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SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE PATRONISE ADVERTISERS
The duties of an Editor of the Mitre are many, some pleasant and some quite the reverse, but of all of them there is none so pleasant as that of sending to the Alumni of Bishop's College greetings from their Alma Mater; and so the Editor now takes this opportunity to send to all those Alumni whose eyes shall read these pages, greetings, and with the greetings this message, that whether they are working as clergymen in some far lonely prairie parish, or whether their duty as business men lies amid the bustle and roar of our vast modern cities,
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wherever they are and whatever they are doing, they are not forgotten by their Ama Mater.

The prospects for the coming year are exceptionally bright. Last year was remarkable for the good feeling which existed between all years of the College both Arts and Divinity, and especially between the Faculty and the students. This year bids fair to equal if not surpass last year in this all important matter. And if the weeks which have already passed are to be taken as a criterion of those which are to come, then the year of 1913-14 will be one of progress and pleasantness.

One change has taken place in the Faculty and Mr. Gwyn now occupies Mr. Shire's place as Lecturer in "Prep." Arts. The appointment of Mr. Gwyn was a peculiarly happy one, as he is not only an old boy of the school, but is also a graduate of this University.

We have to announce with sorrow that Mr. Phillips, owing to his father's illness, has as yet been unable to rejoin his colleagues in the Divinity house. This is the more unfortunate as Mr. Phillips has been compelled to resign his position as Editor of the Mitre.

Mr. Wells has been elected to occupy the position left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Phillips. There have been other changes also on the Mitre staff. Mr. McCrum is now Athletic Editor in the place of Mr. Patterson, and Mr. King has been elected to fill the position of Assistant Associate Arts Editor, which Mr. Wells has of necessity resigned.

As we enter upon the work of another year, we do so with mingled feelings of joy and regret—joy because we are glad to be back again at old Bishop's after several long months of what has proved to many of us to be a time of harvest, when we have laid in store enough to see us through the winter; of regret because of the thought of those who from the senior classes of last year have gone forth to fight alone their battle in the world.

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Our past Associate Editor, Mr. C. E. S. Bowne, B.A., is now engaged in teaching "reading, riting and arithmetic" away down at New Carlisle. We hear that "Charlie" has struck a gold mine there. Incidentally he is assisting the Rev. B. Watson, M.A., and is an interested member of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

Mr. H. Wood B.A., is enrolled as a theological student at the G.T.S., New York City. "Hub" explained that he did not leave Bishop's because of anything he had against us, but there was some one there in whom he was personally interested.

Mr. R. J. Shires, B.A., L.S.T., some time theologian and teacher of the "Prep." year in Arts, is, we believe, out in the wild and wooly west at Lundbeck, Alta., studying to become a bishop, not contented with being a son of Bishop's.

We hear that Mr. D. Cameron, B.A., was content to remain in Winnipeg.

All our other graduates of last year are, we are sure, striving to uphold the reputation of "old Bishop's."

Rev. F. J. LeRoy, L.S.T. '09, has been granted the degree of B.A., (ad eundem) by Queen's University, Kingston, and is now reading for his Master's examination.

Although there were not as many of our graduates present at the McGill-Bishop's foot-ball match as last year, some took enough interest in the game to travel to Montreal to see it. We were glad to hear that Bishop's turned the tables on McGill in the return match at Lennoxville.

On Monday, July 7th, at the St. John's Private Hospital, there was born to the wife of the Rev. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., of Kingston, N.B., a son, George William.

The Rev. M. B. Johnson, M.A., L.S.T., was appointed to the mission of Fitch Bay and Georgeville last spring.

Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D., had a greatly needed change of climate and a welcome rest this summer in a delightful trip which he took to Vancouver.

We are glad to welcome back to College an old graduate in the person of Mr. C. P. Gwyn, who has just completed his studies at Oxford. Mr. Gwyn has
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been engaged as teacher to the "Prep." year Arts. He will also take certain subjects in Arts outside the "Prep." year.

On the 19th of October the Rev. Ernest Roy was inducted at St. Peter's Church, Cookshire, by the Venerable Archdeacon Balfour, into his position as rector of that parish.

Cheerful news reaches us from the Rev. R. J. Shires. He is at present at Lundbeck, Alberta, and is responsible for some 800 square miles of territory, together with three churches and three out stations. We feel sure, however, that whatever the work may be the reputation of our College will not suffer in his hands.

"How can we bear to leave thee." This is the strain arising from the hearts of a number of members of the Divinity house. Truly, the time spent under the care and guidance of our dear Alma Mater passes all too rapidly, and we who have now entered upon our last year, are realizing the fact more keenly than ever. However, the time for parting must come, therefore let us resolve to do our duty, and to set to the task with a grave determination to do our utmost in the work which lies before us.

We have all been engaged in mission work during the summer months, and although separated many miles by distance, yet in spirit have been united hand-in-hand in the bond and fellowship of "old Bishop's."

Rev. C. H. Hobart, who was advanced to the Diaconate in June, has again taken residence in our midst, having entered upon a post-graduate course. Mr. Hobart assisted the Rev. Mr. Moorhead at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, during the absence of the rector, Dr. Shreve.

Mr. C. C. Phillips, B.A., has had charge of his father's parish, Hawkesbury, Ont. We regret that Mr. Phillips has been unable to join us as yet owing to his father's illness, but we hope to have him in our midst ere long.

Mr. A. W. Reeves, B.A., was in great request, being in Marbleton for the two last Sundays in June, East Sherbrooke for July, Stanstead for August, and Cookshire during the month of September. Mr. Reeves has now definitely undertaken the work at Canaan, Vt., and Colebrooke, N.H.

Mr. O. L. Jull had charge of Parkinson, in the diocese of Algoma, not far from his charge of last year.

Mr. R. H. Fleming had charge of Englehart in the mining district of Northern Ontario. He had four missions to work, and assisted in the erection of a church at one of these points.

Mr. C. F. L. Gilbert was missionary in charge of Bear Island, Timagami. This was his third successive season in that mission.

Mr. S. L. Craft had charge at Thetford Mines for five weeks, and from there he was removed to Portneuf, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. George Roe took the work at Sydenham during the month of July. The rest of the holiday he spent with his parents in Montreal.

Mr. C. G. Wintle had charge of the parish of Aylmer, owing to the removal of Rev. Mr. Taylor.

Another member of our happy family is still absent, Mr. P. Bisson, but we hope to have him with us after Christmas.

Mr. E. H. Baker was assisting Rev. J. Rothera of Leeds.

