

I remarked: "It sounds like a thrilling episode in the 'Red Man's Revenge, or Who Killed Billy Patterson.'"

"I admit it wasn't very intelligible to me," said Mannering, "and I smoked several pipes over it before I arrived at any conclusion. However, I expect an answer at any time; shouldn't wonder if it came to-night; in fact I was rather looking for it yesterday."

"What are you driving at?" I cried in amazement.

"What answer, to what question, and from whom?"

"From the Chief of the Mounted Police at Edmonton," was the astounding reply.

"You see, I argued that Wahoo Gulch was the name of the place where those miscreants had imprisoned Fred. So I looked over a list of Post Offices, and Government Reports, all to no purpose. Finally I telephoned to Ottawa, where the Information Bureau told me there was a deserted mining camp of that name, within a comparatively short distance to the North of Edmonton. I thereupon sent a night letter telegram to the Chief of Mounted Police at Edmonton, giving a full description of my brother, and his assailants, and telling them where to go in order to find them. I am at this very moment anxiously awaiting a reply!"

For once, I had no comment to make; discussion seemed altogether out of place. So we smoked and ruminated, for possibly an hour, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in!" It was the janitor. "Telegram, sir!"

Mannering tore open the yellow document, and read as follows:—O. K. Brother doing well. Only slight gash on temple, and arm wounded by revolver bullet. Captured Frank Oliver and Red Pete; bad reputation, both having served term in Winnipeg. Brother had found gold mine, and refused to inform as to location. Hence the trouble. You must thank your mysterious informant for Mr. Mannering's safety."

JAMES CORCORAN,
Chief N. W. M. P., Edmonton, Alta.

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D. R. BAILEY, Representative and Trainer, Bishop's College, LENNOXVILLE

THE MITRE.

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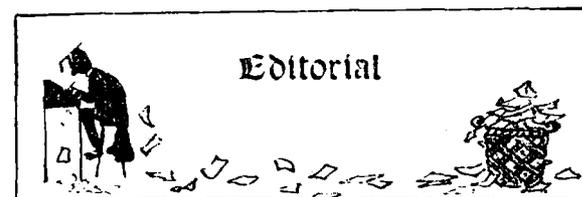
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LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 4

APRIL, 1914.



Two institutions time honoured and respected, the one a College and the other a great Public School, both in England, have as their motto the words "Manners Maketh Man." Some see in this merely a wise old saw, an old world saying pleasing enough, but still "old world." There are others, however, and it is with these that we would throw in our lot, who hold that besides what is merely pleasing these words contain a very urgent, forceful message to the men of our own day and generation.

Materialism and manners do not, as a rule, go hand in hand, and this is a

materialistic age, an age not encumbered by superfluity either of manners or of courtesy.

We as a College affect and are affected by the spirit of the age. Such being the case it is but logical to suppose that our own manners are perhaps not above reproach.

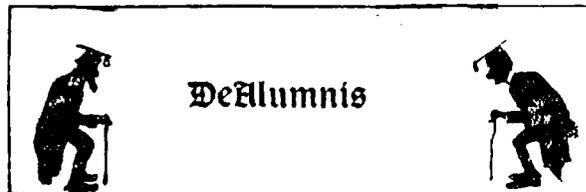
Now it has been said that the ancient Greeks judged a man's civilization by his table manners, we sometimes wonder whether the college would be altogether pleased were it judged by this standard. After all, whether we like it or not, much of the life of the College is very visible to the visitor in the dining hall, we question whether what is there visible is altogether to the credit of the College.

Recti cultus pectora roborant asserts our University motto, and recti cultus cannot be said to exist without manners. Manners, indeed, are essentially the outward form of the rectus cultus which is within, and are as a matter of fact never found separate from it, that is, in their highest form.

It is not perhaps a usual subject for an Editorial the subject of manners, but an Editorial may be written upon any subject dealing with the life of the college. And that this subject has not been discussed, either in words or in print, is, we believe, due rather to the fact that its importance has been disregarded than that it has no importance. For manners have a very real part to play in College life. They are no inconsiderable item in that long bill which every student owes to his Alma Mater, and which he can never in full repay.

It is moreover the duty of every student by a steady improvement of his own manners to improve the manners of the College so that those who follow him will at once realize that they have stepped into a life from which they have much to learn, a life moreover which will stamp them forever after as College men.

It might be well then to consider whether we are not failing in our duty as a College to the nation in ignoring one of the main duties for which we were built, namely that we should act as a true and refining influence upon the country. For truth and refinement find their readiest expression in good manners. And, whether "Manners Maketh Man" or not, in the man who does without them there is something sadly lacking.



Since the last issue of the Mitre we have had flying visits from several of our Alumni. Mr. "Reg." Robinson, B.A., of the C. P. R. staff in Montreal, ac-

companied a team of Alumni down from that city to cheer them in their hockey match against the Present.

Not long afterwards Mr. C. H. Savage, B.A., visited us and renewed old acquaintances. The Rev. F. A. Sisco, L.S.T., has paid us two flying visits on his way to and from Colebrook.

We are glad to hear of the success of the Rev. James G. Ward, who has been called from the rectorship of St. James' Episcopal Church at Fergus Falls, Minn., to a similar position in St. Andrew's church at Cloquet. Mr. Ward leaves the following record behind him. "The church has been considerably renovated, a handsome rectory purchased, the parish strengthened, a spirit of harmony and good will prevails, the salary twice increased, and he leaves the parish free from debt." A record of which any man might be proud. We wish Mr. Ward success in his new sphere of work.

At a meeting of the Alumni held recently, it was decided that, as the president and secretary of the central branch were now living in the immediate vicinity, there would be no further need of a local branch, and consequently it has passed out of existence.

All business communications must henceforth be sent in to the Rev. Pat. Moorhead, Sherbrooke.

Rev. E. Corey, M. A., of Kenogami, has promised to send one student to Bishop's for the Arts' course next year, and one boy to B. C. S.

We take this opportunity to express our sincerest sympathy with the Rev. Plaisted, of Knowlton, on the death of his beloved wife, and also with the Rev. Harold Laws, of Sawyerville, in the death of his father, the late Jno. Laws, Esq., of Gaspe.

The Rev. T. H. Iveson of Fitzroy Harbour, Ont., has been called to the parish of Iroquois. His own parishioners presented him with two purses containing respectively \$30 and \$41, as a mark of appreciation of the good work he has done in their midst.

The Rev. A. E. Burgett, M. A., has been appointed general missionary in the diocese of Qu'Appelle, and has established a Literature Depot in the Synod office at Regina.

The Rev. E. R. Roy, of Cookshire, visited us on the evening of March the 12th. Mr. Roy was bound for Richmond, where he preached one of the special Lenten sermons.

Our ex-editor often comes to Sherbrooke, but has he forgotten his Alma Mater entirely?

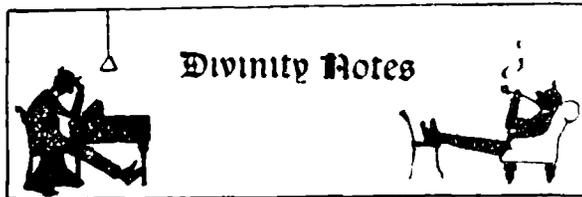
Mr. L. R. McKee, B. A., after an extensive tour through the various demonstration schools in the States, has entered into the automobile business in partnership with his father in the city of Sherbrooke.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to an old editor of this paper, the Rev. A. V. Grant, B. A., who is coming east on an eventful errand. When he returns from England, he will no longer be single. He has asked the Church Warden Club to arrange their annual dinner in May, so that he may have one last desperate fling, before he settles down as a married man.

A few days ago we received a brief but welcome visit from Mr. Payne from Granby.

Hoping to receive news from all our Alumni readers before the next issue of our paper.

Your Well Wisher,
ALUMNI EDITOR.



Our annual Quiet Day took place on Tuesday, March 3rd, Rev. R. G. Fothergill, of Magog, being the conductor. Mr. Fothergill spoke chiefly about the "call" to the sacred ministry and his addresses were very helpful and inspiring.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Fothergill for his services, and his kind words will long be remembered by each of us.

The Lenten services in the chapel have been well attended.

The special preachers for the season were: — Revs. G. H. Parker, Dr. Parrock, Canon Shreve, W. H. Moorhead, E. R. Roy and A. Stevens.

Rev. Canon Brooke, of the Pro. Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, has resigned, and is taking up the vicariate of Christ Church, Deer Park, Toronto.

Mr. Brooke's duties in his new parish will commence about May 1st. We wish him every success in the Queen City.

The editor has received a copy of the March number of "The Open Door," a parish leaflet, from the parish of St. John the Divine, North Bay, of which Rev. C. W. Balfour, B. A., is rector.

We congratulate Mr. Balfour on the splendid work which he is doing in the city.

The "Anglican Men's Association" in connection with the parish is a splendid organization. Their special object during the Lenten season was that of trying to increase the number of male members at the Sunday evening services.

Is it not a grand organization?

We wish that such were more prevalent in the church.

Let us strive to become more earnest "Fishers of Men."

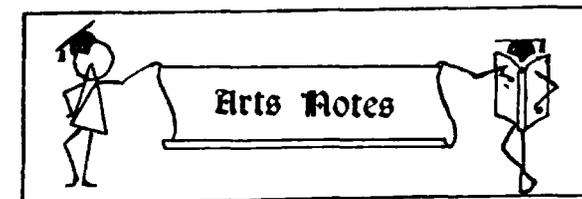
Don't overlook the Venerable Bede notes. They are items of interest to you.

Rev. R. J. Shires, B. A., was ordained priest, on March 25th, the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

"Serve One Another"—Gal. V. 13.

"Must self, dear self, claim every minute
In twelve long hours of this bright day?
You'll find if you try the best bits in it,
Are those which for others you give away."

M. B.



Although the Literary Society as such has not flourished this year, many of the more enthusiastic have been assembling once a week during this term for the reading of English poetry, and the discussion of the work of the Literature course. It is unfortunate that both the Debating and Literary Clubs have been in abeyance this year. Next year will, we hope, see this rectified.

Now that hockey is over and the winter departing the variety of ways in which exercise may be taken has become very small. When the weather has been impossible for skiing, snow-shoeing or tobogganing the more energetic have betaken themselves to the gym, there to delight in boxing and gym work of various kinds.

On Sunday, March 15th, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Boothroyd. Such an occasion was very properly marked by the authorities by the granting of a free day. The Divinity Faculty, it is rumoured, agitated for another free day on the occasion of the christening.

The Football captain has already made anxious enquiries as to the new arrival's weight, presumably with a view to his future position on the football team.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede.

At the monthly meeting of the "Guild," held on Friday, March 13th, the following men were nominated and accepted as members of our society, namely: Messrs. Craft, Baker, Roe and Cocks. The admission service took place in the oratory of the Venerable Bede on Friday, March 20th, after compline.

Our circular letter to absent members has proved to be a decided success. We have received several answers and they still continue to come. Up to the present date we have heard from the following members,—Revs. Corey, Lawrence, Sherring, Plummer, Haig, Grant and Young.

We are indeed glad to learn of the doings of our absent members, and we tender our hearty thanks for their prompt response, in the midst of their busy life.

