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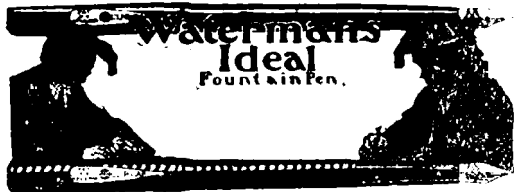
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THE MITRE.

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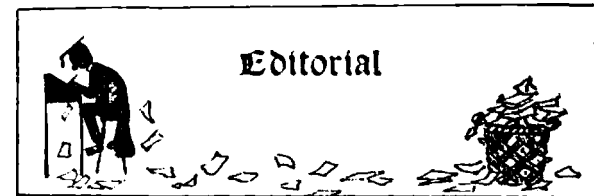
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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1913.



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-

nite barriers which he may not transgress without weakening the power which a more confined life would give him. Then, too, there is the question of his friends. Only the other day we were reading an article in a magazine dealing with the problem of the freshman in the large American Universities. From this it would seem that many are the difficulties which present themselves to a freshman desirous of choosing his friends. Custom in the form of cliques, sets, and circles debars him from the company of the leading men of his class, and very unpleasant sometimes are the methods which he must employ to win his way to his wished for end.

Leaving this vexed problem of the greater Universities, and turning our attention to the position of a freshman at our own University, what a different prospect presents itself. For him there is no question as to the choice of his own line of life, what talents he is to employ and what talents he is to leave undeveloped. Bishop's College demands his all. At a small university more is demanded of a man than would be the case at a large one. But it is not demanded without a right, and the freshman may be sure that whatever he may give to Bishop's College of his talents and of his abilities, that he can never square the account, and that he will leave his Alma Mater with a heavy debt which he can never fully repay her.

Then, too, there is the question of friends. At the large Universities, as we have seen, a man has to choose his clique, his set, his circle and has, we should judge from the article already mentioned, to gain access to them by methods which are not infrequently far from pleasant. But here again how different a prospect it is for the freshman at Lennoxville. Here there are no sets, no cliques and but one circle, the circle of the University, entrance into which is debarred to none, and which asks but one thing of him, that is, that he give of his best to the College which gives so much to him.

We think, then, that whatever problems may confront the freshman at the large Universities, there is but one at Bishops which he is required to face, and that one of simple solution. For he has but to realize that all his talents are needed for his college, and that the circle of his friends is the circle of the University. And there is but one solution of the problem of developing his talents and of securing his friends, and that solution may be summed up in the one word "service." For a student can be quite sure that the moment he stops thinking how much he can get out of the college, and applies his whole mind to seeing how much he can do for the college, at that moment he will begin upon a course which will develop to the uttermost all the talents that are in him, and will assure him of the possession of many friends. In fact there is, it seems to us, but one motto which may help a man to gain the most from his college life, and that is to do all things whether in work or in play "for the college, the whole college and nothing but the college."

We feel that an apology is needed to our readers for the late appearance of the first issue of the Mitre. The blame must not however be wholly laid to us. At the beginning of this term the affairs of the paper were in such a position as to need very drastic measures. These were taken. But they required much hard work, which together with the necessity of having to elect a new editor, is largely responsible for the untoward delay in the issuing of the first copy of this year's Mitre.

And here we would point out that so small was our subscription list at the beginning of this term, that had not the measures spoken of above been taken, the life of the paper would have been seriously endangered. And we would bring to the notice of our readers, the great service they would be doing the College by gaining new subscribers from among those graduates of the College, who are not already taking the paper. For it is upon them that to a very large extent the life of the Mitre depends, and it is indeed very largely for them that the paper is issued at all.

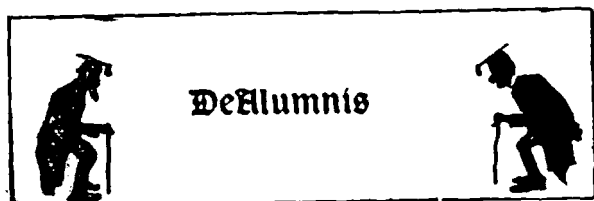
Realizing these facts the Mitre staff sent out some five hundred circulars at the beginning of the term to old graduates pointing out the necessity of maintaining a large subscription list. The result of the circulars has been to increase largely the number of our subscribers, but the list is not yet as great as it might be, and it is to be hoped that old graduates of the college who read these lines, and who are not yet subscribers to the Mitre will realize how much we depend upon them for their support, and that they will not fail to do their duty to their Alma Mater in this important matter.

It is with pleasure that we quote the following lines from the Church Quarterly Review :--"There is no need to introduce to the readers of the Church Quarterly Review either Mr. Turner, of Magdalen and the British Academy, or Dr. Headlam, the Editor of this Review. On the other hand, until a few months ago, the name of Dr. Hamilton was not very generally known in England. In Crockford's Clinical Directory for 1912 no publication of any kind is accredited to him. But it is not too much to say that by his most remarkable book, "The People of God," he has leaped at one bound into the front rank of the theologians of the Anglican Communion. In the April number of the Church Quarterly, Professor Naime reviewed the first volume of his book which deals with the Israel of the Old Covenant. It is to be hoped that no long time will elapse before a full review of the second volume, which deals with the Church of Christ, the New Israel, will be similarly given to us."

Dr. Hamilton is the second Lennoxville man who has of late won fame for himself by his literary achievements. It is now just a year since we had the same pleasant duty of drawing the attention of our readers to Mr. Mitchell's

book which was received with such favour by those critics whose criticism was most valuable.

The way has now been shown us, may there be many more Lennoxville men to follow its course.



As we begin to cast around for the notes for the coming issue, the general sentiment seems to be oh, dear, what shall we say? However, our graduates must not feel that their Alma Mater has forgotten them. Such an influence would have to be far greater than the dread of the Xmas exams.