We welcome to our midst Mr. H. F. Cocks, of White River, Diocese of Algoma. Mr. Cocks has had charge of the mission for the past eighteen months. His work was chiefly among the Indians.

Rev. N. R. Ward, B.A., of Marbleton, and Rev. A. F. Sisco, of Lorne, favored us with a visit in the middle of last month, and spent the night under the roof of the Divinity house.

The Rev. J. V. Young paid a visit to the Divinity house during the last few days of last month. He was accorded a hearty welcome by his colleagues of last year.
If it was asserted last year in these columns with reference to those who were amongst us as new comers that the prospect was a bright one, no less can the same remark be made this year concerning our Freshmen.

In a small College every man has to play his part, and the position of a Freshman in such a College is, in consequence of the fact, of far greater importance than would be the case were he but one out of several hundreds.

To speak first of those who come not as strangers amongst us, the School sends Messrs. Cotton and Watson who, by their play upon the foot-ball field, have already proved a valuable asset to the College. In foot-ball Robinson, too, from Cowansville, has played a hard and useful game and much may be expected from him next year, and also Pender, too, from Windsor Mills, has proved his worth in this respect and has earned his "B." Mr. Bailey comes to us from Montreal, although Newfoundland is his home. Mr. Bailey has been attending College in Montreal, both at the Montreal Diocesan and at McGill.

From our immediate neighborhood we have Messrs. Caswell, Hunting and Andrews, and Cowansville sends us Mr. Hawk. From Montreal comes Mr. Matthews and Quebec sends Mr. E. Scott.

Laval University visited us at Bishop's in the beginning of October. The students came up in the afternoon and were met in the hall of our Arts building by Dr. Parrock and the other members of the Faculty together with the majority of the students.

Appropriate addresses were given by both sides and Dr. Parrock then showed the visitors over the buildings before they took their departure for Sherbrooke. Such visits as these must bear good fruit in bringing each University into greater harmony with its neighbour.

Mr. H. Patterson has gone to Claremont, N.H., to assist his brother. We all miss "Pat" and hope that he will visit us again soon.

On Thursday, Oct. 17th, we were favoured with a visit from the teachers attending the Tralier's Convention in Sherbrooke. Tea was served to the visitors, after which they were shown over the buildings. The College was open to them and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. Many of the teachers remained for evensong in the Chapel and many expressions of delight concerning their visit were uttered by them.

The Freshman's concert was held in due course, and the Freshmen duly initiated into the rites and privileges of our beloved University. Everything was carried on with a spice and nicety which gave satisfaction to all concerned.

Notes from the Lady Editor.

Bishop's University is to be congratulated on having secured such a large number of lady students. There are this year ten ladies taking their Arts course and two who are studying extra murally. Of those who have joined us this year Miss Wilson, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Parks come from Sherbrooke. Lennoxville sends us Miss Mitchell and Miss Brown and from Johnville we have Miss Hunter.

We are sorry not to have Miss Ward back with us this year, but we are pleased to hear that she is continuing her studies at home and will be with us again in the spring. We all hope that her success this year will equal that which she so deservedly attained in last June's examinations.

Sad news reached the College this term from Montreal. Miss Vipond, who was taking her second year Arts extra murally, was seized with typhoid fever, which proved fatal. We are very sorry to have her with us no longer, and extend our sympathy to her bereaved relations.

We are pleased to welcome back again a few of our graduates, among them Miss Vaudry, who took her M.A. here, and Miss Seiveright, who we hear has a very good position in Granby. Miss Mundell, who is teaching in Montreal, also paid us a visit. Both the Misses Seiveright and Mundell visited us at the Teacher's Convention.

The lady students extend their heartiest thanks to the men who have given up the new common room for their use. This act is much appreciated now that the large number of lady students renders our room so crowded, and makes the large room, which we find very pleasant and cozy, doubly acceptable.
A Retrospect of the Foot-ball Season.

The horizon which bounded our prospect of the foot-ball season of 1913 was indeed a gloomy one for first few days of the term. The practises were ill-attended, vitality was lacking, and it was not until the College suddenly woke up and realized the vital importance of its practise games that any real progress was made.

Then, however, matters improved—the material was good and the play of many individuals in particular and of the team in general made rapid progress. In spite of this victory did not smile upon us in our first league match, but we were enabled to give a McGill team which contained four or eight Intermediates a very good game, and though the score does not make it appear so, a very even one. Defeat, however, caused no feeling of depression, and during the week which intervened between our first game with McGill in Montreal and the second which was played at Lennoxville, the enthusiasm did not abate. Good use was made of the interval for the improvement of the play, especially team play and tackling. This bore its fruit, and when McGill arrived to play on our own home ground we defeated them by a score of 6-0. This score was not enough to annul the lead which our opponents had gained over us on the preceding Saturday, and McGill was left winners of the series.

The fates were against us in the last match, and had they provided even reasonable weather it is not improbable that the half line we were playing would with a dry ball have scored the number of points to make us winners of the series.

In looking back over the work of this season great improvement on the part of many individual members of the team can be noticed.

In the line the Rev. C. H. Hobart was particularly noticeable, his bucks with those of Watson were conspicuous in both our league matches. At centre scrimmage King always played a steady, useful game and was always to be found where the ball was as a novice. Cocks gives much promise of future usefulness to the college foot-ball, and Pender should develop into a kicker of the first class, if he would learn to control the direction of his kicks with greater accuracy. We should, too, be glad to see greater vitality and dash in his play. Reeves proved himself a steady and useful player in the line, and the development of Belford at outside wing has given much satisfaction to those who are already considering the material for next year's foot-ball team. Dickson has been a very useful member of the foot-ball club throughout this season, and his zeal and enthusiasm for the game have proved a useful asset to the team. Murray has made considerable improvement this year, especially in tackling. Robertson has shown great development this year especially in the matter of speed and tackling. His great enthusiasm for the game, and the unflagging regularity with which he has attended all practises, has been of much value to the Foot-ball Club. Cotton at centre half was conspicuous for his kicking, and his tackling also was of a high order. Knapp and Hawk though neither made the team, have this year shown considerable development, and much is expected from them next season.

The loss to the team of its captain was most unfortunate, coming at a time when his influence would have stood for much upon the foot-ball field. But though unable to take his place as a player he did not fail in his duty to the team, and to his unwearied zeal in getting the men out to practise, and in coaching them during practises, much of the success which we gained is due.

Mention has not yet been made of the two Sherbrooke matches. A Sherbrooke team gave us two games at the beginning of the season, and by these our men gained valuable and much needed experience before they encountered their first league opponents McGill. Messrs. Mills, Duff and Baker were chiefly instrumental in getting these games with Sherbrooke, and our thanks is due to them for the assistance that they have given this year to the Foot-ball Club.