A few items from the several epistles will be interesting to our many readers, therefore we pen the following,—Rev. H. H. Corey is Rector at Kenogami, Que. The church is the only place of worship in that village, therefore the congregation is mixed, and is composed largely of dissenters.

Mr. Corey says, "It is lucky for me that I took my degree at Lennoxville in modern languages, because I have abundance of opportunities every day to use both my French and German; and I read a portion of my service in church in these languages every Sunday on which there are German or French people in the church."

Rev. C. G. Lawrence is the fifth Rector of Kingston, N. B.

He says, "The Parish I serve is an interesting one from the historical standpoint. It was settled in 1783 by a number of United Empire Loyalists. They organized an ecclesiastical parish in 1784, and appointed one of their number to read the service on Sundays. In 1789 the Rev. James Scovie came as an S.P.G. missionary, and a church was begun. It was finished and opened for use in November of that year, and has been in constant use ever since.

A few years later the Bishop made his first visit, and two hundred and fifty-seven persons were confirmed in the one church in one day.

In 1808 the Rector died and was succeeded by his son, who in turn was succeeded by his son. The three Scovies, father, son and grandson are buried in the chancel."

We gather from Mr. Lawrence's letter that he is doing good work. Among other duties, he holds a fifteen minute service for the school children once a week, during the mid-day interval.

Rev. R. G. Sherring (Parson Bill) of Port Arthur, referring to happy days spent at Bishop's, quotes the following from one of Dicken's Christmas Stories: "Lord keep my memory green." "This is," he says, "I am sure the expression of every son of Bishop's."

Mr. Sherring is deeply interested in the scout movement and is doing good work among the boys.

Further, for the benefit of the home seekers, he adds,—"Don't be in a hurry to marry. Get your home together first."

Let us cherish his kindly advice.

Rev. A. H. Plummer spoke of the work being so different in the West, owing to the distance between the clergy being so great.

We are glad to know that despite these obstacles, he is getting on so well.

Rev. W. G. Haig, along with his duties as curate of Christ's Church Cathedral, Fredricton, is also in charge of a "troop of scouts," being almost fifty in number. He says, "The scout movement is very fine, and I would strongly recommend it to the careful consideration of all Divinity students as an excellent scheme for the handling of boys."

As regards obtaining candidates for the sacred ministry, which was one of the chief aims of our circular letter, Mr. Haig says, "That, I believe, rests largely with the members of the ministry themselves. It can be accomplished by holding up before boys and young men the ideal of the lasting beauty and usefulness of a life of self-sacrifice for God and their fellow-men."

Rev. J. V. Young, assistant immigration chaplain, Quebec, has given us a lengthy and most interesting account of the immigration work, tracing it from the beginning to the present day. Mr. Young states that "the number of English speaking immigrants arriving at Quebec last year was nearly one hundred thousand. Out of these thirty-four thousand were church people."

Rev. A. V. Grant writes from his new parish De Winton, Alberta. Mr. Grant says, "I was glad to get your G. V. B. circular letter. I think a circular epistle like that sent out from the Divinity House once a term would do much to keep our members in touch with one another."

Mr. Grant has been very successful, and is doing good work in the West. We hope to have him in our midst, for a visit, soon.

OUR THOUGHTS

"I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them."—Ezek. XI. 5.

"Do not think that what your thoughts dwell upon is of no matter. Your thoughts are making you. We are two, each of us; what is seen, and what is not seen, but the unseen is the maker of the other."

Bishop F. Paget.

Athletics.

Bishop's University 5 vs. Stanstead College 4.

Bishop's played and won their first game on Friday afternoon, Feb. 6th, in the Minto Rink.

1st Period.—The puck was faced at 2.30 p. m. and the game began with Stanstead rushing Bishop's. However, Bishop's awakened and tallied twice, but Stanstead, not to be outdone, also nettled the puck twice.—Score 2-2.

2nd Period.—After a few minutes of hard play U. B. C. again scored, but S. W. C. again tied the score. Soon however U. B. C. succeeded in netting two more goals. S. W. C. although they tried hard to even up the score only succeeded in netting the puck once before time was called.—5-4 in favor of U. B. C.

The game throughout was clean and fast, not one penalty being forced on either side. For S. W. C. Dean and Howard showed up well, while for U. B. C. Robertson, Lane and Hawk showed up to good advantage. Lorne Spafford handled the game to the entire satisfaction of both teams.

The Line-Ups.—

U. B. C.		S. W. C.
Hawk	Goal	Gordon
Watson	Point	Costello
Cotton	C. Point	Mullan
Robertson	Rover	Howard
Lane	L. Wing	French
Robinson	Centre	Dean
Murray	R. Wing	Allard
King	Sub.	_____
Brooke	"	_____
	Referee—Lorn Spafford.	
	Time-keepers—Wigg, C. Phillips.	
	Goal Umpires—Williams, Webb.	

Bishop's University 8 vs. U. B. C. Graduates 0.

The Old Boys of U. B. C. journeyed to Lennoxville from Montreal and Quebec to play the present team at Bishop's, Feb. 7th, 1914.

1st Period,—It was late when the game began, but, in spite of that fact, the Old Boys started with great vigor, but the present held them in check and finally managed to score three goals. Score 3-0 for the Present.

2nd Period,—During this period the game was fast and furious, with a great deal of heavy checking. In spite of this fact the Present added two more scores, while the Old Boys remained still unsuccessful in netting the puck. Score 5-0 for the Present.

3rd Period,—The play during this period was somewhat slower owing to the two former strenuous periods. The Old Boys did not seem to be in form for scoring. Although they had many shots, they could not find the goal. The Present added three more goals to their score. Score 8-0 for the Present.

The game was much closer than the score tells. The play during the whole game was exceptionally fast and clean. Only three penalties being dealt out.

Referee Spafford and Judge of Play Norcross kept the game well in hand to the great satisfaction of both teams.

The Line-Ups.—

Bishop's.		Old Boys.
Hawk	Goal	Thompson
Watson	Point	Williams
Cotton	C. Point	W. B. Scott
Robertson	Rover	Harding
Lane	L. Wing	H. H. Scott
Robinson	Centre	C. Murray

THE MITRE.

K. Murray	R. Wing	Brown
King	Sub.	Ireland
Brooke	"	_____

Ireland replaced Williams.
 Referee—Lorne Spafford.
 Judge of Play—A. E. Norcross.
 Time-keepers—Gwyn, Lobban.
 Goal Umpires—Williams, Wells.

Lennoxville Academy vs. Bishops II.

On Feb. 14th the College second team went down to defeat before the attack of the Lennoxville Academy team by a score of 3-2. During the first half the College players were handicapped by the absence of their goal-tender and the puck found its way into the net three times. In the second half, the Bishop's men seemed to awake to the fact that they could play better and managed to score twice before the whistle blew for time.

Messrs. McKindsey and Saunders proved very satisfactory officials.

Bishop's University 1 vs. Danville 2.

U. B. C. journeyed to Danville on Friday, Feb. 20th, to play the fast aggregation of Danvillians. The train left Lennoxville on time and arrived in Danville an hour late, so it was necessary to play two twenty minute periods in order to catch the train back.

1st Period,—Danville began with a rush and carried the puck down to Bishop's end but didn't score. U. B. C. goal was out of danger but a few times owing to our boys not being used to the dim light and square corners of the rink. Cotton made a few brilliant rushes, but was unable to score. Within about five minutes before half time Danville netted the puck. Score 1-0 for Danville.

2nd Period. U. B. C. goal was not so much in danger during this period as the boys were getting used to the lights. Murray started up the ice with the puck and passed to Robertson who made a brilliant run and netted the puck which tied the score. Danville however scored again and the game ended with a win for Danville. Score 2-1

The game throughout was fast and a great deal of checking was done. Two or three penalties were handed out to Danville while Bishop's managed to go through without even one. Referees C. H. Cleveland and L. Spafford kept the game well in hand.

THE MITRE.

The Line-Ups.

Bishop's.		Danville.	
Hawk	Goal	Barnard	
Watson	Point	Townes	
Cotton	C. Point	Barlow	
Robertson	Rover	Smith	
Lane	L. Wing.	Jeakins	
Robinson	Centre	Brown	
Murray	R. Wing	Wilson	
King	Sub.	_____	

Referees—C. H. Cleveland, L. Spafford.
 Time-keepers—Gibson, McCrum.
 Goal-umpires—Taylor, Williams.

Bishop's University 4 vs. Stanstead College 3.

On the 27th February the Bishop's Seven journeyed to Stanstead, accompanied by Messrs. Call, Lobban, Knapp, Belford, Brown and Williams.

1st Period. Stanstead began the attack, and made things look rather dark for Bishop's. Howard did some exceptionally good work for S. W. C., scoring two goals, while Bishop's only succeeded in scoring one. Score 2-1 for S. W. C.

2nd Period In this Period Bishop's improved, and Cotton made several end to end rushes, but it was his bad luck day, though he managed to score three more goals for U. B. C. while Howard tallied another for S. W. C. Score 4-3 for S. W. C.

The game was rather slow at times as both teams were inclined to bunch and it seemed at times that nothing else could be heard except the whistles.

Stanstead were playing in hard luck having lost Dean and Mullen, two of their best players, but Bishop's were also minus one of their best players, 'Doc.' Robertson being on the sick list, but King, who played instead, put up a very good game.

The Line-Ups :

U. B. C.		S. W. C.	
Hawk	Goal	Gordon	
Watson	Point	Costello	
Cotton	C. Point	_____	
Lane	Rover	Howard	
Robinson	L. Wing	_____	
King	Centre	French	
Murray	R. Wing	Allard	
Brooke	Sub.	_____	

Referees—Cross and Spafford.
 Timers — Call. Goal-umpires — Williams.

Bishop's University vs. Sherbrooke Bankers

On Tuesday evening, January 27th, the above teams clashed in a practice match at Minto Rink on which U. B. C. won out. Both teams were evenly matched and some very good work was done by men of each.

Lorn Spafford handled the game with the assistance of A. Norcross. The two above officials kept the game entirely free from roughness, although the friendly spirit seemed to hold good most of the time.

The sensation of the evening was when the point for the Bankers made an end to end rush and netted the puck. Undoubtedly it was the prettiest work of the season for this ice. Although Bishop's did not have the sensational men, they more than made up for that in combination.

Societies.

THE MISSIONARY UNION.

Since the February issue of the Mitre the Missionary Union has been fortunate in having three interesting and useful addresses. Mr. Bunbury, from Richmond, in a much appreciated address dwelt upon the need of intercessory prayer on behalf of Foreign Missions. Mr. Brewer, of Compton, gave much useful information upon the Kikuyu Conference, and Mr. McDonald, of East Angus, explained how many and varied are the equipments, mental and physical as well as spiritual, which the prospective missionary should endeavour to acquire for himself while he has the chance during his college career.

Our next meeting is arranged for April 2nd, when the Dean of Quebec will speak upon the diocese of Honan in China.

It is expected that lantern slides will be brought to illustrate the lecture.

M. H. W., Secretary.

CHURCHWARDEN CLUB NOTES.

