THE MITRE.


Library Notes.

The following books have recently been received:
Readings in Political Science by Gettell, Selected Readings in Economics by Bullock, Philosophy of Religion by Lotze, Outlines of Aesthetics by Lotze, Outlines of Logic by Lotze, Outlines of Metaphysics by Lotze, Ritschlian Theology by Gaivie, Continental Reformation presented by Dr. Plummer, Prayer before the Passion, Passion of Christ, Glory after the Passion, the last three books being presented by the author, Dr. Stone, of Chicago. Rev. Canon Von Iffland, who recently left Quebec to reside in England, presented the Library with about 300 books.

John V. Young, Asst. Librarian.

THE MITRE.

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The Soul's Desire.

[The writer thinks it only fair to mention that these lines, written some time ago, by no means reflect his present sentiments.]

Could I but fly to a far-off shore;
There would I be at rest—
Never return to this world of war;
Indeed would I not be blest!

To a far-away land where the sun ever shines,
To a clime that is always calm,
Where the air softly breathes with the scent of the pines
To serve to the soul as a balm.

There naught could ruffle the calm of my mind,
No trouble would cause me grief,
In that wonderful land I would surely find
From worry a sweet relief;

And each of the senses would drink its fill
From Nature's unbounded store.—
If only I might fall asleep until
I woke on that far-off shore!

Would that some Spirit could speed me there,
Such dying would not be death—
Carry me clear of this clouded air,
I'd breathe, with Heaven's breath.

The sound of the breakers would soothe the brain
Like the touch of a woman's hand,
And bring back the spirit to life again
As I wander adown that strand.

My soul would commune with the wind-kissed waves,
I'd watch for the wild-bird's flight,
And follow the course of the wash that paves
The beach with its marble white.

As free as the birds that are wheeling wide!
With only a long-drawn sigh
To think that I'd crossed to the Other Side,
To the past had said fain Good-bye.

The Sun would still shine with its glorious light,
Enthroned in the softest blue,
And sparkle the gems on the beach, made bright
THE MITRE.

With colours of fairy hue;
The languorous flow of the restful tide,
In tune with my pulsing veins,
Would contrast with the toil felt before I died
Whose remembrance alone remains.

Only in dreams can we view that land!—
A moment, and it has passed
Our ken; ah, but still we can understand
The delight if the dream could last;
How filled would each instant be with joy
That thrills through each sense of the soul,
How pleasantly might we the hours employ
And could but attain that goal.

But we cannot! And so 'tis to do one's best
Till the time of the struggle is o'er.

And when we have triumphed we'll FIND the quest,
And wake on that far-off shore—
That far-away land where the sun ever shines,
Where the climate is clear and calm,
Where the air gently breathes, and the scent of the pines
Will serve to the soul as a balm.

Of the Art of the Middle Ages.

Through the insidious wiles of the never-to-be-too-much-heckled Secretary, and the commands of the most honourable and honorific the President, I have written this paper on Mediaeval Art—or more correctly, this sheet of paper with the heading of "The Art of the Middle Ages," for I have proceeded no further.

Whether it is a paper, whether indeed, it is to be anything further than a spoiled anything about it—mediaeval art, that is—nor have I had in the very short period to get, as the immortal S-------- once remarked, an entirely false, if brilliant dove. I can't yet see the slightest glimpse of any green oasis in the raging deep—that thrills through each sense of the soul, How pleasantly might we the hours employ And could but attain that goal.

But we cannot! And so 'tis to do one's best
Till the time of the struggle is o'er.

And when we have triumphed we'll FIND the quest,
And wake on that far-off shore—
That far-away land where the sun ever shines,
Where the climate is clear and calm,
Where the air gently breathes, and the scent of the pines
Will serve to the soul as a balm.

RETA.

THE MITRE.

but before we come to close quarters let's walk round it. It is rather a staggering proposition for a twenty-minute paper. Some authorities have said that this period extends from A.D. 396 to A.D. 1453. (If it was not for my notorious incapacity for remembering dates while I turn round, let alone over night, this might help to establish a reputation for a severely accurate memory) which, by a simple process in arithmetic, leads us to the result that there were more than ten of these ages, a thousand years of them. Well that is rather a mouthful. Come other authorities to the rescue by a distinction between the dark ages and the mediaeval period. Blessed distinction, denoting, we firmly maintain, a very great difference. We thus limit our period to—well—that is to the time of the early Plantagenets, say, to Henry VIII, taking English sovereigns as landmarks with laudable patriotism.

Now for the next step. We have limited the period, now we must limit the subject; we have said what are the middle ages for the purpose of this paper, of course allowing ourselves any excursions we please into any other century—as Italy was about two hundred years ahead of England, and England three hundred years ahead of Iceland, we have all the loopholes we need. Well, having answered the question, what are the middle ages, now let us ask, what is art? Art—art is life, or the activities of life. We must settle on some part of this vast whole—I have the privilege—it was graciously allowed me by the Secretary of drawing my own limitations, but this seems much like the choice given Noah's dove. I can't yet see the slightest glimpse of any green oasis in the raging deep—the vast expanse of blank ignorance. I'd much rather fly back to the ark, but the Secretary has shut the window—and there is no fire escape anyway.

So here for the plunge. There is architecture and literature, ceramic and poetic art, painting and music. Let us proceed, like Sherlock Holmes, by elimination. We wont tackle architecture, it is too big, and music is rather on one side. Also we will put literature out of court, though as in the case of the time, if I want to I'll bring any one of these subjects back again. But we will define art for the purpose of this paper as plastic—making something that can be seen but before we come to close quarters let's walk round it. It is rather a staggering proposition for a twenty-minute paper. Some authorities have said that this period extends from A.D. 396 to A.D. 1453. (If it was not for my notorious incapacity for remembering dates while I turn round, let alone over night, this might help to establish a reputation for a severely accurate memory) which, by a simple process in arithmetic, leads us to the result that there were more than ten of these ages, a thousand years of them. Well that is rather a mouthful. Come other authorities to the rescue by a distinction between the dark ages and the mediaeval period. Blessed distinction, denoting, we firmly maintain, a very great difference. We thus limit our period to—well—that is to the time of the early Plantagenets, say, to Henry VIII, taking English sovereigns as landmarks with laudable patriotism.

Now as it is rather difficult to talk intelligibly about things made to be seen, when neither talker or listener can see them, we will not attempt any discussion or criticism of technique or design, but limit ourselves to principles. Of course it is quite true that any member of the Club could go into the library and get far more out of a casual dip into Ruskin on principles than I can give him, and for the life of me I can't tell how many of my own ideas on the subject were obtained from Ruskin in the first place—but never mind.

In a little work on English artists, written about eighty years ago, is the following statement:

"The original spirit of England had appeared in many a noble poem, while
the two sister arts were too servilely employed in preserving incredible legends, in taking the likeness of the last saint that credulity had added to the calendar, and in confounding the Acts of the Apostles in the darkness of allegory."

This shows the utter inability to understand anything outside their own world, which prevailed till Ruskin punctured our self-conceit so thoroughly. The author goes on to say—in depreciation—that the artist was then conceived as a mere mechanic, that he was commonly "a wood carver, house and heraldry own world, which prevailed till Ruskin punctured our self conceit so thoroughly. The great artists then always began in the ranks of craftsmen and remained craftsmen all their lives, however great their genius or exalted their fame. The modern sculptor has men to mix his clay; he makes his model; they copy it in marble; if energetic he puts on the finishing touches. He sends his bronze work to the foundry; his bas-reliefs he models on a slab of slate, instead of digging into the clay. The mediaeval and the sculptor of any living school did all this work with his own hands, even the coarsest drudgery. The modern designer will produce anything in any material. He has, thanks to Art schools, a theoretical knowledge of the processes of manufacture and the nature of materials, but he has not that experience in their manipulation gained by long hours of toil in the workshop that enables the artist of genius to use the very deficiencies of his material to his purpose, and prevents even the ordinary craftsman from an error of taste.

How was mediaeval art distinguished from that which succeeded it? Very roughly one might say, in lack of power in treating the human form. Or rather not lack of power, but more a want of facility in producing the illusion of reality. Technically the artists of this period did not well understand perspective, nor chiaroscuro, nor foreshortening. Whether this facility is necessarily a mark of a higher grade of Art is open to question. The mediaeval artist did not lack power or ability to attain his purpose. I had the honour of presenting the Honourable the President to a wooden lady now living in Kensington—her original home was in France I believe. I always go to call on her whenever I am in the neighborhood. She is not exactly remarkable for beauty, but she is very jolly. She looked sideways at the President and laughed at him, and he began to laugh at her, and I laughed at them both and we all laughed together.

Now the man who cut a head out of a piece of oak so that it is still, in spite of two large cracks, a speaking, or rather a laughing likeness of a woman, some five hundred or more years dead, did not lack power. Undoubtedly when he had finished it, it was painted as life, with gold and rainbow colours on the head-dress—but the foundation of his work was good, and though the colour is all gone there is a real woman, one cannot possibly think of her as dead.

The same is to be seen in the illuminated MSS., but it is quite impossible to
ceed only in making a jumble. The Romans, of course, far less so than ourselves, did little more than conglomerate the allied Greek styles, but we—we mix every thing under the sun that ever was—almost.

There were plenty of barbaric traditions even in art, and much of paganism was carried over into mediaeval tradition, and this gave the peculiar tang, the special colouring. I spoke of craftsmen making the same thing many times as leading unconsciously yet almost inevitably to beauty of form, and to the bringing out all the special qualities of the material, and the overcoming of its defects. Such reproduction must of course be free, not a mere copying of the first model. Such a process, the technique of one master handed on to his apprentices, are the distinguishing feature of practically every school of art in every period and place. The only exceptions so far as I know being that of the Roman empire and that of modern Europe. These two schools—schools is not the word, but I can think of no other—knew too much, they copy from the most diverse quarters and succeed only in making a jumble. The Romans, of course, far less so than ourselves, did little more than conglomerate the allied Greek styles, but we—we mix everything under the sun that ever was—almost.

The mediaeval artist, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Japanese, all had or have as models the masterpieces of a continuous school. They never thought of making something original in the sense that no one ever saw its like before; rather they absorbed the spirit of the thing—its purpose—the ornament that such things had been given—and they achieved originality as Nature does, within the limits of a determined form. Each new born babe is something unique, an individual, unlike any other. Yet it is plainly human, and even plainly of such a race and such a family. This is the originality of the mediaeval artist. He works within the bounds of tradition, a shifting tradition most certainly, yet to individual craftsman rigid enough, and within this he finds, makes, scope for his genius—greater or smaller as it may be.

So the mediaeval is in principle the same as all true art in all times and places. What then distinguishes it from that of other times and places? Nothing but the particular variety of purposes its makers had in view combined with their particular mental furniture, which after all includes quite sufficient to account for almost anything.

Mediaeval art might superficially be called Christian, but it was not more so than Byzantine. The latter started with ancient and elaborate art traditions, and so did not accomplish anything apparently so entirely new. The difference was between an old tree grafted and a new one grown from seed, yet there was a seed. There were plenty of barbaric traditions even in art, and much of paganism was carried over into mediaeval tradition, and this gave the peculiar tang, the special harmonies, that distinguishes this art from all other.