Upon looking at the copy of "Church Life" for October the 30th, we were delighted to see a quarter page print of old Bill Walker (the Rev. W. R. Walker, L. Th., as the paper styles him) lecturing to a group of railway men in the shops at Ogden, just as he used to lecture the boys in old No. 12 of the Arts building, and later in the shed. Of course Bill is in the right, he always was.

Rev. Canon Kittson M. A., D. C. L., the late rector of Christ's Church Cathedral was presented with a beautiful illuminated address, and a gold watch, by the members of the Cathedral, on October the 22nd. This mark of appreciation showed clearly the high esteem in which his late parishioners held him.

The Rev. E. R. Roy, M. A., D. C. L., late Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Quebec and Missionary to Montmorency and Lake Beauport, has been formally inductep as the rector of Cookshire, while the Rev. C. T. Lewis, M. A., rector of Bury, has been appointed Rural Dean in succession to the late Rural Dean Robertson. We wish both men great success in their new positions.

Our Editor, Mr. M. H. Wells, ably performed the duties of a lay reader in Cookshire, during the vacancy of the parish.

We on the last day of October, lost one of our best friends, in the person of the Venerable Archdeacon Ker B. D., D. D. Last year it was our duty to record his resignation from Grace Church, Point St. Charles. His ill health continued until he quietly passed into His Heavenly Home. He was a member of our

council and corporation, and a friend of all those with whom he came in contact. "Dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of all his saints." Our deepest sympathies are extended to the bereaved family.

We see that another opportunity has been granted our graduates, in that the "Jubilee Fund" has been left open for another year. Already over fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed. Are you to be one of those, who will not help their Alma Mater? Put your hands in your pockets and help to pay off at least a small portion of the debt we owe her.

We are pleased to note that the Rev. 'Bill' Sherring's work has increased to such an extent, that it has been found necessary to have an assistant in the person of Mr. H. M. Merrix, who will be added to the clerical staff of St. John's from St. Andrew's Day, as lay assistant.

Athletics.

Foot-ball Notes.

The foot-ball cup presented at the beginning of the season by Dr. Robertson to the Foot-ball Club, to be assigned to the most useful member of the team, has been awarded to the Rev. C. H. Hobart. Those of us who remember Mr. Hobart's displays of the art of bucking in our McGill matches will understand that the cup has fallen into worthy hands. Messrs. Cox, Robertson and King however ran the winner close. Two ballots were taken at a meeting composed of members of the team together with the substitutes. In the first ballot Messrs. Hobart and King tied for first place, and Messrs. Cox and Robertson for second place, there being but one vote difference between the first and second places. At the second ballot Messrs. Hobart and King's names were alone voted upon. The result was again a tie. The captain's casting vote was now called for by the meeting. The decision of the captain was given in favour of Mr. Hobart, who thus became the owner of the cup.

Hockey.

The prospects for Hockey are very promising for the coming season. Although, only one of last year's team remains, the new material is better than in former years, and Bishop's will probably have the best Hockey team it has ever had. Arrangements have been made to play a few games with our friends across the border, namely, Harvard, on Saturday, January 31, 1914, and Dartmouth on Thursday, February 5th, 1914, with a possibility of a game with Boston Univer-

with interesting points in connection with the geology, geography, economy and history of the ancient city. There is to be one more meeting this term at which Mr. Gwyn will read a paper on the Vikings. It is rumoured that certain residents in the Shed and the old Lodge are canvassing for invitations in the hope of getting valuable tips on rough-housing from the paper.

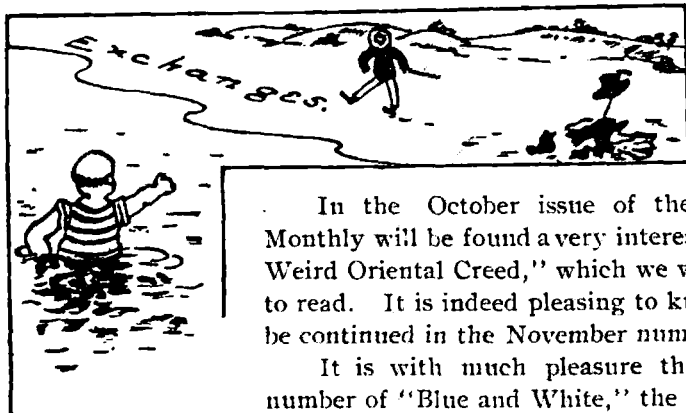
Brotherhood of St. Andrew

On Sunday, Nov. the 9th, the Harvest Festival service was held at Moulton Hill Mission. Messrs Cox and Roe, under whose charge the Mission is, read the service, and Mr. R. F. Fleming officiated at the organ. Rev. Prof. Vial delivered a helpful and sympathetic sermon. It was encouraging to the members of the Brotherhood, whose privilege it was to be present, to see the goodly number of twenty present, apart from visitors, which is an indication of the way in which the services are appreciated, and we feel confident that 'real' work will be accomplished under the direction of the zealous leaders, who already have given up considerable time to the work.

The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the way that the people responded in the service, altogether made it inspiring, and goes to show that after all the beauty of our Anglican service is a call to deeper and higher worship.

We have had word indirectly from the Rev. R. J. Shires, and am glad to note that he has nobly given himself up to the tremendous field of work before him.

We should be glad to hear from any other of our members, and we extend the hand of fellowship in wishing all a Happy and Blessed Xmaside.



In the October issue of the McMaster University Monthly will be found a very interesting article entitled, "A Weird Oriental Creed," which we would advise our readers to read. It is indeed pleasing to know that the article will be continued in the November number.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome the June number of "Blue and White," the bright and breezy magazine from Rothesay Collegiate School. It brings with it an air of freshness and

loyalty, which wins the hearts of its readers for the school. We hope to have further exchanges from Rothesay.