There have been six meetings of the Churchwarden Club since the opening of the Lent term. Of these, three have been devoted to readings, two being spent over Shakespeare's "Tempest," and the third on selections from Bret Harte. At the other three meetings the club had the pleasure of hearing papers read by Prof. Vial, J. Phillips and W. H. Ladd.

Prof. Vial's subject was "Cecil Rhodes," a topic with which his connection with the great colleague of Rhodes especially fitted him to deal.

His paper not only gave a vivid picture of the personality and achievements of

the great South African; but also drew a "type of the world's heroes, the men who dream greatly, and yet plan practically.

Mr. Phillips dealt with "The Heart and its Action," and sketched the central organ of the human frame so clearly, and explained its working so lucidly that the members who were present no longer take their hearts for granted, but realize to the full the wonderful delicacy of their structure and importance of their action.

Mr. Ladd wrote on "Mycenaean Civilization," a subject in which he appears to have read deeply: moving amid the mists of that prehistoric age with an accuracy and certainty of step worthy of Schliemann himself.

A Trip to the Mediterranean.

It is hard to overestimate the value of foreign travel. It educates the mind, widens the interests, stimulates the imagination, broadens the sympathy and, above all, stores the treasure house of memory with imperishable possessions. Well would it be if a travelling scholarship were provided in our University so that at any rate one student on graduation might be given the opportunity of visiting the historic sites and interesting peoples of ancient lands. Here is surely an opportunity for a benefactor.

We availed ourselves of the early closing of the college in 1912 to take a long planned trip to the Mediterranean. The 11.30 B. and M. train does not suggest romance, but it was by it that we started on Ascension Day for our distant rambles. As we passed along the shores of Lake Massawippi clad in the first freshness of summer verdure, we wondered whether we should see anywhere scenery more beautiful, and indeed of its kind it seemed to be perfect.

Joining the C. P. R. train at Newport we travelled in comfort and luxury to Boston. Here we had the advantage of the kind hospitality of the Rev. Dr. Van Allen, and, under his guidance, and that of his father (since called to his rest) we saw the chief sights of Boston and Harvard under the best auspices. The splendid parks were ablaze with color, as the season of tulips was not yet over, and not least among our pleasures was a chance meeting with one of Longfellow's daughters, and a visit to the poet's house at Cambridge, where his study is still preserved just as he left it. On Saturday, May 18th, we bade farewell to our kind hosts and sailed in the good ship "Cretic" for Naples. Those who are accustomed to the discomforts of the cold voyage on the Northern Atlantic to Liverpool are pleasantly surprised at the genial weather experienced on the more southerly trip in the early summer. One is out on deck most of the time, and every evening there is a dance or concert on the upper deck with awnings protecting one from the breezes, and yet a trip from Boston to Naples costs no

more, if as much, as a similar voyage from Montreal to Liverpool. A splendid orchestra added much to the delights of the voyage, and seasickness was almost unknown. Early in the afternoon of Friday, May 24th, we sighted the Azores, and, skirting along, presently dropped our anchor in the port of San Miguel. Even on a calm day the landing here is somewhat hazardous, as there is always considerable swell and the ocean going steamer cannot approach nearer than a mile to the shore. Three old ship's boats put out for the passengers who desired to land, manned by fierce looking ruffians, and as they loll about in the trough of the sea until they get a tow from a small steam tug the fate of those passengers who will persist in crowding to the front on such occasions is not enviable. We had never been in a boat that performed such antics without capsizing. However this is soon forgotten when one lands in the quaint town, studies its Portugese inhabitants, and marvels at the extraordinary dresses of the ladies in their black cloaks and enormous cowls.

The graceful palms and the wonderful tropical vegetation in the gardens and the profusion of the flowers delight the senses, while as one inspects the town one is soon at the head of a band of urchins whose only English word is "monies." After spending a couple of hours pleasantly on the island, and then purchasing some momentoes of our visit we rejoined our ship before dark and proceeded on our voyage; our last view being that of the native boys diving for "nickels" in the clear blue waters round the ship. Such adepts are they at this art that each little coin is secured long before it reaches the bottom.

Early Sunday morning, May 26th, we caught our first sight of Madeira and here at Funchal we made a much more comfortable landing in a convenient motor boat. On reaching the quay we found strings of ox carts waiting to transport us through the town in carriages, built on runners, which glide over the smooth cobble stones with great ease. In fact going down hill, the drivers who run along side put on the brake by throwing bags under the runners. As we drove up the town we met loads of sugar cane coming down from the mountain, drawn also by oxen. On arriving at the little station we took a car of the Funicular railway to ascend the mountain. On each side was tropical vegetation in profusion, bananas and other tropical fruits ripening, and the children on the side of the track pelted us with roses and other flowers as we passed. The view from the summit of the mountain is one never to be forgotten, the picturesque town below us, vistas of many-coloured hills and ravines around and beyond the deep blue waters of the bay with our ship riding peacefully at anchor.

If the urchins at the Azores know only the word "monies" those at Madeira have made more progress as their one phrase is "change for a dollar" which they carry about in paper packages mostly short in measure and containing at any rate some coins of dubious value. Conducted by one of these urchins in a breezy costume, supported by one brace, we were conducted through delightful

scenery, to the Palace Hotel where were many vendors of laces and other products of the island. One of our party nearly became the possessor of a puppy described as "the finest dog on the island" which having been originally offered for \$35 was finally brought down to \$1.25.

If the ascent of the mountain was exciting it was nothing to the mode of descent. Near the hotel we took one of the celebrated Madeira toboggans which are really seats, holding two people, built on wooden runners, and controlled by two men with ropes, who run behind, and occasionally, in their excitement, jump up themselves upon the runners. The track down the mountain is composed of tiny cobble stones, often made still more slippery by moss and other vegetable growth, and, when the cars go too fast, the ruffians behind make them skid from side to side, a primitive way of putting on the brake, and causing much terror to the uninitiated. Moreover, half way down the hill, they hold you up and demand a drink, shouting "calore" and mopping their sweating brows. However, we arrived safe and sound near our point of departure. After a visit to the quaint Cathedral, gay with red hangings, as it was Whitsunday, and to the public gardens glorious with tropical foliage, and the lake of black swans and the usual bargaining for souvenirs characteristic of the island, before dark we were once more on our way Eastward, this time headed for Gibraltar.

The approach to Gibraltar, "the Mountain of Tarik," from the Atlantic is most impressing, the almost sheer rock rising to a height of 1,400 feet, with its face turned towards Europe, while on the opposite side of the Strait rises Mount Abyla, guarding the African continent. These were the Pillars of Hercules, the Western limits of Ancient Travel. Before we had got over our admiration of this wonderful sight our ship, early on Tuesday morning, entered the beautiful harbour beneath the cliff, and the tender soon brought us ashore where, after visiting the Moorish market outside the gates, we entered the town proper through the marine port. The town itself consists of a narrow street nestling against the base of the rock ending in a beautiful public garden called the Alameda, but all this is dominated by the great fortification overhead, with its miles upon miles of subterranean tunnels, concealed guns and mines, an impregnable stronghold of Great Britain's since 1704, guarding the Western entrance of the Mediterranean just as Malta and Egypt guard the East. Here we have a strange mixture of the East and the West. English soldiers in khaki, English policemen and the English language heard on all sides and yet a strange conglomeration of Moors and Arabs and Spaniards, but everything is under military rule and at sunset all the gates are closed and every stranger has to withdraw and hurry away into Spanish territory, while visitors must return to their ships. After an all too hurried visit to the chief points of interest, we spent a few minutes on the little isthmus which unites the rock to the main land, which is called the neutral ground belonging half to England and half to Spain.

As we continued our voyage we were able to study the rock from several different points of view and to take some interesting photographs. We were now in the Mediterranean, and as we watched the hills of Spain in the distance, some of them even then snow-capped, we realized that the far famed blue of this great land girt sea was no poetic phrase but a wonderful reality. In a day and a half we were in sight of Algiers, where our ship was able to enter the innermost basin of the great harbour and was actually moored to the quay, and for the first time we set foot on African soil. Algiers is a wonderful testimony to French enterprise. In less than a hundred years they have transformed one half of the dirty Arab town into a modern city with magnificent public buildings, wide streets, comfortable street cars and all the refinements of civilization. The view from the Mustapha Supérieur, whither we drove on our arrival, is one never to be forgotten. It commands a magnificent view of the town and harbour and a beautiful vista of the Mediterranean, and is adorned with splendid houses that are a curious mixture of European and Oriental architecture, but though impressed with the French part of the city, this was as nothing compared to our amazement when we visited the Arab quarter.

Here in the narrow alleys, scarcely wide enough to admit daylight, conditions appear much the same as they must have been a thousand years ago. The Oriental merchants sit smoking cross-legged on their counters, and their shops are so tiny that they can reach all their wares without moving their position, and they seem more eager to bargain than to sell. In the dark recesses you actually stumble over beggars, and presently you hear the call to prayer sounding from the minarets. As we peeped into a mosque we saw a venerable seated figure expounding the Khoran, in the dim light, to a circle of worshippers, and at the other end a son of the desert performing various ablutions before entering the sacred precincts. Once more in the daylight we entered an Oriental Bazaar and our gaze was fascinated with the extraordinary wares and wonderful costumes of the traders. All the time we kept very close to our guide, for we could not help feeling that it was not exactly a safe place for a stranger to be left alone in. Returning to the French part of the City we dined in a restaurant that would have done credit to Paris, but where our companions seemed to come from every part of the known world, American tourists, French residents, Spanish visitors, Turkish merchants, Arabs and Moors from the desert and even Asiatics. Algiers is certainly a cosmopolitan city, and by night it is as fascinating as it is by day. We were fortunate in meeting a representative of an English house who explained to us many historical details that we should otherwise have passed unnoticed, and graciously accompanied us to our ship. By eleven thirty the lights of Algiers were fading in the distance, and we felt we were saying good-bye to a land of strange romance.

Early in the afternoon of Friday, May 31st, we sighted the Italian shores

and soon had Ischia on our left and Capri on our right and were entering the far famed Bay of Naples and presently saw Vesuvius with its thin pall of smoke rising in front of us. But this is another story and must be told another time, if the Editor will.

The People of God.

An Inquiry into Christian Origins, by H. F. Hamilton, D. D. Two Vols.
Henry Frowde. Oxford University Press, 1912.

Vol. I. Israel, p.p. i-xxxix and 1-261.

Dr. Hamilton has divided his work into two volumes, not so much on account of its size, for there is, in avoirdupois many far weightier tomes than his two put together, but because there is a very marked division in his subject. Indeed, on a casual consideration it would almost seem as if there was no such connection between the two parts as would really justify their inclusion under a common head; but one finds, on reading the book, that the author has a real connection to present, which is, as it should be, summed up in the title.

In the second volume he works out a theory of the essential principles underlying the organization of the church, considered as a divinely instituted society, the Body of Christ, with the professed purpose of seeking a solid basis, if possible, for the joining together of the separated groups of Christians, especially those of our own race; while in volume one he endeavours to rehabilitate the authoritative position of the Old Testament, to make it so far as may be once more of Divine authority, coming to us with the "Thus saith the Lord" of the prophets. At least so much seems to be implied, although actual stress in the summing up is laid only on the absolute and Divine sanction of the Hebrew religion. The connecting link between the two themes is the historical fact that Israel as a nation rejected the consummation and completion of its own divinely appointed religion, while it was received by the gentiles, who, through baptism, became proselytes of the new Israel of the new Covenant which we today call the Church.

