confirmed theatre-goer attested respectively to the integrity of the prisoner and to the attentiveness of Mr. Wiseman to Miss Highflyer. When the evidence had been summed up, the jury were closeted and returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge meted to the prisoner a punishment worthy of the crime. However nobody is quite clear at this date as to what the punishment was, the prisoner included, but all agree that the mock trial was most interesting, and much credit is due to all those who participated.

On November 30th the students of the University gave the annual Football Dance. It was one of the most brilliant and successful of its kind for years. The halls were decorated with evergreens and bunting, which gave a rather gay aspect to the otherwise rather uninviting corridors and rooms. Many carefully concealed cozy corners, which, it may be said, were very soon discovered and largely patronized, were arranged, so ample provision was made for those who did not dance or dropped out. Bourgeault's orchestra furnished splendid music to a programme of twenty-four dances, which were executed upon well polished floors.
and in fact the programme was carried through without a hitch. Mrs. Parrock, Miss Gill, Mrs. Vial and Mrs. Burt were the patronesses, and received the guests most kindly and devoted themselves to their welfare all through the evening. A light supper was served about midnight and the more strenuous and unintering continued to dance until well on in the small hours. Much credit is due the committee, consisting of Prof. Boothroyd, Messrs. H. J. Patterson, E. H. Ireland D. I Cameron, J. V. Young and W. A. Beaudry, for their hard work in decorating and preparing, and for their successful management of affairs throughout the evening, not to mention their two hundred and fifty guests, who went away with very happy recollections of the Football dance.

Our friends will be glad to know that the Old Lodge café is still flourishing and does a rushing business between 8-30 and 9 a.m. Cheers for Wilfie!

On Nov. 15th the enthusiastic members of the Dramatic Club, with the kind assistance of a few outside friends, gave a concert in the new library.

The programme opened with a couple of choruses rendered by a number of students, viz., “Solomon Levi,” in which Solomon himself appeared in all his Hebraic glory, and “Old Black Joe.”

M. B. Johnson, B.A., gave a sympathetic interpretation of the pianoforte solo, Loreby op. 2 (Hans Selling) and Liszt’s Hungarian Rhapsodic No. 2, complying to an encore with a Berceuse of his own composition. Miss Dorothea Gwyn, always a welcome performer, sang “Jean” (Burleigh), “The Land of Sweet Content,” (Lawrence), and “I hear you calling me,” in all of which her rich and sympathetic voice sounded to great advantage.

Mr. J. C. Stewart, who possesses a fine tenor voice, which has been excellently trained, sang “Serenade” (Neidlinger) and “Tom Bowling” (Didin).

A. V. Grant, B.A., contributed to the programme a new song by Hermann Lohr, “Rose of my heart,” and Mr. V. Molina a couple of whistling solos, the beauty of which called forth enthusiastic encores.

The first portion of the programme was divided from the second by a short sketch entitled “The Automatic Servant Girl,” an amusing farce setting forth the experiences of a newly married couple with a novel invention—an automatic domestic. The eccentric behaviour of this mechanical paragon, which invariably did the wrong thing, caused much amusement. The denouement disclosed the fact that the servant was only “Cousin Bob” in disguise who had, for a wager, undertaken the deception. Miss Winifred Mundell '12 and W. W. Alward '12 as the married couple, put plenty of life into their part, whilst C. H. Hobart gave a most spirited and illusory representation of the automat.

The evening’s entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of two more choruses—“The Freshman’s Fate” and “Oh, Canada.”
The audience, though hardly as large as was hoped owing to several counter attractions, was a most enthusiastic one; with the result that the whole affair was a grand success.

The proceeds are to be devoted to purchasing pictures for the Divinity house which stands sorely in need of such decoration.

Societies.

The Churchwarden Club.

The weekly meetings of the club this year have been well attended and the three objects of the club, viz., to color churchwardens, to drink coffee and to mutually amuse and instruct its members, were faithfully fulfilled.

On Nov. 15th the honorary president, Dr. Parrock, read a most interesting paper on “Catullus” giving a survey of his life and quoting extracts from his works.

For the past three meetings the club’s secretary, Mr. A. V. Grant, was absent, being busy rehearsing for an opera in Sherbrooke. His place was meanwhile ably filled by Mr. H. S. Chesshire.

Debating Society

On the 6th November, under the auspices of the College Debating Society, a smoker and impromptu debate was held in the council chamber, the President, F. O. Call, M.A., being in the chair.

The committee selected twelve speakers, who were allowed five minutes each upon the subjects which happened to fall to their lot.