The "Trinity University Review" in its excellent number for November again presents us with a vivid and realistic production in "A Ballad of the Yukon," which we have no hesitation in recommending to the notice of our readers.

We feel that we cannot resist quoting some passages from the Editorial in the Oct.-Nov. number of the "Macdonald College Magazine," which deals with the question as to how one might get the most out of College. "It is the problem that the new student is confronted with." And we might add, a problem too for those about to graduate. "The young man or woman," the editorial continues, "who is fortunate enough to have the way opened up that he or she may take advantage of college opportunities, should not lose sight of the obligations owed to society at large."

"Students are for a period, non-producers in the economic world, being supported by their own previous earnings, directly from home or otherwise. We at college should realize the debt we owe to the labourer on the railroad, in the factory or on the farm, which we do not often think of. It is because of this social obligation we should make the best use of our time and money, in order that we may be able by our after work to better the conditions of those who have not had the same chances as we enjoy."

"Every student on entering college should remember what he or she is there for, namely, to fit themselves for "mastery for service," that the money invested on education will on graduation be redeemed many fold, that the efficiency of the person will be so increased that the economic worth of the individual to society will be greater and the output more than compensate the apparently unfruitful years spent at college."

"Education, above all, stands for three things: 1. Instruction—the knowledge that it gives you. 2. Liberation—the power that you receive to use your own faculties. 3. Consecration—the light of something to live for, the welfare of your fellow men whom to serve is your highest ideal."

Fish don't bite just for the wishin'.
Keep a pullin'!
Change your bait and keep on fishin'!
Keep a pullin'!
Luck aint nailed to any spot;
Men you envy like as not,
Envy you your job and lot!
Keep a pullin'!

MacDonald College Magazine.

We beg to acknowledge the following Exchanges :

The Student, University Monthly, The Gateway, MacMaster University Monthly, MacDonald College Magazine, Cambridge Review, Harvard Alumni Bulletin, King's College Record, Blue and White, Notre Dame Scholastic, McGill Daily, St. John's College Magazine, Queen's University Journal, Brandon College Quill.

A Backwater of History.

A few days ago a friend who had been visiting New York showed me the guide-book he had bought to teach him what to see, and, even more, what not to see. A very interesting volume I found it, not so much for its contents, for the fact that if you add up the floor-spaces of the latest sky-scraper the total area equals that of Central park left me unmoved, as for the thoughts it suggested. Of these the standard of measurement was perhaps the most obvious. For the "Guide to New York" the standard was not a shifting one, utility for an office-building, beauty for a famous picture, historic interest for an Egyptian monument, but fixed—dollars—This Fifth Avenue mansion cost so much to erect, that picture was purchased for so much more, a millionaire drew a check for that amount to pay for bringing the obelisk across the Atlantic. And I wondered what Ruskin would have said of it.

But although the standard of measurement was the most obvious reflection, a more interesting one followed, suggested by a comparison with the Baedekers I used to buy after a holiday in Europe in order to be able to describe to friends and relatives the things I ought to have seen and had not—there was no history in the "Guide to New York." And that, I think, is what most strikes a traveller from Europe who visits North America—There is no history in the landscape, a fact brought out by the name "New World." "To Canada belongs the future," but to Europe and the East belongs the past. And as I scanned the Guide to New York with its talk of sky-scrapers so many floors high, and fifth avenue mansions costing so many hundred thousand dollars, I thought of a little town in central France where sky-scrapers are unknown and the only costly building is the Cathedral, but where the very stones in the walls tell of a history that goes back until it is lost in the mists of an age before recorded history began.

If ever you are in Paris, and can tear yourself away from the Louvre and the Comedie Francaise, go to the Gare de Lyons, and, letting the express for the South go its rapid and luxurious way to the Riviera, take the slow local which follows, and as it jogs serenely up the valleys of the Seine and the Yonne the very names of the stations—Melun, Fontainebleau, Montereau—will act as a spell to carry you back to the times when English kings fought for the crown of France, through the ages when monarchs of the ancien régime hunted stags, and

even shyer game as that old scandal-monger the muse of history whispers, in the forest of Fontainebleau, and Napoleon, brought to bay by Europe, fought for his crown as a simple gunner, lost, and signed it away in the old castle.

Presently you will reach the city of Sens, once the metropolis of Gaul, but now languishing away as a drowsy market town. Ten years ago I would have advised you to pass the modern hotels and descend at a little hostelry in the rue Thénard, where you would have found few of the comforts of home, but where you would have been received by a courteous host, grey-haired and portly, who, if you could get him reminiscent over a bottle of Chablis, would tell you wondrous tales of the seventy and the commune, between puffs of a meerchaum whose amber mouth-piece was string-bound to save it from his teeth. But the père J—no longer presides over the little inn, so go to whichever hôtel is starred by Baedeker and enjoy your comforts. Then, after a night's rest, sally forth into the past.

It is to the cathedral, which seems to dominate the little city, that one's steps naturally turn first. For Anglicans this should be one of the most interesting churches in France, for it was to Sens that Thomas à Becket came in 1166 to lay his case against Henry before the Pope, and here he stayed until his reconciliation with the king, thus bringing to the notice of English churchmen the glories of the new cathedral, so that when the church of Canterbury was burnt in 1174 the successor of Thomas sent to Sens for an architect to build it anew after the model of the Cathedral of Sens. But it is as an historic monument, not as the prototype of Canterbury, or the first master-work of a new style of architecture (as it was), that I want you to regard the cathedral and to realize as you gaze at the solid grandeur of the façade, or wander through the aisles, the memories of great men and great monuments that hover round its precincts.