Stated thus briefly and baldly, the author's position appears most severely orthodox with the popular orthodoxy of fifty years ago. Though of course the general position that the church did take the place of the elect people, who lost their position by their rejection of the Messiah, has been held by practically all theologians of all ages; it was, in fact, a position so obvious and so tenable that it could scarcely be called in question till the results of the Higher Criticism on the books of the Old Testament broke down the old oracular authority of literal

inspiration and left in its place a confused idea of "compilations" and "editings with tendencies" that seemed to leave little room for any definite revelation or divine plan more than could be found in the early literature and history of any other people. The fact that Dr. Hamilton does stand for the old opinions may possibly have something to do with the great favour his work has received in many quarters, for even scholars of the most highly cultivated indifference are human enough to welcome confirmatory testimony to their own conclusions, and and even more must all men be glad to be furnished with arguments for cherished beliefs clung to in the face of what may have seemed unanswerable attacks.

The author is led to the old position substantially, but he comes thither by a new path and sees it in a new light, it is no mere recrudescence of conservatism, but the long considered, well weighed conclusion of a scholar, approaching the subject with an open mind. A constructive apologetic of this character is indeed a thing to be welcomed, and especially when it is so clearly written that it may well claim the attention of any intelligent person, although of course it is not in the least a popular work.

Nevertheless, much in sympathy as the present writer is with Dr. Hamilton's general position, yet he is not convinced that the contrast of value between Judaism and polytheism, and the implied difference of origin, is so complete as the author would make it, and besides there are many details in the argument that he would criticize, not because he would object to the conclusions founded thereon, but because the defect in argument would weaken them, so that in the following criticism the writer wishes it to be clearly understood that he feels himself fully in sympathy with Dr. Hamilton's general position and that his discussion of the argument may be looked on in the light of an intention to strengthen what appear to him weak places in the defenses.

To begin with then the argument in the preface, which is amplified elsewhere in the volume, that the Old Testament is authoritative because our Lord and the Apostles are said to have so treated does not appear convincing because the facts may well be taken in another way without at all forcing them. That the Apostles should so take them was humanly a psychological necessity, it was part of their earliest training, it was in the air, it was the chief essential of their mental environment, they could scarcely be conceived as taking any other position towards them, and their attitude seems to have little more weight as evidence than the passionate belief of a Mahomedan in the Quran, unless it be held that the Twelve had plenary inspiration in all such matters—which is another question.

The fact that our Lord is reported in a number of places to have appealed to their authority is necessarily on a different level, but there are two ways of escape from the significance Dr. Hamilton sees in them, so that this last cannot be a logical necessity.

First, and it is the impression most of the passages give to the present writer, our Lord may well have been arguing *ad hominem*, appealing to an authority His hearers admitted without question. And, secondly, the so called Kenosis, or emptying out of His divinity in His earthly life, might be considered a sufficient explanation of His attitude to the Scriptures and the Law, and the religion of His countrymen, without giving it any more weight in a discussion of the nature of the revelation vouchsafed to Israel than His allusions to the weather would have in a meteorological investigation. In fact, unless we suppose His manhood to have been so inspired with His divine nature in His earthly life as to have given Him omniscience, if we admit that in anything His knowledge during His life on earth was limited, there is surely a strong possibility that His attitude towards the Scriptures would be that of His age and race. Of course it would be quite possible to say, if there was direct and unique inspiration in the law and prophets, that this was a matter of such importance that the Incarnate Son would have an intuition of it, but this would not be conclusive. Nor can the present writer see that refusing to accept this as relevant to the discussion of the authority of the Old Testament is to start with a reduced Christianity, at least in the meaning of the originator of the phrase.

We must take into account the necessary modification produced by the tremendous change in viewpoint. To those born in the night arguments that a sun would rise and shadows flee, or a discussion as to whether the dim light of the dawn was or was not due to its advent would have a significance far other than it would have to those born in the day, who take the sun as a matter-of-course, as the great fact of their outlook. If the sun is there, and we admit that the heat and light necessary to our life and comfort proceed from it, the question as to whether a certain star had been the herald of the day has a very different complexion than it otherwise would have had. Before our Lord's Divinity had been demonstrated in his resurrection His contemporaries were still in the transient twilight state of dawn. He appealed to what they believed, there is no other possible ground for argument, but He also spoke of the sign of the Prophet Jonah. And if he quoted scripture in His teaching so did He also use the "I say unto you", and are not most of His appeals to Scripture of the nature of "If ye had believed Moses and the prophets ye would have believed me." Of course Dr. Hamilton admits all this; it is the point of his argument that our Lord by His Divine authority finally abrogated the Old Law, but it does not seem that there is a necessity to suppose that we must deduce from this its full and direct sanction by the Deity.

This matter has been considered at more length because while it seems to be the underlying motif of much of the argument in the following chapters it does not seem entirely consistent with the more guarded statement on p. xxxiii. If verbal inspiration be abandoned every individual statement in the Old Testament

must run the gauntlet of criticism—and by what means is it to be judged? By the Old Testament as a whole? But this we interpret in the light of the Christian faith, and not as the Jews or unbelievers do; so that our standard of criticism for each statement will, in a general way, (aside, that is, from questions of pure scholarship) be determined by our attitude to Jesus Christ, which is apparently what Dr. Hamilton in the earlier pages holds to be a "reduced Christianity." On the other hand, though we may not allow this particular argument to have any great weight, it does not follow at all that there are no other grounds for supposing that in the religion of Israel there was special and direct revelation which has been enshrined in the Old Testament.

Dr. Hamilton's argument on this head is based on the difference, which he thinks is fundamental, between Hebrew and all other forms of monotheism, excluding, of course, those affected by Christianity, and to begin with he calls in question the idea of development in religion. Now it is, of course, in a restricted sense, quite true that the monotheism of Plato and Aristotle did not grow out of Greek polytheism as an oak does out of an acorn, nevertheless, taking Greek culture as a whole, in which religion had an important and all-pervading part, this philosophic monotheism was a development in the ordinary use of the word. The trouble is that in a consideration of "religions," as specimens we have to dissect them out of the organism of which they are essential parts, and it is in our power to limit the subject at our convenience; but in arguing we are apt to forget this and assume that what we are calling religion for our present purpose is just what some one else means by it, or even what we ourselves meant for some other purpose at some other time, and there follows, of course, confusion of thought. This is a kind of danger that everyone is aware of but which few entirely escape.

Dr. Hamilton in a later passage defines religion for the purposes of the ensuing argument, but this definition is not relevant to the point here in question. In a general way those who treat religion or rather religions as purely a subject of scientific investigation include a good deal more than a theologian would as a rule, and so while the scientist may be quite right in saying that a certain form of monotheism developed out of polytheism, in the theologian's sense of the term religion, this might be no more true than that the nation of the United States developed out of the red man. Yet, if one takes the human race as a whole, the growth of the United States of North America is a development. A great deal of what the anthropologist would class as religion is purely magical, indeed recent work in this subject tends to show that many polytheistic deities are really personifications of the magical rite, or of the emotion roused in performing it, and it is roughly true that magic is really primitive science, so that in their very genesis science and religion are inextricably confused, and they remain so in every stage of culture: the science or philosophy of a people necessarily affects

first their religious belief and next their religious practices. There is also action the other way, and religion has often as a fact acted as an obstacle to the growth of knowledge, and it is doubtless with this in mind that Dr. Hamilton speaks of polytheism as having "successfully smothered" inquiry into nature, nevertheless such action is accidental and not at all necessary.

The theory of nature underlying polytheism is very fairly expounded in the first chapter, but there is almost more clarity in the exposition, one is inclined to think, than really inheres in the subject itself. The simile of the keyboard of a musical instrument is apt, and fits the polytheist's position, but it equally fits the monotheist's so long as the latter admits the existence in any sense of voluntary beings other than the Deity. But it will be said that the simile refers especially to natural phenomena which a more advanced science discovers to have natural causes independent of any being's caprice. True, but even in our scientific age people are still to be found who believe in angelic and demonic agencies, and certain philosophers incline strongly to what they call pluralism (which is but a modern form of polytheism) as an explanation of the world. It is in fact far from certain that pure animism is even the principle factor in the development of polytheism, nor yet that philosophy pure and simple was the sole parent of monotheism in Greece, there is the effect of the mysteries to be taken into account. For though these were not sanctuaries of a primitive revelation, as our predecessors supposed, they had evidently much to do with the growth of a belief in one God.

In Brahminism, a form of monotheism not mentioned by Dr. Hamilton, the development was rather parallel to that of Greek philosophy than identical, and was largely due to the contemplative character of its devotees. It is to be presumed that Dr. Hamilton does not consider it a monotheism, but in effect, for the Brahmin, it is. The Gods are lower beings than the one, the Atman, the Self, from which all things are. In the evolution of this system the meditations of the sages have taken the place largely of the emotions roused in these mysteries of Greece, and with a very analogous result, though the matter cannot possibly be adequately discussed in this place. But to put the criticism of the author's treatment of polytheism into a nutshell it may be said that as his argument depends on the inherent absurdity of this system and its incompatibility with a knowledge of the laws of nature, the fact that men equipped with modern science, and of eminence in the intellectual world, can seriously turn to a form of this system as an escape from the difficulties which they find in monism (which is the scientific equivalent for monotheism) has at one blow taken from it much of its validity.

In passing, one is a little inclined to protest that the author has not been quite just to Assyrian and Egyptian art, or the medicine and surgery of the latter people and India. Assyrian sculpture shows a very great knowledge of anat-

omy and much close observation of nature, so does that of Egypt. In comparing these with Greece we presume that Dr. Hamilton intended to say that the Greek (of the golden age) had an unexcelled power of seeing things as they seem, for it is the attempt to represent things as they are that renders the art of Egypt and Assyria so strange to us. And in the other matter, Egyptian surgeons and dentists had attained great skill when the Greeks were still barbarians, and there is little doubt that the foundations of Greek medicine came from Egypt. As for the use of spells and incantations in the art of healing, these remained, in form at least, till almost the beginning of the last century in our own Western civilization, so we cannot afford to throw stones. However, this has no bearing on the argument and we must pass on.