Mr. Alward led the way with a dissertation on “Reciprocity.” Mr. Plummer gave an interesting talk on “Prohibition,” which was afterwards taken up with great spirit and further discussed by Prof. Boothroyd, Mr. Walker, Mr. Haig and others. Mr. Chesshire enlarged upon the “Evils of Dancing,” and his eloquence tended to show that if all the evils were eliminated none of the joys of that fascinating pastime would be left. Mr. Reeves gave a short talk on “Puns I have met,” but not having met very many, he related some good jokes he had met in the West this last summer. Then Mr. Wood’s turn came to “Tell a Fish Story,” but he declined, not being used to it. Mr. Walker, who was the only man occupying the full five minutes; spoke most voluminously on “Love, courtship and marriage.” He seemed to know all about the first two, and we hope to hear from him, in the near future, something definite about the third. Mr. Patterson, who is a man of considerable experience, discoursed very learnedly upon an entirely new subject, “College grub.” Mr. Haig, who also seemed to be suffering from too much experience regarding the matter in hand, seemed to have most decided views on “Co-education.” Finally, Mr. Cameron spoke on the “Evils of Smoking,” which, in his opinion, were most real, especially to the
young. He also spoke very sensibly and guardedly upon the subject of the "Utility of the Fire Escape."

After the speeches coffee and cakes were handed around, while members of the University and friends beguiled the time with songs and music; Mr. Molina delighting every one with whistling solos, accompanying himself on the piano.

The reply speeches were very good, including a "fish yarn" by Prof. Boothroyd, and some very amusing and interesting anecdotes related by the Principal, Dr. Parrock, about a certain eccentric ecclesiastic well known in the Province of Quebec.

Before the meeting closed it was proposed that the society should hold another public debate in the near future, so at a subsequent meeting of the committee it was decided to hold one on the 24th of January, the subject being, "It is resolved that Italy's invasion of Tripoli is justifiable."

### Missionary Union.

The first regular meeting of the B.C.M.U. was held in the council chamber on Nov. 21st, and proved to be a great success. After the opening ceremonies had been performed a letter was read from Bishop White, of China, thanking the Missionary Union for their contribution, and expressing the hope that not only money from Bishop's College, but men also would play their part in the great work in China.

The speaker of the evening was the Rev. W. J. B. Belford, M.A., Windsor Mills, and the subject which he chose was "Missionary work in general." After pointing out that every Christian, by reason of his very profession of Christianity, is of necessity a missionary, the speaker went on to enumerate some of the qualifications which every missionary, every Christian, should have. The first and most necessary thing of all, perhaps, it was said, was enthusiasm; real enthusiastic belief in Christianity which could not but influence others. Secondly came the warning that a real missionary must not be one-sided, but have a thorough all-round and proportionate knowledge of the subject he is to teach and spread. Then following this up it was found that courage was a most essential trait in the Christian missionary; a man must ever have the courage to do the right thing for God and his Church under all circumstances. As an incentive the missionary should remember it is his duty to drive out the evils which exist in society and teach with enthusiasm the whole truth of God.

At the conclusion of the address the outburst of enthusiastic clapping showed clearly how much the address had been appreciated. Indeed we may say that every man felt that it had been a privilege to listen to such a strong and eloquent address; an address which was not only scholarly but instructive, helpful and inspiring. We feel sure that it will long be remembered, as one which was most fitting to be the opening address of the year.
The first game of the E. T. Basket Ball League was played in the College Gymnasium on Saturday, Nov. 4th, when Y.M.C.A. defeated Bishop's by the score of 27-22.

In the first half Bishop's seemed unable to break up Y.M.C.A.'s passing, the latter playing a fast combination.

During the second half, however, the home team played a harder game and more than held their own with the visitors. The play was strenuous throughout and was inclined to be rough at times.

For the College Alward and Wood played good games on the defense, and Ireland was the pick of the forwards, his shooting being very good.

The following is a summary:

Y.M.C.A. U.B.C.
R Tate ... Defence ... Alward
II Tate (captain) ... Defence ... Wood
Edney (Holt) ... Centre ... Cameron
Miller ... Forward ... McKee
Wiggett ... Forward ... (Capt) Ireland

Score—Y.M.C.A., Edney 10, R. Tate 6, H. Tate 6, Wiggett 4, Holt 1
Bishop's, Ireland 17, McKee 5.