A truly Christian school has never yet been evolved, for there has never yet been a truly Christian spirit to evolve it. Perhaps our modern eclecticism is merely the chaos of digestion preparatory to such an art in the future, but not I hope post-futurist or cubic.

The brethren of the long pipe will, I fear, be much disgusted with me, seeing I have written about almost everything under the sun, except perhaps medi-

The brethren of the long pipe will, I fear, be much disgusted with me, seeing I have written about almost everything under the sun, except perhaps medi-

The Church and Fraternal Organization.

"Si monumentum quaeres, circumspice" is, I believe, part of the inscription on the tablet in S. Paul's Cathedral that memorializes its great architect, Wren. The same words may be applied to the founder of the Christian faith. In every town and village there stands a church as a monument of the work that is now being carried on in His name. But across the street, or somewhere near at hand, is a lodge room of an order which is working on humanitarian lines and endeavoring to exemplify in this age the friendship of Jonathan for David, or the lesson to be learned from the parable of the Good Samaritan, etc. Perhaps the rector or pastor is a member of the Order, and in all probability once a year the Order attends his or some other church for the observance of "Memorial Sunday." The organization does not regard itself as a rival to the church, even though some of the brethren may think that "it is as good as the church." I have, however, known of ministers condemning such Orders simply on principle, instead of endeavouring to encourage the noble work they are doing and advising them as a "helpmeet" in their labors. But why should it be necessary for men to band themselves together in this manner? How do these various organizations justify their existence? The necessity first:

From the earliest dawn of history men have been found uniting in groups for mutual protection and help. The family, tribe and nation are the steps that have been taken with these ends in view. They are ways that render co-operation possible. Consolidated strength and concentrated effort are attended by a helpfulness commensurate with the undertaking. The work of the church as missions, parishes and the diocese illustrates this and emphasizes the great results to be derived from union and having central principles as the motive.

The Edict of Constantine in 313 A.D. sowed the seed for union between the church and state. The result of which has meant many centuries of clearly defined classes in the church. The democratic spirit was supplanted by the monarchical, and the communistic idea gave way to the unequal distribution of wealth and power which stripped the church of the poorer clientage. The primitive
The Oxford movement found a hearty welcome in the slums and poorer districts neglected almost entirely by the State church. "The church has less to do, and the other called a mission church, caring for the needs of the working class."

With the exception of the Masonic fraternity, which differs from the distinctly fraternal orders, the beginning of these organizations may be traced to the old "burial clubs," which had for their object "the decent burial of a brother." Each member paid a stated amount at stated times and in return received a decent burial, i.e., he escaped the fate of paupers and had a well attended funeral service. Such societies exist in a few places to-day. But why even was there necessity for burial societies? Because the Church of Christ drifted away from the early Christian communist idea. The common life of the early church extended far beyond their common worship. The early centuries of the church's life witness to the fact that charitable help was administered and the spirit democratic. Widows and orphans were cared for. In 250 A.D., it is said that the Church of Rome had fifteen hundred dependents under its protection. Christians in prison for their faith or exiled were cared for to a certain extent. In public calamities, such as pestilence, aid was sent to a distance, and we have Cyprian's letter to the Numidian bishops forwarding 100,000 sestertia from the church at Carthage to redeem the captives of brigands. If a man was out of work the churches assumed the responsibility either of finding him work or caring for him, "to the workman, a job; to the man unable to work, alms." The early Christians were migratory by reason of the persecutions, but wherever they went they were sure of hospitality. The individual found a hold when any wave of misfortune threatened to sweep him off his feet and drag him out to sea in the undertow of misery. "Though the church did not abolish poverty it was the most effective organization for alleviating the misery growing out of the general poverty within its reach." Primitive Christianity throbbed with life, both social and democratic. The necessity, therefore, for these various Orders has been due to the church's neglect of the humanitarian commandment, S. Matt. xxv 35:36, with the divine blessing, S. Matt. xxv, 40. Theological disputes have too frequently used all her energy and heresy has sapped her vitality. I am not unmindful, however, of the different ways in which the church is now expressing her belief in the passages just quoted. But where were the orphanages, hospitals and other charitable institutions, now under control, a century and a half ago?

The question of justifying their existence may be answered in a few words. They are all founded on a few selected passages of Holy Scripture and call the Bible the "Book of Law," or something equivalent thereto. Their object is to lift the ideals of life higher by teaching the brotherhood of man. They smooth the asperities of life and tenderly care for those who need their protection, love and sympathy. One fraternal Order alone expended seven million dollars last year in doing this. They visit the sick and provide nurses when necessary. Does not this answer the question? Let the church, and the clergy especially, seek to cooperate with them and thereby seek their work with her Master's approval and benediction. The church alone can deal with sin, therefore they need her ministrations to supplement their work. The cross-crowned church is the living memorial of God's love for humanity, and the fraternal Orders are witnesses of man's love for one another.

A. M. DUNSTAN.

The Wood Path.

Where it began to be a path has always been an open question. You never knew when you left off just walking in the woods; to find yourself being led, past the big grey moss-covered boulder, between high bushes of hazel-nut and raspberry, with the soft springy feel of fallen leaves under your feet.

Blitzen always stopped when he got so far to look back for the little-old-woman with her pail. She always carried a pail, for she was always seeking something which she did not find—at least not for a long, long time.

After many turns you passed through the old stump gateway, still holding in its mighty hollow the memory of past glories; when the shattered giant lying by its side towered far up into the sunny air, or bent its branches before the winter gale as it swept across the lake. It was grand even in decay this old time giant, covered with moss and wood-magic vines. Blitzen would take a scamper down its length, or dart into the hollow stump to forage for a nest of mole or field mouse, while the little-old-woman rested and watched the blue sky and the lazy clouds.
The veery's nest was empty of both eggs and brooding mother. In the centre of the enclosure was found covered with tufts of bloody fur, and the bushes seem almost like Moses' bush of old, and the reflection thrown up to the beach, pours in the liquid golden light. The moss takes on a vivid color, and every spider's web from bush to bush is a labyrinth of diamonds. * The wind-sprites and the sunshine elves play hide and seek between the leaves, and down in "the hollow beyond the hill" the deep cool spring still holds its secret hidden below green mosses and grey stones. And if you want to learn it you must find the wood path of my story and follow it till you look through its clear waters into your own heart, and the deeper heart of Nature. M.A.S.

The Diamond Jubilee Year.

Dear Sir,—This year, 1913, is the Diamond Jubilee of the University of Bishop's College. On January 26th, 1853, a Royal Charter was granted, constituting Bishop's College an University, and for the past sixty years our University has been doing her work. Steadily, quietly, persistently and in face of great odds and difficulties, the University of Bishop's College has been making her contribution to the building up of this great young nation of ours, until, to-day, her graduates are scattered over the whole world, working in the spirit instilled in them by their Alma Mater and reflecting credit upon her as they fill responsible positions in every profession and walk of life.

During this historic period of the founding and expanding of the University's life, she has been most fortunate in always having a most faithful and capable succession of leaders and administrators. Such names as Nicholls, Lobley, Roe, Price, Hale, Heneker, Reid and King will ever stand at the head of the honour roll of the makers of the University.

The great story of the past comes to us during this Jubilee Year to remind us of the spirit in which these great and good men worked and the motives which fired them in all their labours. They established the University, our University, and from the vantage point of this great year we must look around us and see wherein the position of the University needs to be strengthened in order to enable her to do the work to which she is being called by the inviting prospect which the unfolding future is holding out to her. We believe most enthusiastically that Bishop's University is called to a great mission and a great service for Can-
ada in the near future. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that more attention is being given to her position and capacity for service than ever before. When people look steadily at her position they soon see that by her beautiful and central location, her residential system, her noble buildings, her not inconsiderable endowments and her splendid spirit of liberal comprehensiveness, Bishop's University is full of promise of rich service to the cause of highest education and culture in the future.

The Corporation of the University has been studying the situation carefully, the Alumni Association has also been anxiously studious, for upwards of a year these two great bodies of members and of the family of our Alma Mater have had the question of the future and its call before them. We are most anxious to use the great opportunity which the Diamond Jubilee Year offers to equip the University for her larger and fuller work. If the maximum of service is to be rendered and the honourable career of the University continued, we must take up the work which pioneers of the past have handed on to us, and if the great opportunity which is offered to the University is to be improved we must act at once. Developments in Canada are phenomenal and our University cannot mark time without great loss.

The great outstanding need is the endowment of the chairs of History, Philosophy, Economics and Modern Languages and the foundation of a Professorship of Natural Science. More entrance scholarships in Arts are needed and a larger fund for general purposes. The University must, if she is to retain the services of leaders, be in a position to remunerate them as do other like institutions. Failing this, there can be but one result, the best men will not stay at the University. The best is not too good for our University and we wish to put her in a position to retain their services. To this end, if it be only a step in that direction, we need $100,000 at once. After sixty years of service it is not too much to ask and in view of the work that lies before us it is a most modest sum.

The several objects mentioned above are all manifestly fundamental to University work and in line with the insistent demands of the progressive spirit of our day. The work of the Arts Faculty is being recognized as the basis of all lines of education and the strengthening of Bishop's College will mean much to future ages. Every dollar invested in this Diamond Jubilee Fund will return dividends for all time to the growing life of Canada, as well as beyond her borders, and everyone who assists in such an undertaking will be a benefactor indeed.

We appeal to you to assist in this great enterprise. Please do not consider this effort of ours as one in which you can take less than a personal interest. We enclose a list of preliminary subscriptions reaching the encouraging sum of $16,025. The Alumni Association has expressed the hope that every graduate will enrol himself on the list of subscribers. Friends of the University and friends of higher education and all who wish to conserve English influence in this Province are urged to assist in placing the University on a sounder footing for future work. We commend to your notice the weighty words of their Lordships the Bishops of Quebec and Montreal on the enclosed sheet.

We also enclose a form for subscriptions and we hope you may be able to assist in the work by filling in the form and returning it to the Secretary of the Association, Box 384, St. Johns, Que., at an early date. In connection with this subscription form we wish to point out that payment of subscriptions may be extended over a term of five years or less, and that those assisting with a subscription may designate the particular department to which their payment is to be applied.

In this effort the Alumni Association is only attempting to do for the University what such associations are continually doing for their Alma Mater. In the past we have done too little. Now, however, with every prospect of the Alumni Association having a strong voice in the affairs of the University, with the memory of the ready acquiescence of the Corporation of the University in our recommendations last year and with a great opportunity for expansion at our very doors, we are most anxious to improve the opportunity and to raise speedily the $100,000 aimed at.

We want a record attendance of graduates at Lennoxville next June, when the Diamond Jubilee will be celebrated. The Principal has sent an invitation to every graduate whose address he has. If you know of any who have not received one will you please send his address to the Secretary of the Alumni Association.