In its early days the cathedral of Sens seems to have been a favourite haunt of saints. We have seen one worshipping there, our own St. Thomas, and a quarter of a century before his visit a more famous saint had come thither on other business. In 1140 a great church council was held in the nave of the yet unfinished building, at which St. Bernard denounced the writings of Abelard, and secured their condemnation for heresy. While fifty years after St. Thomas St. Louis came to Sens on business one does not associate with saints; for it was here that the last of the Crusaders married Marguerite of Provence.

Not only did the city attract saints from elsewhere, it produced a plentiful crop of its own, as the following extract from Mémaine's history of Sens shows. "The church of Sens counts, from St. Savinien (the first Christian missionary) one hundred and thirteen prelates, of whom nineteen are revered as saints." One hundred and thirteen prelates stretching back in unbroken line to the first introduction of Christianity—here is a matter for the imagination—into what a distant past does that line of prelates conduct us, an age when the Roman Empire

seemed as firmly established as the everlasting hills! The long line of bishops and archbishops of Sens is a link connecting the France of the Third Republic with Roman Gaul. What waves of invasion have washed the walls of their churches, Hungarian, French, Arab, English and German! What "old orders changing, yielding place to new"—Roman, Frankish, Feudal, The Ancien Régime and the Revolution! If you pause before the façade of the cathedral, or examine the interior, you will see the marks of the great iconoclasm; figures of saints and prelates have been torn from their niches in the façade, shrines have been mutilated, and by whom? By the Marseillais who marched to Paris to hurl Louis XVI from his throne.

But this line of prelates is more than a link connecting the France of today with ancient Gaul; it is a chain connecting the congregation who worship there to-day with the founder of their faith, for the first bishop of Sens was a disciple of Christ, as tradition affirms. "The very happy Peter, wishing to convert the Gauls to the Christian Faith, chose for this work Savinien and Potentien, two of the seventy disciples of the Saviour, and joined with them Altin, one of the best instructed Christians. Sens was then the most celebrated town of the Gauls—The three apostles resolved to betake themselves thither"—so runs the account. Savinien having converted many of the citizens and founded three oratories sealed his testimony with his blood "Delivered to the præfect, who condemned him to death, Savinien was led outside the town, where he asked his executioners for an hour's respite, by which he profited to offer the holy sacrifice for the last time. Scarcely had he finished when the axe of the lictor clove his head, and stretched him on the earth, bathed in his blood."—If you go to the little 11th century church of St. Savinien you will see in the crypt the flag-stone which the blood of the martyr stained.

But the Bishops of Sens were more than a mere connecting link with the past ages—here and there in the long roll come the names of men who have made history. Saint Vulfrance, the missionary who converted Holland; St. Ebbon, the warlike prelate who checked the great Arab invasion of 732, until Charles the Hammer rolled it back again over the Pyrenees; Mgr. du Perron who converted Henry of Navarre to Catholicism, and the French Crown—no difficult task his—and Soumènie de Brieme, of whom you may read in the pages of Carlyle.

Sens was more than a mere cathedral city; it played no small part in the troubled history of France, and underwent many a stubborn siege. The first of which we have definite mention was that of Julius Cæsar, who, more fortunate than most of its assailants, reduced the town and transformed it into a Roman municipality, and Cæsar was not the only famous Roman who trod its streets, for Marcus Aurelius came to Sens during his wars with the Germans, and in 356 Julian the Apostate stood a siege of thirty days behind the walls which had been

recently built by the demolition of temples and amphitheatres. If you stroll round the boulevards you may still see a portion of the wall which sheltered the last pagan Emperor of Rome. After the time of Julian sieges came thick and fast and the generally successful resistance of the citizens led them to adopt as the motto of their city the proud device, "Urbs antiqua senonum, nulla expugnabilis arte," (the ancient city of the Senones impregnable to all the arts of war.) In 613 the Bishop Saint Loup, with the quill of his namesake, put to flight the troops of Chlottear by ringing the bells, the sound, which they had never heard before, terrifying the barbarous Franks. In 732 another fighting and saint, St. Ebbon, drove off the Arabs, as we have seen, and later the raiding bands of Norsemen and Hungarians were repulsed from the walls. Perhaps the most memorable of all the sieges of Sens was that by Henry of Navarre in 1590, after his victory at Ivry. The knight of the white plume, however, failed to reduce the town, and was himself wounded by the besieged, anent which wound there is a piece of historical anecdote. As the army of Henry drew near the inhabitants of the surrounding villages had flocked into the town to aid in the defence. One of these bands of villagers fought so stubbornly that Henry asked: "to what regiment do those fellows belong?" On being told they were merely hob-nails (sabotiers) he said "save me from such hob-nails!" But as he must already have been meditating his change of faith neither Calvin nor St. Peter interested himself in the petition and next moment Henry was struck by one of the hob-nail's bullets.

Although Sens was impregnable to the arts of war, it was not proof against treachery, and in 1814 the Allies after failing in two attacks, were admitted within the walls by a traitor in the garrison—the little door in the wall of the Lycée, then a part of the fortifications through which the traitor admitted the Wurtembergers is still to be seen, though it is now bricked up, a useless precaution, since Sens is no longer a fortified city.

These are but a few of the memories that attach to the old city but they serve to show the difference between the old historic towns of Europe and an American city like New York. The latter with its sky-scrapers and elevated railroads, its Wall Street and Fifth Avenue may represent the material civilization of to-day; but it has not the historic grandeur of a city like Sens, with its memories and relics of saints and martyrs, whose streets have been trodden by men whose names are written indelibly in the pages of history. Caesar and Marcus Aurelius, Henry of Navarre who founded the Bourbon dynasty, the Marseillais who overthrew it, and Napoleon who took its place. One cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, picture these men strolling down Broadway, or dwelling on Fifth Avenue, but there are spots in Sens which would form a perfect background for each, for they are survivals from the ages in which they lived.