Dr. Hamilton's purpose in his brief discussion of polytheism, and the emergence of monotheism in Greece is in order to show the contrast between what may be called a normal evolution and a extra-normal one, with of course the implication that the aberration of the latter proves some new factor in the process. And this contrast is certainly well made out, and we are forced to admit that everything tends to show that up to the time of the exile "the genius of the people and the general trend of the national religion were not setting in the direction monotheism." This belief won its way after severe struggle and has its origins largely in the teaching of the prophets, which teaching was not the result of political changes for the tendency of these was all in favour of polytheism, nor yet of natural evolution, which in the surrounding nations with similar ideas shows no trace of any such development. In like manner he shows the great ethical difference between the ideas of the prophets as embodied in later Hebrew religion as compared with the cults of the gentiles, and he is here equally conclusive, although it may be thought that he has done less than strict justice to the latter. From our standpoint the difference is so great that we may easily miss the moral value in primitive religions. Morality always has been, as it is even yet among ourselves, very much a matter of the custom of the country and still more of the particular set or social circle of an individual. Speaking generally Dr. Hamilton is quite right in his strictures of the polytheistic deities, but it is only fair to remember that their immorality is really a non-morality preserved by religious conservatism from a remote past, and that here there was a constant process of elimination, moralization, suppression and allegorizing going on like that which, we have every reason to think, was carried out in the various editings of the Old Testament, though it is not likely that left to itself polytheism would ever have gone so far in this direction, or even that it could have saved itself from final dissolution from the corrupting effect of the savage non-moral elements in its systems.

Here also, it may be said that it does not seem as if the author had given sufficient consideration to the mystery element in polytheism. And it is not so

much the later mystery cults, such as Mithras or Isis, which were religious secret societies of a missionary character, but the native mystery element in the local polytheistic cults, and this element was far more extensive than is usually realized, in fact, it may even be asserted that taking the primitive religions at large it has been the normal thing that the individual, both male and female, should have been initiated into some form of mystery religion; and it is quite certain, that no matter what corruptions may have produced in specific cases, that on the whole the effect of these was a powerful factor in maintaining the standard of tribal or racial morality. And it seems more than possible that the philosophic monotheism of Greece really owes much to the mysteries. The tendency of the mystical state wherever it appears is in favour of a monistic explanation of the universe as Professor James has shown, although he himself inclined strongly towards pluralism. The mysteries may be called henotheistic, but henotheism has in it the elements from which reason must produce some form of monotheism. If a man, by initiation say into the rites of Bacchus, had been so emotionally impressed by the reality and power of that deity that he could think of no others, and if later he were initiated at Eleusis and became equally impressed by Ceres, the natural effect would be towards supposing each to be a form, an appearance, an agent, of an underlying and unifying divinity. This process is patent in the development of Hinduism, and judging by the high estimation which the mysteries were held by the greatest minds of Greece, and also the fact that philosophy itself had a tendency in the Hellenistic period to produce or adopt a mystery element we cannot easily avoid the conclusion that this factor does underly the origin of Greek monotheism as well as pure speculation. And it might be mentioned here that Dr. Hamilton seems to lay more stress on the name Yahveh and the fact that it was the deity of a tribe, a people, who was held to be the Lord of Hosts, the One Alone, than seems allowable. To-day we regard the Jews and Mahomedans as worshipping the same God as ourselves—not because they revere Him as we do, or because their conception of Him is the same, but because wherever men hold the Deity to be one, it must in common sense be the same one, which is really another form of the principle by which the henotheism of the mysteries would tend to monotheism. Under such circumstances it is the most natural thing to apply to the new conception of the deity a name that familiarity and use have consecrated. The Hebrew prophets called Him Yahveh, the Greek philosophers Zeus, and the name in itself is nothing.

To return to Hebrew prophecy, we find that it appears to be connected with a society, which from many indications it would not be unsafe to assume practised initiations itself, which again, from analogy backed by some hints left in the Old Testament writings, we presume to be much the same in principle and effect as those found elsewhere. Indeed one of the amazing things about this subject is the close resemblance such ceremonies have to each other, no matter

from what period or place they come. To say that the polytheistic prophet, Shaman, medicine man, had nothing ethical in his visions (though it is not absolutely true to say the least) may be admitted as a rough comparative statement, but then we have like cases to-day under psychologically similar circumstances that have no real moral value, as the crop of backsliders after a revival has often proved. There must be some moral capacity in the individual or the vision will have no moral value. Doubtless this formed the fundamental difference between the true and false prophets of the Hebrews as classes, the former had to begin with a love of judgment and truth, of justice and mercy which opened their hearts to the divine message. Most would be willing to admit that in Hebrew prophecy we have a body of ethical revelation quite unparalleled or even approached anywhere else outside of Christianity, but it does not seem that the psychological conditions of it in the recipients have been made clear. There must have been something in the nation, in its religion, in the general conditions of time and place to have produced men capable of this. It may be said that this was the law of Moses, but here again things are not quite clear. Dr. Hamilton would seem to imply that he holds that the Jewish law, ceremonial and moral, was till the advent of our Lord, of absolute divine sanction, and that the covenant between Israel and Yahveh was in some sense a reality, yet he does not definitely tell us where and how all this came to pass. At one time he speaks of it in the old traditional way, as if all the essentials of the law came through Moses, and including the idea (we presume) of the ratification of the covenant with Abraham, but where he is more explicit, he speaks only of the works of the prophets, the compilation of Deuteronomy and the reform of the temple ritual after the return from exile. But if the Hebrew religion was thus a thing of growth and evolution surely the traditional attitude towards it, as promulgated at Sinai in its entirety, cannot remain unmodified. But the subject is far too large to be adequately discussed here, still before we pass on the writer must protest against the dilemma propounded on p. 218; for although Dr. Hamilton regards it as exhaustive it does not lead us anywhere because it is not clear what is meant by the "Mosaic System." Is it what the Jews meant and mean? Is it what the critics would leave us—say the ten words without the glosses? Or is it merely a loose expression covering the prophetic teaching, the Deuteronomic Code or the Priestly ritual? Taking the Old Testament as we have it one could surely say there was a third alternative to supposing it was either all of unique divine sanction and authority" or else none of it, by assuming that some of it was. There is much that we must surely suppose comes from the primitive religious heritage of the race, such as the unhewn stones, the devotion of the first born, the taboo on blood, and circumcision itself. Are we to burden our defensive position with such things as these. That they were taken into the system and made use of is most natural and necessary, but one can hardly follow Dr. Ham-

ilton, if he intended the implication, in supposing them to be directly of Divine command, in any other sense than that all man's progress has been according to God's will.

In the discussion, in the seventh chapter, of our Lord's attitude to the religion of his countrymen there is a lack of all allusion to the results of criticism on the gospels that seems rather strange. Dr. Hamilton accepts with reserve much of the results of critical methods in the study of the Old Testament, which makes it seem the more curious. At the least one would look for some statement, however brief, of the reasons which led him to reject such results before making a detailed argument from passages whose historical accuracy has been, and is seriously questioned. If, and there certainly seems to have been, a strong desire on the part of the primitive Church to see in every detail of our Lord's life a literal fulfillment of Scripture, coupled with the possibility that this bias has affected the narrative of the gospels, surely the very foundation of Dr. Hamilton's argument respecting our Lord's attitude to the Old Testament needs reinforcement.

With the general conclusions of this volume the present writer is in most whole hearted accord. That the Jewish religion was unique in its ethical value, that this was due to the direct inspiration of the prophets, and that the purpose was to set the people of Israel apart, or at least a sufficient remnant, as a seed bed for a final revelation, the consummation of the ages, in Jesus Christ. All this the writer holds as firmly as Dr. Hamilton, and he feels that the latter's work is of real value in setting forth clearly this aspect of the study of the origins of our religion. His differences of opinion with the author fall almost entirely under one head, that where he can see only a difference in degree, Dr. Hamilton supposes a difference of kind. That is to say the writer fails to be convinced by Dr. Hamilton's argument that the Hebrew religion was alone, of all the religions of the peoples the one in which positive and direct divine guidance was experienced, although he freely admits that the distance between that one and all the others may be as that between mankind and the quadrumana, so that as far as practical results go the difference is not very material.

The Lyres.

A PLAINT RECEIVED FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Provençal poets write of Spring—
Of sunny days in pleasant Var :
When butterflies are on the wing
Provençal poets write of Spring,

What though the fierce mistral should sting
 Their faces till they peel and scar?
 Provençal poets write of Spring,
 Of sunny days in pleasant Var.

Canadian poets write of Spring
 Of golden days by field and ford.
 Of things that buzz and birds that sing:
 Canadian poets write of Spring,
 And if King Frost their fingers sting
 His presence must be, well—ignored;
 Canadian poets write of Spring
 Of golden days by field and ford.

The English poets write of Spring
 (Basking the while in Italy).
 Hear how the lyres awake and sing!
 (The English poets write of Spring).
 What though their friends are shivering
 Crouched by huge fires (such things will be!)
 The English poets write of Spring
 Basking the while in Italy.

R. B. I.

Mannering Fails to Report.

The next day full accounts of the "Wahoo Gulch Outrage" appeared in the leading Dailies. Mannering very seldom gave the papers more than a perfunctory glance, so it was not surprising that he did not notice their story of his brother's experience, and it was I who called his attention to it. Great was his surprise and consternation when I entered his room, and laid on his desk before him a marked copy of the "Daily Star."

A WESTERN MYSTERY.

GOLD THIEVES FOILED BY UNKNOWN INFORMANT.

Our Winnipeg Correspondent wires us the following story of a typical Wild West hold-up, combined with methods savouring of the torture chambers of the Middle Ages:

It seems that a young prospector, Mannering by name, had struck it rich somewhere in the neighborhood of Edmonton, a fact which, unfortunately, became known to two local "bad men," who determined forthwith to "get in on the ground floor." Ordinary persuasion failing to induce Mannering to furnish the required information, the scoundrels held up their victim at the revolver's point, bound him with deer-skin thongs, and conveyed him in a semi-conscious condi-

tion to a worked-out mining camp to the north of Edmonton. There they kept the unfortunate young man closely guarded, and supplied with just enough food and water to keep body and soul together. Obviously it was no part of their scheme accidentally to kill their prisoner, as dead men tell no tales of newly discovered gold mines!

It was certainly a difficult position for the young man, but he very wisely decided that the only way to preserve his life (to say nothing of his gold) was to refuse the crooks' demands. Once the location of the mine was made known to them Mannering's life would not be worth an hour's purchase. From a course of threats and starvation, the toughs proceeded to violence, and in one of their attacks the prisoner's left arm was wounded by a revolver bullet. At last they gave him three days to live, at the expiration of which they solemnly swore that they would burn the shack without troubling to remove the young miner.

On the morning of the third day a squad of the N. W. M. Police, dispatched post haste from Edmonton, surrounded the hovel and seized the unsuspecting ruffians, who had felt so secure in their isolation that they had not even troubled to keep watch.

And now comes the mysterious side of the incident. The information upon which the police acted, just in time to avert a tragedy, came by telegraph from a small town in Quebec, nearly three thousand miles away from Edmonton; and the sender of the message was the brother of the prisoner in the shack.

Not having as yet had the opportunity of interviewing Mr. Mannering, who is a student in the local University, we can only surmise that some one who was acquainted with both the brothers sent him a message telling how the young miner was situated, and advising him where and to whom to send a telegram; though why the mysterious informant did not telegraph directly to the police, instead of adopting this roundabout course, it is quite impossible to say. It might be, however, that the unknown had quarrelled with other members of the gang, and naturally did not wish to have his name associated with their discomfiture, having only too good reason to dread the vengeance that would most certainly be visited on him by the two ruffians whom he had betrayed, in the event of their escaping from prison, or at the expiration of their term. At any rate this is the only hypothesis that seems to us to fit the case.

"Confound it all!"