One Final Word.—Take an active interest in this Diamond Jubilee campaign. The status of the University is a vital concern to every one who holds her degree. The privileges which we have received from our Alma Mater have been made possible by those who founded and maintained the University. We owe it alike to their memory, to our country and to ourselves to further the work so well done by them. In assisting in this enterprise we are in league with all those who are working for national stability and progress. The essential strength of a nation is largely determined by her educational institutions and we are confident that, in this great effort to extend the usefulness of our University, we shall find many public spirited citizens co-operating with us. A strong deputation awaited upon the Provincial Government in January last to represent our claims for assistance at this historic time. They were most cordially received and we have good hope of substantial assistance from the Government. Their close and active interest in education is a pledge that our efforts will receive all possible sympathy and support. But all this help waits somewhat on the response from those most intimately concerned in the success of the project, the immediate family of our Alma Mater.

The Secretary of the Alumni Association will gladly give any further information about the Fund, correspondence is solicited, you are earnestly invited to
assist us with your subscription, your co-operation and your presence at Lennoxville next June. One strong pull altogether and we shall win out. Invest in the University now, follow up your investment with that interest in her welfare which will enable her to forge ahead and continue to be a University whose degree her sons may be proud indeed to hold.

JOHN M. ALMOND, President.

ARTHUR H. MOORE, Secretary-Treasurer.

(Address) P.O. Box 384, St. Johns, Que.

The Influence of the R.N.W.M. Police in the Development of Western Canada.

By R. J. SHIRES, B.A.

The origin of that famous body of men, the Royal North West Mounted Police, has been described by a modern writer in the following manner:

"For thus the Great White Chief has said, 'In all my lands be peace,'
And to maintain his word he gave his West the Scarlet Police."

However much the historical accuracy of this statement may be questioned, it is certainly true that steps were taken to police the North-West almost immediately after 1870, when that vast territory passed under the control of the British Crown.

It was felt that something should be done to ensure the maintenance of peace and order in those regions. Accordingly, the Government sent out Col. Robertson Ross in 1872 to make a tour of inspection for the purpose of ascertaining what measures would be likely to prove most effective in this respect. On his return that officer reported that it was most desirable that immediate provision should be made for the establishment in the North-West of a small military force, judiciously distributed, and also for a certain number of police constables. Prompt attention was given to this matter, but it was decided that a well armed body of police would, in all probability, be sufficient, and subsequent events have proved that this decision was absolutely correct. In May, 1873, Sir John A. Macdonald introduced a bill into Parliament to provide for 300 mounted police for the North-West Territories. Very little time was lost, and in June, 1874, the requisite number of men had been enrolled, and under the command of Lt.-Col. Sir Geo. French, set out from Toronto for the West. They were able to proceed by rail to Fargo, and from that point they marched northward to Dufferin on the southern frontier of Manitoba. Here the real work began, for the Police had to march through an almost unknown country, a distance of about 800 miles. This was successfully accomplished, and small detachments of men were left at Edmonton, and what is now known as Macleod, whilst the main body returned by way of Qu'Appelle to Dufferin. The first part of their splendid work had been accomplished; representatives of law and order were established in the west and those 300 men had entered upon the gigantic task of controlling an area of some 375,000 square miles.

The first work which fell to the lot of the Mounted Police when they had established themselves in the new country was that of suppressing the traffic in whiskey. The whiskey traders were generally desperadoes of the worst type, and their influence on the Indians, quite apart from the vile whiskey which they sold, was extremely bad, and kept them in a state of constant excitement. So effective were the measures which were taken to remedy this evil, that by the end of 1874 the officer in charge of Macleod was able to report that the whiskey trade was completely suppressed. This had important results in regard to the Indians themselves, as when the greatest cause of disturbance was removed they immediately became more peaceful and law abiding.

One great object of the expedition was to establish friendly relations with the Indians. In a very short time this was most effectively done, though it was no mean task, indeed it called for the greatest tact, combined with absolute fairness and firmness. The Indians were given a general idea of the laws which would be enforced, and were told that they would be treated exactly in the same way as the white people. So well did the Mounted Police do their work that it was possible in 1875 and in 1877 to draw up the famous treaties with the Blackfeet and Crees. Soon the red-coated Riders of the Plains were looked upon as the arbiters in any quarrel which arose, whether between the Indians and the white man, or between Indians of different tribes. So great was the influence of the Mounted Police with the Indians that when 6,000 Sioux Indians crossed the border line from the States and endeavoured to incite the Canadian Indians to war, they met with no response. Not only that, but the little band of policemen were able to control the warlike Sioux, and make them see plainly that they would not be allowed to remain in Canada; indeed they finally persuaded them to return peaceably to their own country. There is one striking and well authenticated story which gives a good idea of the tremendous prestige of the Mounted Police. Some time in the eighties 200 Cree Indians crossed into the United States from Canada. They were promptly met and told they must return. This they did not want to do, but were escorted to the boundary by a strong force of U.S. cavalry. There, to the great surprise of the officer in charge, they were met by four Mounted Policemen. The officer asked where the regiment was, to be met by the reply that there only four men. And those four red-coated men were equal to the work, and showed it by escorting the Indians a distance of 100 miles.

At this time the Canadian Pacific Railway was in course of construction, and this entailed a great deal of extra work upon the Mounted Police. Constantly the men were called upon to settle disputes, not only in the construction camps,
but also between the workmen and the Indians. Very efficient service was rendered here, and on the completion of the work the General Manager of the C. P. R. wrote to the Commissioner of the Mounted Police and said, "Without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid force under your command it would have been impossible to have accomplished as much as we did. On no work within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed"—a tribute of which the Force has a right to be proud.

But now there comes another phase in the varied history, for in 1888 the Mounted Police were called upon to take part in the suppression of what is known as the Riel Rebellion. Unfortunately they were not allowed a free hand here, but were placed under the command of men who did not give them a real chance to show their mettle. As a consequence, because the Mounted Police did not figure conspicuously, the Force came in for a great deal of unjust and undeserved criticism. It is only fair to say that the work which was assigned to them—however inconspicuous it may have been—was performed perfectly, and the fact that it was obscure was no fault of theirs. A brilliant, showy record has never been sought, but faithfulness to duty has ever been the motto of the Corps.

For some time after the Rebellion there was considerable difficulty in restoring order. The Indians had been unsettled, and the old lawless spirit broke out and showed itself in many ways, with the result that the work of the Mounted Police was perhaps more difficult than ever before. Conditions were made very much worse also by the influx of a large number of settlers into the affected districts, who lost no opportunity of aggravating the Indians. But by patient, faithful work the dauntless red-coated men reasserted their influence, and not only got the Indians under proper control, but found time to give attention to the needs of the newcomers, and to see that they behaved themselves in the right way.

One very important consequence of these new conditions was that the work became more individual in character. The number of men was limited, and the demand for their services very much increased. As a result each man was called upon to shoulder a larger responsibility. How splendidly the Force rose to the occasion is a matter of history, but one cannot but marvel at the thought of the many cases in which one Mounted Policeman entered cheerfully and courageously upon the task of controlling an area of anything from 400 to 700 square miles. Yet, so great was the prestige of the Force, so splendidly did the men perform their work, that they succeeded perhaps beyond all expectations, and made the Mounted Police feared and respected in every part of that great territory.

The instances of individual work calling for the greatest courage and endurance are beyond number, and one or two of the more conspicuous cases may well be cited. One man, Constable Pedley, travelled 500 miles in mid-winter with a lunatic, alone. The hardships of the journey are beyond description, and the result of his terrible experience was, that after handing his charge over all safe and sound, the poor man became insane himself and had to spend six months in the asylum.

Another Mounted Policeman, Sergt. Field, travelled a distance of over 1,700 miles to secure a murderer.

Or again there is another story which shows a different result, but the same unflinching courage. A young constable was sent out to hunt up some stray horses. Soon after he started a terrible blizzard came up and horse and rider perished in the storm. Weeks after, when his body was discovered, a leaf in his notebook contained this, his last message, "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push on. Have done my best."

The heroic conduct of Corpl. Conradi might also be quoted. In his case a prairie fire gave the opportunity to show his worth, and at the greatest personal risk he rescued a settler with his wife and family, getting badly burned in the process.

It is in cases such as these which have brought the Mounted Police into deservedly high esteem. And yet there are other duties not so brilliant perhaps, but quite as exacting though in a different way. This paper does not touch upon the work of the Force in the Yukon, but one cannot pass unnoticed the death of Insp. Fitzgerald and his brave companions on the trail from Fort McPherson to Dawson City only a couple of years ago. That little band of men, in the discharge of their ordinary duty, faced the long arduous journey through the snowbound land. It was no light undertaking in any event, but in this instance the men lost their way; provisions ran out, their dogs died or had to be killed, and one after another, still struggling along till absolutely spent, the brave fellows perished from hunger and exposure. Surely, there is an honourable place for the names of these men on the roll of British heroes! Their lives were given for their country and their empire, not amid the dash and excitement of a brilliant cavalry charge on a field of battle, it is true, but in a way requiring quite as much, if not more of the real spirit of British pluck. It was not a victory, perhaps, but it was a splendid and noble failure in the face of overwhelming odds.

As has been said, the work of the Mounted Police for several years past has been carried on very largely by individual effort. Whilst there are certain well defined rules and regulations, much is left to the initiative and execution of the constable himself. In no other Force in the world is so much expected from the man in the ranks, and nowhere has that expectation been so thoroughly realized. Small though the Force is as regards number, there is scarcely any part of the great North-West in which the red coat of the Mounted Policeman is not a familiar sight. Distance is nothing to the Mounted Policeman; he receives orders to proceed on a journey of several hundred miles with just about as much sign of emotion as is shown when he parades for night-guard. Both duties are
to him "part of the game." It is this cool, unflinching spirit, which shrinks from neither hardship nor danger, which is the greatest stock-in-trade of the Mounted Police, and which has carried them safely through so many tight corners. It is a very common thing for a couple of men to travel some fifty or sixty miles to some Indian Reserve and bring back as a prisoner some burly Indian who has broken the law. Of course it requires nerve and plenty of tact, but that is where the Mounted Police excel. They don't know the meaning of the word "fail." Men have lost their lives on such expeditions it is true, but such men have always been amply avenged. Both Indian and white man knows full well that it is a very serious matter to get on to the bad books of the Mounted Police. A case is never forgotten, and though years must elapse, and thousands of miles be travelled, sooner or later the red coat will claim his own, and see that justice and law and order are enforced. Very few criminals escape, as the system is almost gated, conditions noted and reports forwarded to Divisional headquarters, whence they are in turn remitted to the office of Commissioner at Regina. It is quite a usual thing for a constable to cover 200 miles on horseback in the course of a week. Usually each man has a certain district, say 400 square miles or so, and makes regular patrols throughout this region. In the course of such a patrol the man has to handle practically on his own responsibility anything which may turn up. On such a trip he may have ten or fifteen cases of reported crime to investigate, and a Mounted Policeman never finds the time hang heavily on his hands. He is so trained that very little escapes his notice. His finger is, so to speak, on the pulse of his district and the fluctuations are duly and carefully noted. If people only knew how much the Mounted Police know of the Western life they would get a very great surprise.

