University of Bishop's College.
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

THE COLLEGE OFFICERS

Principal, THE REV. R. A. PARROCK, M.A. (Cantab), D.C.L. (Bishop's), LL.D.
Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Hamilton Professor of Classics.

Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, Vice Principal, Harold Professor of Divinity
Rev. Canon F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L. (Bishop's.)

Professor of History E. E. Boothroyd, Esq., M.A. (Cantab) M.A. (Bishop's.)
J. J. S. Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B. (Bishop's.)
Professor of Philosophy and Economics, and Lecturer in Church History
Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A. (Trinity, Toronto.)

Professor of Modern Languages F. O. Call, Esq., M.A. (Bishop's.)
Lecturer in Mathematics A. V. Richardson, Esq., M.A. (Cantab) M.A. (Bishop's.)
Lecturer in Natural Science N. C. Qua, M.A. (Toronto.)

On leave of absence with 5th Mounted Rifles.

Honorary Lecturer in Surgery E. A. Robertson, Esq., M.A. [Bishop's], M.D. (McGill.)
Organist George Dick, Esq.
Bursar J. C. Stewart, Esq. On leave of absence with 42nd Highlanders.
(J. Matthews, Esq., Acting Bursar).

Michaelmas Term, from Sept. 15, to Dec. 21, 1917.
Lent Term, from Jan. 12 to March 30, 1918.
Trinity Term, from April 1 to June 20, 1918.

For Calendars and further information apply to the
PRINCIPAL or the BURSAR.

Bishop's College School.

Headmaster
J. Tyson Williams, Esq., B.A. Emmanuel College, Cambridge

Assistant Masters
J. Ramsay Montizambert, Esq., M.A. Bishop's College, Senior Master and Housemaster.
S. P. Smith, Esq., M.A., St. John's College, Oxford. (With the Expeditionary Forces)
D. D. Sample, Esq., B.S., Tufts College.
W. H. Proctor, Esq., B.S., Tufts College.

PREPATORY SCHOOL

A. Wilkinson, Esq., late of Wellington College, Eng., House Master.
E. V. Iremonger, Esq., B.A., St John's College, Cambridge (with the Expeditionary Forces).
F. Dudley, Esq.

CHAPLAIN.
Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto

MUSIC MASTER.
Irwin Sawdon, Esq., Hon. L. Mus.

HEADMASTER'S SECRETARY.
Miss Malony.

MATRONS.
Miss Nurse, Upper School
Miss McCallum, Preparatory School

TRAINED NURSE.
Mrs. Clews.

PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR.
Sergt. J. Pyke, late R.C.G.A.

PHYSICIAN.
J. B. Winder, Esq., M.D.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.
E. J. Williams, Esq., M.D.
(With the Expeditionary Forces.)
W. W. Lynch, M.D.
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Poem—U.B.C., 1917—W.C.D. ................................................................. Page 1
In Memoriam ................................................................. 2
Article—"Thoughts of a Divinity Student"—A.R.M. ......................... 3
Review—"In a Belgium Garden," (Prof. Call)—Prof. Boothroyd, M.A... 8
Article—"National Service"—W.C.D. ................................................. 10
Sermon—"Sacrifice"—Rev. Canon Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L. .................... 14
Poem—"The Legend of Brother Paul." ................................................ 18
Correspondence ............................................................................... 21

Editorial ....................................................................................... 26
War Economy at Bishop's ............................................................... 29
"Der Tag," ..................................................................................... 29
De Alumnis ................................................................................... 31
Our Fighting Men ........................................................................... 32
Co-Ed's Corner .............................................................................. 41
Divinity Notes .............................................................................. 42
Arts Notes .................................................................................... 44
Athletic Notes ............................................................................... 45
Around the Halls .......................................................................... 47
The Poet's Corner .......................................................................... 49

Debating Club ................................................................................ 51
C. D. C. Notes ............................................................................... 52
Dramatic Club ............................................................................... 52
Brotherhood of St. Andrew ............................................................ 53
B. C. Missionary Union .................................................................. 54
Guild of the Venerable Bede ............................................................ 56
Theological Society ......................................................................... 57

Exchanges ..................................................................................... 58
Library ........................................................................................... 59
Officials, 1917-18 .......................................................................... 60
TO our Mother by the rivers once again we wend our way,
Here again beneath her shadows bring our labours day by day,
Bring our tasks of daily homage, humbly lay them at her feet,
Offerings of mind and body, for a Mother's honour meet.

Old friends gladly hail the greeting of the comrades known of yore,
Welcome gladly new disciples to this home of ancient lore.
Once again the halls re-echo to the sound of hurrying step
On the way to sport or lecture, on to chapel or to prep.

Oft remembrance of the absent, far on battle's field at work,
Calls us now to fill their places, bids us now to never shirk:
Carry on! the message whispers, carry on and never quit;
For the sake of Alma Mater, go ahead and do your bit.

Hail, oh Mother! here we greet thee, home of learning and of grace:
Grant us always nobly, wisely, as the storms of life we face,
Still to bring to thy oblation gifts so worthy and so true
We may never fail to render to thine honour all its due.
In Memoriam.

C. A. Pope, M.A.          F. A. McCrum, B.A.
C. W. Mitchell, M.A.      I. O. Brown, B.A.
T. Lusace, B.A.           W. H. Ladd, B.A.
F. R. Lobban, B.A.        L. A. Robertson, D.C.M.
F. Crawford, B.A.         A. P. Williams.

G. E. Wilkinson.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Think not of any one of them as wasted,
Or to the void like broken tools outcasted,—
Unnoticed, unregretted, and unknown.
Not so is His care shown.
Know this!—
In God's economy there is no waste,
As in His work no slackening, no haste;
But noiselessly, without a sign,
The measure of His vast design
Is all fulfilled, exact as He hath willed.
And His good instruments He tends with care,
Lest ought their future usefulness impair,—
As Master-craftsman his choice tools doth tend,
Respecting each one as a trusty friend,
Cleans them, and polishes, and puts away,
For his good usage at some future day;—
So He unto Himself has taken these,
Not to their loss but to their vast increase.
To us,—the loss, the emptiness, the pain;
But unto them—all high eternal gain.

John Oxenham.
Thoughts of a Divinity Student.

"Divinity! Divinity! Divinity!
Faith, hope and charity!
Long-tailed coats and poverty!
Amen."

O RUNS a "yell" of one of Canada's big theological colleges. The thought comes to our mind that something has been said about poverty and high thinking going together! (Perhaps this is one of the forms of "blessedness" promised to "ye poor!") However, for the scattered thoughts that follow no worthy claims can be made—other than that of the motive and purpose behind them. They represent reflections of a Divinity student, centering around his profession, his work, himself and his training.

I.

The Divinity student holds high ideals of his "profession." He feels that he can never rise to the heights of, or fathom the depths of such questions as, Why is the Church in the world? What work has she do here? And (wonder of wonders) why am I here? What have I to do? And however can I do it?

Of those in the "profession" it is true: some people doff their hats as you pass; children run to you and almost worship you; the lady of the house apologizes for the state of her rooms—and herself—when you visit her; people telephone for you when there is "bad news," sickness or sorrow; the city "hobo" loves to call on you at a late hour to inform you that he hasn't the price of a night's lodging (assuring you most solemnly that he doesn't—or won't—drink!) What can it all mean?

Yet it is well to be reminded: "We do not stand above our people as if we were a superior lot of super-men who are kind enough to patronize the herd of outsiders. Do let us remember that. We are of them, not above them; it is very good of them to listen to us at all. We are no better than they are, probably worse—but we submit to them that we have a message from God.''

II.

What is Christianity? Union with Christ. Isn't that the true and only "rock-bottom" definition? Yet how many know it and realize it in personal life and experience? Put it in another way: What is the end of man? What is the end of life—your life—anybody's life? Isn't it UNION WITH GOD? And union with God (for Christian people, anyhow) necessitates—and this is the Gospel—life IN Christ, life FOR Christ, life LIKE Christ.
So we are told: "It isn't what we do that will really win the day; but what we are. We shall win if we really will to love Christ, to love souls, to protect and help the children, the friendless, the outcasts, the exiles-from-God. We shall win if we are in prayerful sacramental touch with Christ."

What then is our work? Really—if it is to be of practical and abiding benefit—it is "to make new men, who share in a new Life and Power, the Life and Power of Jesus Christ."

There is no getting away from this if we are sincere. A successful worker with boys asked the question: "What is the object and end of your work among boys?" and himself replied, "To this I answer without hesitation: to bring them to a knowledge of Christ as their God and their own Saviour. Nothing less than this is worth doing. . . . Convert a boy and give him a knowledge of Christ if you can, THAT ALONE has power against the fire of temptation." Yes—that alone.

Labour is with us here. "It should be interpolated at once," says Bouck White in "The Call of the Carpenter," "that this antagonism of the working class to the Church does not carry an antagonism to Jesus. On the contrary, the working-man of Nazareth probably never stood higher in their esteem or more ardent in their affections." In another place the same author writes: "The democracy asks of the Church but one thing—that she stick to the gospel. In getting away from the historic Jesus she abnegates the charter of her existence."

There is no minimizing, either, the exacting demands of unique and critical conditions in the world to-day. Here, for example, is a bright, young returned soldier; by profession a journalist. He calmly tells you, "Any ideas I ever had about religion or God have been shattered as a result of my experiences at the front." (And he is an influential and popular official of a large branch of "The Great War Veterans' Association," an organization to be increasingly reckoned with from now on.) What are you going to do about it?

Here is a mother of two sons, both of whom enlist. Word comes that one has made the supreme sacrifice. The mother is reconciled and accepts it as God's will. The second is killed. The parish priest goes to see her, but is met with a message that the mother had come to the conclusion that "it was of no use going to Church or communion—that God didn't care." Are you prepared to visit this, or some other hero's, mother? What would you say to her?

A lot is heard to-day about "the business-man." He, during the past few years, has heard much and learned something about the science and psychology of business. He is sometimes called "the hard-headed business-man," especially by parsons. Perhaps that is because he is so alert, alive, up-to-date; in all he says and does he "means business"—that's why he's there. And somehow this business-man often finds clergy so utterly unbusinesslike, Church services so dull
and uninteresting, sermons dry and lifeless, that he hasn't much love for any of it. (And, often, you can hardly blame him.) Yet, if you know him, he's human enough! Below the surface lies that warm, throbbing heart, and (if you can get there) maybe he will even admit: "I am penitent. I feel guilty. The life I have lived in business has hardened my feelings and dulled my disposition." Perhaps he will go further and tell you: "Though I say it myself, very few know the fight I am putting up day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out in this store." And then he will ask just for your sympathy in his surroundings. That is what he wants, a little sympathy. Business, too, has high ideals to-day. Advertisers publicly proclaim their slogan, "Truth." Hugh Chalmers, of automobile fame, said before a company of fellow-businessmen in Detroit: "A man is a fool nowadays unless he is absolutely honest."

That reminds one of the soldiers described by Donald Hankey in "A Student in Arms," who "certainly did believe in unselfishness, generosity, charity and humility. But it was doubtful whether they ever connected these qualities with the profession and practice of Christianity." Religion with them seems more often concerned with Jonah's whale and Balaam's ass, and compulsory church parade on Sunday with a service that doesn't "appeal" and sermons that don't "grip." (To get a good idea of the soldier's face and feelings in this matter take a close glance at the expressions and attitude of the U. B. C. boys in chapel any Sunday morning or evening. The same holds true—exactly.)