Vale-Alma Mater.

Past is the revel—the music has died with the light,
Leaving to precincts deserted, the solace of night :
Not in the day, with its sunshine embroidered with flowers,
Laughter and joy for the taking—the pleasure filled hours—
Could I give thoughts to thy keeping that words could not tell
Heart to thy heart—Alma Mater—and bid Thee farewell.

Midnight is holding her vigil—and rising like wine—
Brimms in her chalice of starshine—the scent of the vine,
Memory's soul in its breathing—for poignantly sweet
Come back the years that are over—now finished, complete ;
Life that was strong and was human, yet touched the Divine—
Lives but in Memory's fragrance—O! flower o' the vine!

Give me the Cup—let me drain it—and yield to the spell,
Now, while I tryst with the midnight to say my farewell.
Here—as I stand at the casement—behind in the gloom
Lies the small home I have valued, the treasure filled room ;
There—in the silence and starlight, where deep shadow falls,
Tenderly stern in their guard rise the sheltering walls,
Holding traditions of honour, whence victory came,
Halls that are panelled with story—and echo with fame.
Now in the darkness I greet Thee and meet thy deep eyes
Stern and alight with the fire of highest emprise—
Answer their pitiless questioning—"Canst thou endure?
"Tell me, O! Man I have fashioned—is thy heart pure?
"Strengthened by me in the making—to meet the world's fire.
"Wilt thou stand firm in the flame of progressive desire?
"J, o! we have laboured together to temper thy sword—
"Through the long years that have passed we have worked and en-
dured :

"Now in the night of thy vigil—I give thee thy shield,
"See that thou bring it home stainless—nor recreant yield :
"Here are thy weapons and armour! I gave of my best,
"Good were the metal and furnace—with thee lay the rest,
"Sword! that I forged with my hammer! and Man! that I made!
"Wilt thou strike home in the battle? Be strong—unafraid?"

Now in the darkness I answer Thee, Hear thou my vow!
Give I Thee fullness of service—and always as now."
Lifting the Cross of my sword-hilt, I take it to-night—
Only to sheath it in honour—to fight for the right!
Though I go down on the battle-field—lost and unknown,
Bearing the staggering Colours, unaided—alone.
"God of my fathers! I pray Thee—O! hear Thou my cry!
Grant me the strength for the conflict—the courage to die—
Courage to live an' it may be—and when all is done

Let her beloved Alma Mater—be proud of her son ;
So shall I pass to my rest when the Long Way is trod,
Leaving my Name in her keeping—my Spirit to God.

An Editorial Episode.

"Editors, my dear Evelyn," I observed moodily, "are beasts."

"Um?" murmured Evelyn, her attention equally divided between a mouthful of buttered toast and a magazine.

"I repeat," I remarked severely, "that Editors, considered as a class, are downright beasts. I might also add, that it is part of a wife's duty to make some show at least of listening to the woes of her husband. You remember the old verse about pain and anguish racking the brow."

"If you've really got a headache, I'll go and get you something for it" answered Evelyn, but if you merely feel savage because some silly old man won't accept your articles, I don't see how I can help you. I don't agree with militant suffragette methods."

"Thank Heaven for that" I replied, reaching over to take another slice of cake, "though the screaming sisterhood might do some good if they directed their screaming violence against Editors instead of Cabinet Ministers. The ignoramuses who sit in editorial chairs have been the bane of my existence from my youth up. Even at school, I was always having to write things for the magazines. At College it was just the same; the editor was on my track every term, breathing out threats of vengeance, if I didn't turn out copy regularly. And I suppose, forsooth, it was all because Uncle Henry happened to be a successful novelist, and the man imagined that a gift for writing trash ran in the family. He would not look at any serious stuff I sent in. Said it wasn't suitable"

"Well, I don't blame him for that," said my better half, preparing to resume her magazine. "I couldn't read half a page of the stuff you are always working at, and sending off week after week, without going off to sleep. Besides you needn't jeer at fiction. There are some very good stories here."

"Really, Evelyn"—I am afraid that my tone indicated a considerable amount of annoyance—"I think you are deliberately trying to make me angry."

"Oh no, dear," answered Evelyn, with the faintest inflection of sarcasm in her voice, "I am not an Editor."

I took no notice of her remark. "Fiction" I went on "is all very well in its proper place, but it should be written with a purpose. You know I have often tried my hand at novels and short stories myself. I am merely trying to show that Editors are beasts. Here am I, endowed with a very moderate amount of this world's goods, a somewhat larger amount of literary taste, and a charming wife (despite the fact that she does not appreciate my writings) to meet

whose wants I am obliged to fight against my innate laziness, by endeavouring to overcome the brutality of editors, who reject a large proportion of my efforts both in fiction and serious literature with unwearied regularity. Pah! They make my blood boil." I thrust aside my tea-cup, lit a cigarette, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Do sit down, Basil, or try to keep quiet," said Evelyn, from the depths of her magazine, you're dropping ash all over the carpet, and you'll tread on the kitten in a minute. You had better go out and play golf, and next week I shall have to try to send you off for a day or two to the sea, to get freshened up a bit. Incredible as it may seem, I do believe you have been overworking. Still, I'm glad you admit that my wants ought to be met. I've been meaning to mention a new hat for several days. There—I told you you'd do it!"—as a violent paroxysm of spitting and scratching burst forth suddenly from the kitten. "Confound the cat!" I muttered, rubbing my shins. "Hats, golf, the sea—it is all very well to talk like that. On a moderate estimate, your milliner has benefited by at least three-quarters of the amount of the last half-dozen checks which the editorial beasts have deigned to send me. Golf—I could no more put up a good game to-day than I could be polite to an Editor-in-chief. The sea—I can't possibly afford to go away. Besides, even if I did it would make no difference. Just as Horace says, if you put him in the waste places of the Earth he would still be true to his sweetly-smiling Lalage—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted Evelyn. "I know that Horace is awfully susceptible over every fresh thing in skirts that he sees, but I didn't know that his latest flame was called Lalage. What a queer name! Who is she?"