Another feature of the work is the long patrol which falls to the lot of men on detachments. Outlying districts are visited, complaints received and investigated, conditions noted and reports forwarded to Divisional headquarters, whence they are in turn remitted to the office of Commissioner at Regina. It is quite a usual thing for a constable to cover 200 miles on horseback in the course of a week. Usually each man has a certain district, say 400 square miles or so, and makes regular patrols throughout this region. In the course of such a patrol the man has to handle practically on his own responsibility anything which may turn up. On such a trip he may have ten or fifteen cases of reported crime to investigate, and a Mounted Policeman never finds the time hang heavily on his hands. He is so trained that very little escapes his notice. His finger is, so to speak, on the pulse of his district and the fluctuations are duly and carefully noted. If people only knew how much the Mounted Police know of the Western life they would get a very great surprise.

One day the Policeman may be busy with the ordinary duties incidental to a small town; the next he may be miles away dealing with something totally different. The quelling of a drunken riot or the fighting of prairie fire is all the same to him. Amongst his multifarious duties that of acting as fire-guardian is one which often causes him grave concern. Only those who have experienced a prairie fire can have any realization of the horror and anxiety which it causes, as well as the terrible damage and loss of life which it entails. The Mounted Policeman as soon as he sees that dread light against the dark sky knows that he is in for trouble. Immediately he summons all the able bodied men and sets out with them to fight the fire and to take measures for the protection of those whose lives and property are in danger. He is looked up to as leader, and is expected to direct the work as well as to labor heroically himself. Fighting fire is no easy task, and yet Mounted Policemen often fight such fires for sixteen or eighteen hours at a stretch, coming through scorched and singed and tired out, yet with the consciousness of having done their duty and perhaps of having saved many lives.

Then there are the long weary hours when he must act as escort to some dangerous criminal or violent lunatic. Long drives and long tiresome train journeys, when the Policeman must remain wide awake though everybody else has succumbed to the drowsy influence and oscillation of the train. It is not easy work, nor does it receive much recognition, but it is cheerfully and faithfully performed as part of the regular duty.

To give a list of the duties of the Mounted Policeman is no small undertaking if it is to be exhaustive. He has to be "Jack-of-all-trades" and turn his hand to almost everything. Yet, because of his splendid training and wonderful esprit de corps which exists, it is astounding to mark the extraordinary way in which he usually proves himself master in all that he undertakes. In addition to enforcing all the statutes and laws of the Dominion he must act, when occasion requires, as fire-guardian, game-guardian, escort to prisoners or lunatics, warder, court orderly, bailiff, mail carrier, customs officer, relief officer to destitute settlers, quarantine officer and general adviser to any one who cares to apply to him. Not only this, occasionally he must take crown timber duty, act as escort to Indian Commissioners when paying treaty money, and last, but by no means least, be ready to act as escort at the time when Royalty visit the North-West. All these things mean a great deal, for the Mounted Policeman must know how to ride and look after his horse properly, must keep his own detachment in order as well as care for all Government property entrusted to his charge; he must be able to write a clear and concise report of all matters of interest which happen within his own district, and be able to deal effectively and intelligently with anything which may crop up at a moment's notice.

His day is very full, for the Mounted Policeman is never really off duty, and must respond to the call whenever it comes, day or night. If anything goes wrong the immediate cry is "Mounted Police, and even in towns which have policemen of their own it is no unusual thing for the red-coat to be summoned in preference.

But, as it was the intention in this paper to deal with the influence of the R. N. W. M. Police in the development of Western Canada, it will be well to take a brief glance over their history. In 1874 the Mounted Police took charge of the North-West. They cleared out the whiskey traders there, and established law and order. Next they turned their attention to the Indian question, and handled that with such sagacity and efficiency as to earn the well merited praise of the President of the Privy Council. That gentleman, speaking in 1894, called attention to the fact that whereas the Mounted Police—at that time 800 strong—had
most successfully controlled the North-West and the Indians there, the United States had found it necessary to employ from 3,500 to 4,000 men to handle just about the same number of Indians scattered over a much smaller area. That is to say almost five times as many men were necessary to do less work than was being done by the Mounted Police, a fact which speaks for itself, especially when it is remembered that this was not the only work which the Force had in hand. Then, when the Rebellion broke out the Mounted Police did efficiently all that they were allowed to do. After the rebellion was over they undertook the very difficult task of restoring peace and quietness, and succeeded in a remarkably short time in spite of many obstacles. Even whilst occupied with a work of such magnitude, they could still see that order was preserved in railway construction camps, and at the same time cope with the problem of handling the great crowds of immigrants.

It is not too much to say that the rapid development of the North-West was almost entirely due to the influence of the Mounted Police. To them certainly must be attributed that peace and safety to person and property which has been perhaps the largest factor in the wonderful growth which that region has witnessed. Without the Mounted Police the railway work could not have been so successfully and quickly completed. Without them the settlers would have had much greater difficulty and more frequent trouble with the Indians. It is indeed impossible to estimate the effect of the Mounted Police control on the North-West. Nowhere in the annals of the British Empire is there a more splendid example of quiet, efficient work in empire building. What better illustration of the fact that

peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

A new nation has been built up on the foundations laid by the Riders of the Plains, and all along they have had a hand in the building. Their forty years of history is one continuous record of success, and they have rendered a service to country and empire which has no exact parallel. Well indeed may Canada be proud of such a splendid Force, and feel that she has never failed of those who were doing their duty loyally, faithfully and effectively to King and Empire.

Who is Dialecticus?

To the Editor of The Mitre.

Dear Sir,—It is no doubt possible, nay even probable, that many of the readers of your esteemed journal have, like the present writer, perused the articles on ‘Old Lodge Logic,’ which appeared about a year ago, with singular pleasure and profit. The purity and charm of the diction, the weighty sentiments therein uttered, the remorseless rigour of the arguments, all alike prove that these masterpieces are the work of some great mind; the outpourings of some philosophical giant who, shunning the garish light of notoriety, prefers to express his views by working quietly and anonymously, with the object of avoiding friction with those whose opinions may perchance not coincide with his own.

It has recently been proved to the satisfaction of all who have even glimmerings of intelligence, that the immortal plays, hitherto attributed to a clownish boor named William Shakespeare, were in truth the work of no less a man than Francis Bacon. Now, sir, the perusal of any literary effort of outstanding merit must evidently engender a suspicion in the mind of any true Baconian, that his hero was the author thereof. It is not too much to say, indeed, that within the next few years, all literary masterpieces will have been correctly ascribed to the pen of this universal genius. However alarming this may appear to those members of the College who are studying the English Essayists in the Literature course, to the bona-fide Baconian it is a matter for no small satisfaction.

Let us then turn to the published works of ‘Dialecticus,’ and see what we are able to glean from them. Abundant proof awaits us at every turn. What do we find is the subject of the very first article? No less an event than that which is known to every member of the College as a ‘grub kick.’ Now, sir, at the time when this article saw the light, at what meal was the grub kick chiefly aimed? At the breakfast. What was the staple article of food served up for breakfast? BACON.

To any one who is at all acquainted with the great philosopher’s habit of concealing, under the disguise of some subtle allusion or abstruse cryptogram, either his real name, some word closely connected with it, or an extract from his acknowledged writings, this one instance would be clear and sufficient proof of the identity of ‘Dialecticus. We will not rest content with this, however, but proceed onwards to the elucidation of other hidden allusions. Let us consider for a moment the sentence which refers to the lamb, served up in hall, which accompanied little Mary to College and from the table. ‘But the significant fact is that the lamb was stuffed with knowledge.’ And again, a few lines further on—‘The College thus apparently attempts to nourish her nurslings not only per viam auris, but also per viam oris.’

Surely the mind which evolved such sentiments as these can be none other than that of the man who penned the immortal apothegm, ‘Reading maketh a full man,’ namely, Bacon. The play upon words in a classical tongue, so
characteristic of the Elizabethan age, ought in itself to carry conviction to the intelligent reader.

These, it may be, are instances obvious, patent and clear to all who have eyes to see. But yet are there also other indications, intelligible to those who have minds to understand. We call the attention of all true and zealous Baconians to that part of the second article referring to the Bursarial allegations, which are set forth in seemly order under headings—firstly A., secondly B., and then, below C. Here indeed is the conclusion of the whole matter, for we have the letters AB above (or what is equivalent, on C.). AB on C; truly a combination to make the eyes of the Baconian cryptogram-hunter sparkle with delight. AB on C—what is simpler than to transpose the first two letters, move the last letter into the third place, and then, with only three changes, we have the immortal name standing forth in all its glory!

No doubt an attentive study of these masterly writings would reveal yet other and equally convincing evidence, but we have no wish to unduly try the patience of your readers, and surely to any clear-thinking and logical mind, quite enough has been brought forward to carry the conviction that Dialecticus IS Bacon.

I beg to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Criticaster Textualis.

IN MEMORIAM.

In this number it is our duty to mention the sad deaths of three of our friends, Foster Stevens, Douglas Kay and Charlton Reid, with whom, although not members of our College, we often came into contact.

All were boys of the highest integrity and manliness, full of that "esprit de corps" which is, in its proper sense, the gift of few boys. Clean in sport, ambitious alike both at work and in their games, they were an example and an ideal to those among whom they lived.

But it must be remembered that among boys who have lived such lives as these did, it is not only the sad side which must be looked at, but the sacred and joyful side which enables us to be certain that they are not dead but gone before to that Beautiful Home where there is joy and happiness forever.

J. P.
I was speaking above of showing appreciation. Is not the coming event of Convocation a splendid opportunity of doing this by renewing again old friendships and old familiar scenes and places, where the happiest and most fruitful years of your life were spent, and where the foundation for your future life work was firmly and securely laid?

Above all, by so doing, you will show that you take an active interest in our life and in the work—the most responsible work of training young men to become leaders of men.

We quote below an extract from one of the December numbers of the New York Churchman: "One of the most satisfactory and conclusive suggestions among the many works that have recently appeared on the origin of the Christian ministry, comes from the hand of a Canadian scholar, Dr. Hamilton, who was for some time a professor at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, an institution where the traditions of Anglican learning are worthily maintained. It is nothing short for some time a professor at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, an institution where the traditions of Anglican learning are worthily maintained. It is nothing short of remarkable when one wonders how limited the sources of information are that such a variety of interpretations can be devised from a set of facts and statements originally presented with no thought except the plain desire to meet the demands of a simple and untechnical early Christian community. It is a hard task to separate one's self from the influences of later institutional developments, and there are few who have so successfully surmounted this difficulty as Dr. Hamilton has proved he can do in the concluding portion of his work on 'The People of God.'"

On the 24th of May next the Amateur Athletic Association of Bishop's College propose to hold an interscholastic "track meet," open to the pupils of all schools in the Province.

Swampton, P.Q., March 10th, 1913.

To the Owner of The Miter,
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Dear Sir,—I aint much on education, but I hate to have anyone talk about me while under the influence of ilflatus without saying nothing in my own defence. So if you will allow me a little space in your educated journal I will try to defend myself to the very best of my ability. Taint of no use of my trying to make your readers believe that I am some great writer, but simply one who has had his feelings hurt by something that has been said about him.

In the issue of your paper for February of the present year, I noticed that E——H——had writ a piece about his own town, while as he says "that he was ilflatus." Now when I read that he was troubled with that disease, I felt mighty sorry for poor old Eb., but I always thought with those dignified ares of his that he would break down some day.