To return to problems which meet the Divinity student in his work. One day you find that some of your best and most trusted Sunday school members have been caught in a subtle trap laid by some travelling, stealthy Seventh Day Adventists, and are attending a Bible study class held by these "kind people" on Saturday afternoons. Take up your evening paper and behold, a well-prepared and prominently-displayed advertisement invites you, and all good people, on the morrow "to come and hear the good old Gospel preached by"—some Mormons! Then there are the Christian Scientists, capturing Church-going people on all sides; Russellites, and many others, who may be brought into the city by the next train. To walk on the streets and visit homes is to come right up against difficult questions of capital and labor, social and moral reform, vice and corruption in political, civil and individual life.

These are problems met with, perhaps "outside" the Church. Others are waiting for you on the threshold of the Church itself. A visitor, a new-comer, a person in humble circumstances, enters the average Anglican parish church, develops an icy-cold feeling, attends for a few weeks until nearly frozen stiff, and then leaves—for warmer and healthier surroundings. (Just a diversion here; it will serve as an example of the treatment which could follow previous examples cited.) Why this coldness of atmosphere and welcome in the Anglican Church?
Surely and simply because the warmth of "the love of God hath not been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit." Whose hearts? First, foremost and chiefly, the parson’s; secondly, in the lives of his flock whom, by word and example, he has taught and trained for years, perhaps. Now the parson gets his impressions, habits and training as a Divinity student in a Theological College—where he is filled full of Greek, GREEK, GREEK! In one College year, of about eight months, in a short two years' course in preparation for Holy Orders and "his work," the Divinity student is required to labour and toil over thirty-two chapters of Greek New Testament, nineteen chapters of Genesis and eleven psalms from the Septuagint, besides the study of sixty-five sections of a Greek Patristic. To this must be added a number of "—ics" in the lecture-rooms, treatment of which hours are passed in wandering, aimless discussions, either irrelevant to the subject or concerning advanced stages of a subsidiary branch of it. Mix in some introductory studies and surveys, leaving room for only the minimum training in "practical" theology, and the student’s own spiritual life and development receives attention and direction (the special note in the Calendar notwithstanding) amounting to—well, ask the men themselves, and what they think of it all! The Divinity student "graduates"; he gets his L.S.T., enters his first parish or mission, introduces into his sermons Greek or Latin phrases (incorrectly pronounced), theological terms and big words which nobody understands, thinks he is "it," blunders, flounders, falls! (Oh, reader, I have heard it said by too many among the laity, "I’ll never go to that Church again!")

Who is to blame? The man? (Have you ever heard a layman ask, when conversation concerns a clergyman outside of his acquaintance, "What College is he from?")

The Divinity student in the Theological College is so much concerned about religion that religion itself is crowded out of his life. (Early in the year a number of students and clergy from various theological colleges in the country found themselves together. Discussion turned to the training given therein. With one or two exceptions, men from well known "evangelical" institutions, all agreed that four things which seem to count most and accomplish most in practical work and experience were the four most neglected or incompetently handled subjects in the college course—the man’s own spiritual life and training, pastoral theology, homiletics, voice culture.)

III.

Ruskin says, "He who would understand a painting must give himself to it."

Thank God, some of us have had younger brothers who have "gone over the top" and made a few steps in a "big advance"—to Paradise! Surely, unworthy the Divinity student to-day who cannot stand up with them or by them! These (what words better describe it?) "left the boat and their father,
and followed’; ‘behold a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and He said unto him, Follow Me. And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.’ (Pause a minute to think over those words.)

Some of these, too, earnestly and deliberately, obeyed the precept (without knowing it probably) to ‘first sit down and count the cost,’ to ‘take counsel whether he is able.’ They heard, they considered, they responded. And then there was no doubt about it. There was no ‘looking back.’ The surrender, the service, the sacrifice were complete. The new uniform was worn (the ‘old man’ was ‘put away’: the ‘new man’ was ‘put on’) and never laid down until——.

The thought returns, ‘It isn’t what we do that will really win the day, but what we are.’ Yet, isn’t it strange that so frequently the Divinity student himself, his college course and its guides, Bishops and all sometimes, neglect nothing about the man so much as ‘himself’—what he is! The first pursues the aim of passing exams; the second demands high marks in Greek; the other looks for a degree. The standard ideal would appear to be bent on requiring a technical knowledge, which, as someone puts it, ‘would certainly plough the Apostles and St. Francis of Assisi’—but enquires little, imparts little, of that by which, and only which, they attained to what they were and accomplished what they did.

A sufficient commentary on this spirit of the age is found in a recent utterance of Dr. John R. Mott: ‘An alarming weakness among Christians is that we are producing Christian activities faster than we are producing Christian experience and Christian faith; that the discipline of our souls and the deepening of our acquaintance with God are not proving sufficiently thorough to enable us to meet the unprecedented expansion of opportunity and responsibility of our generation.’

Yes, the Divinity student’s counterpart to the enthusiastic recruit who ‘for­sakes all’ ‘for God and King and Country,’ is to go and do likewise ‘for My sake and the Gospel’s,’ in a spirit of self-surrender, service and sacrifice not less complete, not less absolute, immediate or permanent. (And as the one only got $1.10 a day, the other won’t complain if he is ‘called’ to a missionary diocese where the salary offered is only $550 a year—the penalty of the inefficiency of the Church and an untrained ministry.)

IV.

One other question arises. So far as what has been written is true, how far does Bishop’s College help its Divinity students to attain to these, or the true, ideals of the ‘minister of Christ’s’ profession, his work and himself? ‘Bishop’s’—with its glorious opportunities, its lovely situation and its unique advantages!

Well—we must see!
F, AS Ruskin holds, every book contains a portion of the writer's personality, the most recently issued of the little Books of Georgian Verse should be no stranger at Bishop's; for the author has been so closely connected with the College for many years as student, lecturer and professor. And yet, as we read the twenty or thirty poems in the slim blue volume, many of us, I imagine, must have experienced a certain feeling of strangeness and astonishment, as of those entering a familiar room and finding new furniture, new pictures, a new arrangement. We were all aware that the Professor of Modern Languages was addicted to poetic composition, many of us had read his poems in the Mitre and elsewhere; but few of us had reflected on the light shed upon his character by this habit, nor had the occasional reading of an isolated poem sufficed to qualify the impression produced by every-day intercourse. Thus the light thrown by the continuous reading of a number of poems upon a character and personality with which we had imagined ourselves thoroughly familiar came as a surprise, revealing powers of sympathy and imagination we had scarcely suspected under the practical and somewhat matter-of-fact exterior shell. To Bishop's men, therefore, "In a Belgian Garden" should be doubly welcome, not merely for its actual poetic accomplishment, but also for the truer and deeper knowledge it has given of a familiar figure in our College life.

The feeling of strangeness and astonishment was, however, softened by a sense of familiarity, since we could trace in, and underlying the poems the events and environment of the author's life with which we were all acquainted. "In a Belgian Garden," "A Lincolnshire Maiden," "The Obelisk," and "On a Swiss Mountain," recall the summer vacation spent in England and on the continent before the war; while the "River Sunset" would seem to have been sketched from the Old Lodge verandah, and the association of a school bell with chapel is familiar to all who have studied at Lennoxville.

This combination of the feeling of novelty and the sense of familiarity gives us some idea of the poetic achievement of the author. It is a commonplace of literary criticism that one of the chief functions of poetry is to set familiar things in a new light, and this, undoubtedly, is the effect of the "Belgian Garden." We have all of us seen with our bodily eyes many of the scenes and events portrayed in the poems, without seeing them in our imaginations and our hearts as
Professor Call has done. We have watched the sunset glory on the hill and river from the front of the College without noting the "shadow-ships" or reflecting on how it symbolized the way in which

"Burning thoughts that vexed the day
Became fair visions of the night."

We have passed through an immigrant shed intent merely on the question of how much trouble the custom's inspector was going to give us, while the author of "The Madonna" was noting how the love of her infant transformed an unattractive peasant woman into the likeness of the eternal embodiment of motherhood.

As we connect the different poems with the life and experience of the author, of which they are the outcome, we appreciate the bond of unity which links together pieces otherwise distinguished by wide variety of subject and form. Professor Call has taken us from the quiet college verandah to the stricken fields of Flanders, has directed our attention at one moment to the mass of a Swiss mountain, at another to a single object in a curiosity-shop window; while his verse ranges from the familiar hymnal measure of the first two poems to the stately movement of the Italian sonnet. And yet all are collected within the limits of the same personal experience, and reveal the same personal qualities. It is, I think, those qualities of imagination and sympathy which we had hardly realized in the author, that give its peculiar charm to this little collection of poems.

Imagination, in both its stricter and wider senses, seems to be the dominant characteristic. As we close the volume and reflect on our impressions we realize how abundantly the author is endowed with that faculty of picture-forming and picture reproduction which plays so large a part in poetic composition. But it is only when we re-open the book and read more carefully that we appreciate the artistic skill with which the pictorial work has been accomplished. The pictures are so clear and vivid that it is astonishing to realize the few touches which have sufficed to depict them. A few bold strokes, a dash of colour, and the interior of a great cathedral, or the wide levels of the Lincolnshire coast, church-towers standing up over the low-roofed cottages, and fishing-smacks beating out to sea, have leaped from the printed page. And in each instance there is what Coleridge asserted to be a characteristic of original poetic power, "the effect of reducing multitude to unity." In the sonnet on Rheims we have, not a collection of vault, nave, stained glass, altar, incense cloud and gold cross, but a "cathedral interior." The writer has mastered the art of composition, and given us, not a mere collection of details, but a true picture.

With such variety of topic and treatment it is inevitable that there should be variety of appeal; that each reader should have his own particular favourites. Thus we find that the Athenæum reviewer dwells on the "Old School Bell"—for
him it does not mean the hurried swallowing of a cup of tea and a hasty rush downstairs—while the Montreal Star singles out "The Madonna" for honourable mention. The poems which most attracted the present writer were the first four or five in the book and the half dozen sonnets scattered through the volume. Professor Call has evidently devoted much time and labour to mastering the intricacies of sonnet-construction, and that neither time nor labour has been wasted will be obvious to any who read the sonnet on Rheims. The skill with which the separate elements have been distinguished, and yet blended into one complete whole, and the manner in which the dignity, colour and imaginative qualities of the language have been adapted to the needs of subject and poetic form, reveals the author’s mastery of what is admittedly the most difficult type of poem. And indeed the qualities which underlie the other pieces are essentially those of the sonneteer. The power to depict a complete scene in a few strokes, the ability to compress a wide thought into brief compass, are essential to success in sonnet-construction owing to the narrow and rigid limits imposed by the structure. And these powers are as much in evidence in the "Lincolnshire Maiden" and the "River Sunset" as in any of the sonnets; while the habit of giving a new turn to the thought after the middle of the poem, so noticeable in the first two pieces, recalls the volta of the Italian sonnet.

But the columns of the Mitre are hardly the place for one of those dry-as-dust critical analyses which serve to render the reading of poetry a task not a pleasure, and yet leave unnoticed and unexplained what is after all the central feature—the individual charm. Suffice it to repeat how welcome is the collection of poems gathered together "In a Belgian Garden," alike for the truer knowledge we have gained of the author, and for the pleasure it has afforded us.

National Service.