In looking back then upon the foot-ball season of 1913 we can with truth remark that if our hopes were not realized in either of the McGill matches, yet in neither of them have we anything to feel ashamed of and that this term's development of the players who are to be with us next year enables us to look forward with cheerfulness and hope to the season of 1914.

Sherbrooke vs. Bishop's.

Mr. H. J. Patterson returned to U. B. C. for the opening weeks of the term and started foot-ball, arranging with Sherbrooke for a couple of practises games.
The first took place on the Sherbrooke Lacrosse Grounds on Saturday, Oct. 4th. This game was somewhat ragged owing to the fact that Sherbrooke did not seem to know many of the fine points of the game, playing off-side a great deal of the time. But Patterson, as referee, kept the game well in hand, and thus made it more interesting for the spectators. Bishop's touch line was seldom in danger, except during the first five minutes of play, when A. Baker made a sensational run of about two-thirds of the length the field, but was downed before he could score. The game resulted in a victory for Bishop's, the final score being 17-1.

The second game with Sherbrooke took place on the following Saturday on the same ground. The scoring in this game was more even, it being 14-7 for Bishop's. Sherbrooke team showed great improvement since the last match. The College, if anything, played a much poorer game than before, owing to the fact that several new men were being tried out, better ones being unattainable. Our captain, "Jimmy" Lobban, received a severe wrench in his shoulder and had to leave the game. A. Baker, of Sherbrooke, also had the same misfortune. In the last minutes of the game, at Sherbrook's ten yard line, on the third and last down, Cotton broke through and scored a touch-down for Bishop's, outside there was nothing spectacular done by either of the teams.

Bishop's College line up was as follows:

Halves, F. Belford, Wells, Robertson; quarter, Dickson; scrimmage, Bailey, King, Cocks; wings, G. Belford, Murray Watson, Lobban and Robinson.

The game was handled by Dr. Lynch and Rev. C. H. Hobart acted as umpire.

McGill vs. Bishop's.

Owing to the inability of the McGill team to come to Lennoxville on October 18th, the College team journeyed to Montreal for the first league game. The teams lined up at 10:30 a.m. on the McGill campus for the first league match, and the result was that McGill won, the score being 21-1.

Although the score is rather one-sided, the play was fairly even in spite of the fact that McGill had four or eight intermediate players playing for them.

After about three minutes play McGill obtained a touch-down through an intercepted pass from Bishop's quarter to right half. Soon after, the ball was faced off in the centre of the field. Bishop's secured the ball and forced their way to about two yards from McGill's line, but through an off-side lost the ball. McGill made another touch-down, and at half time the score stood McGill 11, Bishop's 1. In the last half the play stayed about the middle of the field, loose work on the part of both sides occasionally carrying the ball to the ends. McGill was greatly favoured by their good luck giving them the ball near Bishop's line, and secured practically all their points in this fashion.

U. B. C. 6, McGill 0.

Bishop's won the second game of the series with McGill, the score being 6-0. The teams lined up on Bishop's campus at about 3:15 p.m. Saturday, Oct. 25th. McGill won the toss and kicked off. The play during the first quarter remained about the middle of the field, neither side seeming to obtain the advantage, so the quarter ended without a score for either side.

Second quarter—Bishop's got their first point, Jaques kicking into touch behind our opponent's dead line. Bishop's bucks in this quarter with Hobart and Watson in front, were very valuable, gaining yards nearly every time. Just before half time Abinovitch made quite a sensational run for McGill from the twenty-five yard line to centre field. The quarter then ended, the score standing 1-0 for Bishop's.

Third quarter—Abinovitch repeated his performance of the second quarter, and looked as though he would get away, but was downed by Black. Bishop's soon got the ball and forced their way to McGill's twenty-five yard line. Here Jaques...
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Basket-Ball.

The basket-ball season has opened this year with bright prospects for the college. Although no one has yet shown up as a star of any magnitude, yet everyone seems to be taking an interest in the game, and digging in hard. In basket-ball more than in any other game, perhaps, steady work, rather than grand stand play, is what piles up the score, and secures victories for the team.

This year we are rather at a disadvantage in the matter of old players. Usually two or three of the last year's team return; this year only one has done so, the others having graduated. But looking at this in another light it might be considered an advantage for it gives more encouragement to those trying to make the team.

There is another matter that should be referred to in closing. That is, about turning out to watch practises.

Valuable hints could be given by anyone as to means of correcting faults in players, and in team work. The faults themselves may not be noticed by a participant of the game, but can hardly escape the notice of a spectator. Any observations of this sort will be gladly received by the captain.

Again many men attending college have never seen a game of basket-ball, and do not know the elementary rules of the game. These men turn out to one game, and not understanding it, lose all interest in the game. This fault could be corrected by men turning out to practise if only as spectators. At the same time a little encouragement could be given to the players, and it would not come amiss.

The practises coming at the time they do, may break up the evening a little, but it does so to a much greater extent for those who turn out every evening for the sake of the college. And it were well to remember that very necessary department of college life, the training and development of the body. And there can be few better means for attaining this purpose during the long winter months than basket-ball.

Societies.

The Churchwarden Club.

There have been four meetings of the Churchwarden Club up to the present date. [Nov. 1st]

On Oct. 9th a meeting was held for the election of new members, Messrs. Gwin, Gilbert, Ladd, Wells and Lobban being elected.

On Oct. 16th the new members were initiated, and the secretary read a paper on Jane Austen, noticing especially the limitations of her genius, and the perfection of her art within the limits she imposed upon herself.
On Oct. 23rd the club read “The Merry Wives of Windsor.”

On Oct. 30th the Principal read a paper on St. Francis of Assissi. Dr. Parrock mentioned the chief events in the life of St. Francis, and then emphasized certain points in his work and life—his relation to poverty and his relation to nature—concluding by reminding the club of St. Francis’ rule that the holy life must be a life of joy, and introducing the members to that joy of the Franciscan Order, Brother Juniper.

The Missionary Union.

Up to date the Missionary Union has had but one meeting. This apparent paucity of meetings must not however be taken as a criterion for the rest of our season, and it is not improbable that the total number of meetings which will be held this year will equal if not pass the number of those held last year.

The speaker at our first meeting was the Rev. Canon Shreve, who delivered an able and apt address which was much appreciated by those present.

Previous to the address at this meeting Mr. Gilbert was elected to fill the position left vacant on the committee by the departure of Mr. Ward.