Yesterday there was one of those scholars from the 'Piscopal school at Lennoxville to read the service. He did mighty well for a greenhorn at it. Mariah says that I am mistaken in my discussion, but when a man gets up and reads one of Rev. — Simons', and then has the salms for the day after his sermon—oh, yes, he had the evening ones instead of the morning, and this is just where my wife comes in strong, for she says that shows education, for if he had had the morning ones the people would have thought it a mistake, but by doing the way he did it shows foresight—as we have no evening service, and his sermon (or Rev. —'s) was so long that it was past 12 when he began the salms, so he had to use them. Says I, Mariah, the best of us make mistakes, and we are all human—and I asked him what kind of a melody ilflatus was? And at first, says he, it is a melody in F. Says I, what is that? Well, says he, I cannot describe it here in public, but if I can see you privately I can explain. So says I, come up this afternoon. He arrived at the house at two-fifteen and I got him right down to business. I took my writing apparatus out, so as to have the diagnoses of poor old Eb's. case for reference, as it was coming from such an educated feller.

Says he, you see Mr. Simpkins, it is a direct case of argumentum ad ignorantiam. (That is just the way he wrote for me.) Says I, that must be an awful painful affliction, and do you think that he will ever recover? Says he, If he has a compos mentis he will. Says I, how much will one cost? Says he, I do not know exactly.

After we had smoked a couple of stogies he left.

Now, you know, Eb. and me ust to be boys together, and I says to Mariah (she's my finance) I feel mighty sorry for Eb., and if I can get the people of Swampton to help me, I am going to get him one of those compos mentis affaires and see if it will cure him before he dies. Mariah and I shed a few tears for him right there and then.

You know, they say that all things are for the best and sometimes it comes true. I will be durned, that night when I came in from chores Mariah's cold was worse, so I sent the boy after the doctor. After he had arrived and prescribed for my wife, says I to him, How is Eb. H——? Says he to me, What do you refer to? Says I, To that ilflatus he's got. I never was so dem mad at a feller as I was at that doctor for a minute, for he laughed enough to bust at my serious question. After he had composd himself a little, says he to me, Mr. Simpkins, that is simply putting the wagon in front of the horse. Now, doc., says I, you can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of us all the time, and you may be alright in your profession—I aint agoing to say a word again that, but you cannot make me believe that Ebenezer Huckins ever hitched
a hoss up in that way. Cyrus Tatters' Johnnie might, but Eb. never. Now that doctor is a cool feller. Says he, Taint no youse to get excited, Mr. Simpkins; what I mean is this. That Mr. Huckins' ilflaytus he talks about, is a mild way of saying that he's the whole cheese around here. By gosh, that made me happy, and after the doctor had gone, says I to my better half, I am going to swear off having anything put in the Swampton Guide-Post concerning Eb. For when a feller thinks that just because he has a Government position in the post office department of this free country, and we have not, that he can ilflatus us. He may some, but he aint going to me and Mariah, for we know what it means.

Ebenezer thinks—I would not say this if he had not held me up to ridicule—that he is some politishon because he holds a Government position, but in order to hold office you will notice that Eb. is always on the winning side in politicks. I must admit that Eb. gets a pretty good chance to read; for I notice in your paper he admits he is set, and I admire a feller in a way who is honest enough to admit that his wife brings in the wood—and you can pretty nearly always judge by the way Eb. talks which way election is going.

Now Eb. is pretty well read and can discourse about Pluto and Napoleon, or any of the great politishons of the past, and most of the fellers around here kind a look up to him. He thinks that Mr. Conoll, of Cape Breton, is the ablest speaker at Ottawa. Somebody told me this, so I kept watch of the Star, knowing that to be the only paper in which I could get a true account. One day I found his speech, but never got any further than paragraph of ares. I walked in to the office the other day and showed them to Eb. Says he, that is a philosophical truth that they are because they are. Thinks I to myself the old feller has got the ilflaytus agin. So I asked him for my male without any more questions on the subject.

Vinnie, Eb.'s wife, think that that letter in your paper from a Divinity student out in White Valley, B.C., is one of the best she ever read, and especially that part concerning prohibition. Now that struck me as a mighty powerful speech where he says "from Genesis to Revelations." I showed it to Deacon Brown, and he says he cannot see why the feller left out the first and last books of Holy Writ. The Deacon says that perhaps being a Piscopal he has never read them, or else he left them out because there is too much about prohibition in them, or, on the other hand, he may have read them: and forgotten what it says in verse 17 of the II Chapter of Genesis, and we found eight other places about the same in the two books, and as we have not had time as yet to read the other books, I am unable to dispute the gentleman's statement.

I just put the illustration in here to show you how Eb. and his spows are taken in by those foreigners and care nothing about the learning of their nabors.

Now, Mr. Miter, as Eb. says that he wrote under the influence of that illa-
Here and There.

A FEW NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

"Those fields, those hills—what could they less? Had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in love itself."

Passing through the beautiful St. Francis Valley on such a glorious evening as May 12th, 1911, one wonders what would be the effect upon the mind of such a poetic genius as the "Immortal Wordsworth." Even one who is not gifted with poetic vision is spellbound in admiration. And even the effect upon a layman's mind is indelible.

"It is a beauteous evening," (the poet would say) as I sit by the car window while the "Express" pulls out of Lennoxville. Here I am able to inhale the fragrance of the sweet air as it blows gently through the trees of the St. Francis. Gazing upon the river as it gently glides o'er its bed, with its banks fringed in green, one is inspired with a feeling that is almost divine. It strikes me as being the loveliest place on earth. What could the "Nature Poet" not feel by looking with admiration on such a scene as this. It would be merely mockery for me to try to describe all I feel to-day. It is more than I am able to express; so I shall pass on to a few more general points.

Leaving Sherbrooke we pass through a number of small towns—pretty, but not particularly attractive. At length we reach Montreal. One is now confronted with the hurry and clamour of city life. Here throb the hearts of over half a million souls.

In a few hours we are again en route to the "Wild and woolly west." It is not long before I meet a young man named Appleton, and very shortly we are pals. And when we both become acquainted we find that each is going West, not wholly for pleasure but for work as well. Consequently we became fast friends. He is a humourous fellow and a splendid companion.

May 13th—Appleton and I are both disappointed in the scenery. The "Wild and woolly" is certainly apparent here; and we are yet in northern Ontario. However will the "West" strike us, by the time we travel another fifteen hundred miles? Grave hopes are entertained in regard to the beautiful pictures we had previously had of the great country. Yet we are not pessimistic over it. It is difficult to eliminate the impressions of one's youth. And so we hope that after a couple of days travelling we shall behold a most auspicious landscape. Although great boulders are practically all that at present meet one's eyes, yet a few shacks are here and there—evidently the resort of hunters.

At length our first day as companions is over. And so we draw the curtains on the black night, hoping to raise them next morning overlooking some beautiful prairie. As Appleton and I are in similar pecuniary circumstances we resolve to make money by saving the expense of a berth; and as we are almost the sole occupants of the first-class car (by night) we can very nicely accommodate ourselves with certain means of comfort. And after spending a jolly evening together we devise some means for a bed. We completely wreck one or two of the vacant seats, in order to make a fine plush bed, by reversing some of the other seats, etc. We therefore sleep together, but the porter has failed to bring Appleton a pillow which he had ordered, and the poor fellow suffers almost excruciating pains all night. I am almost moved by pity to the necessity of giving up my fine cushion. Yet my own head is like a drum, and I pluck up manly courage enough to try and ease his discomfort.

Some second-class passengers have the audacity to enter our car and begin playing cards. Feeling our own importance and being convinced of the fact that we have a monopoly on this car, we are moved to the necessity of asserting our authority by turning off the gas. Being utterly astounded at the polemical attitude of two innocent looking students, these men are absolutely dumbfounded; and after this we are left in peace. We are now free to romp upon our new patented bed, and our actions remind us of the days when blankets were torn by contending brothers and the noise would bring a disturbed parent to one's bedside.
May 14th—We arise more or less satisfied with our night's—I was almost saying "rest." To my surprise Appleton assured me that his head is not broken. We wash and have breakfast, thoroughly enjoying Miss——'s cake. We arrive at Fort William, and now we are enabled to go in for refreshments, and we are pleased to see that the aspect of the country seems to be more promising.

But as we are revelling over lemonade, sandwiches and fruit, our attention is directed to beautiful strains of music issuing from the tourist car. And as we visit this car we find that different parties are singing hymns, accompanied by a cello and violin. We are thus reminded of the fact that to-day is Sunday. Indeed, an English clergyman is just about to hold a service in the midst of an appreciative gathering. We are all invited to attend the service, and of course being sober-minded men, and having knowledge of the necessity of retribution for all our idle frolicking since we left Montreal, we assent. We are very patient until the sermon is commenced—but then! How that poor priest has to yell, and yet is voice is hardly heard above the thundering noise of the cars travelling over the steel tracks. Never before could his voice have been raised to such a pitch, saving, perhaps, when his mother whipped him for hypocrisy. To our satisfaction the service ended with a few prayers and the grace.

About 9-40 p.m. we arrive at Winnipeg. After a good lunch we again start on the western track, and although we are not so privileged in regard to our freedom, on account of having changed conductors, we still have a jolly time. We actually have courage enough to "sit up" all night, and, wonderful it may seem, we actually sleep. Whether this is due to the "sweetness in the uses of adversity," or to the rarified atmosphere of the West, we are not prepared to say. However, I am somewhat relieved from the aggravating pains which troubled me the day before—pains, being the result of vaccination, which was imposed on me but a week ago. (Why such affliction should be necessary for a number of students in the midst of examinations none of us could understand.)

May 15th—Being well recuperated by last night's rest, we "sit up and take notice." Now we are in full view of the prairie. I have used the word "view"; it does not seem to be quite the proper use of the word. If the word "view" signifies intellectual or mental sight, or some object that is manifest to the eye, surely I am using the word to express something quite different to its primitive or radical use. We gaze. Unmeasurable distance lies on both sides. Yet we are fascinated. Something we never experienced before seems to rivet our eyes on the windows, through which we see hundreds of acres of uncultivated yet invaluable land. The prairie, however, is not absolutely void of trees, (diminutive trees at any rate). And even here and there, yet miles apart, a few small houses are noticeable—yes, we are actually passing a few small villages, i.e., Western towns; and as we approach Regina a few more passengers board the train. Even in the West we see the people desirous of going "further" West, and we see that the "mysterious call of the West" is as distinct in Saskatchewan as its voice is audible in the East.

At 10-15 a.m. we arrive at Regina. Here, to my great grief, Appleton and I have to dissolve partnership. He continues his journey as far as Moose Jaw, while I spend a few hours in the capital city of the Province.

How much like death is the departure of friends! But for brighter thoughts! On right and left is nothing but distance. One wonders if there is any end to the prairie. Yet there is more than prairie here, for we are just passing a flag station. Here a man stands. He is watching with absolute awe the great human mass of men, women and children rushing by him at the rate of forty miles per hour. He gazes as one that has almost forgotten what a human face is like. True it is that he might have been weeks without seeing one. Oh, the loneliness of one of those poor bachelors. Think of him, out on the prairie about sixty miles from a railway. If he could but say a word to us as we pass through how happy it would make him. It seems to him the last chance of seeing the face of a man on earth. All animate creation at this moment seems to pass out of existence, as we go by. The "past" we are taking with us, but all the "lonely future" is his.