In ONE of his essays "The Citizen's Journal," Addison makes the following statement: "If we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason." This picture is a vivid and accusing one, though perhaps in its entirety it is not true of many of the inhabitants of this age of action and hustle. Yet,
reading these words at the present day, the thought comes: How will these strictures apply to present day circumstances? To-day one great subject dominates all else in every aspect of life. In church or theatre, in newspaper or magazine, in public meeting or in private conversation, there is one subject which must always, sooner or later, intrude itself; one subject which must, directly or indirectly, force itself to the front. That subject is, of course, the War—truly a world war, for the whole world of thought and of action is enfolded in its meshes. So to-day we may well apply Addison's criticism to the war question. It behooves each one of us to ask the question, "Am I, as regards the war, such a creature as the person depicted by the essayist—indolent, useless, neglectful of the vast opportunities of service which are opened up by the possession of reason, of mental vigour and bodily strength?" In other and simpler words, "Am I doing anything to win the war?" The man, woman or child who cannot give a satisfactory answer is a useless element in the nation's economy; nay, worse than useless,—a hindrance. The man, woman, or child who is not doing something to help the Allies is helping the Central Powers. There can be no middle position, no neutrality, for one dwelling under the protection of the Union Jack. He that is not for us, heart and soul, body and spirit, is against us. Many will say, "What can I do? I cannot fight; my sex, my age, my physical ability, my business obligations, keep me at home. What can I do?" To such a question the answer is simple; in the words of the old, oft-repeated slogan, "Fight or pay." Or to interpret the alternative in its broadest sense, "Fight or give." Men are giving their strength, their comfort, their well-being, aye, their lives, in the trenches of Europe, in the scorching deserts of the East, in the many battlefields of the World War. Women are giving themselves to the work of the hospitals, tenderly caring for the wounded and the sick. They are giving of their best; what are you giving? Each one of us has something to give, something that will do its part in the onward sweep of our cause. We must give—money, time, effort, comfort—whatever it may be. But we must not even stop at giving; we must sacrifice—give until it hurts. While our men are suffering discomfort and pain in the trenches, while our nurses are suffering in sympathy with those whom they tend, while the peoples of Belgium and Northern France are suffering starvation and oppression, what are we suffering? What right have we to shirk our share of the burden? What right have we to leave them alone to bear the Cross? Yet we go on in the same old way. Prices are high, yet we have all we need of food and clothing; we have not endured hunger and cold. Our amusements cost us more, yet we can still afford our theatres and our concerts; we have not lost our pleasures. No! we have not suffered as others have, as our soldiers at the front have, as the stricken populations of Belgium and France and Servia have. And this very freedom from suffering lays upon us the obli-
gation of service to the utmost sacrifice of comfort, time, money, strength, yes, the very best that life can give. You will say, "But are we to starve voluntarily because others are forced to starve?" Are we to renounce our pleasures simply because others are robbed of all that makes life pleasant?" No! such a demand would be unreasonable. But nevertheless, loyalty demands the sacrifice of all that is not necessary, when that sacrifice can in any way, however indirect, bring nearer the day of victory. We must eat to live, but life will still be possible if we abolish many of the luxuries of our dining tables. The devastation of war and its drainage upon the man-supply of the nation make it imperative that strict economy should be practised in the use of certain articles of diet. It is not enough for hotels and restaurants to observe meatless days, and to exercise other economies urged by the government; the whole nation should voluntarily discipline itself, that there may be abundant supplies to feed our armies and the famine-threatened multitudes of Europe. It is still necessary that we have clothing, but probably the old suit is just as warm and serviceable as a new one would be, probably the old costume will serve exactly the same purpose as the latest Parisian or New York model. There is no excuse for unnecessary expenditure, when the money thus expended could be devoted to the carrying on of the war. Eat plain fare, wear old clothes, and invest in War Loans and Patriotic Funds.

There is work to be done. Hundreds of thousands of men have gone from our farms and factories and stores. This has entailed a serious shortage of labour, more especially on the farms. These vacant places must be filled. This is no time for holidays, no time for leisure. Every man, woman, and child should be keyed up to the utmost effort. Every moment that can be spared should be devoted to war work. There is work to be done, and we must help to do it.

Through it all we must remember the importance of the motive which lies behind action. There can be no real national service until our people are imbued with the right spirit. It is sad to notice the way in which appeal is made to the cupidity of the people by the offering of large dividends on War Loans, or by the paying of large wages for war work. One would expect that, in such a crisis as that which we are now facing, every decent citizen would gladly give, not hoping to receive as much again. We must give, even to the point of self-denial, not with any thought of personal gain, but only with the one consuming desire to end the war. We must curtail our luxuries and our pleasures and our holidays, not because we shall gain financially thereby, but, because by so doing we may help our fighters in France.

The question is frequently asked, "But why should I deny myself, when others can do as they please? Let all do alike, and then I will do my share." It
is the same old excuse; how often we have heard it since the war broke out, "Why should I go to fight, while others stay at home? Why should I let my son go, while other mothers keep theirs? Why should I give my time to national service, while others are making money by minding their own business?"

Oh! what a contemptible piece of selfishness, to hold back when a stricken humanity cries out for aid, when millions of mankind are freely giving of their best. Rather the noble spirit will answer, "Let all the world be mean, yet I will be generous; let all the world be selfish, yet I will be selfless; let all the world cling close to its worldliness, yet I will rise higher than the vain things of the world, and by sacrifice will go on to the highest and noblest and best."

War is a crucible; it tests the qualities of men. How many have gone down under its strain. Why? Because they are not big enough; there was some littleness in character or in ability. Not only is this so with those in high places; it applies with equal force to the humblest of us. How shall we come out of the test? What will be our answer when the question is asked, "What did you do in the great War? None are free from the obligation to service. On those of age and physical fitness there falls the duty of military service; on those who are prevented from this there falls the duty of carrying on at home. The successful issue of the struggle on the battleline depends largely on the efforts of the reserve line at home. War profits and party politics, self-seeking and self-indulgence, are lengthening the war and slaughtering our Canadian boys by holding up the necessary support. It is time that these things ceased. It is for you and me to make them cease, by influence and by example, by personal effort and by personal sacrifice.

One of our war-poets has said:

"What we lack and sorely need,
For want of which we bleed, and bleed,
Is men of a more Godly breed;
. . . . . . . . . . . .
Men whose noble thought outpaces
Thought of self, or power, or pelf;
Men who are not always minding
First their own concerns, and blinding
Their soul's eyes to larger things."

With a nation and an Empire of men and women of such calibre as this we could sweep our foes before us. We must strive to be such, we must learn to look for such, we must unflinchingly support such. Service and sacrifice must be the keynotes of life. We must be worthy of our men at the front; we must offer our devoted service in support of their service; we must make our sacrifice in response to their sacrifice. It is our fight as much as it is theirs, and we
must do our part at home as valiantly and nobly as they are doing theirs at the front. As citizens we must use our political powers, as individuals we must use our mental and physical powers, not for any selfish ends, but with the one great object in view—the winning of the War, the defeat of the evil powers of militarism and barbarism against which we are ranged, the triumph of the cause of justice and truth which we have espoused. God make us worthy of that cause, and bring us at last to a just peace.

**Sacrifice.**

A Sermon preached by Rev. Canon F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L., at St. George's Church, Lennoxville, October 14, 1917, on the Occasion of the Dedication of a Tablet to the Memory of

Corporal Lennox A. Robertson, D.C.M.

Epistle to the Romans, ch xii, verse 1: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice,—holy—acceptable unto God,—which is your reasonable sacrifice."

If you were to ask anyone, what is the great object which everyone who is seeking to lead a Christian life is called upon to keep before him as the one main motive of life's effort, he would probably answer, "The salvation of his soul." And he would be mistaken. This, no doubt, is the motive which brings many to the point of seeking the way of life, and this, no doubt, is right and helpful as a motive, so far as it goes. You are instructed to "work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling." But so long as you stay there, busied merely about your own salvation, you have not made a beginning of the life you are seeking. The true motive is a nobler one; not that of gaining, but of giving, a life of sacrifice.

The passage I have read is the one which sums up the whole purpose of the greatest of Epistles, that to the Romans. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." The "therefore" looks back on all the eight chapters going before, which have described at length what are these "mercies of God,"—what He has done for you, as a free gift to you, with the motive of love for you. And now you are told what is required from you in return: namely, an act of similar character to His actions towards you; free gift to Him, with the motive of love for Him.

And what was this gift to you? God so loved you, that He gave His only
begotten Son, that you might have life in Him. Gave His only begotten Son, that is, His own whole Self. ("I am in the Father and the Father in Me," says our Lord), that His life might be your life. And so for you in return; "I beseech you, therefore, that ye present your body,"—your whole self, as represented by its instrument of action—the body: your whole self, thus changed by the touch of His personality into something worth the presentation. Present it to His service. This is your sacrifice, your reasonable service.

The great question then is not—"What am I to get from the Lord?" but, "What shall I render to Him, for all that He hath done for me?" The true way of coming to Christ is that of those early comers—the Magi—that is, with your gifts. This is the effect of any true view of Him. The single eye—the full unclouded view of Him which Faith gains when unobstructed—would naturally draw forth (as a joyous spontaneous offering) a yielding of the whole Self to its Lord. But alas! Who can say that such pure motives were the sole means of drawing him to Christ? With how much of comparative selfishness have our nearest approaches to Him been alloyed? Still,—even though the motives which first bring you to Christ be of this mingled character,—oftentimes rather driven to Him by your fears, than drawn to Him by your affections,—you will not on that account be turned back. But, as I have said, you must not stay there. You must go on to higher, better things. The only true life is the life of Sacrifice.

The thought has its difficulties. There are difficulties to meet, to strive with, in all forms of religious effort, under all circumstance, for all sorts and conditions. No doubt there are many to whom it is a thigg full of difficulty, religious difficulty, to think of the reign of horror now devastating God's earth, in its multitudinous forms,—not only in view of physical sufferings, the carnage of the battlefields, but as pictured everywhere, on every hand, the multitudes of grief-stricken hearts, saddened homes, desolated lives. We can imagine a chorus of agonized voices uplifted heavenward; "Why? Oh, why all this? Why in any possibility should such a state of woe be permitted by the Almighty, All-loving Father, by the Prince of Peace?"

And the answer comes, "Why? To bring about the noblest, highest, grandest of ends; one which, humanly speaking, could have been brought about by no other means than such as these, the vast glory of sacrifice." Yes! the same great purpose which brought about that which is the noblest, highest, grandest of all events of the world's history,—the world's Creator, through those long hours of mortal anguish, hanging between earth and heaven on the Cross, anguish surpassing immeasurably in depth and extent all the accumulated suffering in all quarters, and in all forms, of the last three years; yes, and of all the ages past and to come.
And all this necessary? All this Sacrifice on His part, and of those others? Could there be any cause, calling for so vast expenditure of life's capacity for suffering? Brethren, it is only by such Divine Dispensations as these that you are enabled to form some conception of the immensity of the cause,—Sin;—the immeasurable depth and extent of the world's sin, towards the amassing of which every one of us has only all to large a share. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." The One Great Act of Sacrifice, whereby, "by the one oblation of Himself once offered, He has made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world,"—to be grasped by Faith, and made your own, by loving union with Him.

But, he who would share the fruit of that One Act of Sacrifice must make it his own, keep it his own, by following in the same path of sacrifice, after his capacity, living the life of sacrifice, in his own way and degree. And is not this the call of the War? Brethren! have not the dreadful events of the past three years been productive to some extent in promoting a revival of the Spirit of Sacrifice, of manifold character and of practically world wide extent, shown among all sorts of people? I find, in our pamphlet literature of to-day, frequent repetition of such sentiments as these,—"The country has been stirred to the depth of its soul by the war; and a spirit of sacrifice, an impulse for high and worthy deeds, has swept over the length and breadth of the land." Brethren! if this has really been the case, if the result of the present state of fearful discord be that of the promotion, to any manifest extent, of the Spirit of Sacrifice in which consists the creature's nearest approach to that stupendous act of Sacrifice which is the Creator's highest glory, may it not be, in the fullest sense, worth while? And has it not, indeed, done something of this? Was there ever a period in the world's history, so conspicuous in signs, everywhere manifest, of a general uplifting of the world's great heart into a higher Plane of thought and interest and effort, taking shape in active movement towards extending a helping hand, towards caring for and providing for, others? subordinating personal aims to such as are higher and wider and deeper? Has not the whole world, practically, learned, (maybe perforce), the claims and, withal, the blessedness of sacrifice, in its many forms,—money, labour, self-denial, sympathy with others, active exertion on their behalf?