The next speaker on our list is Dean Williams, of Quebec.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The summer pleasures are over, and the members of the College Chapter have returned from their various spheres of work, determined to make the chapter a living factor in college life.

Though we have lost many ardent workers who have taken upon themselves higher offices, already our ranks have been increased by a new number from the Diocesan College Chapter, Mr. Bailey and a probationer, Wm. Knapp, so that this year promises to be a very bright one.

Mr. H. Waterman, reporting on this summer’s personal work, said that he had been able to render assistance to the clergyman at Eagonville, by giving him the necessary information required to form a new Chapter. J. A. Lobban also reported having had the privilege of providing for a celebration of the Holy Communion for the Boy Scouts of Ottawa, who were camped in his summer mission, the Celebrant being Rev. Canon Smith of Hull, Quebec.

The College Chapter has again assumed the responsibility of “Moulton Hill” mission, and charge has been given to Messrs. Roe and Cocks, who will give particular attention to the Sunday school. Visiting at the “Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital” has been resumed for the winter.

On Sept. 30th, the General Secretary, Mr. J. A. Birmingham, addressed a joint meeting of the College and St. Peter’s Chapters in the Parish Hall, Sherbrooke. The Secretary speaking on “Faith” pointed out the apparent lack of “faith” exhibited by church members. He went on to say that we as brotherhood men and churchmen ought not to be ashamed of our profession, and that we must place more “faith” in ourselves, and in others, and lastly have a livelier “faith” in our prayers. It was a most helpful address to all present.

We are glad to note that the Dominion Council, through the kindness of a certain layman, has been able to place in the hands of all the Chapters throughout the Dominion, a Manual of “Morning and evening prayer” for family use. Although the daily prayers are short, yet at the same time this fault, if it is one, may be the means of households using family prayer who otherwise would not have done so. One feature of the manual worthy of note is, that nearly all the prayers are taken or formed from the Prayer-book, thereby being particularly helpful to church people in acquainting them more fully with the Prayer-book, and also by its consistent use, to have by heart some of those beautiful collects in our Liturgy. In this way we hope that the prayers will become more personal, instead of being a matter of mere repetition, as so often they are.

We take this opportunity in wishing those members, who have left our Chapter, every success in their new fields of work and that though absent, they will still remember the present members in their prayers.

J. A. Lobban ’15, Secretary.

Our Aim.

As this is to be a forward year, as far as the “Mitre” is concerned, the Exchange editor wants to make his department of the paper a means to bring his University into more friendly contact with other Universities. Through the Exchange column we are able to learn the sentiments of other educational bodies, of all schools of thought, on those points in college life which are of interest to us.

New Exchanges

The Exchange editor welcomes new Exchanges, and hopes that those Universities who have honored us with their papers in the past will continue to keep
in touch with us during the coming year. A few papers have already been received, a list of which is to be found at the end of this column.

Among these Exchanges we feel that we must quote a paragraph from an editorial in the "Notre Dame Scholastic" of September, because it puts before us at the beginning of a new academic year a few truths which it is well for each student to bear in mind:—"Education means the physical, intellectual and moral development of a man. Nor can anyone be said to be truly educated who, bestowing all his energy on physical and intellectual development, neglects his moral training. It is the strength gained through the practice of our religion that regulates and directs our learning, and he who has not acquired that strong moral force will in most cases turn his learning to evil account.

The sacraments are the chief aids in our spiritual development, and the student who grows lax in the reception of them during his college life, will utterly fail to secure a true education, no matter how he may store his mind with secular learning."

Trinity University Review.

The "Trinity College Review" is to be complimented upon securing a remarkably vivid, or shall we say livid, poem entitled "A Pirate's Lullaby," by S.M.A. We regret that we have not the space to quote it, but we would advise our students to read it without further delay, as it is well worth while.

We beg to acknowledge the following Exchanges:—Cambridge Review, Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Notre Dame Scholastic, Trinity University Review, Brandon College Quill, McGill Daily, University of Ottawa, and Queen's Journal.

To One who Complained of a Student's Life in College.

Tell me not, though faint and weary
That the Student's life is pain,
That his life is dark and dreary,
Toilsome, perilous and vain.
Dark!—a thousand sights of glory,
Beam before his raptured eyes,
Words and deeds still bright in story
Shine along each path he tries.
Dark!—before him ever burning
You may see the lamp of life,
See him ever God-ward turning
Prayerful eyes amid the strife.

Dreary!—with good angels near him
To inspire fresh deeds of love;
With the voice of God to cheer him,
Nobler works of faith to prove.

Toilsome!—Who would count the labour?
Perilous!—Who would fear the end,
If he truly love his neighbour
If he feel his God his friend.

Vain!—the Student's earnest pages
Kindle never-dying fires,
And his spirit lives for ages
In the deeds his word inspires.

Like some old Cathedral gleaming
In a flood of golden light,
Chequered o'er with colours streaming
From the windows strictly dight.

To the Student's life, fresh beauty
Flows from every source of truth
And he feels his solemn duty
Suits the solemn time of youth.

Let us, then, on God relying
Speed on our appointed way,
Ever hoping, ever trying
More to labour and to pray.

Bishop Westcott.

Timagami.

—By St. Nicholas.
I have sudden passion for the wildwood—
We should be as free as air in the wildwood—
What say you? Shall we go?
Your hands! Your hands!

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the preface to his "History of the World," says, "How unfit and how unworthy a choice I have made of myself, to undertake a worke of this mixture, mine owne reason, though exceeding weak, hath sufficiently resolved mee." The present writer is conscious of a similar misgiving. To know and to love the wilderness is one thing, and to give a clear and interesting description of it is another. The writer feels that he ought to hold his peace rather than to produce an inferior article on the subject, but the demands of the editor render this course inconsistent with personal comfort. Therefore, as the writer is a selfish person, he chooses to study his own comfort rather than
that of the readers of this “Mitre.”—After which apology we now launch out into the deep of our subject.

There is a saying to the effect that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Assuredly the poor careworn individual who spends his days—year in, and year out, amidst the smoke and clatter and conventionalities of the city cannot know the life of the man in the woods. The passing from the life of civilization, of office or study, into that of the woods can be understood by those only who have actually experienced it.

You board the train and leave behind you the old familiar objects with which are associated the cares of winter. You speed through the comfortable farming country with its green meadows and trim dwellings. You settle yourself in your berth with the thought that this is the night that will place a barrier betwixt you and the civilized world. When you awake in the morning, lo! there are no more farms—no more clearings—no more busy towns. You have travelled some three hundred miles in the night and here is nothing but rocks and forest, connected only with the outside world by this one railroad upon which you are travelling. You comfort yourself with the thought that a walk, or rather a scramble, through those woods would not lead you to any field beyond; there is nothing for a hundred miles, or two hundred, or five, but the silence of the wilderness, disturbed only by the sounds of wild creatures and the bubbling of streams. Bye and bye you get out at your little station.