We are now passing through a part of Alberta, which is tolerably well settled for a new country. But still the country has a "wild" aspect. As the train passes by small lakes the wild duck are driven to wing by hundreds. Coveys of geese, too, are not unfrequently seen. Certainly these are indications that the white man has not yet monopolized all the North-west territory.

I am now approaching the end of my journey, consequently I am animated with the anticipation of seeing my brothers and the rest of my relatives. So many years have passed since we separated in Ontario, and it remains for us to see if features have changed very much. I wonder if my brothers will know me, and whether I shall pass them by unnoticed. But I must take chances. As I am almost lost in reverie the brakesman rushes through, M—H—next station! I am all excitement; but in a moment I am ready to step off the train. The station is crowded with inquisitive townspeople to see the great medley of Easterners. But what a confused crowd of men, women and children, as hundreds of immigrants step off our train! Surely I can never find my brothers among such a crowd. But nothing is impossible in this world, and after passing and repassing one another a few times, we meet, and O the joy!

Seven days of my youth pass by as a dream. It seems to be a moment ago that I arrived. Again I am a man. The necessity of a little more of this world's "goods" is laid upon me. "Manumion" calls me forth once more to be "up and doing." I must again "put my hand to the plough."
May 22nd—A man's fate does not always seem an easy one. Yet he must abide by his predestined lot. After a week I am quite recuperated from the four days spent on the train. And again I feel in good trim to "tackle" any kind of work. And when a man must either "sink or swim" in the tide of humanity of the throbbing West, one naturally turns to the work which will give him the greatest remuneration for time spent. I soon see that in this wonderful "golden West" man is paid for what he is worth and what he does and not for his position and what he doesn't do. So instead of going into office I am ready to begin just "common toil." After fifteen minutes seeking for work I have the pleasure of wielding the hammer and saw. After all, forty-five cents an hour is better than a mere twenty. But as this is only a temporary job I must have my eyes open for something better.

June 10th—I now begin my old work as a travelling salesman. My first town to commence work in this sphere is Lethbridge.

And here my diary ends. Life has been too strenuous to indulge in such a luxury any longer, and here I am back to my dear old College again. My trip to the West has been one of pleasure and satisfaction. And now my friends ask me, "what I think of the West?" My answer is not usually all the silly truck of my diary, nor do I attempt to answer it here. But one of the things I mostly tell my friends is, "the beautiful trip back on the S.S. Manitoba, across the Great Lakes." I consider it one of the loveliest trips of my life. The water was as smooth as the table, and the moonlight and stars during these two nights of September were most beautiful. There was a splendid "bunch" of students aboard; Bishop's, Queen's, Varsity and Victoria were represented, besides one of the Universities in U. S. A. The music, consisting of piano, violin, cello, etc., besides vocal selections, kept us happy during the trip.

On this return trip we again had the pleasure of another minister—a Scotchman. And although it was Sunday he would under no consideration acquiesce to our entreaties to give us a service. Perhaps a "husky bunch" of Canadian students was too much for him.

There is much more I might say, but I already owe apologies to the Editor in taking up so much valuable space.

HOMO VAGUS.

We were pleased to have a visit from one of our O. L. C. on April 1st and 2nd, when Mr. Charles Savage, B.A. '11, paid us a visit before returning after the Easter vacation to resume his duties on the teaching staff of T. C. S., Port Hope.

Rev. H. S. Laws, M.A. '11, also paid us a short visit on the 1st before returning to Sawyerville from Sherbrooke, where he has relations. Mr. Laws has taken a great interest in hockey this winter, and is a great supporter of the amateur game.

We are glad to be able to report that Miss C. A. Seiveright, B. A. '12, has successfully passed through the operation for appendicitis, which she underwent in the Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital just before Easter. Although Miss Seiveright had to resign her position as Principal of the Marbleten Model School, she is now well on the road towards recovery.

The resignation of Rev. Canon Kittson, M.A., D.C.L., from the rectorship of Christ Church Cathedral, was announced to the congregation by the Archbishop on Sunday, the 30th March. The Canon will remain in the diocese and will receive the appointment of Canon Missioner of the diocese, and will be attached canonically to the parish of St. Barnabas as honorary assistant priest.

On Saturday evening, March 1st, the members of the congregation of St. Paul's Church, Marbleton, presented the Rev. and Mrs. I. N. Kerr with a handsome black marble clock, with brass plate and inscription, and a club bag of walrus leather to Mr. Kerr. The congregation of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Dudswell Centre, presented them with a purse containing $38. The occasion of these presentations was just prior to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr for their new mission in East Hatley. Universal regret was expressed on all sides, coupled with the hopes of their old parishioners that they would receive every blessing in their new work.

Rev. P. R. Roy, B.A., L.S.T., passed through Lennoxville on the 1st on his way to Marbleton, where he attended the farewell meeting to the Rev. and
Mrs. Kerr. It looked like old times to see Mr. Roy at his old place in the dining hall, and we hope that he will visit us quite often.

In a letter to the Ottawa Citizen the Rev. R. B. Waterman, L. S. T., very clearly expresses the view held by the majority, if not all the Alumni of Bishop's College on the question of Church unity. In the course of his remarks he says: "Dr. Symonds must be talking to the gallery, and a gallery packed with fools, when he assures us that within a few weeks his scheme of unity will be considered by the House of Bishops; their Lordships might spend a few minutes in giving it the finishing touches, should it pass the Lower House of the General Synod in the autumn of 1914, but that is inconceivable."

A purse of gold was presented to Dr. E. I. Rexford, LL.D., D.C.L. (Bishop's) the chairman of the Sunday School Commission of the Anglican Church, on Wednesday, April 2nd. The address was read by the Bishop of Saskatoon, and the presentation was made by the Bishop of Toronto. Dr. Rexford is looking forward to a trip to the Holy Land in the near future.

The Venerable Archdeacon John Ker, B.D., D.D. (ad eundem Bishop's) who is also a representative of the Montreal diocese on the council of this University, has been forced through ill-health to send in his resignation of Grace Church, Montreal. It has been the Archdeacon's privilege to fulfill thirty years of active work in the ministry, of which twenty-four have been spent at Grace Church.

We would like to thank Dr. E. A. Robertson, M. A. '10, for his kind offer made to the Athletic Association at a meeting held on April 9th. Dr. Robertson kindly offered to give a silver cup to the best developed half-back on next year's football team. This beautiful cup should serve as a unique stimulus to all those who intend playing the game next year.

We are pleased to be able to announce the engagement of Miss F. D. White, of New York, to Mr. W. T. Hooper, B.A. '08. We take this opportunity of tendering them our best wishes for a happy and prosperous wedded life. Mr. Hooper has secured a position on the teaching staff of St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., and is looking forward to visiting us at Convocation time.

Mr. N. C. Lyster, B.A. '96, was a Liberal candidate for the district of Lloydminster, Alberta, at the recent Provincial elections.

A very interesting debate was held in the New Library on the evening of February 24th, the question at issue being Woman's Suffrage. The meeting having been called to order, the President called upon Mr. Jull, the leader of the affirmative, to state his case.

On arising, Mr. Jull said he proposed proving that the franchise should be granted to women for four reasons: First, that she had the ability to rightfully exercise it; second, that her position demanded it; third, that her home duties urgently called for it, and lastly, that it would be in the interests of the betterment of mankind.

"Few persons," said Mr. Jull, "would be willing to say that a woman did not know right from wrong. If, therefore, she knows this, why should she not have the right to register her opinions? A study of woman in the past, and of her University records of to-day, shows that she is fully the intellectual equal of man, even if she does not surpass him. Hence she has the faculty of reasoning intelligently on all questions which would be submitted to her judgment. It stands to reason that if women were in possession of the franchise many present day evils would be eradicated." As an example of this Mr. Jull called attention to the great aid which women rendered mankind through their intelligently handled municipal vote, and looked earnestly forward to the time when they would be enabled to banish all evil from the world.

Concerning woman's position, Mr. Jull said that in England, as indeed in all countries, women were greatly in the majority, and hence had not the opportunity of all marrying and hence gaining representation through their husbands. Also some few did not desire the matrimonial state. These were obliged to enter active life and become wage earners of some description—some became factory girls, others teachers, and some few entered the professions. In these employments they were forced into contact with all the undesirable sides of life, and yet they had no voice in the abolition or control of these evils. This state of affairs was certainly not right, and was a shame to modern civilization.

As regards the home, the mother has the chief responsibility in bringing up her sons and daughters. She has to superintend their moral and physical welfare and see to it that they become good citizens of their country. If this duty is to devolve upon her, should she not have a voice in controlling the evils with which her children will be surrounded? Oftentimes the father of a family is a
drunkard or slothful person, of no ideas and with no interest in bettering the conditions either of himself or country. Mr. Jull called to mind a picture which he had seen—that of a poor chamber, in one corner of which stood a bed on which a man lay drunk. His wife was seen sewing, the children were in rags. This picture was entitled, "Why cannot I have the vote?"

Women attend church much more frequently than men, and we may believe get much more of God's strengthening graces, which enables them to wage a stronger fight with evil. At present she has no legal channel whereby she can exert this power against the surrounding evils of the world; but give her the vote, and soon we might expect to see conditions improving.

Mr. Waterman, leader of the negative, was then called upon to state his arguments against the enfranchisement of women. On rising, he said he proposed combattin it for historical, political and social reasons.

He began by giving a brief survey of the movement from its beginnings to the present day, pointing out that it was a very new thing and had not gained the support of any of the great statesmen, such as Gladstone, Conde and others. Moreover, the movement was not popular even among women, and the militant suffragettes were abhorred even by the mild adherents of the cause. Woman suffrage was in force in several states already, but did not seem to be progressing very favorably. In support of this inference Mr. Waterman produced an extract from the London Times, written by a "Disillusioned Australian," English feeling was truly shown in the recent formation of the strong Anti-suffrage League.

Mr. Waterman's next statement was that women were unfit to enter the world of politics, and in support of this he took an historical survey of women in their relation to politics. The ancient politicians of Greece and Rome never so much as considered the advisability of women having a voice in politics, nor did they want such. They were quite content to confine themselves to their domestic circle and its influence, and strive to rear their sons in such a way that they would be the truest type of citizens. According to Mr. Waterman the suffragettes of the ancient world were the Amazons, and they had been swept off the earth. St. Paul, in one of his epistles, assigns subservience to women. He then showed how women in responsible positions in the past had been swayed by impulse and inclination. How the fearful religious persecutions of the reign of Mary arose from religious fervour; how timid and vacillating Elizabeth was in spite of the supporting arm of England's greatest statesmen, and how Queen Anne was a figurehead. He showed how wrongly power may be swayed in the hands of women like Catherine de Medici and Madame Pompador.

He then stated that women were far from exercising their municipal rights to the full and it might safely be inferred that they would not more actively exercise the federal franchise; that, like a child crying for a new doll, they would be tired of it as soon as they had it.