Beginning with those noble ones who have made the supreme sacrifice—presented their bodies as, indeed, "a living sacrifice," to be the bulwark of their country's honour, yes, and its safety, in the face of perils unspeakable, yes, of death itself. Is not this, indeed, the Glory of Sacrifice, in such a cause as that which has called it out, a war which our highest and wisest spiritual authorities agree in pronouncing a "Holy War," and bringing a Divine Blessing with it? Some of those who have thus consummated their sacrifice, "loving
not their lives unto the death," have indeed, like the dear boy whose self-offering we today commemorate, learned at their homes, in earlier days, to give their hearts and lives to their Saviour. But, you may say, "How about those other dear ones, (so many of them), perhaps careless and thoughtless about spiritual things, thinking, knowing little about their Lord and the requirements of His service? What of them? May we not for those also,—those of them who are in earnest in the cause that brought them there,—believe that the freewill offering of their young lives in that cause, for home and country, and world deliverance, may be, in numberless cases, itself a sacrifice which comes within the meaning of our Saviour's words, when He speaks of those on His right hand who have never known Him, and yet have ministered to Him; who exclaim in wonder, "Lord, when saw we Thee hungry, and fed Thee?"—His words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me!" Yes, no doubt the battlefield has been, to multitudes of such, a Baptism of Fire, but a baptism into a new life.

And for Peace? Who can say how much Peace, real Peace, Peace in the fullest sense, that Presence of His which constitutes Peace, we may conceive as hovering over, yes, even the battlefields; Peace such as is beautifully illustrated in the picture He has given us in the Gospel of Himself, calmly sleeping in the fishing boat amid the fury of the storm. Yes, Peace, in fuller abundance, perhaps, and deeper reality, than might be found in other kinds of assemblage in home lands and among those living in quiet and order and security.

But the case which we are now commemorating is one of very special character. Lennox Archibald Robertson, though but in his first youth when he received his first call, and responded so eagerly to it, had already given evidence in a remarkable degree, of the characteristics of a noble manhood. Vigorous in physique, as in mental qualities, a keen and fearless leader in every manly and athletic exercise, his life was at the same time marked by a kindly, sympathetic, unselfish temperament, which endeared him to all with whom he had to do. Among his fellow-students, as among his fellow-soldiers, his influence for good, for truth and honour, as well as for religious principle as a Christian and a Churchman, was deeply realized. Bright and cheery, ready to join his soldier-companions in their recreation and merriment—he was not (like so many) ashamed to confess his Master by carrying on his devotional acts in their presence, when occasion came for it. His cool courage and efficiency as a soldier, his fearless readiness to expose himself to deadly danger for the succour of others, or, in an emergency of duty, calling for it, are fully attested by abundant evidence on the part of his officers and comrades, as well as by the decoration he worthily attained, of the "Medal for Distinguished Conduct." Surely he is indeed one who has presented his body a "Living Sacrifice," doing his part.
with his brethren in bringing about the mighty revolution for good which, sooner or later, must be the outcome of the present awful struggle, a revolution for good in which the whole world will share.

But again, hardly less in value and acceptableness than the service rendered by these offerers of their own lives in the Great Cause, is that rendered by their parents, and especially by their mothers, in yielding up their treasures for the Master’s use; a sacrifice calling, probably, for stronger effort, greater self-sacrifice, deeper sense of duty, than actuated even the offerers themselves in responding to the call. Such are what we may call the larger forms of Sacrifice, the chief thing before us this morning, which we may believe bring with them a larger blessing, offered as they are, freely, (though perhaps in some cases with much sadness of heart), and in trust that, whatever form the result may take, it must, in the Hand to which it is committed, turn to good, and to the best possible of all good, for all parties, in the end.

For a last word. As we have already seen, the duty of Sacrifice in this cause is for everyone, and has a summons for every individual. And it is for each one to say for himself before his God, “What is my own particular part in that summons?” A small one, no doubt, in comparison with the great one we commemorate to-day. Still, taking it as your model, as regards its completeness, may it be with the whole heart that the question is asked, “What am I called upon to give, to give up, to do?” Yes! all three,—to give, to give up, to do. Conscience must decide. In the first place, it should, in each case, be something that is a Sacrifice, that you feel as a sacrifice. In the second, it should be something that is regular and continuous, not occasional and spasmodic, and done as “your reasonable service,” for a Master “Whose service is perfect freedom.”

“Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,” (your Sacrifice in His service), forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

The Legend of Brother Paul.

(The following is a reprint of a contribution which appeared in the Mitre some years ago. The Editor, having received a request for it, has much pleasure in reproducing it.)

In a certain mediaeval convent there is a wonderfully lifelike picture of the Crucifixion with which the following legend is connected.

A young monk undertook to paint a picture for the high altar, which was
to be the finest in the country, and had finished the work except the figure of Christ on the Cross, which he hesitated to paint. When at last he attempted to do this "a wondrous veil of darkness" overspread the whole picture, and a voice said, "First toil and suffer!"

Now stroke on stroke and gorgeous hue on hue
Beneath the painter's hand the picture grew;
The lightning flashing from the darkened sky,
The brutal Roman soldiers standing by,
The thieves, the women, and the mocking crowd,
The Virgin Mother in her grief low bowed,
The loved disciple—all are pictured there;
But in the midst the Cross rose grim and bare.
Forever, when the faltering fingers tried
To trace the thorn-crowned head and wounded side,
A darkness fell, and all the daylight died.
Then spake a voice with soft but chiding word;
"How knowest thou the sufferings of thy Lord?
Hast thou been left forsaken? laughed to scorn?
Hast thou thy cross along life's highway borne?"
The monk, despairing, cast his brush aside,
And left the Cross without the Crucified.

And forth he went from out the convent gate,
He heard the vespers bell ring deep and low,
He saw the evening star in queenly state
Shine forth, and seemed to beckon him to go
Beyond the seas. "'Tis not for me
To paint the dying Christ on Calvary,"
The young monk murmured; but a still voice said,
"Go thou and do My lowly work instead."
Then far across the seas the Brother went;
In crowded towns and busy marts were spent
The fleeting years among the poor and sad.
How many lives he blest or hearts made glad
No one can know; but through the toil and strife
Of many years he lived his Master's life.
And now his form grew bent, and white the hair
About the old face still divinely fair;
And in his breast a great desire grew
To see once more the scenes his boyhood knew,
To walk that cloister far beyond the deep,
And there, perchance, in peace to lay him down and sleep.

The vespers bell was tolling deep and slow;
The evening star rose high, as years ago
It rose and beckoned Brother Paul away;
The western red streamed o'er the darkened day;
The chanting of the monks rose clear and loud,
And made the vaulted roof ring back once more.
The Brothers noted not a form low-bowed
That humbly knelt upon the chancel floor.
The same old prayers were said, the same chants sung,
As years before when Brother Paul was young;
The organ pealed the same harmonious sound;
It seemed as if the same monks knelt around;
While o'ff the altar, keeping still the tryst
The great Cross waited for the dying Christ.
And now the mass was o'er, the lights burned dim,
Adown the cloister rang the evening hymn,
The footsteps died along the echoing stone;
But still beside the altar knelt the monk alone.
And while he knelt, there stole a silver gleam
Through the arched window, like a gorgeous beam
Of heavenly light, and sought the old monk's face,
And filled with splendour all the chancel space.
Then spake a voice in whispers clear and low:
"When long ago thy youthful fingers tried
To paint their dying Lord, it was denied;
For what of grief or suffering didst thou know?
What cold or pain or hunger hadst thou borne?
But now thou knowest the watch by night, the morn
Of pain and bitter scourge and scoffing word.
Go, show the love and sufferings of thy Lord!"
Then in the mystic light there seemed to rise
A magic stage before the old monk's eyes;
Mysterious hands the brush and colors brought,
As in the youthful days almost forgot
His seemed once more to be a master hand;
A new light gleamed from out the dim, old eyes.
He seized the brush, and like a magic wand
It soon brought forth against the darkened skies
The wondrous dying Christ. The heavenly gleam
Grew dim, and vanished like an earthly dream.
And when at dawn the tolling convent bells
Summoned the monks to leave their lowly cells,
What wondrous sight they saw! No longer bare
The great Cross rose; the dying Christ was there;
And kneeling low beside a form bowed down in prayer.
Correspondence Column.

(The Editor invites correspondence from any members or friends of the University on subjects having reference to the University life. It is desired that this column may be the medium for the free expression of opinion on such topics. Anonymous letters must always be accompanied by the correct name of the writer as an evidence of good faith, and for the information of the Editor alone.)

M. A. Regulations.

The invitation extended in the last Convocation number of the Mitre for correspondence on this subject gives all who are interested a chance to express their views. Generally speaking, I heartily agree with all the regulations governing the M. A. degree as proposed by the College authorities. It surely is time to remove this degree from the pecuniary atmosphere in which it has lived for many years. To sell a Master's degree for $25.00 is an offence as grave in the light of educational values as the accepting of Doctor's degrees by reputable persons from colleges without any standing. And yet we frequently hear the latter condemned by men who have gained their master's habit on no other score than being willing to part with their money. For this reason I have never seriously thought of trying to be passed from the rank of a batchelor to that of a master. Hoods are not used to conceal ecclesiastical vestments in the American Church, and so the mere pride of wearing one style of hood in preference to another does not enter in. I have so little opportunity of walking in academic processions that it matters little to my public pride whether I am a batchelor or a master. I well remember the gorgeous procession at——College on Convocation Day, when the students and alumni, in gowns and hoods, in order of precedence, marched from the college to the Parish Church for the Convocation Sermon. The display of rank was very marked, and the display of hoods filled the wearers with pride. I often wonder now, as I recall some of the men, if they have changed their opinions regarding church vestments. I fear they have not. But for one's own satisfaction, a degree that represented a course of study would really have a value, and the clergy, especially, should favor the proposed regulations. It would be a tremendous help in the carrying out of systematic study. Many of us are omniverous readers after we leave college, but a small percentage do any studying. The parson's so-called study is too often a reading room only. For these two reasons: 1, to give the degree a real and not an imaginary value;
and 2, to aid in the prosecution of careful study. I heartily favor changing the rules of requirements for the Master's degree. Should Bishop's College do this without delay, it may, perchance, become a resort for those who desire to do post-graduate work, and thereby gain, what many covet, the chance to write M. A. instead of B. A.

ARTHUR M. DUNSTAN, '06.

Sherbrooke, Que., October 12, 1917.

The Editor of the Mitre, Lennoxville, Que.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As the Mitre invites correspondence on the subject of the new M. A. regulations, I should like to say that I was delighted when the college authorities took up the matter, for, I have always felt, that from an educational point of view, the M. A. degree of Bishop's University is not equal to this degree in other universities, and, being an alumna of Bishop's and justly proud of my Alma Mater, I am unwilling that this should be so.

Of course, a graduate, after three year's teaching, should have a wider knowledge than at the time of taking the B. A. degree, and I do not wish to appear to be in any way depreciating the educational standing of any who are already wearing the purple-banded hood of Bishop's University.