The train moves on and leaves you standing there, and the cool woody breeze reminds you that you are really in the wilds.

Perchance, if you are lucky, there is a little flimsy steamboat waiting to take you away from the last signs of civilization. By nightfall you are comfortably settled at your headquarters at the very outpost of regular communication. Never has the whistle of the train or the honk of the motor car been heard here. The feeling of freedom and elation is indescribable. You bestow a parting thought on the poor wretches in the city and then turn to the present. Before you is an expanse of blue water dotted with islands. About you are scattered the log houses of the residents, chiefly Indians—good Indians who have not (yet) been spoiled by too close contact with the undesirable white man. Stretch out on the stumps are the Indians' fishing-nets. Here a squaw is busy curing a moose-hide; there a burly Indian is patching his canoe. Everything seems to tell of a life of simplicity and contentment. You yourself have changed your city clothes for a gray flannel shirt, kahki trowsers and moose-hide mocassins. You will not have to shave, if you don't want to, for three months! The only people you will see are Indians, fire-rangers, prospectors and occasional tourists—most of the tourists of them proper sort who understand wild life and have chosen this in preference to the fashionable resorts farther south. Most of them have left their wives and sisters at home. This is a country for men.

All this will apply to the journey to and arrival at any wild country, but we have set out to speak of Timagami in particular. The present writer may as well admit at once that he has had no experience of the very wildest places of the American Continent, where the foot of the white man has never trodden. That is a pleasure which he hopes the future has in store for him. It has, however, been his privilege to spend several summer seasons in what is about the wildest country to which the most venturesome tourist presumes to go—Timagami. The Timagami Forest Reserve is a tract of country about sixty miles square, situated in Northern Ontario some seventy miles north of North Bay. It has been set apart by the Ontario government as a timber reserve, to remain as nature left it. No permanent settler may enter, and no more trees may be cut down than is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the camper. Thus it is that, although there are some half dozen towns within a hundred miles of Timagami, the Reserve itself is as wild a country as may be found south of James Bay. The whole Reserve is, almost literally, full of lakes; there is more water than land. The largest body of water is Lake Timagami—a rambling system of long bays, or "arms," seldom more than three miles wide. Thus, although the total length of the lake is about thirty miles and the total breadth about the same, there are no really large open stretches of water, and the lake is seldom too rough for the safety of the experienced canoeist. There are some twelve hundred islands that have been actually surveyed and numbered; and almost incredible as it may seem the total length of the shore-line, including that of the islands, is nearly three thousand miles. The shores are rocky, generally high, and uniformly clad with timber. The water is possibly the clearest fresh water in the world, there being no mud at the bottom to be stirred up by waves or currents.

Arriving at Timagami station, at the end of the north-east arm of the lake, at eight a.m. we proceed by boat a distance of fifteen miles, through the most exquisite scenery, to the Timagami Inn. This is a small summer hotel, built, in 1905, of huge pine logs, before the cutting of timber was prohibited. Throughout the entire length of this fifteen-mile run only two houses are seen—one a tourist's cabin, and the other occupied by a family of Indians. After dining at the Inn we again board the steamer, and a ten-minutes' run brings us to the requisite scenery, to the Timagami Inn. This is a small summer hotel, built, in 1905, of huge pine logs, before the cutting of timber was prohibited. Throughout the entire length of this fifteen-mile run only two houses are seen—one a tourist's cabin, and the other occupied by a family of Indians. After dining at the Inn we again board the steamer, and a ten-minutes' run brings us to the
as: "The Gentlemen and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay—Pure Pepper!" But we must hasten to "Walsh's Wigwam" to engage our rooms. Here we find a strange but welcome combination; a spotlessly clean and up-to-date boarding house with all modern conveniences and the best of meals—and none of the formality generally associated with such establishments. If you want to go about wearing hob-nailed boots, a gray shirt, a week's beard and no coat nor collar, you are quite at liberty to do so—and you are not going beyond the bounds of propriety. Here ladies, and others who are not sufficiently well accustomed to rough life to trust themselves in camp, may spend the whole summer season making short expeditions for fishing and sight-seeing in the immediate neighborhood. We, however, have "other fish to fry."

We shall stay here only a few days, and must make the best of our time by exploring our immediate surroundings and learning something about the people. Most of the Indians of the surrounding country have congregated here for the sake of the tourist trade, and the employment as guides which it brings. When winter comes the majority go off to their homes in the more remote places, leaving some half dozen families at Bear Island. We find a roughly built Roman Catholic Church, which most of the Indians attend, and a newer Anglican Church, which has been erected to look after the spiritual needs of the tourists and of the score of Indians who are not Roman Catholics.

On the most conspicuous site in the place is the Fire Rangers' Hall, where the Deputy Chief Ranger is stationed, and from which he watches with zealous care for the slightest sign of the much dreaded forest fire.

We are much interested in the conversation of various people of the place—the Hudson's Bay Factor, the Fire Rangers and others. If you are a new comer you must be very careful of what you say and of what you believe. One has heard a graphic description of how a bear towed the steamboat when the narrator, standing on the deck of the said steamboat, had lassooed the bear. One hears how the tracks left by the dog teams across the ice in winter may still be seen at times in the summer. Perhaps the best story of all tells how, in the summer of 1910, there visited Timagami a young gentleman of guileless and gullible character. On one occasion this gentleman overheard some conversation about the "muskeg country" to the north. Becoming interested our friend enquired.

"What's this about the moose-egg country? What is a moose-egg country?"

He was promptly told that it was the headquarters for moose-breeding. To make a long story short, the combined arguments of his associates him convinced that he, and they, had stumbled upon a wonderful discovery, moose laid eggs, about the size of a Rugby football, with a soft shell, something like a bag of putty! This, of course, is an extreme case; but the shrewdest of city dwellers must beware lest he get into some such pitfall.

We must not, however, spend all our time at Bear Island. We have left behind us the clatter and grime of civilization, and are in a typical frontier settlement. But still we are not quite satisfied; we must get away from all signs of permanent human habitation.