Mr. Phillips, in rising to second Mr. Jull, called attention to the fact that woman suffrage was doing much to uproot evil in the states where it was in force. He then proceeded to ask if women are qualified to practice law, why they cannot have a voice in making it. He pointed out that they were good organizers, witness W. C. T. U. and other women's organizations. They were successful in the field of journalism, and in fine in every walk of life they entered, why should they not succeed in political life also? He claimed that they were the physical as well as the mental equals of men. The law excluded only lunatics and persons of unsound mind from the franchise, and according to Mr. Phillips, only sexual jealousy prevents the extension of the franchise to women.

Mr. Reeves, in seconding Mr. Waterman, was inclined to regard the franchise as a heavy burden which would bring merely an added weight of responsibility to women. He believed that their physical constitution was not fitted to the enervating whirl of political life, and that it would lead to the neglect of home duties. Then as a whole he did not consider women possessed of a strong self will, but thought they would be swayed by impulse, affection or false reasoning, and that the franchise was too sacred a thing to be entrusted to such hands. Moreover, women had been proved unable to combat with small domestic troubles, such as the servant problem, would they be likely to succeed in the infinitely wider field of politics?

In reply, Mr. Sisco contended that as regards physical power each individual woman could form her own estimate as to whether she was strong enough to bear the brunt of a political career. He then quoted statistics from numerous Universities, including Bishop's, showing that women were the intellectual superiors of men. Thus, he was led to believe, that the franchise would be entrusted to good hands. Militancy, he confessed, had thrown discredit on the movement; but this wing of the cause was comparatively small one. One speaker had stated that women would tire of the franchise as of a doll. Give it to her and see, was Mr. Sisco's comment, and receive it back. He contrasted the fanatical trades unions with the militant suffragettes and thought they compared very favorably. Of the effect of the franchise in Australia and New Zealand, where it has long been in operation, he quoted the Bishop of New Queensland, who calls this the greatest force ever known for good, and the greatest deterrent to the immoral office holders.

Mr. Wells said that it was very well to point to the religious virtues of women, but did the leader of the affirmative advocate female clergy? He argued that women could write books, carry prizes, but could they hold their own on the battlefield of politics? He thought not. Their inclinations would sway them too much. The political arena would have a tendency to social degradation, not the hoped for uplift. The militants were the only true politicians of their party, and what could be looked for from such women? He considered that political
power would surely tamper with home life, a thing of all others to be dreaded. Unmarried women are sufficiently protected by the spokesmen of those more fortunate.

In summing up Mr. Jull stated that woman has reached the voting stage in her development, and even the opponents of the question concede that she should have the vote when ready for it. It was foolishness to think that the exercise of the franchise would make woman less fond of home life, it would rather intensify it by inciting her to rear a higher type of citizen.

After due deliberation the judges awarded the victory to the affirmative side they winning by one point. All the speakers are to be complimented on their excellent showing.

The Arts community was unusually quiet throughout the latter part of the Lent term, and little of interest took place. General relief and joy, however, was experienced with the arrival of the Easter vacation. All who could went home, leaving behind a rather disconsolate group, who nevertheless found much amusement in watching, from their student citadels, the unprecedented rise of the St. Francis River, and in reflecting that we would all be back before long to tell them of the good time we had had. However, judging from the appearance of our brothers on our return they did not have a bad time and we feel sure that more than the College doors welcomed them during our absence. On Easter Monday evening they held a small dance, at which all report having had a good time.

During vacation every one seems to have cultivated a great desire for work, and already that haunting and most horrible of all words, "exams," is heard on all sides. We hope that fine weather, combined with baseball and tennis, will revive our spirits.

Our annual impromptu debate took place Thursday, March 13th, with the usual accompaniments of tobacco and fun. The speeches were varied both as to quality and quantity. Among the best were Mr. Wells on Prohibition and Mr. Eustace on Compulsory Education. At the end of the debate Mr. Patterson spoke in his usual easy manner about what the students themselves were to do in this the Jubilee year of our University. Although Mr. Patterson is an easy speaker, he lets one know that his heart is wrapped up in our University, and it is up to the students to show him that though we may not agree with him in everything, still, where the good of the Alma Mater is concerned, we are ready to help. After Mr. Patterson and two or three others had spoken, the National Anthem was sung and the meeting adjourned.

P. J.

There is a great dearth of Divinity news. There has been very little all the year; now there is practically none. This is a very unfortunate state of affairs, not because we want "copy," but because we feel that the Mitre is an excellent medium for the publication of interesting news concerning those who have gone forth into the work of Christ's church—news that so many would only be too glad to have, and news that a great many are anxious for.

It seems to us a great pity that better use cannot be made of the University magazine for this purpose. We are only too ready to avail ourselves of information regarding those who have gone out, but without such information we can do nothing and our "Notes" degenerate into mere "padding."

There are some men of whom we have heard practically nothing since they left; we have not even heard of their ordination. Surely this is unnatural!

We are afraid some men, at least, do not realize that by not keeping us posted with regard to their work forget a duty they owe to us, and at the same time, deny us the privilege of exhibiting any intelligent interest in their welfare. Surely it is our duty to remember constantly in our prayers, both corporate and private, those who have gone forth from the midst of us, just as we shall hope to be remembered when our time comes to go. We therefore want to know something of what these men are doing, something of their hopes and aspirations, something of their difficulties and failures, and something, too, of their successes. If this was only the case what a help we might be to them! We should then feel that the object of the Guild of the Venerable Bede was fulfilled.

We therefore plead for more letters to the Guild, and also that men would write more often to the Warden, who is always so glad to hear from them and communicate their news to us.

Our annual Quiet Day took place March 4th, and Rev. H. M. Little, of the Church of the Advent, Montreal, was the conductor.

We had looked forward to the day and we were not disappointed, for it was one of great spiritual refreshment and encouragement. The order of proceedings was as follows—Holy Eucharist at 7-30, the conductor being the Celebrant; breakfast at 9; Mattins and first address at 10-30; Sext at 12, followed by the special intercessions which had been sent in by those taking part in the retreat;
THE MITRE.

The three addresses were specially prepared to help us in our preparation for our life's work, by bringing before us some of the spiritual obligations we shall be under as priests, not only in regard to ourselves personally, but also with regard to our people. They were full of deep thought and spirituality, and though long they were so simply and earnestly delivered that every word was listened to.

We feel sure that every one derived great benefit from the day and look back to it with pleasure.

We are very sorry to have to record the departure of Rev. C. G. Hepburn, B.A., '10, from this diocese to take up work with the British Columbia Coast Mission. We have lost so many useful men that we are loath to lose any more. Still Mr. Hepburn feels it his duty to go, so we must bow to what is divinely ordered. He has our best wishes for his new work and he may be sure of our prayers.

Rev. H. F. Edge, L.S.T., '11, has been recently appointed immigration chaplain at Vancouver. He is vicar at Coquittan, just out of Vancouver.

With great pleasure we chronicle the marriage of Rev. L. R. Walker, L. S. T., '11, to Miss Kinder. The happy event apparently took place last November, but for some unknown reason Mr. Walker has not communicated any particulars to the outside world, hence our seeming slowness to record the fact. He is indeed to be congratulated, for we knew Miss Kinder and had a great respect for her. May God's blessing rest upon their work.

The people of East Sherbrooke want to enlarge their church, and it is proposed to do so by altering the west end so as to include the present vestry in the body of the church. It is also proposed to alter the parish hall by raising the floor to the level of the church floor. By this much inconvenience will be obviated and space will be provided beneath for the Sunday School. It is of immediate importance that some improvement of this character should be commenced as soon as possible, for the congregation is growing and the Sunday School is hampered for want of proper accommodation. Everything is cramped. Definite plans have been drawn up and submitted, but on further consideration these have been found to be unsuitable. No doubt it will be some little time before any alteration is started, but in the meantime a fund has been opened and Rev. V. E. Hobart, L.S.T., '11, would be very grateful for any help anyone may feel disposed to give. He is doing a good work in East Sherbrooke, and it is not reasonable or right that development should be hindered just because the necessary enlargement, and improvement of accommodation, be prevented by lack of support. But we are of the opinion that this support will not be lacking and that the $500 required (which is the minimum estimate) will be forthcoming.

Mr. O. L. Jull has undertaken the work at Stanstead, going there to assist Rev. C. R. Eardley-Wilmot on the second and fourth Sundays. He commenced on April 13th, the third Sunday after Easter.

We heartily welcome into the sacred precincts of the Divinity House Mr. G. Roe, who comes to us at this period of the year in order that he may prepare himself for the necessary examination to qualify as a full fledged Divinity student next year. We are fortunate to have him with us, and we are sure he will prove a useful man to the University. Mr. Roe hails from the old country, but comes to us from Montreal, where he has been working for the past year or so.

Societies.

The Churchwarden Club.

Several papers have been read before the Churchwarden Club during the past two months. Dr. Parrock gave us a very interesting account of the early history of Bishop's College, quoting the reminiscences of several of the earliest graduates. Lennoxville has indeed made great strides since their time.

Mr. Shires related the manifold duties which fall to the lot of the North-west Mounted Police. Life in this corps can hardly be called tame or uneventful, and no one who is not a "handy man" need apply as a recruit. Fighting a prairie fire, escorting a lunatic over several hundred miles of trail, trying the effects of a little diplomacy on some obdurate Indian chief, and going without sleep for fifty hours or so—it is all in the day's work.

Mr. Vial read a paper on the works of Matthew Arnold, giving extracts both from his prose works on criticism and educational methods, and from his poems.

The Secretary also read a paper on the historical development of astronomy.
The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Our chapter of the Brotherhood has been quite active during the past academic year under the directorship of Mr. J. V. Young. The monthly meetings have been well attended.

The annual meeting was held on the 9th of April, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Director, Mr. R. H. Flemming; Vice-Director, Mr. Wintle; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. Lobban.

Literary Society.

Owing to the great number of meetings and other social events in the College since the beginning of the Lent term, the meetings of the Literary Society have been infrequent. However, at the few meetings we did have, the attendance was good and a great deal of work was covered. At the first meeting we started in at Addison's works. Papers were read by Miss Wood '15 and Miss Bayne '15 on the Life of Addison and on the customs and manners of the people during his time. Since then the reading of essays have been abandoned and the direct works of the author are now studied. The meetings are now becoming more regular and we hope soon to be able to have them as often as before Christmas.

R. H. W.'14, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Missionary Union.

On April 4th the Rev. N. R. Ian Macdonald, of East Angus, very kindly gave us one of the most interesting and instructive addresses of the year. He has recently come to this diocese from Winnipeg, and his experience of the West enabled him to speak to us on the subject of some of the problems the Church is face to face with there at the present time.

He started by quoting the well known advice, "Go west, young man, go west." "But," he said, "the wise men come from the East." Business men in the West are "hustlers," he said. There is no time for anything but business, and they leave the Church and her work to their wives and possibly their children.

If you expect, he said, on first going to a Western parish, to find it organized with church wardens and keen laymen, you will be very much disappointed, you will find nothing of the sort. Instead you will probably find the church heavily in debt, and possibly you will be notified that unless the electric light bill is paid for within thirty days the installation will be removed. A cheerful welcome to a new parish.