In discussing this same subject with a McGill graduate, I was somewhat surprised when he remarked, "I worked far harder for my M. A. degree than I ever thought of working in my original Arts course. But I quite agreed with him, that this should be so, and, when I wear the M. A. hood of Bishop's, which I intend to do some day, I should like to be able to say the same.

Concerning the regulations themselves there are just two remarks I should like to make; First, in regard to regulation 7 I do not see how a date can be chosen as the regulation reads. Should it not be—"These regulations shall apply to all candidates taking their M. A. degree later than June 19—?" For I know of at least two students who are waiting to take their M. A. degree until some course is installed, who took their B. A. degree at an earlier date than some who have already appended M. A. to their names.

Secondly, in regard to regulation 8, I understand that the delay of the College Council, in coming to a definite decision has been caused through the fear that under the new regulations there will be fewer M. A. graduates, and, in consequence, the increasing chance of there not being a quorum at convocation. But, if I might suggest that the clause of regulation 8—"The M. A. degree shall include life membership of Convocation" were to apply to all graduates, and not be confined to the Alumni, as I understand it is at present, this difficulty might be removed.
Thanking you for your valuable space and assuring you that if you do not hear from us—the graduates—it is not that we have forgotten those glorious, happy days at Bishop’s, which will never return, but only that the calls upon our time and energies are many and insistent.

I am, Mr. Editor, Yours very sincerely,

Catharine Seiveright, B.A. ’12

P. S.—Since all Latin grammars tell us that Alumnis is the plural of both Alumnus and Alumna, will you kindly inform me why, in our College paper, there should be one column headed “De Alumnis” and a second headed “The Women Graduates.”

C. S.

(We are pleased to receive the criticism, voiced by Miss Seiveright, in her postscript, and have endeavoured in this issue to correct the heading referred to.—Ed.)

The Alumni Association.

The Editor of “The Mitre,” Bishop’s College, Que.

Dear Sir:—Having noted in your last issue the timely inauguration of a Correspondence Column to be devoted to the discussion of University affairs, I wish to avail myself of the opportunity to voice a question which I believe to be of common interest to all graduates, namely: Why should the Alumni Association of the University be a dead letter at the present time? Though it is a well known fact that many of the members as well as a few of the officers of the association are now serving their country overseas, yet, is this sufficient excuse for not holding a meeting of the Association for two years past? Should not rather those at home seek to “carry on” until those absent do return?

The University is now passing through a very critical period in her history; many new problems are fronting her, and hence it is a time when she needs, as perhaps never before, the united, sympathetic support and counsel of her graduates.

There are the questions of extended courses in Arts, especially science; of the advisability of inaugurating a course in agriculture in connection with the Government Experimental Station; of lengthening the present inadequate course in Divinity by at least one year; of providing a ladies’ residence to meet the demands of our ever increasing numbers of lady students; and of the best means of utilizing, when they become vacant, the buildings at present occupied by B. C.S. These questions and many more are clamouring for solution, and yet, the Alum-
ni Association, which should be seeking to render helpful advice, is asleep, and has been for two years.

Why do not the officials rise to the occasion and summon a meeting, and endeavour, as best they may, to carry on this work, even as the Alumna Association is now doing?

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy, I am,

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. E. S. BOWN, M. A.

The Desirability of Co-Education.

U. B. C., October 23rd, 1917.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you kindly allow me a little of your valuable space to air, and, if possible, to open up for discussion, a subject which is becoming increasingly important to the members of the University, viz., is Co-education a desirable thing? This question is one of extreme urgency. Those that are in close touch with Bishop’s are regarding with mixed feelings the present trend of affairs. For several years past the number of lady students has been rapidly increasing, until they now almost outnumber the men, and we hear open threats that the male students are soon to be robbed of their privileges and relegated to an inferior position, or perhaps even cast altogether out of the University. This is, I say, a very serious state of affairs. Let us consider some of the results of this development of recent years?

First, it leads to considerable distraction from the intensely interesting lectures which we love to attend. These are frequently interrupted by young ladies, (of that type which has been dignified by the name “flapper”), whose unruly laughter and talk re-echo through the corridors, or by others who spend the lecture periods in exercising their feminine charms with the intent to attract the attention of the unfortunate men. I am sure our worthy professors could testify with deep and heartfelt earnestness to the retrograde tendency which has manifested itself during the last few years in the conduct of students during lecture hours.

Secondly, the advent of the lady students has led to much contention and division among the male students. In some cases the competition for the pleasure of basking in the sunshine of the smiles of some particular young lady has developed even to the extent of challenge to duels. Oh! for the peace and unity which existed within these sacred walls before the coming of these Eves of the twentieth century.

Thirdly, we fear for some of our worthy graduates of the past, who have
been noticed to pay very frequent visits to the University during the past few years, and whose chief interest during these visits seems to be to linger in the corridors during the morning hours. Several of these gentlemen seem to have come perilously near to losing their hearts here—here where, of all places, they should be safe under the watchful eye of their Alma Mater.

At the present time, the few staunch loyalists to the cause of true manly education are waging a desperate fight in the effort to exclude these invaders from our Debating Club and other organizations. All honour to this valiant few, and may they live to see the ultimate triumph of the principles for which they strive.

Let the female sex by all means receive a suitable education, if they insist on it. But please let them confine themselves to those educational institutions which are dedicated to their special needs, and let them leave us in peace and safety to pursue our arduous way.

My dislike for publicity, and my fear for its results in this particular case, compel me to remain anonymous, and to sign myself, Mr. Editor,

Yours respectfully,

A MERE MAN.
According to custom, the first editorial of a new year should be a setting forth of a few points regarding the outlook for the future. As we do so to-day, the outlook is hardly encouraging. Year by year, since that unforgettable August of 1914, the College life has, by reason of war conditions, become more and more difficult to maintain. This year we are face to face with Conscription. To the honour of the University be it said, compulsory service will not seriously affect our numbers. But whatever men are likely to be called up from our midst are, un-
fortunately, those who by reason of age and ability have won to high position in
the student body. As far as the Mitre is concerned, the financial outlook is not
of the brightest. Business depression makes it increasingly difficult to maintain
the advertising section, and a lessening subscription list adds to our troubles.

However we are by no means discouraged. It was a wise man who said,
"Do not ask for a task to fit your powers, but for powers to fit your task." It
is in this spirit that we start this year. We set forth full of hope and zeal, de­
termined that come what may, we will maintain the traditions of the past, and
add to the honour of our Alma Mater.

As to our aims for the coming year. In spite of the difficulties facing us,
we shall strive to make the Mitre worthy of its position as a University magazine.
But in order to attain this object, we need the support of

Our every true son and daughter of Bishop's. The usual features
Aims will be carried on to the best of our ability. To one depart­
ment we would call especial attention, viz., the Correspond­
ence Column. We would wish the Mitre to be a medium for the free expression
of the opinions of any of our members and friends on any subject con­cerning the
University. Many will find time to write us a few words in this way who are
perhaps unable to take a larger part in the production of the paper. So we ask
all to avail themselves to the full of the use of this department.

Thirty-two men and twenty-six ladies; such are the exact numbers of stu­
dents. True, only fifteen of this number are in residence. Nevertheless, with
such a student body it should be possible to accomplish much.

Our There will be much to do: the Mitre, the Debating Club, the
Students Dramatic Club, the Missionary Union, the Brotherhood of St.
Andrew, the Theological Society — all demand their quota of
attention and support. The various Athletic Clubs will need every ounce of
available energy if they are to have a successful season. So at the very outset of
the year we would say to every student, male or female, resident or non­resident,
"Do your bit!" Support the College activities. When, as the year goes by,
you have brought before you the various accomplishments which have been
achieved, do not be content to lean back and criticize, or even to stand by and
applaud, but ask yourself, "Did I do my bit towards it?" Remember you do not
come to the University merely to get out of it all you can, but also to give to it
all you can.
Our thoughts fly quickly to our brethren overseas. Your names are always before us on the Roll of Service, which occupies an honourable position in the Entrance Hall of the Arts Building. You are constantly in our thoughts and in our prayers. We are filled with pride when we are able to send forth one more to join your ranks. We wish that we might all be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with you. But with our pride there is often mingled a feeling of sorrow that you are so far away from us. The barrier is made the harder to tolerate because we so rarely have direct tidings of you. So we ask you also to do your share for Bishop's, by keeping in touch with us, and by encouraging us in our uphill fight to maintain the old traditions. With this end in view we have added to the Mitre Staff a Military Editor. We appeal to you to write to us through him; even if it be only an occasional card, still let us receive from you a word of hope and of cheer.

Now a word to our graduates—both Alumni and Alumnae. Might we not expect a little more generous support from our elder brethren and sisters. Our subscription list bears the names of from fifty to sixty members of the Alumni out of a possible total of considerably over two hundred, and of only ten members of the Alumnae out of about thirty. A survey of past issues of the Mitre will show few contributions from outside graduates. Yet the purpose of the University magazine should surely be chiefly to act as a bond of union between past and present. Will those of you who are faithful supporters not only maintain your support, but even increase it, and will you also do what you can to enlist the support of others? We need your help, we want your help, we must have your help.

One last word, though not by any means the least—a word of congratulation. Owing to delays due to the war, we have had long to wait for the appearance of the book of verse composed by Professor Call. But our patience is at last rewarded, and our pride satisfied. For we are proud to have another graduate who follows in the steps of Drummond and Scott in winning for Bishop's an honourable place in the annals of Canadian poetry. It is no small honour to our Alma Mater that she should shelter within her walls so prominent a literary figure in the person of our Professor of Modern Languages. While we congratulate Mr. Call on the publication of his book, we also congratulate ourselves on the reflected glory which comes to us through him. The book has been very favourably received and reviewed by the Canadian press; and we, for our part, present in this issue our meed of homage in the shape of an appreciation from the pen of another member of the Faculty.
As we are about to go to press we receive the sad news of the death of the father of our Business Manager. We sincerely tender to Mr. Holden our sympathy with him in his bereavement.

Mr. Holden has felt himself compelled to resign from his position as Manager. During the past year he has done excellent work for the Mitre, and his retirement is a real loss to the Staff and to the magazine.

Mr. Scott will in future carry on the duties of Business Manager, with Mr. Fish as his Assistant.

---

**War Economy at Bishop's.**

We are pleased to be able to record the fact that the Student's Association of the University recently passed unanimously the following resolution:

"That this meeting of the Student's Association is of the opinion that the menu of the Dining Hall should be brought into accordance with the recommendations of the Food Controller, and that representations be made to the Bursar with the view to carrying these recommendations into effect."

The students have thus voluntarily placed themselves under restriction, and have opened the way by which the University authorities may exercise the necessary economy.

We feel that this matter is of such importance that it should be recorded, to the credit of Bishop's, and as an incentive to others to sacrifice themselves in the cause of humanity.

---

**"Der Tag."**

Secret meeting after secret meeting, plot and counter-plot, kidnappings and hairbreadth escapes, hold the whole settlement in breathless excitement. Every man looks askance at his neighbor; every man plans some dreadful deed in the hour of victory. Yes! the day of conflict has dawned, and once again seniors and freshies must engage in mortal combat.