Our real headquarters for the summer is to be Camp Timagami. The camp is situated on Mitawanga Island ("the island of the sandy beaches," one of the few of its kind on the lake) about six miles directly south of Bear Island. It is a summer camp, primarily for boys, under the management of a member of the staff of a leading boys' school. Here some sixty schoolboys, College undergraduates, schoolmasters and occasional College professors and other adults spend the summer. The boys learn woodcraft; the men enjoy a life of freedom from the worries of their more serious occupations. The head of the camp is a prominent swimming expert and a first-rate camper, having a thorough knowledge of life in the woods. All work and play together in that harmony attainable only under a leader who is a master of his art and who possesses a quiet but compelling personality.

To give an adequate idea of the endless round of activity here is a difficult task. The life may be divided into two parts—the time spent about camp, and the time spent on side trips. Any one remaining throughout the whole season will probably take three or four side trips, each lasting from four to seven days or longer. The balance of time is spent about camp.

In camp proper there is constant activity in the way of fishing, canoeing, swimming, carpentering and chopping. This is the life that should fit one for any amount of mental struggle during the following winter, if anything will. Swimming and diving are systematically taught, and probably no boy has ever returned home after spending a month or more at camp, without being able to swim. Sufficient ground has been cleared in the rear of the camp to provide a base-ball diamond, and enthusiasm runs high in this direction. Perhaps the dearest of the day's enjoyments is the camp-fire in the evening. No one who has been at Camp Timagami will ever forget the crackling and the glow of the camp-fire in "the gully," the lazy moon, with its glimmering reflection in the lake below—the white trunks of the tall birches—and the tired but contented groups of men and boys sprawled about on Mother Earth, chatting, singing the old songs, or listening to the gramophone which, in the open air, seems to lose all its mechanical harshness. The greatest event of the season is the annual regatta, when an afternoon is spent in swimming and canoe-races, followed by the distribution of prizes.

We have still to speak of the side trips. We have spent a week or two in camp and feel ready to attempt something more strenuous. It is probably a Monday morning when, after a great bustle of choosing the party and getting the tent, "grub" and canoes ready, we start out at 10 a.m. Our party includes six people, in three canoes. Our outfit consists of one tent, one sack of "grub,"
pots and pans, tin plates, cups and spoons, two axes, fishing tackle, map and compass, besides the personal belongings of each member—probably a pair of blankets, an extra shirt or sweater, a towel and a camera and a pipe and tobacco if he smokes.

After paddling for three hours we stop in a sheltered cove and eat a little hard-tack and raisins, remaining in our canoes to save time. Another short paddle brings us to the first portage. We know not what lies ahead. It may be up hill, it may be down or it may be alternations of the two. Certainly it is rough. Quietly—even solemnly—we step ashore. There is no energy to be wasted now. A piece of genuine hard work lies before us. Packs and canoes are loaded on our shoulders and the scramble begins. Up, up you struggle. If you are not careful your canoe bumps now on the steep ascending path before you, now on the descending path behind you. You edge around this boulder and hop on to that. The small boy who cannot carry a canoe, and so went first over the portage with some lighter load, comes running back to see if he can help, or to tell you that you are near the end. Bye and bye you catch a welcome glimpse of water through the trees. You struggle through on to the end, and put down your canoe with a feeling that you have done a man's work—a work worth doing.

It may be remarked here that possibly the best place in the world for showing in its true light the character of man or boy, is at times of difficulty and discomfort on a canoe trip, on the portage, in the rain or making and breaking camp. The quiet, mediocre youth, without any particularly obvious virtues, may at such times act with almost heroic unselfishness; while another, seemingly much more highly favoured individual, may act with the utmost meanness. There is probably no boy better deserving of a prize or trophy than he who is the best all-around camper. Other prizes tell of physical strength and skill. This tells of strength of character as well.

But our story wanders. We are now in another lake—much smaller, but no less beautiful than Timagami. Perhaps we make one or two more portages and paddle through several small lakes and streams. At about 5.30 p.m. we look about for a suitable camping place, and, when this is found, one section of the party pitches the tent, while the other prepares the meal. All are comfortably rolled up in their blankets and sound asleep by nine o'clock, and after eight hours of good rest it is no serious trial to get up at five as we must if we want to travel far on the morrow. We enjoy the beauty of the early morning hours while getting breakfast and striking camp. By eight o'clock we are again underway. Perchance we paddle on, mile after mile, for several hours, without a portage; or it may be that our way lies through a succession of small lakes and streams, and across many portages. Now we rejoice to find that our portage is but a short "carry-over" of a hundred yards; now it is a "two-miler" across which we must struggle. On the second night we are genuinely tired. and sleep still more soundly than on the first. Very probably we will have at least one day of rain—but we go ahead nevertheless, for experience has shown that it is better to work hard in the rain than to loaf about in camp. With proper care the outfit need not get wet, and one does not seem to suffer from wearing wet clothes. Making camp in the rain is a somewhat melancholy business, but when once the tent is pitched, a cheerful fire burning and a good meal consumed the discomfort is forgotten and the tripper lies down to sleep in a state of sublime contentment. No two days pass in exactly the same way. One travels through an endless variety of scenery, and speculation as to the difficulty of portage, the swiftness of currents and the roughness of large open stretches still to be encountered keeps the party in a state of excitement. Perhaps the best part of it all is the feeling that one is really away from the haunts of men. It is with difficulty that one remembers even the days of the week. All too soon we find ourselves back at Camp Timagami, but the regret that our trip is a thing of the past is somewhat relieved by the joy of eating meals that we ourselves have not prepared, and by the luxury of sleeping on camp cots with real springs. At last the cool nights of September remind us that we have another life—a life in civilization—to which we must return whether we want to or no. Reluctantly we pack up our few belongings, lace ourselves up to the throat in "store clothes," and, feeling more than anything else like full-dressed, white-gloved swells in an iron foundry, we board the steamboat—then the train—and return to civilization, to re-acquaint ourselves to its conventionalities as best we may.

Autumn.

Season of barren branches gray,
Beneath a lowering sky,
Arching along each forest way
The sodden leaves that lie
Beneath a lowering sky.

Changing by slow degrees to mold,
Or red or saffron stain,
That now in driven yellow showers,
Respite the year receives,

Beneath the near wind's howl,
Among the tinted leaves.