The suddenness, not to say explosiveness, of Mannering's exclamation startled me. Obviously he was greatly excited and perturbed.

"Can't you see, Jones what's going to happen?" he exclaimed.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go? This certainly is the limit!"

"Gently, man, gently," I expostulated, "get it off your chest by degrees."

"Did you not notice the threat in this beastly rag?" he continued, pounding his fist down on the offending paper. 'Not having AS YET had the opportu-

ity of interviewing Mr. Mannering—'AS YET!!'—You know, Jones, how I hate and abhor publicity. I'd bet anything that Bellamy, of the 'Daily Mirror' is even now on his way to torture me."

"What if he is!" I replied. "For a professed altruist your selfishness is monumental. Think, my dear fellow, what a blessed boon a little sensation like this will be to the starveng Public! Things are confoundedly slow just now; were it not for the Tango riot, and the near-martyrdom of an occasional Suffragette, the papers might almost as well go out of business. Buck up, man, and hand out the requisite thrills; who knows but that you'll become quite a celebrity?"

"For goodness sake don't rub it in!" cried Mannering, with a shudder. "If you think I'm going to let the mob know all the ins and outs of this matter, you've got another guess coming. Do you imagine for an instant that I'll tell those cold blooded news-mongers about my visions, and discuss with them the mysteries of thought-transference? No, a thousand times NO!"

"I can't quite see why you shouldn't," I broke in. "It is, of course, a very extraordinary experience, and a few hundred years ago it would not have been exactly healthy to put the dear Public wise to it all; but in these days the Law does not burn nor drown a fellow for wizardry. It will only be a nine days' wonder, and if you tell them the plain truth, they will most likely think you are a notoriety hunter, and will prefer the plausible hypothesis offered by the 'Star.'"

"For which," interrupted Mannering, "I am devoutly thankful. It really does seem to offer me a way out. When the reporters come to interview me I'll simply refer them to the Star's explanation—at least no other loop-hole offers."

"I hardly think you'll keep off the wolves as easily as that," I answered, laughing, "they've had a taste of blood, and will grudge if they be not satisfied."

"I'm afraid that is all I can do for them," said Mannering musingly. "You'll possibly not understand me, Jones, but do you know that to me there is something sacred in these psychic mysteries, something that I feel I simply cannot bare to the public gaze. It is not merely that they would not comprehend it, but that to lay it before them would be almost a profanation."

"Pearls before swine, eh?" I suggested, a little maliciously, I fear.

"Scarcely that," replied my friend, smiling, "but the time has not yet arrived to take the Public fully into our confidence, though we must admit that the 'Society for Physical Research' has done a great deal to educate the masses in this direction."

"But why do you use the term 'sacred'?" I inquired. "Is not all truth sacred? Have not martyrs suffered and died for it in all ages—Socrates, Galileo, Bruno, Savonarola? The blood of such martyrs has been the seed of knowledge. Science is coming into her kingdom. On what principle, then, do you consider telepathy more 'sacred,' let us say, than gravitation? The divine power is at

work in both, in the one case in the region of Mind, and in the other of Matter."

Mannering hesitated some time before replying, evidently reluctant to enter upon an explanation, involving, as it did, some of his most cherished beliefs. At last he decided to answer my question.

"This is a matter I don't usually care to discuss," he said, "but I firmly believe that the phenomena of Telepathy, Clairvoyance and Clair-audience are as near to an explanation as we can get, of the way in which the Infinite Mind may have seen fit to communicate to man the knowledge of Himself and His purposes. Just as the nerve-centres of two individuals, though possibly thousands of miles apart, can, under certain rare conditions, exchange thoughts, without the intervention of the usual organs of sense, so, I am ready to believe, the old Hebrew Prophets—yes, and even so called heathen Seers—have tapped the Fountain of all Truth. In divers parts and in many portions, depending on the receptivity of the Medium, has the knowledge of God been given to the world. Do you still consider the term 'sacred' to be misapplied?"

With this explanation I perforce had to be satisfied, and very shortly I returned to my own den, to enter upon an unequal struggle with Demosthenes, for Greek Authors faced us on the morrow.

That night I tried in vain to sleep; wearied though I was after prolonged study, my thoughts refused to let me rest. I seemed to hear at intervals in the night uncanny noises, such as are usually attributable to ghosts, yet I somehow felt no desire to get up and investigate. Towards dawn I fell into a sound sleep from which I did not awake until Kelly banged at my door, and made me "hustle" if I wanted to get any breakfast. Hurrying back to my room, I ran over a few difficult passages in "De Corona," and arrived in the Examination Hall ten minutes after the papers had been given out.

It was not until I had finished and handed in my papers that I looked around the hall for Mannering. He had evidently finished before me, which was by no means unusual. So I made my way to his room. There being no summons to enter, I hesitated, then went in.

The room was totally dismantled, even the bedding had been removed, only Mannering's favorite arm chair remained. To this a sheet of paper was pinned, on which was written:

My dear Jones,—I leave this as a memento of a cherished friendship; as you lean back in it in the evenings, enjoying your favorite briar, think of me as not very far away. I am off to join my brother in the West. Don't think any the worse of me because I could not say Good-bye. If it will be any comfort to you, I feel that we shall meet again,

Ever your friend,
MORGAN MANNERING.

The End.

Cecil John Rhodes.

THE MAN WHO SEES VISIONS : THE MAN OF ACTION.

This is an unusual combination, but only unusual as greatness is unusual. The commonplace man becomes immersed in the tread-mill of routine, and thinks he has no time for visions. The truth is he has lost the capacity for them. I suppose every one has built his castles in Spain, but the commonplace man gives them up as something derogatory to his manhood. There is another type which we may call the ineffective man who does nothing, or if he be compelled to work for his bread, works aimlessly and listlessly. His spirit is not in his labour—it is busy amid the clouds of unrealities, preoccupied with abortive semblances, abstractions which can never become tangible, either because the dreamer has no power to make them so, because they are in themselves fleeting, elusive and impossible—out of touch with life, not only as it is but also as it might be. This man eclipses work ; he thinks he is superior to whatever he has to do. The truth is that he has lost the capacity for doing anything.

The great man is at once the man of visions and the man of action. In so far as a man possesses this creative characteristic and this executive one, he is so far great. But greatness is a relative term ; it depends upon many things, but very largely does it depend upon the importance of what is attempted as well as upon the powers of the person engaged. A boot-black may possess greatness of soul but the task he has set himself is comparatively restricted and to many minds might appear unimportant. It is indeed a useful vocation but one which possibly tends to dull the imagination, and the action expended is not action in its highest form. I can imagine a great man beginning his career in a Sherbrooke barber's shop, equipped with brush and cloths and "2 in 1," but I should be surprised to find him there in ten years' time.

If first place is to be given to one of these characteristics, the capacity for seeing visions should certainly hold it, for it supplies the inspiration and the motive power of action, gives it force and direction. Cecil John Rhodes possessed this gift in an eminent degree. If weakness there was, and there was very little weakness about the man, it lay in the way of execution.

Now the portraits of this great empire-builder suggest the strong, determined, courageous man of affairs. He was, I fancy, built on massive lines physically, and his face is massive and exceedingly well proportioned—well marked nose and mouth and chin. The lines of the face are resolute. The forehead is broad, the eyes clear and well set. It is not a beautiful face, but it is strong—the face of a man of power and personality. It is not, however, the countenance one would assign to a man of visions, a semi-mystic. Yet this is just the

element which photography tends to miss and even the genius of an artist is frequently at fault in connexion with so subtle a quality as expression, and it is through expression that we catch glimpses of the inner man.

The two or three pictures of Rhodes which I have seen carry the conviction that here is a man of action—none of them suggest that here is also the man of ideals, of imagination, of noble conceptions. And yet this is the predominant element in him, and if we miss the idealism and imagination we fail to understand one of the greatest and best of Empire Builders. At this point it will be appropriate to supply a short sketch of Cecil Rhodes' career. It is a strange but significant one. To be born in a quiet English vicarage and to be buried in the Matoppo hills in a wild district of Central Africa is enough to indicate an unusual pathway in life. Like many famous Englishmen and Scotchmen Rhodes was what is properly called, a "son of the manse." The simplicity of life and training, the atmosphere of self-control, the wide sympathies, the high ideals of service, which generally obtain in a clerical household, mould and shape many boys for great undertakings. It was under these conditions that Cecil Rhodes came into the world A. D. 1853 at Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire.

It was first intended that he should follow his father's footsteps and take Holy Orders, but his health broke down, and in 1870, in his seventeenth year, he was sent out to his brother, who was a farmer in Natal. In association with his brother he was fortunate enough to acquire a competence, not in the laborious routine of a colonial farm, but in the Kimberley Diamond Fields, which were discovered in the year of his departure from England.

The dry air of the velt had restored the younger Rhodes physically ; he also found himself financially independent, and free to devote himself to any purpose which seemed to him worth while. Men of an inferior type in similar circumstances would have drifted along indefinitely, would perhaps have wasted their property in dissipation or the fever of acquisition upon them would have sought greater and yet greater wealth, and this for its own sake alone. But to the lasting credit of Rhodes it may be said that these several courses held no temptation for him. He spent eight months in travelling under exceedingly primitive conditions through the vast, and then scarcely known, territory to the north of Orange River. It seemed as if he wished to imbue his imagination with the spaciousness and grandeur of Nature's wilderness before returning to civilization. He performed this journey alone and chiefly on foot, walking beside the ox-cart which contained his supplies. He became impressed with the tremendous possibilities of the country as one eminently fitted to be the sphere of British settlement and enterprise and he determined to secure it for the Empire.

This became the controlling idea of his life. Circumstances modified it, and his vision expanded greatly, but this was always the foundation of his Imperial policy—South Africa the domain and inheritance of the British. To

make it so, was to be his personal contribution to the Empire. But beyond what he could do himself individually, he looked forward to the governance of the world by the British race.

With this idea in his mind he returned to England and matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford. But during his undergraduate course his health again broke down and he returned again to South Africa presumably as a dying man. Years later he was permitted to see the note-book of the doctor he consulted and this is what he read about his own case "not six months to live." The expert opinion was at fault however, and the air of South Africa restored him to a vigour which prolonged his life to the fiftieth year, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have carried it on to three score years and ten. But Rhodes was a man to whom life was valuable, not for its mere continuance, but for its work, its possibilities, its achievements. Physically restored, he appeared again in Oxford and resumed his studies. His growing financial interests and the call of the Cape interfered with the reading for his degree, and it was several years before he passed his Finals. His dogged persistence in Academic pursuits when everything else must have been drawing him into the vortex of commercial and public life was characteristic of the finer side of this strong man. While keeping up this intermittent University course he had entered the Cape Parliament and had become a power in the land of his adoption.

In opposition to the Boer separatist tendencies, which took the shape of an independent South African Union, he formulated the idea of a strong federation of South African States within the Empire with local rights and Imperial links alike safe-guarded. This of course was not an original conception. The Dominion of Canada is an instance of the same conception in actual and successful operation. And the Dominion of Canada was an old story. But he shewed his originality in applying and maintaining the principle in a most unfriendly and antagonistic atmosphere. Later on he was accused of inconsistency by English Unionists because he contributed to Home Rule Funds. But really Home Rule, as he imagined it, was but a logical step towards the consolidation of the Empire. As Lady Lugard has written "Local Self-government was, in his opinion, the only enduring basis on which the Unity of the Empire could be built, and throughout his life he was as keen a defender of local rights as he was of Imperial Unity."