"For Heaven's sake, Evelyn," I burst out, "do try and be sensible for sixty consecutive seconds. Do you think I was referring to that idiotic brother of yours? I mean the great Horace, the Roman poet. If you had looked at the last article which I sent to the Classical Review (and which, by the way, was rejected) you would have known something about him. He says that the man who is upright in character and free from crime—as I trust I am—needs no protection against ravening wolves—such as editors—and also that he would stick to his lady-love, or his theme, wherever he was. That is just my case; even the murmuring of the waves on the shore, or the shimmer of the moonbeams on the water, would fail to calm me. I have simply got to let those editors have it somehow. I will see what vitriolic sarcasm can do. Treading on the cat has given me an inspiration."

"Well I hope it will be an acceptable inspiration," said Evelyn, with her hand on the door-knob. At any rate, if you are going to write, it will keep you quiet for a time. And meanwhile, don't forget that I really want that new hat." And with this Parthian shot she left me alone.

I sat down at my desk and was soon deep in an article in which sarcasm and fierce invective were freely mingled. Both the recesses of my brain and the encyclopaedia were ransacked to supply details in the lives of the most infamous characters of history. I portrayed the typical editor as a kind of malignant spider drawing in his victims, and possessing the fiendish ingenuity of an Inquisitor, the relentlessness of a Philip II, and the callousness of a Nero.

When I had finished. I sought Evelyn. "There," said I, putting the manuscript in an envelope, and sticking on a stamp, "that is going off to old Millstone, of the 'Bugle.'" He is a typical specimen of his class, and has treated me pretty badly into the bargain. I would give a great deal to see his face as he reads it. Ten to one, of course, he will take no notice of it. If he does, my dear, that new hat is yours."

A week later, among the mail on my breakfast-table was a letter from the "Bugle" office.

"Cheers!" said Evelyn, waving the coffee-pot, "it has got to be a really good hat, mind."

I hastily tore open the missive. It was from Millstone in person. To my utter amazement, he had accepted the article. This was extraordinary enough, in all conscience, but he treated me to a lengthy disquisition on my unusual style of humour, and wound up by saying that work which showed a high degree of imagination—the impertinence of the man!—was always welcome.

I threw aside the letter, and the ridiculous side of the whole affair came home to me. We had all scored: Millstone had scored heavily—off one; Evelyn had scored (to the extent of a new hat) and even I, too, had scored; my dictum was proved up to the hilt, for was not the Editor, like all his species, a beast?

Morgan Mannering, Mystic.

(Continued from November Number.)

Having thus delivered his soul, our disgruntled friend hurried out of the room banging the door behind him.

I turned to Mannering:

"Are you going to explain this business, or are you not?"

"Really, Jones, I cannot see what there is to explain," he replied, "Zacchaeus' Morse code is explicable on the same hypothesis as your impromptu song. The two had a common cause,—"

"Ah, but—" I interrupted, "the song in question is a special favorite of mine, as you very well know, while Zacchaeus assures us he never learned a single letter of the Morse Alphabet. How do you account for that?"

"The fact is," said Mannering, "that the more remarkable and startling result was due to the great difference in susceptibility to suggestion between your

self and our friend. He is an extraordinarily easy subject to deal with. By the way, you have, of course, heard of Post-Hypnotic Suggestion?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, that is the secret of the message you received at the door to-night.

Three days ago I had a few experiments with Zacchaeus, finding him far from averse to my hypnotizing him, and while he was under my influence, I suggested that he should come at this time, and deliver on my door certain raps, in exact imitation of those which I repeated twice in his presence—though I am convinced that, with a ready subject like him, once would have sufficed."

"Well—" I exclaimed, "here endeth the first lesson! Good night, old chap, pax vobiscum."

So saying I returned to my own room to smoke and muse, and muse and smoke, till the clock struck three.

Morgan Mannering was not a very communicative person, and it was not until we were well on in the Lent term at the University that he vouchsafed any information regarding himself. This was certainly not because he had had few opportunities of doing so, as I had very early been led to tell him pretty well all there was to know regarding myself, my home and my relatives. It was shortly after his convincing exhibition of hypnotic powers, that he came into my room in a very talkative mood, for him, and indicating a magazine that he carried open in his left hand.

"This," he said, "this is what I call a great poem, by a great poet. There is none of the 'chesty,' supercilious, see-how-much-ahead-I-am-of-you spirit, which is the too frequent attitude of the West towards the "effete and visionary East." Of course you, and I say "you" advisedly, are the product of the restless, self-seeking, and monstrous egotism of your age, together with the scheme of thought which the Western World largely derives from the cold-blooded Materialism of Hume and his disciples, and the hopeless pessimism of Schopenhauer, with his "world of sub-animal nature aimlessly striving," with his World of Will deceiving itself with fancied happiness which never comes, continually tossed to and fro between necessity and ennui, with—but why need I go on? What can one expect from a philosophy built on such foundations?"

"But," I protested, "our Western Philosophy is not wholly given over to materialism; idealism is more than holding its own. Now, for example—"

"Stop, my dear fellow," interposed Mannering, with characteristic impatience, "you mean well, no doubt, but facts are stubborn things. Look out upon your world of to-day, and what do you see? Frenzied finance, dollar-aristocracies, the sweat-shop, the white-slave emporium, the shamelessly-corrupt Municipal Council, Law Court and Legislative Assembly. Don't talk to me of Idealism! Yours is a world of grab and heart-ache!"

I felt it was time to check the torrent."