Full many an anxious consultation prepares for the climax of the subtle conflict. The hour arrives, howls of defiance are heard proceeding from the eyrie of the invading force, and the valiant upholders of ancient tradition advance swiftly to the attack. Minute after minute the raging tide of battle rises
and falls; many a warrior is struck down, only to arise to renew the strife, till at last the victory is won, and the luckless victims are led off to their doom. Arrayed in the slavish garb of night, bearing upon their persons the title of their shame, they cower before the eagle eye of the great chief of the clans. In solemn state he takes his seat in the chariot of fame, side by side with his stately partner, the Queen of Sheba. His attendant demons give the word of command, and the cavalcade marches forward. On to the lodge of the dread dweller on the hill, on to the gloom-surrounded habitation of the patriarch of the tribe, on to the abode of each and every chieftain of this goodly realm, that these humbled freshies may be exhibited in all their humiliation. Then towards the precincts of mortal men moves on the triumphal progress. But lo! another band of demons appear—the dreadful amazons of the tribes. With cries and howls and hoots of shrill derision they march beside the martial array. On to the high hall of the ceremonies, set in the midst of the square which marks off the centre of the city. Let the unhappy victims be hauled one by one before the assembled mob and receive their just award of scorn. Again onward! Raid the storehouses of the denizens of the earth; yea, lay in great store of means wherewith may be celebrated the feast of the braves, at which they may smoke together the pipe of peace. Accompanied by the parting shots of the sister-band of demons, the awful procession retraces its mournful way. But not yet is there rest for the newly found braves. Into the abysmal gloom of the torture chamber they must enter, that there each may bow before the sacred symbols of skull and owl, each may receive judgment for his many crimes, and submit to stripes and washings and the due punishment of his sins. At last the ceremony is over. Each and every neophyte has proved himself worthy of the high membership to which he is called, and has won his way to the ranks of his fellow braves. To the hall of feasting! there to riot and revel in gladsome provision for the needs of weary bodies. Valiantly upspeaks each doughty brave, testifying to the undying loyalty and fellowship of the great company. Then partings and greetings, and soon all is silence. Once again the initiatory rite is accomplished, and the new comrades have been admitted to the honourable degree of a true son of Bishop's.
Owing to the fact that the Alumni Association is quiescent at present no Alumni Editor has been appointed: this column is now being edited by the Military Editor. As it is ever difficult to obtain notes for this department even under the most favourable circumstances, it will be appreciated as a great favour if graduates will send in to the Editor notes of general interest, either concern themselves or others, it is sincerely hoped that this appeal may meet with a more hearty response than it has in the past, for it is our wish to make this section of general interest to our readers.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. E. A. Dunn, M. A., D. D., as bishop of Honduras took place on Aug. 12, in the Cathedral of Barbadoes. The scene was one of historic interest as well as of extreme beauty, for it is indeed rare that a bishop is consecrated in the Barbados, and on this occasion not only did the consecration of the bishop of Honduras take place, but that of the bishop of the Barbados as well. The consecrating bishops were the Bishops of Jamaica Antigua and Nassau.

Bishop Dunn, who, it is said, has already made himself dear in the hearts of his people, was at one time Professor of Mathematics and later Professor of Pastoral Theology of this University.

Rev. C. F. Langton Gilbert spent a few weeks in Sherbrooke in September visiting friends, while on his way to Sudbury, Ont., where he has been appointed curate in charge during the illness of Canon J. Boydell.

The Rev. W. A. Gustin, B.A., has returned to his parish in Chicago with health greatly improved from his summer spent amidst the scenes of his youth at Fitch Bay.

Rev. F. A. Sisco, B.D., is at present performing duty in New York City whilst undergoing surgical treatment on his hand necessitated by his injuries of last year, received by coming into contact with a live wire.

Rev. Geo. Pye, B.A., of Windsor, has paid the University two welcome visits this year. On the last occasion he preached the Friday evening sermon in the Oratory of the Venerable Bede.
Three recent graduates in arts, Gordon Pender, Max Norcross and Hector King have just completed a course of training as Marconigraph operators in Montreal.

Messrs. Fluhmann, B.A., and Geo. Philbrick, B.A., are both at present in attendance at McGill University; the former is entering upon the medical course; the latter upon his training as notary public.

The Rev. A. V. Grant, B.A., and Mrs. Grant have just paid the University a brief visit on their way to the diocese of Honduras, British West Indies, where Mr. Grant is to take up new duties.

Again the merry wedding bells are heard ringing out their joyful message, and the happy cause of the merry note is none other than our old friend, Rev. W. E. Patterson, who was married on October 11th to Miss Maude Dacre Hunt, of New York. The happy pair will take up their residence at St. Saviour's Rectory, Bar Harbour, Maine.

Hardly had the sound of the joyous wedding bells, announcing the marriage of Rev. W. E. Patterson died away, when they were heard to peal forth from far distant Newfoundland, proclaiming the happy message of the marriage of Rev. David R. Baily B.A., to Miss Gertrude E. Blandford of Twillingate, Nfld. The good wishes of the University go forth to them. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will reside at the Rectory, Port-de-Grave, Nfld.

The Rev. A. J. Vibert, M.A., took up his new duties as incumbent of Sawyerville, Que., during the summer, the Rev. H. Plummer succeeding him at Shigawake. The Rev. F. G. LeGallais, M.A., is now leaving the mission of Johnville for that of Fitch Bay and Georgeville, and Rev. N. R. Ward, B.A., has gone to Shawinigan. Rev. C. H. Hobart is leaving the Labrador coast mission and is taking up the work of assistant curate at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec. Rev. O. G. Lewis, B.A., took charge of the parish of Magog when Rev. R. J. Fothergill went to Bergerville.

The Rev. Philip Callis, B.A., had the misfortune recently of having to undergo an operation for cataract of the eye and has to undergo another in the near future. It is earnestly hoped that as a result he will obtain complete restoration of his sight. Mr. Callis has been nominated to the rectorship of St. Peter's, Quebec.
Rev. B. Watson, M.A., of Melbourne, has also visited the University during the week of the Sunday School Conference at Sherbrooke.

The following graduates were in attendance at the meeting of the Corporation, October 24th: The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Quebec, Ven. Archdeacon Balfour, Very Rev. Dean Shreve, Chancellor J. Hamilton, Dr. Abbott-Smith, Rev. R. W. E. Wright, Rev. W. B. R. Lewis, Rev. Mr. Whiteley, Messrs. Lansing Lewis, James Mackinnon, R. Campbell, Wm. Morris, Wm. Farwell and W. B. Scott.

We note with interest that several of our number received the degree of M.A. at the last convocation. They were Mrs. W. T. Haig, Miss W. K. Mundell, Miss F. M. Harney, Miss M. T. Boyce.

We also welcome to the number of our Alumnae Misses E. M. Fothergill, K. H. Atto and I. E. Hutchison.

Miss M. O. Landry, M.A., is at present Principal of Longueuil Academy which position she has held for several sessions.

Miss Alice McFadden, M.A. '09, who for the past two years has been Principal of Waterville Academy is spending this year with her parents in Lennoxville.

Miss Mildred R. Draper '12 is now teaching in Edmonton, Alta. She is one of the few women graduates of Bishop's who has taken up teaching in the West.

Mrs. Thomas '13, whom we knew as Miss Keene, is living in Quebec city.

Miss Maude Boyce '14, who taught last year in Arundel, is this year on the staff of Lachine Academy.

To Rev. and Mrs. Roy, of Cookshire, we extend our hearty congratulations on the birth of their daughter. Mrs. Roy is better known to readers of the Mitre as Miss Mabel Mitchell '15.

We learn with regret that Miss H. K. Brown '15, owing to the unsatisfactory state of her health, has been obliged to resign her position as Principal of Bedford Academy. We hope that with change and rest, she will soon be quite recovered.
Miss Kathleen Atto '17 has taken a position on the staff of Lennoxville Academy.

The Editor of this page finds herself established for this year at Ayers Cliff as Principal of the Academy. As the third graduate of Bishop's who has in succession held this position, she feels that she has a heavy responsibility in sustaining the reputation of the University.

Our Fighting Men.

As was announced in the Convocation number of the Mitre the ever increasing demands of our Military Section necessitated the election of a Military Editor onto the Staff this year. It is the aim of this department to keep in touch as far as possible with all our men overseas, whether they be graduates or undergraduates, and to report any items of interest either to their friends or comrades. In order that this may be possible the Editor wishes the kindly co-operation of both the men themselves and their friends at home. Letters for publication from the men, or extracts from letters received by friends, or notes containing news of promotions, wounds, etc., will be gratefully received by him. It will only be possible to make this department of the general interest which it should be if such assistance may be had. The Editor wishes to hereby express his deep indebtedness to the many persons who have placed letters and notes at his disposal for this issue.

To the Fighting Men, who should chance to read these lines, we would say that the Business Manager is endeavouring, this year as last, to send a copy of the magazine to every graduate and undergraduate who is under arms. For this purpose the addresses of fifty men are now at hand; therefore it is needful that men wishing to receive the Mitre should keep us informed as to any change of address.

As the Editor reflects upon the past year's work in handling this section and upon the material now before him two facts stand out most strikingly. One is the universal pleasure expressed by our men at receiving the Mitre. We are glad of that appreciation and shall endeavour to make the magazine as interesting as possible to them in the future. The second is the undeniable fact that Bishop's training has undoubtedly counted for something, for nearly every one of our men has earned promotion on the field and many have won commissions, honourable mention, and various military orders. The influence of our good old Alma Mater must have prepared them to become leaders of men. Is it possible that the residential system is what imparts that power?
Dulce et Decorum pro Patria Mori.

The summer's victories have not been won without the loss of more of Bishop's blood: the last of her sons to fall being Pte. Wilbur Ladd, who graduated in 1914. Pte. Ladd, whose home was in Barnston, enlisted in and went overseas with the 117th Battalion; when that regiment broke up he was transferred to the 5th C.M.R. He was wounded at the Battle of Vimy Ridge, and though his wounds were considered slight, complications set in and he died in an English hospital.

Perhaps no more fitting tribute to his memory can be paid than that of Pte. George Roe, a companion in arms, whose lot it was to admit him to the field hospital. In a letter written shortly after the event, he said: "I have the highest admiration for Ladd in coming out here, as he is not particularly suited to the roughness of infantry life, owing both to his occupation (teacher) and age. He has retained, too, the very highest ideals and seems to be thoroughly in the game."

The news that Capt. J. C. Stewart had been awarded the Military Cross was received here with much pleasure by his many friends. Capt. Stewart went overseas in the early days of the war as a lieutenant in the 42nd Battalion, leaving the post of Bursar of the University to do so. At latest accounts he had just returned from a well deserved furlough in England, the first in a year's time, and had had the misfortune, a few days later, to wrench his knee in some street fighting. Whilst resting to overcome the effect of this accident he was acting as Town Mayor in a little French town behind the lines. It is hoped that his thorough training in controlling "grub kicks" has stood him in good stead in the proper administration of town affairs.

Dr. E. A. Robertson, who served for some time overseas, is now chief medical officer at the port of Quebec. It is his duty to examine all invalided and discharged soldiers upon their arrival here from England.

Lieut. Wm. Knapp, who it will be remembered went overseas with the first Canadian Contingent as a private, and who won his promotion on the field whilst serving with the P. P. C. L. I., is at present home on furlough. Owing to the fact that he still suffers from the effects of the wound in the head received at Vimy Ridge, his furlough has been indefinitely extended. He is spending part of his time with his parents at Brompton and part on military duty in Montreal.

According to most recent reports Lieut. H. Waterman has been assigned the task for the third time of bringing order out of chaos in the proper, or-
ganization of an ammunition dump. The present scene of operations is a small French town behind the lines, known locally as a second Monte Carlo. The outlook is most unattractive, consisting of a series of ruined streets and houses. Not a green tree remains to break the landscape. Mud of the deepest covers the country. No rails at present enter the place, nor are there any ammunition bunkers prepared. It is his task to engineer the construction of a railway and bunkers, to strengthen the position in readiness for the reception of the ammunition, and, in the meantime, he and his men live in the ruined cellars and dodge, as best they can, Fritz's shells, which arrive quite often, yet his only complaint is the expression of the fear that when he has made Monte Carlo look quite homelike he may be moved on to another new dump. "String" ever was a good organizer, his talents, apparently, could not be hid even in the army.