When Cecil Rhodes had joined political influence to financial power, his life's dream began to take definite shape, and its vague aspirations gradually received fulfillment—not perhaps as to details, but certainly as to broad outline. Successfully he out-witted President Kruger, and secured for the Empire the territory between the Transvaal and German South-West Africa. Yet this was merely the threshold of his ambition. Boer and German alike were treating with Lobengula, chief of the Matabele, for the cession of tracts of land which

were under his jurisdiction. But Cecil Rhodes again forestalled his rivals, and through the British South African Company, chartered in 1899, occupied the territory for trading and mining purposes, and brought the whole under the protectorate of Great Britain.

Meanwhile Rhodes saw great possibilities for the expansion of his original design. Both in vision and in fact he crossed the Zambesi, obtained permission for the company to operate about Lake Tanganyika and embraced Nyassaland, which was already British, with the sphere of its enterprise. His dream now was to link up Cape Colony and Egypt by a continuous line of British settlements and protectorates.

"He heard the shirted miner's rough halloo
Call up the Mosqued Cairene; hearkened clear
The Cairene's far-off summons sounding through
The sea's long noises to the Capeman's ear."

But this idea of a continental chain of British possessions was rudely checked by a treaty which gave Germany the suzerainty of a strip of country right across the line of march from the East Coast to the boundaries of the Congo Free State. However, the idea was never completely abandoned—the whirligig of European statecraft might yet open up the road. And I believe to-day the Cape to Cairo Railway if not actually in operation over its entire route, is very nearly so—a British enterprise running through British territory five-sixths of its extent, bearing the virtues and, I fear, many of the vices of Anglo-Saxon civilization to the heart of the Dark Continent.

Soon after the granting of the charter Rhodes became Prime Minister of Cape Colony, a position which he held not merely through the allegiance of British settlers but by his popularity among the Dutch. He was Africander as well as Englishman—he identified himself with the country and its aspirations. He strove to conciliate the Boer and direct his natural ambitions into channels which would square with the broad lines of an Imperial policy.

This was the period of realization. Very few men's dreams become accomplished facts to the extent which his have done. The truth is that though his imagination was magnificent it was sane, though it was heroic, it was practical, and it was reinforced by tremendous will power, energy and courage. But above all was the unalterable conviction of the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon as an Imperial race and of himself as an instrument to forward the consummation of that destiny. The rule of the Anglo-Saxon was to be beneficent, civilizing and just. The Anglo-Saxon was to be more to the modern than ever Roman had been to the ancient world.

His conduct of affairs was in general accordance with this ideal. In his part of the Imperial vineyard he encouraged Boer and English to work together in friendly fashion for the common weal; he strove to raise the tone of African

politics ; to see things large and whole. Education was ever one of his chief interests ; he made the possession of education the test of fitness for the possession of the franchise and thus sought to obviate the difficulty of the colour problem ; his treatment of the native was despotic but the underlying idea was his progressive development not his repression. The Matabele war, which might have been both cruel and costly, he brought to a close by his own personal intervention at great risk—a typical example of fine courage, keen sympathy and lordly self-confidence : Cecil Rhodes the flower of a sovereign race !

The great mistake of Rhodes' life was the countenance which he gave to the Jameson Raid. However much, as a Director of the Great Mining Companies, he was justified in resenting the oppressive tactics of the Transvaal Government, as the Premier of Cape Colony he was certainly wrong to wink at. It is even said he encouraged an endeavour to upset a neighboring government by force of arms. When the matter came to be investigated lesser men would have blustered and equivocated, but Rhodes took his full share of responsibility, and, in so doing, shielded some of his subordinates who had taken a more active part in the conspiracy. He resigned his office as Prime Minister in Cape Colony and trekked North to watch and foster the early development of the new country which he had procured for the Empire and which was named after him. It was during this time that the Matabele war, of which I have already spoken, broke out, and, to bring this to a close, he shewed himself so pre-eminently a Briton and—Cecil Rhodes.

His career was now almost at an end. He was never fated to see what he always regarded as essential to the welfare of South Africa and the strength of the British world—the confederation of the South African states under the flag of the Empire. Instead of that, he witnessed the growth of separatist tendencies, until they broke out in the great Boer War. He took his part in the struggle by electing to remain in Kimberley, when the place was invested by the enemy. In association with the others who were besieged he endured uncomplainingly the trials and privations of his position. But the relief of Kimberley found him shattered in health, and, while he lingered long enough to see British arms triumphant, he died before the treaty of peace was signed. It is difficult to say whether he would have appreciated the exact form which the subsequent South African Confederation took. Possibly he might have felt that the Imperial nexus was too slight and the Dutch element unduly considered, and that much which had been gained on the battle-field had been thrown away. We cannot tell. But at least a great part of his vision materialized when South Africa became a commonwealth. So far the ligaments which bind the Confederation to the Empire have stood the strain, but at the moment of writing they are being sorely tested, and time alone can tell whether they are to survive.

The religious convictions of great men must ever be of importance in acquiring an impression of their character. Those of Rhodes were in keeping with the rest of him. His faith was of the simple child-like sort, rather vague on the circumference, but strong at the centre. God, to him, was very real and often near. He is reported to have said with strong decision, "The man who does not believe in the Supreme Being is no better than a dog." He invariably spoke of Our Lord with the deepest reverence as "Our Saviour." With earnest and effective Christian effort of all sorts he had great sympathy, and he admired alike the labours of the Jesuit Order and of General Booth.

During a life of ceaseless activity and unremitting mental toil of a financial and political type, he kept up his reading. Never a student in the narrow sense of the term, he retained as a cherished companion for many years a well-thumbed edition of Aristotle's Politics. His other favourites were Plutarch, Gibbon, Milner's England in Egypt and Mahan's Influence of Sea Power in History. Some light is shed upon his inner life when the statement is made that he carried about with him for years a small pocket-edition of Marcus Aurelius, bestrewn from cover to cover with his own notes. Marcus Aurelius is perhaps the nearest approach to a Christian saint which the Pagan World produced.

Greatness is frequently accompanied by prejudices, foibles and eccentricities. Rhodes had his share of them. Though his conversation was always clean—foul language and loose stories were an abomination to him—nevertheless on occasion he swore vigorously and with effect. He had some firm friends among women, but as a rule he shrank from the society of the sex. "I like them," he said, "but I do not want them always fussing about." Once her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, asked him if he were a woman-hater. To this he replied "How could I possibly hate a sex to which your Majesty belongs?" So the hero of the Velt had the makings of a courtier in him. Old clothes were his delight, and there was one coat which he insisted on wearing till it was really impossible ; then it was sent to the tailor for renovation ; it came back the next day to the secretary with the following note :—"Dear Sir, Herewith the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes' coat uncleaned and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons."

The ideals of Cecil Rhodes were perhaps somewhat earth-bound—such charges have been made against them—but they were never sordid.

As Francis Thompson says,

Dreams, haply of scant worth
Bound by our little thumb-ring of an earth
Yet an exalted thing
By the gross search for food and raimenting."

The magnificent Rhodes bequest to Oxford and to the Anglo-Saxon race in-

dicates the largeness of the man. His design was to bring the cream of English speaking youth from the four quarters of the globe to the fount of English learning, there to receive training and imbibe the noblest traditions, thence to spread out again, fit tools of gallant purposes, wherever duty might call and opportunity offer. Certainly this is not the scheme of a pettifogger, or money-grubber, but one which shows imagination and statesmanship. Later on he widened its scope to include choice specimens of the Germanic race as well as Americans. Towards the close of his life he believed that these three nations held between them the leadership of the world, and planned accordingly that the future leaders of these leading nations should be educated in the most inspiring atmosphere possible, and hoped that their youthful association would tend to soften national antagonism and encourage co-operation. Although it is early yet to gauge the full effects of this enormous public gift, it is safe to say that it can be productive of nothing but good, even should it fail to secure all the results which Rhodes anticipated.

Meanwhile in the lone Matoppo Hills, surrounded by massive rocks, fit emblems of his massive personality, lies the mortal frame of him whom I think we may call the greatest Englishman of his generation.

F. G. V.

"SUPPLEMENTALS"—A RONDEAU.

Another "Sup" ! Two dollars more
Must go where many went of yore
Another increase in my bill
Will help the library to fill
From topmost shelf unto the floor.

Small wonder I am feeling sore,
Exams. are such a fearful bore
The very prospect makes me ill.

Another sup !

I am not skilled in classic lore
Greek proses I do not adore
After each term in Lennoxville
The failure list's a bitter pill,
And one is hardly down before

Another's up !!!

"Forgotten, Far-off, Things."

"Memory," I asserted, "is very largely, in fact I might go so far as to say entirely, a matter of training. Any man of ordinary intelligence, no matter how bad his memory may have been in youth can, I am convinced, cure himself completely."

"Oh, come now," said cousin James, refilling his pipe meditatively, "that is rather sweeping. No doubt you are right in a sense, but to my mind a good memory is a gift of the gods. You remember how I used to be at school. It took me all my time to remember the history dates—William I, 1066, William II 1087, and all the rest of it, and as for mathematical formulae—well, you recollect the impositions I used to get for my incurable stupidity in Algebra."

"Entirely your own fault, James," I replied, "you should have applied yourself to memorize some little thing, no matter how small, every day, and there would soon have been an improvement. I am willing to admit that some men are born with remarkable memories. Look at Lord Macaulay, for instance, who was able to repeat whole books of "Paradise Lost." It was he, too, who said 'Any fool could repeat the list of Archbishops of Canterbury backwards,' and he was quite right, James, quite right. Any man, however scantily endowed with brains, could soon train himself to memorize a little list like that."

"Quite so," answered James, "Macaulay was perfectly right. Only a fool would try to repeat the list backwards. What on earth would be the use of such a thing? Memory training on those lines is nothing but a farcical waste of time. I maintain that where a good memory comes in useful is in the ordinary affairs of life, in all the little details of every day doings, such as not mixing up orders at the butcher's, and in remembering exactly what you have to do when you start out on the business of the day."

"To quote Macaulay again," I retorted, "any fool can do that." Memory should be trained to more important ends. Think of the saving of time in literary work, for example"—

Here I was interrupted by the entrance of my wife. "Going down to the village this morning? she inquired. "Yes," I replied, James and I were just thinking of starting. Is there anything I can do for you when I get there?"

"Oh, lots of things," she answered, "you ought to go and see the vicar and tell him what you have done about arranging the programme of to-morrow night's concert, and I wish you would take this letter to the Post-office. Seeing how important it is, I suppose it had better be registered. And then there are quite a lot of things you can order at the shops. I'd better write out a list." "Stuff and nonsense," I said, "Do you suppose that I can't remember a few items at the grocer's and butcher's? You can give the list to James if you like, and then he can see that it is possible to recollect the little details of every day life, as he calls them. He and I have been having an argument about memory. I shall be ready to start in five minutes. The list was soon made out, and I perused it while James donned his coat and hat. I was just about to close the front door, when my wife rushed after me. "Gracious," she said, "you must put your heavier coat on. It turned much colder in the night, and you know you have to be careful of your cold. You'll find it somewhere up in the bedroom

I was brushing it up there yesterday."