Bereft of every former gold.
Perchance we paddle on, mile after mile, for several hours, without a portage; or it may be that our way lies through a succession of small lakes and streams, and across many portages. Now we rejoice to find that our portage is but a short "carry-over" of a hundred yards; now it is a "two-miler" across which we must struggle. On the second night we are genuinely tired. and sleep still more soundly than on the first. Very probably we will have at least one day of rain—but we go ahead nevertheless, for experience has shown that it is better to work hard in the rain than to loaf about in camp. With proper care the outfit need not get wet, and one does not seem to suffer from wearing wet clothes. Making camp in the rain is a somewhat melancholy business, but when once the tent is pitched, a cheerful fire burning and a good meal consumed the discomfort is forgotten and the tripper lies down to sleep in a state of sublime contentment. No two days pass in exactly the same way. One travels through an endless variety of scenery, and speculation as to the difficulty of portage, the swiftness of currents and the roughness of large open stretches still to be encountered keeps the party in a state of excitement. Perhaps the best part of it all is the feeling that one is really away from the haunts of men. It is with difficulty that one remembers even the days of the week. All too soon we find ourselves back at Camp Timagami, but the regret that our trip is a thing of the past is somewhat relieved by the joy of eating meals that we ourselves have not prepared, and by the luxury of sleeping on camp cots with real springs. At last the cool nights of September remind us that we have another life—a life in civilization—to which we must return whether we want to or no. Reluctantly we pack up our few belongings, lace ourselves up to the throat in "store clothes," and, feeling more than anything else like full-dressed, white-gloved swells in an iron foundry, we board the steamboat—then the train—and return to civilization, to re-acquaint ourselves to its conventionalities as best we may.

Wanderer.

Season of barren branches gray,
Beneath a lowering sky,
Arching along each forest way
The sodden leaves that lie
Beneath a lowering sky.

Changing by slow degrees to mold,
Or red or saffron stain,
That now in driven yellow showers,
Respite the year receives,

Beneath the near wind's howl,
Among the tinted leaves.

Bereft of every former gold.
Perchance we paddle on, mile after mile, for several hours, without a portage; or it may be that our way lies through a succession of small lakes and streams, and across many portages. Now we rejoice to find that our portage is but a short "carry-over" of a hundred yards; now it is a "two-miler" across which we must struggle. On the second night we are genuinely tired. and sleep still more soundly than on the first. Very probably we will have at least one day of rain—but we go ahead nevertheless, for experience has shown that it is better to work hard in the rain than to loaf about in camp. With proper care the outfit need not get wet, and one does not seem to suffer from wearing wet clothes. Making camp in the rain is a somewhat melancholy business, but when once the tent is pitched, a cheerful fire burning and a good meal consumed the discomfort is forgotten and the tripper lies down to sleep in a state of sublime contentment. No two days pass in exactly the same way. One travels through an endless variety of scenery, and speculation as to the difficulty of portage, the swiftness of currents and the roughness of large open stretches still to be encountered keeps the party in a state of excitement. Perhaps the best part of it all is the feeling that one is really away from the haunts of men. It is with difficulty that one remembers even the days of the week. All too soon we find ourselves back at Camp Timagami, but the regret that our trip is a thing of the past is somewhat relieved by the joy of eating meals that we ourselves have not prepared, and by the luxury of sleeping on camp cots with real springs. At last the cool nights of September remind us that we have another life—a life in civilization—to which we must return whether we want to or no. Reluctantly we pack up our few belongings, lace ourselves up to the throat in "store clothes," and, feeling more than anything else like full-dressed, white-gloved swells in an iron foundry, we board the steamboat—then the train—and return to civilization, to re-acquaint ourselves to its conventionalities as best we may.

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Bereft of every former gold.
Morgan Mannering, Mystic.

Mannering is the best friend I have in the world, and yet I cannot pretend to understand him, any more than Newton could understand Gravitation, or Edison Electricity, or William James the Human Mind. There is something humiliating, not to say exasperating, in the conviction that with every opportunity given, with every advantage afforded by the closest intimacy, the subject of your study persistently eludes you. I am quite sure that all great men of Science have experienced this; the more they knew, the more they felt there was to know, and thus, lured on and on by a growing knowledge of the ultimately unknowable, they advanced from strength to strength. I, who am no scientist, have experienced this "Divine Discontent." I, too, have studied, and scrutinized, and marvelled and despaired, and yet, even while despairing, rejoiced that I should never completely know!

It is just ten years ago that I first met Morgan Mannering, Mystic. How well I remember that meeting! We got off the train together, and together entered the unpretentious hall of a certain residential University where we read the same books, and took the same examinations, and passed quietly, but by no means uneventfully, three happy and fruitful years. With us it was a case of the attraction of opposites. So obvious was that our fellow students used to designate us "Substance and Shadow," thereby speaking more truly than they knew. They thought only of the physical analogy, for I am of large build, and generous stature, while Mannering barely exceeds five feet, and tips the scales at a hundred and twenty pounds, although he is as quick as a cat, and amazingly strong. In reality, however, it was the mental dissimilarity that was most remarkable. Like most men of athletic tendency and robust appetite I was of the hard-headed, practical type, not given to sentiment, nor handicapped by an over-exuberant imagination. But Mannering!—What shall I say? Let this story speak for itself!

Very early in his career in College men used to designate my friend "peculiar," "a queer sort," "slightly touched," and so forth, which imputations I used to resent most indignantly, even while I could not but admit their justice.
That settled me for the nonce. Mannering was always over-apt in his quotations. In fact I was so wrathful that I quite forgot to borrow some tobacco to fill my pipe, and did not enter his diggings until the next day.

A few weeks later we were peacefully smoking in Mannering's room in the comfortable silence, which is the quintessence of friendship, when he suddenly turned to me, and remarked: "Do you know, Jones, I'd like to try my hand at Hypnotism?" "By all means," I replied, "so long as you don't try it on me." Whereupon, I got up from the lounge, and crossing the room, sat down at my friend's piano, and sang Moore's touching melody, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

"Good man!" said Mannering approvingly; and looking around, I perceived him observing me, with a curious expression of mingled triumph and irony in his dark eyes. In a tone half bantering, half serious, he remarked: "You object to the practise of hypnotism, do you? What would you say if I were to tell you that you had already been hypnotized?" "I should probably express a poor opinion of your veracity," was my very natural rejoinder.

"Will you believe if I give you my sacred word of honour?" "In that case I should certainly believe that you thought so, but were laboring under a delusion!" "Quite so," replied my friend smiling, "I knew well enough that you would require proof. Now if you really want to know whether I have told you the truth or not, go over to my desk, and read what I have written on the half-sheet of note-paper you will find in the second drawer to the right." Curiously impressed, in spite of my assumed scepticism, I went across to the very opposite end of the room to that in which we had been sitting all evening, and, picking out the paper from the otherwise empty drawer, I slowly unfolded it and read:

Monday evening; May 25.
Dear Jones:
Would you be so good as to come over to my room at 7.30 this evening and when I speak of Hypnotism, lay aside your pipe, and sing, to your own accompaniment, Moore's "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

Mannering.
P.S.—This is merely to convince you that I am no fakir!