"Don't you talk to me of the pessimism of Schopenhauer," I exclaimed, "I cannot at present think of a more able exponent of the "everlasting blues" than yourself!"

"You willfully misunderstand me," protested my friend; "have I denied the beautiful, the charitable, the truly great and inspiring and hopeful elements in your Western Civilization? I am only bewailing the predominance of the evil, and the cowardice of the good."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I replied, "but, may I ask, why this constant repetition of "you" and "your"? Why do you not say "our age" "our civilization?"

Mannering contemptuously puffed at his pipe for a little while without replying, and, not by any means for the first time, a vague sense of "foreignness" came over me. I felt that this man was not of my world, but that he rightly belonged elsewhere. When he at last broke the silence, the fire of argument no longer gleamed in his dark eyes, and his mobile, clear-cut features had resumed their accustomed state of dignified repose.

"I am very pleased, Jones, that you ask that question. It will remove the last barrier between us. Your kind-hearted tolerance of my wild whims and fancies merits unreserved confidence on my part. I did not speak of "our age," "our civilization," because I cannot really call them "mine". In my veins the West predominates, though my father's mother was the daughter of a Brahmin Sage, and I was born and brought up in India, but, in my mind the romantic, untamed, subtle East holds sway, the heritage of unnumbered generations of priestly forbears."

"But, my dear fellow, you are a Christian, are you not?" I could not help asking.

"Most assuredly, my friend, and I must confess it is a source of no little satisfaction to me to realize that though the West has conquered the East in commerce and in war, the East has vanquished the West in the realm of ideas. Christ, humanly speaking, was an Asiatic, and no great world-religion has taken rise outside of Asia."

I nodded assent, and Mannering continued:

"Unfortunately the East did not accept Christianity in the early ages, or history to-day would have a very different tale to tell. The oldest religions of India, and the later Buddhism, did not make for progress or racial vitality, hence have we fallen so low in the scale of nations. At the same time the self-centered, contemplative life of the recluse tended to exalt the mystic and spiritual at the expense of the practical and material. Our Yogis and Priests thousands of years ago gained the mastery over powers so far-reaching, so startling that you would only scoff were I to tell you about them; and there can be no doubt that the magicians and astrologers (like Nostrodamus) renowned and

dreaded in Mediaeval Europe, derived what little they knew from the secret lore of the Eastern Sages."

"But, my dear fellow, what did it all amount to?" I broke in impatiently.

"Your Philosophy has landed you in a jungle, your miraculous powers can't keep your people from dying of starvation by the thousand! Nor can your boasted control over hidden forces save you from foreign domination. If Britain were to let you go tomorrow with her blessing, it would be a sorry day for India."

"Very possibly so," replied Mannering warmly, "but let Britain cleanse her own Augean Stables. It is evident to me that the Mother of Parliaments and Moral Censor of the world is in a very bad way. The vital energy of the race has petered out. You find it hard to get recruits for the army that come up to a decent standard. Your people are staggering under drink and taxation! Why! That is just what I ran in to tell you. I had quite forgotten for the moment. Listen to this merciless raking Watson gives you in his "Sappers and Miners".

And with much apparent enjoyment, Mannering read:

"In lands that still the heirs of Othman sway,
There lives a legend, wild as wildest note
Of birds that haunt the Arabian waste, where rolls
Tigris through Bagdad to the Persian Sea.
'Tis fabled that the mighty sorcerer,
King Solomon, when he died, was sitting aloft,
Like one that mused, on his great lion-throne;
Sitting with head bent forward o'er his staff,
Whereon with both his hands he leaned. And tribes
And peoples moved before him, in their awe
Not venturing nigh; and tawny fiercenesses,
Panther and pard, at timorous distance couched;
While Figures vast, Forms indeterminate,
Demons and Genii, the Enchanter's thralls,
Cloudly rose, and darkly went and came.
But so majestic sat he lifeless there,
And counterfeited life so perfectly,
That change of hue or feature was by none
Seen, and none guessed him dead, and every knee
Rendered him wonted homage, until worms
Gnawing his staff, made fall that last support,
And with it fell the unpropt Death, divulged
In gorgeous raiment to the wondering World.
So may an Empire, from whose body and limbs
The spirit hath wholly fled, still seem to breathe
And feel, still keep its living posture, still
Cheat with similitude of glory and power
The gazing Earth, until the evil things
That burrow in secret, and by night destroy,

Unseat the grandiose Semblance, and man's heart
Hastes to forget the obeissances it made
To a jeweled corse, long ripe for sepulture."

"What rot!" I exclaimed impatiently.

"Rot! do you call it?" cried Mannering, "If you could produce poetry half so—"

"Oh, as for poetry," I hastened to reply, "it's excellent poetry, no doubt, but very poor sense. I can just imagine how Watson came to write that effusion. He'd been having a bad fit of the blues, and to improve matters, took a pleasant stroll through a London slum, or down by the docks, with an East wind searching his bones, or a "London Particular" creeping up from the river; coming home he found no fire in the grate, and his faithful servitor drunk in his favorite armchair. What is this country coming to?" he asks himself; "I wish to goodness I had Aladdin's Lamp to convey me this moment to some delightful green oasis, with tall, graceful date-palm and sparkling fountains, and unending sunshine instead of this everlasting fog and drizzle." Whereupon he taps his marble brow: "Aha, an inspiration!"—and at once proceeds to indite the poem you admire so inordinately." Mannering grew visibly restive as I went on.

To be continued.

Snow-tide.

There is a short poem well known to most Canadians, which describes the first snow fall. Its opening verse runs:

The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a chalice deep and light.

As winter draws on year by year, its scenes keep fresh the charming picture the poet gives us of the first snow.