I went upstairs obediently; the coat was not immediately visible. I took off my thinner overcoat, extracted the registered letter from the pocket, and laid it on the dressing-table, and proceeded to hunt. Having at length been successful, I dashed downstairs once more, and rejoined James, who was fumbling up and down the garden path.

It was a glorious morning, cold and bracing, a morning in fact which made me feel that the drawback of living a mile and a half from the nearest village and from all the advantages of civilization was as nothing. We had not walked more than a couple of hundred yards, however, when James suddenly slapped me on the shoulder.

"By Jove," he said, "what a fool I am! Amy told me to tell you to take her watch to be repaired, and I forgot all about it till this minute. She said it was on the dressing-table in the bedroom." I gulped down my rapidly-rising anger. "I'd better go back for it," I said, "I will catch you up, James, if you will walk on slowly. After this I hope you will not make any more foolish statements about memory."

The watch was where he had told me, and by the time I rejoined James, I was too breathless to talk much. When we reached the village, however, I had regained my equanimity, and determined to show James that memory was good for something after all. We first called at the vicarage, and after settling the concert programme, stayed for quite a time chatting on various topics, while I was able to controvert some of the arguments of the Vicar (a very worthy man but unpardonably hazy and inaccurate) with some telling quotations from my stock. On leaving, we visited several of the shops, and at each I gave all the orders without hesitation, James watching me all the while with a list in his hand, eager for the chance of jumping on the slightest inaccuracy. This done, we left Amy's watch at the jeweller's, and then, with the comfortable feeling that my repentance had been vindicated, and that cousin James had been taught a lesson that would do him no harm, I marched boldly, with head erect, into the Post-Office.

You are quite right, dear reader. You probably guessed it long ago. The letter was still reposing on the dressing-table in the bedroom!

Joys of Bush Life.

Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! I awaken with a start. What is it, a fire? A wedding? But then my scattered senses return and I realize that it is only the cook playing one of his favourite melodies, on his triangular instrument of tor-

ture, to appraise you of the fact that it is 4.30 a. m. and therefore time to get up.

So I rolled off the office table on which I had been trying to sleep, and took my place in the line which had formed up in front of the tin wash-basin and one pail of water, which the cook had very kindly placed at the disposal of the office staff and any stray travellers such as myself, for their morning ablutions. The foreman of the camp washed first, having had more energy than the rest in the matter of early rising. He was followed by the storekeeper who was in such a hurry for his breakfast that he had not time to get a fresh supply of water, and the timekeeper who was "next on" also used the same water, whether because he was afraid that if he did not do so he would break the friendship which undoubtedly in course of time will become cemented, or whether he had compassion for the poor unfortunates who were following behind. But whatever his reasons were, when my turn came (I was last of the line) I had about a pint of water to wash in. By the time these various operations were over the cook was playing "Overture No. 2" which conveyed to us the welcome intelligence that breakfast was ready, and, needless to say, we adjourned immediately to the "Cook Camp."

The "Cook Camp" in this instance was a long, low building of rough logs, and the only openings the building boasted of were two doors, one at each end. Through one of them we entered, and following the foreman, arrived "quite safely" at what is known as the Boss' table (this table was exactly the same as the other tables in regard to the quantity and quality of the food set thereupon. The difference being not in the food but in the persons who consumed it. They having to prove that they were "White Men," i.e. of the Anglo-Saxon race, before being allowed to sit at the table). My reason for using the expression "quite safely" is, that during the period which elapsed from when I left the outside world until I reached the table I collided with everything possible. Nor, was it to be wondered at. To begin, there were tables everywhere, and you were prevented from seeing these by house flies and mosquitoes, which were by their songs undoubtedly having a good time, with the three hundred men who were breakfasting. Sitting down I at first played ping pong with a few mosquitos, after which I had a look around.

The first object to arrest my attention was the word "Silence," which had been inscribed on a huge piece of cardboard and was hung on the wall above the foreman's head, who was sitting opposite to me. I thought for a moment that the men at the other tables were disobeying the rules, but after a while I recognized the voices and that it was not the men, but the flies who were the culprits. At our own table the men obeyed the command to the very letter, even in regard to the passing of dishes. The rule is, it appears, that if you wanted anything you reached for it, but if you could not reach it that moment you waited until

came within reach or else go without. And the dishes! How to describe them I hardly know. That morning the menu consisted of porridge, canned prunes, canned pork and beans, canned beef (hot), canned tomatoes, fried eggs, pancakes and syrup, bread, butter, A1 brand of milk and coffee, all of which, excepting the milk and coffee, the cook had served up in blue enamel dishes, all of which were of the same size and numbered about twenty-five. These he had stacked in groups much resembling a series of miniature castles. This was most confusing to at least one of the eighteen men seated at the festive board, and it was not until a considerable period of time had elapsed that eventually I discovered a vessel containing porridge, of which I partook as heartily as a flat enamel plate will allow. I forgot to say that the cook had provided each man with an enamel cup and plate and an iron knife and fork, also a teaspoon of some peculiar metal. Then glancing around, not only to discover what should be next course, but also to find from what source you obtained clean plates, and was very much surprised to find that they utilized the same plate for every course. Then I watched intently to see how they managed to clean their plates between each course, if they cleaned them all, and was rewarded by seeing a man on the opposite side of the table, with the aid of a piece of bread, clean up the remains of his porridge in the most artistic fashion, then proceeding to the next course. Gravely contemplating my own plate I began to be sorry that I had taken such a generous quantity of condensed milk and realized that I had a difficult task in front of me. For while having no objections to the A1 Brand on porridge, or if absorbed in bread, I had decided objections in having to drink it unadulterated, while to clean my plate as the other man did would, because of the quantity of milk left over, take too long.

While thus pondering I was aroused by the sight of a dish of fried eggs, my next course after I had disposed of the remains of the first, gradually working its way down the table. Suddenly it was pounced upon and two fried eggs taken out of the dish by the aid of two fingers and a thumb. This immediately made me decide on prunes as my next course, and you can imagine my joy when I remembered that prunes and milk make a delicious dish. But at last as my eyes were roaming on the table trying to discover a dish of prunes they were arrested by the contents of the plate belonging to a man on my right. I don't know if he were having a grand review, but he certainly had a portion of everything that was going on his plate. I thereupon thought better of the prunes and came to the conclusion that it would be best for me to wait until the next meal before having anything more to eat.

After breakfast everyone was so busy that I was left to my own devices. It was a lovely morning, and the scenery surrounding the camp very pretty. At first I thought of taking a walk through the bush, but what with the activity of the black flies, sand flies and mosquitoes, also the preparations that were

taking place in the camp for the coming day's work was so interesting that I decided to remain in the camp.

The work that the men were engaged in was that of ballasting a newly-laid railroad track. The camp had been given ten miles of track to ballast.

On this morning the foreman had arranged for two trains to convey the men to their work. These trains, exclusive of the engines, consisted of four flat cars a piece, the flat cars generally being used to convey sand for ballasting. Into these cars the men clambered, having first paid a visit to the store to secure a supply of chewing and smoking tobacco. It is really astonishing the amount consumed in a camp of this size in a week. In fact the camp stores, outside of tobacco, pain killer and fly oil, contain very little. There was one batch of men who did not seem disposed to a free ride—I found out afterwards that they were Poles, who had only arrived in camp the night before and that their knowledge of English was extremely limited. The foreman on being informed of the matter, went over to them and after a little gesticulating which proved of no avail, the foreman lifted one of the men on to a car in a very undignified way.

The others followed without any further persuasion, and at 5.45 a. m. the trains started, one going towards the north and the other going towards the south.

The foreman then invited me to accompany him on a tour of inspection. First we visited the ballast pit, from where we obtained the sand which they used for the track. It was about a mile from the camp, and we were hot, although it was so early when we reached the pit. To me the object of interest was a huge steam shovel, which was digging out the sand and throwing it on to the cars at the rate of nine tons a minute. It was most fascinating watching this almost human thing at work. From the pit we proceeded to the place where the men were lifting the track sitting on the front of an engine. Poor men, how they have to work!

Starting at the break of day practically they work until nine at night with just one break for lunch, which is brought to them so that they shall not lose any time. The flies seem to imagine that the men are their special prey, for nearly every one has his neck swollen or he can hardly see through flee-bites, and then when they return at the close of the day it is 9-30 before they get their supper, after which they usually go to their bed of straw to get a few hours rest. This continual round of work goes on day after day, Sundays as well as Mondays. That the conditions and hours should be improved is obvious, and as time goes on it is hoped that they will be.

After the foreman had finished his inspection we walked back to the train, where we found the doctor had arrived on his speeder from the next camp, which was about eighteen miles away. He had six camps to look after, which were spread over a distance of about one hundred miles, which meant that he was con-

tinually travelling and that his life was a hard one. These doctors are usually great men, although their methods may sometimes be a little rough.

For instance, at a mining camp one day while sitting in the hospital and talking with the doctor, an Italian came to the door with his head bandaged. He informed the doctor in excellent English that he had a bad tooth, and would the doctor pull it out. Alright said the medical man, and after collecting a few instruments, suggested that the man should accompany him to the Pool Room, as the barber had a chair in which it would be more convenient to extract the tooth. He also asked me to accompany them, which I did. Arriving at the Pool Room which fortunately happened to be empty, the doctor told the man to get into the chair, then, producing his instruments, very politely asked the Italian which pair of pincers he would like him to use. The man looked at him in amazement, but eventually selected a pair.

The doctor then proceeded to place one hand on his patient's head and his two knees on his chest. I was directed to have the water ready. After which he pulled a tooth, but which proved to be the wrong one. The poor Italian was getting angry, but the doctor gently informed him that he would never have any toothache in that tooth and proceeded by the same gentle means to extract the right tooth.

After a few minutes talk our railroad doctor said he was very anxious to proceed and it was time that I saw about starting, so we took advantage of the fact and mounting our speeders pedaled south to the next camp.

KUSHHANDUM.

Exchanges.

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks the following Exchanges :—

MacDonald College Magazine, The Student, King's College Record, Stanstead College Magazine, Western University Gazette, Montreal High School Magazine, The Bowdoin Quill, Notre Dame Scholastic, The Gateway, Wycliffe Magazine, Argosy, Cambridge University Review, The Gleam, St. John's College Magazine, McMaster Monthly, University Monthly, University of Ottawa Review, Trinity College School Record, Acadia Athenaeum.

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The time has come at length to look back upon this college year now fast drawing to a close. Football, Hockey and Basket-ball have all had their season, and have passed away to leave Cricket and Base-ball in undisputed possession of the field. When we take into consideration the small size of our college, and the fact that owing to our situation it is not easy to obtain many matches, it is clear that upon the whole the Athletics of 1913 and 1914 have flourished, and this particularly in Hockey.

But to pass from Athletics and to come to matters more nearly touching

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