Y. M. C. A. 36 vs. U. B. C. 17.

On Saturday evening the return game with Y.M.C.A. was played at Sherbrooke, which resulted in the second win for the latter, the score being 36-17. The game started out fast and during the first half Bishop's had the better of the play, obtaining a lead after a few minutes' play, which was maintained throughout the half.

Soon after play was resumed Y.M.C.A. broke into the scoring with a vengeance, while Bishop's seem to go to pieces and were unable to locate the basket. Tate brother's combination worked to perfection and was responsible for most of the Y.M.C.A. scores. Messrs. Maguire and Harney handled the game satisfactorily.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Y.M.C.A.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R Tate</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H Tate (captain)</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holt</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wigget</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edney</td>
<td>Sub</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


One of the most exciting games that has ever taken place in the local gym was played on Saturday, Nov. 17th, between the School and College. Both teams were in good condition and the play was hard and fast from start to finish. The passing was good on both sides, the School, perhaps, having a shade of advantage in this respect. The score remained tied, 18-18, for about ten minutes in the last half and it was only about a minute before full time that Joe Cockfield, who played a star game for the School, shot the basket, which won the match.

The line up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B.C.S.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jacques</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker (Capt.)</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmer</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cockfield</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
<td>Sub</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

U.B.C., Cameron 10, Ireland 8.

Road Race

The annual Road Race for the Dunn Challenge Cup, which was to have taken place this year on Thursday, Nov. 2nd, was called off on account of the small number of entries.
A professor in a College in Upper Canada is in the habit of saying to his students when they are impatient to leave the lecture room when the bell rings, "Wait a minute, gentlemen, I have a few more pearls to cast before you."—The University Monthly.

The following poem makes a very nice beginning to the November number of the University of Ottawa Review:

**KINGS OF MEN.**
As hills seem Alps, when veiled in misty shrouds,
Some men seem kings through mists of ignorance:
Must we have darkness, then, and cloud on cloud,
To give our hills and pigmy hills a chance?
Must we conspire to curse the humbling light,
Lest someone, at whose feet our fathers bowed,
Should suddenly appear, full length, in sight,
Scaring to laughter the adoring crowd?
Oh, no, God send us light!—who loses then?
The king of slaves, and not the king of men.
True kings are kings for ever, crowned of God,
The King of Kings—we need not fear for them.
'Tis only the usurper's diadem
That shakes at touch of light, revealing fraud.

J. Reade, LL.D.

Lux Columbiana has a splendidly written and a most helpful article entitled "God's love for humanity," by Dr. Frank Crane, from which we make the following extract: "God's faith in me is more saturated with redemptive potency than my faith in Him. The thought that infinite goodness can and does love me is the flame that lights my love to Him; as it is written, 'The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord.' "

Notre Dame Scholastic keeps well to the front with good articles. The following is an extract from an article entitled, "Literary plagiarisms."

"Plagiarism is regarded by the world commonly as a literary crime that is heinous and inexcusable, and it is well that it should be so, for it works a double
injury. It dwarfs the intellect of the thief himself for want of healthy exercise, and by discouraging originality it injures the world, because it deprives the world of the benefit of thought, the seeds of which the Creator has implanted in every man's mind, but which need cultivation before they can produce fruit.

R. L. S.

Lofty and lonely crowning the hilltop,
Soundless the ocean lies spread out below,
The green trees are silent, bejewelled with hybiscus,
The birds are asleep, the cicala is still
Alone there I found him asleep where he would be
Entombed in the mountain he loved as his home,
Laid there by chieftains who still can remember
His love for their land which had given him life.
No sound? But afar off I still hear the murmur
Of waves as they break on the reef out at sea,
Endlessly breaking against the white coral,
Guarding the isle with a rampart of foam
In peace then we leave him, the writer is silent
The sailor is home and the hunter at rest.

W. F. P. E. in the Cambridge Review.

The Trinity University Review is a most efficient college paper. The articles are always of a high standard and reflect much credit upon the literary powers of the contributors.

We feel however that "Our Contemporaries" department deserves severe criticism. In the first instance the editor ought to pay greater attention to his spelling. But apart from that we are led to conclude in its perusal that the editor's conception of his duties is to emulate the literary flight of the Charivaria column in "Punch." If so, we regret that in his perfectly laudable zeal he sometimes oversteps the bounds of good taste.

We, however, consider that the Exchange Department of a University magazine is one of the most important features of this kind of publication, giving, as it does, splendid opportunity for sane and serious criticism, and for fostering a healthy and kindly spirit between sister universities. Such being the case its editor should most certainly be a responsible member of its staff.
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