But probably very many have felt that such a picture, true as it is, does not really describe the first appearance of the snow. Usually the approach of snow-tide is foreshadowed, hints are given of what is ahead. One day, probably, late in grey October you will see the air flecked with a few downy flakes,—far too few even to call them a flurry. They come wandering down pioneers as it were of coming millions, and like the winged thistle down, they move about uncertainly in the air, feeling homeless and unwelcomed. At last they settle softly, and almost at once each vanishes in a copious tear.

During the weeks that follow more and more these chilly strugglers put in an appearance. They are in advance of the main white clad host which is soon to occupy the earth far and wide. At the sight of them the wild geese in their backwoods haunts pack up hurriedly and are seen speeding in alarm for the south. Thanksgiving day is over, and the time of pumpkin pies is gone. The

frogs settle in the ponds and the bravest leaves now droop and succumb while Autumn makes a final effort,—brilliant but vain—in the Indian summer.

When snow-tide arrives with a heavy fall of snow, what a beautiful transformation takes place in the world around us! Watch the countless array thickly descending, jostling one another, and crowding the air more densely than innumerable bees in swarming time. High as the eye can see, falling millions are backed by falling millions stretching far back into the heights,—those ancient treasures of the snow. The forest leaves are buried. The slopes and fields are slowly enshrouded, the hills and the levels grow silently into a deep white. The balsams, the spruce, and the hemlock, bow as in thought over some deep mystery under their rich new robes of white. Snow lies in the fork of every twig and branch, roofs are snow-capped, stumps and fences are topped with marble. For the time the ordinary face of Nature is turned into some romantic fairy land. How well then the country looks the part of "Our Lady of the Snows!"

Then come the breezes that spring up, and break the magic spell; at their rough touch the trees awake and doff their ermine hoods. It is a pleasant feeling to be cosily at home when a blinding snowstorm is raging outside; it seems like the echo of some monstrous blizzard away across the Antarctic seas. The powdered snow is caught up into clouds and driven pell-mell by the howling blasts with wild and ungovernable fury. They rush frenziedly on, charged with snowy dust-like giants in some old fairy book; across fields and bushes,—over roads, and hills, and valleys,—relentlessly driven till at length they take refuge in the depths of some sheltering forest. The effect of such a furious display of the storm's rage is always evident. The snow is piled up into drifts, it is ranged into banks and mounds, and into shapes like sand dunes in the desert. The country roads are blotted out as if to warn frail man to be childlike, that all his ways like high ways are only temporary. Railways are blocked, mails are late, communication at a standstill.

Snow-tide brings with it the joy of sleighing, of gliding along the road easily to the music of cheering bells, tucked in comfortably with buffalo robes, and sometimes a foot warmer. Mishaps are rare and not to be thought of, when there is the joy of a sleigh drive under a clear blue sky or when the moon shines brightly over the snow at night.

It would be pleasant to speak of snow-shoe tramps, of toboggan slides, of skating and ski-ing of snow houses, and snow men and snow balling, but one cannot dwell at length on all the familiar features of snow-tide.

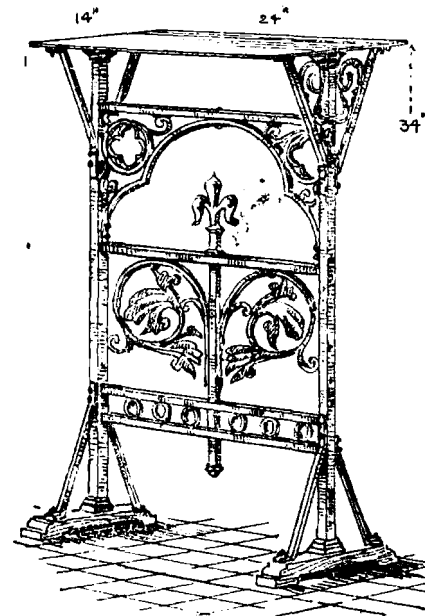
One moist day in March the first crow returns, the train whistles are heard echoing in the hollow air, the saw whet is piping its spring notes and the wood-pecker raps in the sugar bush. Along the railway tracks the snow looks sorry and bedraggled, earth peeps out here and there, on some slope facing the sun. Jack Frost seems to have grown weary, and there are warm winds and rains, the

ice shoves in the rivers, everywhere there is the noise of brooks, and streams and floods—the delicious noise of many waters. It is the passing of the chains of snow-tide and the entrance of spring—dear spring.

The Snowdrift.

The snowflakes fell on a mountain peak,
Where the rocks were bare and the winds were bleak,
And at first they clung to the mountain's breast,
But soon they fell from its lofty crest;
And stained and soiled was the new-born snow
When it reached the valley far down below.

But up on the height one drift alone
Still firmly clung to the rugged stone,
And men in the gloomy vale below
Looked up and gazed on the shining snow,
And their darkened souls drank in the light
From the gleaming snow on the mountain height.
Unstained by the grime of the earthly vale,
Its white breast firm in the strongest gale,
It bravely clung to its lofty height
And gleamed afar with its wondrous light,
Till kissed by the sun and the summer rain,
It rose in mist to the skies again. F. O. C.



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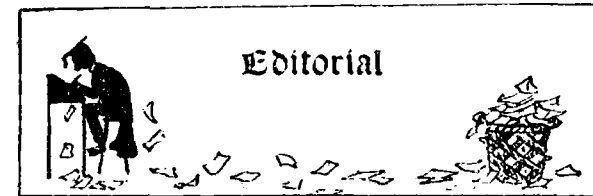
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We have chosen as the subject of our Editorial for this issue of the Mitre a subject which touches upon one of the most interesting, one of the most vital aspects of College life. The subject of sport. Now it is a trite observation that there are many words in our language which are badly misused, which are twisted and turned to mean anything and everything until in some cases they come to have a force which is diametrically opposed to their original meaning. We believe that the word "sport" has suffered as much as any word in our language in this respect. We believe also, and we say it with sorrow, that it is largely