The Westerner, the speaker said, required his religion in tabloid form. He has not the time to devote to it, and it must be given to him in small doses, just as he requires it.

Above all, the speaker impressed upon us, the church must be presented to the man of the West in a business-like way; he must be able to take an active share in its life. Then you will have him with you every time. He will be ready to listen to the appeal of the church. But he will have nothing to do with a goody-goody religion.

You will have to resort to all kinds of means to get hold of the men, on the principle that the end justifies the means. For a multiplicity of debt and a profundity of indifference are characteristic of the West.

Amiss the innumerable isms and ites, materialism is rampant, and the question arises, what ought to be done in the matter? How are we to get these people to go to Church? The materialist puts to you questions impossible to be answered. For instance, in reference to the resurrection, he will confront you with the statement (the truth of which we all know) that after the Titanic disaster, the bodies which went down with her must have burst into fragments by reason of excessive pressure. "How are they going to be resurrected," he will ask. What are you to do? The materialist is so constituted that he cannot grasp spiritual truths.

Then there is the virgin birth of Jesus Christ which he delights to cavil at.

Materialism is the curse of the North-west. At present it has not reached the plains. Bishop Grisdale, the late Bishop of Qu’Appelle, under whom the speaker worked at one time, used always to pray that the spirit of materialism might never reach the plains.

The speaker gave an illustration showing the wonderful influence the Bishop had over men, especially cowboys. He would, he said, go right in among them, as if he was one of themselves, and all coarseness and bad language would immediately cease. Asked "How do you do it?" he replied, "By associating with them."

It is only by going to the men and by coming into actual contact with them making their interests yours, that you will ever do anything with them or for them.

To show something of the greed for money in the North-west and how the spirit of indifference to spiritual things is ravaging the West, the speaker said he himself knew of five of our clergy who renounced their orders to take up commercial work.

There is, he said, a very great temptation for the clergy and ministers of Protestant denominations to take up business or do some crooked work "on the side," such as dealing in horses or dabbling in real estate. However, from such, he thought, our clergy had kept free (excepting those who had definitely renounced their orders), but the Methodists had had to pass a manifesto condemning the doings of some of their ministers.

This business "on the side" is very largely caused by an inadequate stipend. A number of our clergy, it would seem, have literally been starved out and then
forced to seek a living some other way. The speaker knew of fourteen good parishes in Manitoba vacant and three rectories. Why? Because there are no men.

There is no guarantee in the West. It is all a promise. "A priest (or deacon as the case may be) takes up his work with the promise of a definite salary. But the farmers may be frozen out, hailed, winded or draughted out. Then how is the one in spiritual charge to receive his salary? He is absolutely dependent on his people.

When, however, the season has been favorable, and there is plenty of money round, he will receive his full share and more too.

This uncertainty of funds raises the question of finance. A definite system of finance is sorely needed. Should you mention finance to your people, the speaker said, they will at once say, "He is working for what he can get out of the plate." This naturally puts the priest in a very difficult position. He is very much under the thumb of his people. He cannot tell them they should do this or ought not to do that, when reminding them of their Lenten obligations for instance, for should he do so the church-wardens will come to him and say, "cut that out," declaring that if he kept his people away from the "picture show" the proprietor would withdraw his fifty dollar subscription, or what ever it might be. What are you to do under the circumstances? On the one hand is your duty, on the other starvation stares you in the face. It means one of two things either you stick to church principles and surrender the money, or surrender church principles and retain the cash.

Though this is certainly the state of affairs in the West, the speaker said it had been his experience that if you stuck to church principles men would come round to your house and give you a five dollar bill on the Q. T. His advice, therefore, was to put church principles and duty first.

It was a very interesting and instructive address, and we learnt many things about Western church life that we previously had been entirely ignorant of.

Thus has ended a very fairly successful year, so far as our meetings are concerned, and we have to be thankful that we have had the privilege of hearing so many helpful and inspiring addresses.

There now only remains the annual business meeting and election of officers for the coming year.

We are very glad to be able to state that the Secretary has been successful in collecting a very respectable sum of money, out of which ninety dollars will go as last year, towards the training of a Japanese candidate for Holy Orders in Japan. Though we have not pledged ourselves to send this sum annually, we earnestly hope that each year will see the money duly forwarded. We hope that our support to training of a native ministry in Japan will grow. Last year was the first year we embarked upon such work. The privilege is one which cannot be over estimated, and we are deeply thankful that the opportunity was afforded us.
February 27th Bishop's travelled to Danville, where the return match was played on the Danville Rink on Tuesday evening. This match was probably one of the best that has ever taken place at Danville. The ice was in good condition and the result was a fast game. Both teams were in good form and are to be congratulated upon the elimination of rough play. Bishop's men played well together, and the fact that they were a little heavier was in their favor. Danville, on the other hand, played a good game, following up the visitors and checking successfully. The game, to accommodate Danville, was played in two 20 minute periods, and at half time ended in a score of 2-1 in favor of Bishop's. In the last half Bishop's scored one and Danville two, making the score at end of time 3-3.

It was decided to play two three-minute halves, during the latter period of which Danville was given a score by our goal umpire, which in reality never entered the net, but struck the upright bar and glanced into the corner of the rink. There being a hole in the net, the umpire was under the impression that it went through, though many of the players and many in the crowd knew otherwise.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bishop's</th>
<th>Danville</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>McCrum</td>
<td>Barnard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward</td>
<td>Parkes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norcross</td>
<td>Barlow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron</td>
<td>Towne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Ward, Capt.</td>
<td>Burbank, Capt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke</td>
<td>Smith</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We were negotiating with Sawyerville Hockey Team for a game at Lennoxville, but being postponed from week to week through various circumstances, they finally found it necessary to give up playing altogether. Later on our arranged game with Waterville was cancelled on the afternoon of the evening we were to play them, through defective lights on the Waterville rink.

Outside of these various class games were played on school rink between Veterans and Freshmen and other combinations which afforded much pleasure.

The open-air rink was financially successful, though it must be admitted it was a very poor winter for such a rink. Any way it gave the students a little exercise, some of whom did not appreciate it very highly.

The following is an extract from the February number of Argosy, entitled ""The Student's Now"" which is worth the consideration of every college man.

Among all the myriad classes into which modern civilization has grouped us, there is probably no type of man who lives so largely in the future as does the college student. Above and beyond all the drudgery of daily study and the various phases of college life, there ever looms before him the beckoning hand of the Future. Such a vision is for him, of course, inevitable. The very motive which first prompted him to enter college halls was inspired, not by the thought of what he would achieve while at college, but of what he would be able to accomplish when college days were past. And this idea is being continually confirmed for him through the whole of his college career. Go where he will he cannot escape it. He faces it every time he enters the corridors with the long lines of ""Graduating Class,"" ancient and modern, decorating their walls; he reads it on the class bench before him, with its deep cut initials of departed students. The whole atmosphere and surroundings of the college community combine to impress him with the thought that ""here he has no abiding city."" His class-mates and his professors all ask that hackneyed question, ""After Graduation—What?"

As a result of these influences it is but natural that the student should come at last to date all his achievements in the golden future—for the student's future is always golden—and to locate everything of real and permanent importance somewhere among the "shadowy vales and cloud-capped peaks" of that after-graduation era. It is not the purpose of this article to de-cry these golden dreams of future achievement and of coming greatness. They only form, after all, that grand motive of success which all young people are often and earnestly counselled to covet, and which is commonly called Ambition. At the same time it is not true that this view which we insist on taking, that College days are merely a preparation for real life is apt to blind us to the fact that College days are life—real life—and possibly the most real of all real life? May we not become so fascinated with our visions of the future and ""the wonder that will be"" that we blind our eyes to the wonder that is? A good many men in after College life have referred to the College days as the most fruitful in all their experience. Gladstone is reported to have delivered his finest political address while he was still an undergraduate at Oxford, John Wesley at Oxford was sowing the seeds of a great reformation and revival. Thomas Clarkson, at Cambridge, was breaking the shackles of millions of negro slaves. James Watt, at Glasgow, was taking captive for the service of mankind, the untamed energy of steam. These men seem to have had the idea, not that the college was a preparation for life, but that it was life, in all its fulness of privilege of responsibility. Possibly Wesley may have...
felt that, if he was to influence his generation for good, he could not do better than begin the leavening process among those very men who were going out to be the leaders of his generation. And when could he have found a circle of influence more far-reaching than among the walks of College life, or to find in later years such intimate associations with his fellows, or more real community of interest than those in College halls? And here lies the important fact that as College students we speak frequently and solemnly of our approaching entrance into the “wide, wide world,” with its great opportunities for service and its incessant call for strong and influential lives. But we forget that it is at College that we really care to know men, whereas in the “wide, wide world,” with but few exceptions we only meet them.

This it is which makes the student life particularly pregnant with opportunity. If it is true that he finds himself in a community so inter-related that it is able to probe to the bottom all duplicity of motive, and to hold up for ridicule, all sham and “bluff,” it is also true that he is in a community where every quality that makes a MAN will be appreciated and honored and emulated as nowhere else. Such a realization of opportunity is exactly what we need—a realization which, while it will take nothing from the zest and vigor of College associations, will add much of that subtle quality of underlying dignity which ought to attach itself to every community.

Let us, then, throw away this idea that college days are merely a preparation for life. It is not so. They are not a preface to the book; they are one of its most important chapters. They are not mere scaffolding for the building, soon to be removed; they are a pillar at the entrance to remain before the gaze of all the world. They are not a narrow foot-path to the city of Opportunity; they are a section of the pavement in the busiest thoroughfare of that crowded city. They are concentrated LIFE.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Ad Episcopi Collegium.

Here in the beautiful valley, here where the fair rivers meeting,
Mingle their waters in silence and wander afar to the sea,
Now do thy sons returning offer thee homage and greeting,
Now do own wandering footsteps turn, O Mother, to thee.

Gleam in the light of the sunset cross and turret and tower,
Mirrored majestic and silent, down by the willow clad shore;
Far through the valley resounding, telling the evensong hour,
Echoes the old bell's tolling, calling us back once more.

Here in the halls where we lingered, there in the woods where we wandered,
On campus and river and highway other young lives are aglow,
Dreaming as often we dreamed, thinking the thoughts that we pondered,
Deeming the pathway long and the swift-footed hours slow.

Vainly we wander seeking in each of the stranger faces,
Answering glances of comrades, loved in the days of old;
Clearly, too clearly, we see that others have taken their places,
And well we know we have gathered our share of the morning's gold.

Rejoice, young hearts, in your youth, morn is the time for gladness
Time to sow for a harvest which all too soon you must reap;
Near is the hour of your noontide, bringing its dole of sadness;
Swift on the noonday follow evening and rest and sleep.

Glows the west crimson and gold far down the glorious river,
Cross and tower and turret fade in the gloom of the night;
Yet in the hearts, O Mother, we guard thee and keep thee forever,
Far though the pathway may lead us, swift though the years in their flight.

F. O. Call.

The Reformation in England and Germany.

A CONTRAST.

Were one asked to give the cause of the great upheaval known as the Reformation, it would be impossible to make anything like a definite answer. In fact no single cause stands out sufficiently to permit one to consider it an adequate