The many friends of Lieut. H. F. C. Cocks were much pleased to learn of his obtaining his commission this summer. Lieut. Cocks enlisted with the 5th C. M. R. and went overseas with the rank of sergeant. His qualities of leadership soon won him honourable mention, and he was slated for a commission. After undergoing training he qualified and received his commission. He then spent a short time agreeably with his parents at Plymouth, and later performed the duties of adjutant to his regiment for some time. He has now been assigned the position of adjutant to a regiment on the line in France.

Lieut. H. Wells has been recently wounded in the arm. This is the second time that he has been wounded. At present he is in London at a convalescent home. Lieut. Elton Scott, in a recent letter, tells of a pleasant though exciting evening spent with him in the midst of a Zeppelin raid. This, I believe, is the first opportunity that the Mitre has had of expressing its pleasure at Lieut. Wells' promotion, as news of him and of his whereabouts were lacking last year.

Pte. Robt. Meekren is still a prisoner of war in a German camp. He says he is in fair health and spirits though he is suffering from the effects of reduced fare. He is receiving parcels through the Red Cross in good condition.

Capt. (Rev.) H. S. Laws, who is serving as a Canadian chaplain in England, had the rare good fortune of being received with other Canadian officers by the King and Queen at Windsor Castle and of being entertained at afternoon tea by the Princess Mary. The occasion was that of a visit to Windsor Castle for the purpose of seeing the beautiful, historic old building. The King received them most kindly and chatted with them for some time.
Rev. W. H. Cassap, rector of Levis, has been fortunate enough to obtain an overseas chaplaincy.

Lieut. Rodolphe Lemieux has just arrived safely in England with the 258th French-Canadian Battalion. He reports a pleasant trip.

Flight Lieut. John Robinson is another of Bishop's sons to get a commission this summer. Lieut Robinson went overseas as a bandsman in the 117th Battalion, from thence he was transferred to the 23rd Battalion. Later he entered upon a course of training with the British Flying Corps, and has now received his commission. In a recent letter he tells of his daily duties and experiences, and if one may judge from his remarks he has taken as kindly to the air as a duck to water. Incidentally he says, "My opinion of the Englishman has gone up since I joined the R. F. C., for I have never met such fine chaps in my life. They are really splendid chaps." This remark throws light on the manner in which the true union of men from the Dominions with the Englishman is being cemented through the war. A more united Empire than ever will be the result.

Pte. (Rev.) A. W. Reeves is at present performing medical service at the front. He finds the actual work far more interesting than the long months of training, and gives assurance of contentment in the performance of his duties. Arthur ever did rejoice in accomplishment.

The agreeable news has also just come to hand that Lieut. George Belford, who went over with the Canadian Grenadier Guards, has just completed his training and has received his commission. He is another of our men who has won his promotion on the field. We congratulate him. His brother, Corpl. F. Belford, who was invalided home several months ago, suffering from shell shock, is now returning to England in the ranks of the Forestry Battalion, raised by his father, Capt. (Rev.) J. B. Belford.

Ptes. Geo. Roe and E. H. Baker are still faithfully performing their hospital and ambulance duties in France. Pte. Roe had a short furlough in Paris during the summer and is hoping for a chance to visit his home in England before long.

Capt. (Rev.) F. G. Sherring says in a letter received during the summer, "I have seen so many of our Lennoxville boys out here, that I have been living again in memory the happy days spent there. Dear old Canon Scott I see quite frequently—known and respected by all out here—and C. Hepburn, with his
happy smile and sparkling humour.” He then adds, “Waterman lent me the Mitre a few days ago and I spent the evening in college again; reading it from cover to cover, even the ads.” We are pleased to find that the magazine gives pleasure to our sorely tried men at the front.

Capt. (Rev.) C. G. Lawrence reports that he is now chaplain of the 189th Canadian Regiment and went through the big August drive with them. At the time of writing they were in rest billets, “thinking over,” as he expressed it, the very fine things that have been said to us by such men as Sir Douglas Haig and Gen. Currie. Of Capt. (Rev.) V. Hobart he says, “I unexpectedly met him, looking quite warlike in his Highland uniform.” He also speaks of a recent meeting with Col. (Rev.) Almond and Capt. (Rev.) W. H. Moorhead.

Lieut. S. L. Craft is still performing his duties at the Canadian General Base Hospital, Havre, France. In a recent letter in which he comments on the winning of the Cause of Woman’s Suffrage by our lady students before the Debating Club last session, he says, “If they do half as much for the general good as the women, English and Canadian, are doing in France to-day, let them have it, for they will indeed be worthy.” Such is a well deserved tribute of praise to our sacrificing women. Then, in a personal appeal, which the Editor remembers him making years ago, when together they paced the halls of Bishop’s, he pleads for the abolition of the term “co-eds” as applied to our lady students, as he thinks that it tends to the reverse of chivalry. We are ever glad to receive such suggestions from our fighting men.

When last heard from Pte. T. C. Travers was in the best of health and spirits, ministering to the sick and wounded in the 2nd Can. General Hospital, France.

Pte. Kenneth Murray, 24th Batt., went through the big drive of Aug. 15th safely, though many of his comrades were killed. He is at present taking a N. C. O. course of training in the field, having reverted to the rank of private when he crossed from England to France. For the consolation of our Freshmen he says that he does not think that a small thing like being dumped would disturb his sleep at all now, and, marvel of marvels, he would even be content with the college “grub.”

Lieut Don I. Cameron, who spent his summer at his home in Winnipeg on furlough, has just returned to France.
Cadet H. R. Cleveland of the Royal Flying Corps is enjoying his training at Toronto. He too seems to enjoy the sensation of Flight. During the opening week he paid the University a brief visit.

Latest reports of Gr. D. Abbott state him to be in good health and spirits, though in the thick of the fighting.

Private A. W. Freeman, of the Royal Can. Dragoons, is at present training at the Stanley Barracks, Toronto. He enlisted during July, and says that he finds the life a most interesting one.

Pte. Kenneth Hunter was slightly wounded with shrapnel in August. He sends assurances that he is using his stay in France to good purpose, for not only does he help to keep Fritz on the move, but he is perfecting his knowledge of French as well; and, if some of his statements are to be credited, he is making the acquaintance of several "demoiselles" at the same time. The fair sex of all nations would seem to be good linguists. Pte. Hunter is also sponsor for the news that white socks are considered very classy by the high privates. Take the tip, lady readers, and knit only white hose in future; the vanity of our men should be encouraged.

In a recent letter from Gunner N. Hume, in which he records his experiences on the way back from "Blighty" to the front he tells how Gr. D. Foss had distinguished himself as an athlete in the Battalion Sports. We congratulate him on his feat. With as many fine competitors third place in high jumps is indeed good.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of Ptes. J. and A. Warner, who were both killed in action during the early summer. Both boys had been employees of the University some time before enlisting. Pte. A. Warner had received the D.C.M. in September, 1916.

The official notice has just been received by his parents that Pte. N. D. McLeod has been admitted to hospital suffering from gunshot wound in the thigh. This is the second time within a little over a year that Pte. McLeod has been wounded.

The pleasing news has just come that Lieut. Wilbur G. Hamilton, M.C., popularly known as "Hammy," has been recently married. The happy pair have
the good wishes of all of Lieut. Hamilton's friends at the University. May their married life be filled with joy and happiness.

The Student's War Memorial Fund

As was announced last year in the Lent number of the Mitre, a memorial fund has been started by the Student's Association towards the erection of some sort of memorial to those sons of Bishop's who have paid the supreme sacrifice. The form of the memorial will be determined after the war. The object of the fund is to enable those, who might not be in a position to contribute anything at a later date, to do so now. The Acting Bursar and Registrar of the University, Mr. J. T. Matthews, has kindly consented to take charge of the fund. Any person desiring to subscribe will send their contribution through the Treasurer of the Student's Association, who will acknowledge the same. The list of subscribers will also be published in the Mitre from time to time. It is hoped that hearty support will be given to the project both by students and graduates.

Subscriptions to date are Mr. and Mrs. Clements $2.

Prayerful Remembrance

It will no doubt be a source of comfort to our fighting men at the front to know that they are constantly remembered before God in the services both at St. Mark's Chapel and at the Oratory of the Venerable Bede. In place of the vesper hymn there is sung after Compline each night the following verse:

"Our soldiers we commend,
Father, to Thee this night;
Oh watch them, help them, and defend
'Till break of morning light."

Thus in their devotions do the present inmates of the University strive ever to help in union with the men overseas.

Military Address List of Students, &c., Enrolled.

(Where no other place name is given, letters should be addressed care of Army Post Office, London, England.)

Major J. C. Stewart, 42nd Canadian Highlanders, C.E.F., France.


Lieut. Rodolphe Lemieux, 258th French-Canadian Battalion.


Cadet H. R. Cleveland, R.F.C.

Corpl. T. V. L’Estrange 526538, C.A.M.C., care of Miss Lobb, 14 South Cliff, Eastbourne, England.

Corpl. T. E. Burton 748212, 87th Reserve Brigade, C.E.F.


Driver J. K. Lowry 336967, 66th Battery, 14th Howitzer Brigade.


Pte. N. D. McLeod 110414, C. Co., 5th C.M.R., Canadian, B.E.F.


Pte. T. C. Travers 526476, No. 2 Can. General Hospital, C.A.M.C., France.

Pte. K. W. Hunt 748397, B. Co., 5th C.M.R., C.E.F.

Pte. C. Ward 748384, 117th Battalion, C.E.F.

Pte. George Roe 530608, 9th Field Ambulance, C.E.F.

Pte. E. H. Baker 530504, 9th Field Ambulance, C.E.F.

Signaller E. Doyle 349555, A. Sub., 4th Battalion, Reserve Brigade, C.E.F.

Gunner W. E. Hume 1261649, 7th Canadian Siege Battery, C.E.F.

Gunner D. Foss 1261687, 7th Canadian Siege Battery, C.E.F.

Gunner D. C. Abbott 1261687, 7th Canadian Siege Battery, C.E.F.

(If any of our readers note any inaccuracy in the above, or can supply any of the addresses of any of our men whose addresses do not appear, the Military Editor would be glad if they would communicate the same to him.)

---

Co-Ed.’s Corner.

We are very pleased this year to welcome so many new lady students. In the first year are the Misses Parker, Patch, McLeod, Finley, Fish, Dinning, Walker, Bayne, Doris Wilson and Alice Wilson. In Preparatory Art’s year are the Misses Hughes, Goodhue, Wright, Rimmer and McAllister. Miss Roe is taking a special course.
The number of Lady Students is always increasing, and it will not be long, we hope, before Bishop's will be a Ladies' Seminary.

If numbers count we ought soon to have equal rights with the men.

On Monday, September 24th, Mrs. Parrock and the members of the Faculty gave a Tennis Tea for the students. The fine day added greatly to the success of the tea which was enjoyed by all.

Basket-ball has started again, and we practise twice a week in the College Gymnasium. Much enthusiasm is shown by the ladies and we hope to exhibit some fast games. We are very fortunate, this year, for Miss Parrock has kindly consented to coach us.

On Saturday, October 13th, an exhibition game was given by the Co-Eds. In the first half it was decidedly in favour of the "Greens," but the "Reds" played up in the third period and made the game a tie. The proceeds of the game are for mailing the Christmas boxes to our College Soldiers.

The Mitre congratulates Miss Lillian Bayne on winning the Narcissa Farrand Scholarship.