Monday evening; May 25.

Dear Jones:

Would you be so good as to come over to my room at 7.30 this evening and when I speak of Hypnotism, lay aside your pipe, and sing, to your own accompaniment, Moore's "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

Mannering.

Too bewildered even to be angry, I could only stare and wonder, and be convinced. But I did not feel ready to acknowledge his triumph. Returning to my place on the lounge, and resuming my pipe, I remarked: "Very clever, old boy, but please recollect that I have cut my wisdom teeth."

Before I could receive any reply, there came a knock, or rather a series of knocks on the door. It was a Morse signal, a telegraphic call, with which both Mannering and myself were familiar. "Are you ready to take down the message?" asked my friend. The knocks commenced again, and, writing almost mechanically, this is the exact message I received: "Is Jones quite convinced yet?"—"Zacchaeus."

Then, and not till then, Mannering cried, "Come in!" And a very tall, thin gentleman, with a Mephistophelian beard and moustache, stooped and entered the room.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "my knuckles are actually sore; do you always keep fellows knocking for half an hour before you let them in?"

"Not usually," replied Mannering, smiling.

"By the way, Zacchaeus," I casually remarked, "were you ever employed in a telegraph office?"

"My gracious, no! What on earth do you mean?" was the surprising reply.

"Do you mean to tell me," I persisted, "that you are not acquainted with the Morse alphabet?"

"Most certainly NOT, why do you ask the question?"

"Did not Mannering here show you how to deliver that message at the door to-night, in order to put one over me! Come now, the game is up."

A blank stare from Zacchaeus was the only response.

"Well, gentlemen," I said decisively, "this joke has gone a wee bit too far; unless an explanation is forthcoming at once, I shall..."

Here I stopped, not having the slightest idea what I should do. "Really, Jones," said Zacchaeus with dignity, "I wish you to understand that I am not in the habit of lying, even to please a friend. I do wish you would believe me when I say that I am not acquainted with a single letter of the Morse, or any other telegraphic code, and I certainly did not know, nor do I for one moment believe, that I was delivering any message at the door to-night. And if you think you can make a fool of me you are very much mistaken."

(To be continued.)

Concerning Hero-Worship.

"The Hero is a Hero at all points; in the soul and thought of him first of all."—Carlyle.

The instinct in man for worship is God-given, but it has been repeatedly misused, for, since Time began man has worshipped Nature, the Elements, Fire, the Spirits of Good and Evil and a host of other gods as well. Knowing that they are acting upon an uncontrollable impulse to worship something, be it good or bad, we pity the heathen when in their blindness they bow down to wood and stone. This impulse to worship a Deity is alive in every man's breast, though
indeed, he may be unaware of its presence. "Hero-worship," as old as Time itself, evolves from this higher worship. There have always been great men whom others, their inferiors in wisdom or strength, usually regarded with feelings of awe; and though, as Carlyle says, there is too much criticism and not enough "hero-worship" to-day, it is inevitable that there will be always some men in the world worthy of the name of hero. In Pagan mythology the great man was looked upon as being almost divine, although people knew that he possessed a mortal body exactly like their own. After death he was supposed to dwell in the abode of the gods. Of course the great mistake of these men was that they actually worshipped their own fellow creatures.

Who is the hero to-day? Is he the man whose name is on every tongue and whose deeds are praised far and wide? Carlyle does not think so. The heroes, he believes, are "the noble, silent men—whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth." These noble men are to be found in every walk of life. There is the soldier who dies bravely on the battle field for his country. No one notices his death among the hundreds who fall, and few know his name, but is he for that reason less heroic than the great general who fell, mortally wounded, not far from him, and whose body was borne in state through the streets of some great city? It is so often that the people whom the world regard as unimportant are those who do the real work of the world.

What then are the characteristics of a true hero? He must be a hero in his soul and thought before he can be a hero in deed and act, says Carlyle. His thoughts must be high and noble, for thoughts are the forerunners of deeds and actions. Above all, he must be sincere; in doing good his purpose must never be to make himself popular, but rather his motto should be "Because right is right, to follow right." The man who acts upon this principle must exert a great influence in life whether the world recognizes it or not. Sustained by noble and uplifting thoughts he will do great and kind actions and is bound to be, sooner or later, looked up to by his fellow-men.

We have all read inspiring accounts of lives saved by brave comrades. Saving a life, in spite of personal danger, is indeed heroism of a high type, but may it not be true, in many cases that the man who pulls off his coat and dives into the raging stream to rescue his friend, is leading a careless, even a bad life? May it not also be true that even on that day his influence was far from good over the friend whom he has just saved so bravely? Heroism may come to such a man for a moment when he sees a comrade in danger, but he does not realize that he is called upon to be heroic in the everyday struggles of life in the little things of life that count so much.

Surely the true hero to-day, then is the man whose word can be trusted, the man who can be relied upon to be a help and a comfort in the time of sorrow, the man who himself does the right thing in face of temptation. In fine, the hero to-day is the man who thinks, speaks, and acts in imitation of the Perfect Man.

E. E. W.

A Song of The Homeland.

I'll sing you a song of the homeland
Though the strains be of little worth,
A song of our own loved homeland,
Of the noblest land upon earth;
Where the tide of the sea from oceans three
Beats high in its triple might,
Where the winds are born in a Southern morn
And die in a polar night.
I'll sing you a song of the East-land,
Of the land where our fathers died,
Where Saxon and Frank, their feuds long dead,
Are sleeping side by side;
And their sons still toil on the hard-won soil
Of a mighty river's plain
Where the censor swings, and the Angelus rings
And the old faith lives again.
I'll sing you a song of the West-land
Where the magic cities rise,
And the prairies clothed with their golden grain
Stretch under the azure skies;
Where the mountains grim and the clouds grow dim
Far north in the arctic land,
And the northern light in its mystic flight
Flares over the golden strand.
But 'tis all a song of Homeland,
Be it north or east or west,
A land for a nation's dwelling-place,
And God has given his best.
So toll we on through dark or dawn,
"Neath fair or stormy skies,
Till hand in hand from strand to strand
A mighty nation rise.

From Canadian Magazine.

F. O. Call.

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When a man enters on his first term of college life, he is as a rule confronted with the following problem. Here am I with three—or it may be four or five years—before me, upon the good or bad use of which time of preparation will depend in a very large measure the success or failure of my after life. How then am I to use to the full a period of such inestimable value?

At a large University it would be necessary for a man in such a position to make careful and deliberate choice of certain lines of life, to choose perhaps between the athletic and the intellectual, and to mark out for himself certain defi-