The Lady Students are organizing a Debating Club this term. We hope everyone will help to make it a success.

Divinity Notes.

Another vacation has passed, and again we are assembled within the walls of the Divinity House.

An old member of our class has returned, in the person of A. R. Merrix. We welcome Mr. Merrix with all the warmness of brotherly love. He comes back to us after two years of parochial experience in Algoma Diocese, ready to share with us the pleasures and sorrows, ups and downs, of college life.

Everybody when leaving, in June, seemed glad to get away, yet, on our return, all expressed with one accord the joy at again being re-united, and beginning a new year with fresh resolutions and greater zeal. "Greater Zeal,"
yes, the short period of missionary work seems to have brought before each and every one of us the great work which is opening out before us. The problem is, "How can we best equip ourselves for the greatest of all callings, the "Ministry?" Many great questions arise, which are of interest, as a result of our late experience of pastoral work, such as: "The social problem," or, "How to carry on the business of a parish," etc. We grope together in earnest thought, even during lecture hours. The bell rings, pealing the arrival of another lecture period, and it rings out unheedingly; the time passes, and at length the professor comes and wonderingly asks, "Why haven't you come to lecture?" or, "The gong has gone some ten minutes ago." This may be an infringement on our part of college rule or discipline, yet behind it comes the ever yawning fact, of how are these things going to be met? We have now begun to realize that the time is at hand when each one of us will be turned into the world, like one who has been dropped into the sea, with no hand in sight, and no ship to rescue. With thoughts of this sort in our minds, is it any wonder that we even think of trying to reform the educational system of the college. We must aim to become educated in the modern way, and learn to be practical, so that we can meet practical problems and meet them on a practical basis.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Carson who, owing to a slight physical defect, is unable to continue his course. We hope that his theological training here, which has ended so abruptly, will find a place in his thoughts during his future life, and that he will, in some way, be able to utilize it to good advantage. We wish him every success in whatever he may choose for his walk in life.

We are unable to pass without saying a word regarding our dear fellows who have gone from us since the beginning of this great world conflict, some of whom have paid the supreme sacrifice. In thinking of them, our thoughts soar much higher than the little cross which marks their last bodily resting place in France or Flanders, for we realize that they have found an everlasting resting place. We can only offer to them these words: "Dear fellows, rest in peace!" Those who still survive, and are in regular correspondence with us express their appreciation of the fact that Bishop's Divinity House is still in existence. They are looking forward to the time when we shall have a true and abiding peace, and when they will return to this grand old institution to continue their theological training.

Occasionally we are favored with visits from the old boys. Lately Revs. Messrs. Lewis and C. Stevens graced our halls with their presence. Although
these old chaps seriously disturb our arduous studies and peaceful slumbers they are always welcome, and we enjoy their tales of past days in the Divinity House.

**Arts Notes.**

A tennis party was given at the "Lodge" shortly after our arrival by Dr. and Mrs. Parrock, together with other members of the Faculty and their wives. This gave the students an opportunity of getting acquainted with the "freshettes." The party took the form of a tournament, in which all participated. The prizes were carried away by Miss Standish and Mr. Bartlett, the former, as we all know, being one of our senior lady students, while the latter is one of the humblest of freshmen. We hope he realized the honour.

We have had visits from several of our last year graduates. "Jigger" Pender came up to see his old friends before going to Montreal, where he is now taking a course in wireless telegraphy. He was only here a short time, but we were all very glad to see our old "pitcher" again.

Freddie Fluhmann (Bo. II) came up to see the College (?) again. Curiously enough the College did not see much of him while he was here. He has now gone to McGill, where we suppose he will see a lot of his old friend, "Piker" Philbrick.

Max, "the ladies' man," came over several times to visit the Co-eds. before going to Montreal. He is taking there the same course as Pender.

We welcome several freshies to our midst this year; only three in residence, however. Megantic has supplied us with two of these, namely, Kelly and MacDonald. The Diocesan College has again furnished us with a student in the person of W. W. Smith. These freshmen, we are glad to see, are taking an active part in basket-ball.

Of the day freshies, Bartlett comes to us from La Tuque; Waite, Miller, Cohen and Hyndman from Sherbrooke, and Ayer from Lennoxville.

On looking over the Freshman's Rules we find that a great many important regulations have been omitted. We beg to submit a few which we feel sure should be inserted:

1. Freshmen may not smoke unless they can show a written permit from their parents or guardians.
2. Freshmen may hold communication with a Co-Ed. without first obtaining permission from the Senior Man.
3. A freshman is expected to offer a senior a cigar if he condescends to enter the freshman’s room.

4. Freshmen are expected to give a written account of their actions to the Janitor when they have had late leave. These accounts are to be read and approved at the meetings of the Student’s Association.

5. No freshman may grow a moustache without the consent of the Senior Lady.

6. Any freshman walking on the street with a girl, on meeting a Senior, must at once give up his girl to the Senior.

7. Freshmen are expected to meet Seniors who are returning on late trains, and carry their valises to the College for them.

---

**Athletic Notes**

College opens wide its doors to those who wish to enter, but here again we see the effects of this World War, as the number of men students is ever decreasing, and even the small number now present consists mainly of men who have been rejected for Military Service, or else of boys too young to serve. It is for above named reasons that Bishop’s University presents no Football Team this year, such as in former years earned for itself a name to be proud of, in the greatest of all sports.

**BASKET BALL**

In this line of sport we are especially fortunate, as their still remains with us, Lett, Gillander and Leibling, of last year’s fast and able team, besides the men who turn out from the Freshman ranks; although composed of youngsters, the latter exhibit class in no small degree, and so it rests with the powers “that be” to develop a team which will long be remembered in that field of sport called “Basket-Ball.”

**Y. M. C. A. vs. U. B. C.**

The first game of the season was arranged for Wednesday, October 31st, 1917, between Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. and U.B.C. which resulted in a win for the Y.M.C.A. by a score of 24-22.

The game started with a rush, and Williams playing defence for U.B.C. first found the basket with a long shot; however, Sherbrooke was not to be played off their feet but came back strong, Parker netting as basket within a
few minutes, and from then until the end of the first period Sherbrooke easily had the better of the play as the period ended with the score 8-2 in favour of Y.M.C.A.

In the second period Hyndman, Lett and E. Smith replaced Kelly, MacDonald and W. Smith. In this period U.B.C. showed a tendency to play more combination, which was effective, as the period ended with the score 14-14.

The third period started with plenty of fast play which was continued throughout, and the winners were by no means certain of victory until the whistle blew for time.

Throughout the game the U.B.C. team exhibited better team work than did Y.M.C.A., but what the Sherbrooke team lost in team play, they more than made up for in shooting. The teams lined up as follows:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Y.M.C.A.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. Parker</td>
<td>Kelly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryant</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright</td>
<td>Defence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ledell</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leather</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson</td>
<td>Subs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCaw</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penhale</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Read</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Armitage</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

S. W. C. vs. U. B. C.

The second game of the season was played on Saturday, November 3rd 1917, at Stanstead against Stanstead Wesleyan College, which resulted in a win for the Red & White's by a score of 32 to 16.

Throughout the entire game the players of U.B.C. were comparatively helpless against the fast and brilliant plays which were so effectively executed by the S.W.C. men. The game started with a burst of speed on the part of the Stanstead team which proved disheartening to our men, as within five minutes the basket was found three times by the men of the Red and White; at this stage of the game E. Smith was replaced by W. Smith which proved effective as the Bishop's Team seemed to rally and soon afterwards netted our first basket. The remainder of the first period was somewhat slower, though the Red and White had the better of the play throughout.

The second period was a repetition of the first as the S.W.C. men scored
nearly at will, however, although the Purple and White went down to defeat, it should not make us give up hope of winning our future games, as during this period, the spectators were treated to some really fine playing, such as Keiffer’s end to end rushes; and the team work exhibited by our opponents was remarkable. The line up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.W.C.</th>
<th>U.B.C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aldrich</td>
<td>Hyndman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amaron</td>
<td>E. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyman</td>
<td>Gillander</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keiffer</td>
<td>Lett (Capt.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>MacDonald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watson</td>
<td>W. Smith</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The next game has been arranged for Saturday, November 10th, 1917, to be played in Sherbrooke against Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A., and it is sincerely hoped that we may profit from our first two games, and by so doing, do something to develop a defence with more speed and a greater tendency to “play their man”; also to develop a forward line which will play more combination and not so much wild shooting.

**Around the Halls**

“Dad”, having bought a new dictionary, suddenly made a discovery and rushed exultingly into Harold Oswald’s abode to break the news:

“Its Charlie—main (Charlemagne) who was the founder of the Holy Roman Empire. I always thought it was Charlie Magee!”

We congratulate Messrs. Hodder, Fish and Leibling on their success in accomplishing the task of finding a woman “to wash and mend the students.”

The scene:—The Dining Hall.

“Jim” is authorized from the “top-table” to add a much-coveted luxury to the common-table by transporting surplus toast from the former to the latter.

A guttural voice at the latter:—“Are we worthy to eat of the crumbs which fall from our master’s table?”
The men students very much appreciate the support given by the co-eds to the social and athletic life of the college, especially as evidenced by their attendance at the Freshman’s Parade and at the Basket-Ball games.

**Literary Mathematics**:—Boots (in Lit-lecture); “If you take these five characteristics of the age of Chaucer, and divide them by two, you will find that you have the two things necessary for the production of first-class literature.” (We are looking forward with great interest to the coming debate at which Boots will put Father and Dickie to shame by proving that two and two do not make four).

L-cy :—(noticing borrowed book); “Whose is that ?”
H-z-l :—“Kiss Hyndman !”
L-cy :—“Do it yourself !”

It is a pleasure to know that at last—and none too soon—the men’s Common Room is being renovated. We will hardly know it when the Decoration Committee have accomplished their task. Our heartiest thanks are due to the University authorities for a grant of $40.00 toward the expense, to meet a similar amount provided by the Student’s Association.

Sammy, (at Debate) : “When we go out to the gym we see a man play a good game of basket-ball or hockey.” Really! why hire the Minto Rink for hockey when we can use the gym?

“Father” :—(after hearing third drastic resolution at a meeting of the Theological Society) “I never knew such a resolute L.S.T. class !”

This revolutionary state of mind in the Shed is only further aggravated by the rumour that the Shed is to be handed over to the tender mercies of the Co-eds. Alas! to what are we coming!

9 a.m. Horrible and sustained shrieks from the N.C.R. What on earth is happening? Oh, nothing! only two Co-ed’s discovered three blind mice (dead) in a chocolate box.

In Father’s lecture-room, the revelation is made of “Dad’s” expressed desire after receiving a knowledge of Greek from Frankie, to return to his home and add to the family educational dispensary a course in “Modern” Languages!

H.O. : “That’s as bad as my teaching metaphysics.”
Father :—“Well, it couldn’t be any Haw-der !”
The Poet's Corner

The course of lectures being given this year on Versification seems to be calling out a great deal of poetic (?) genius (?), and the following effusions have found their way into the Editor's hands.

The first outrage would appear to have been perpetrated soon after the announcement of the dreadful results of those fatal exams last June:—

Plucked! Plucked! Plucked!
In the Library of U. B. C.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for Professor Boots
Who knows history through and through,
And up to the time he corrects your exam,
You feel that you do too.

Oh, well for our noble Bursar,
Whose footsteps on the floor,
Sound like the rolling down of bricks
Of twenty tons or more.

He little knows the inspiration
His racket drives away;
Or if he did I am sure he would
Down in his office stay.

Oh, well for the other Professors
Who struggled and groaned 'tis true,
And almost stretched their consciences
In their efforts to put us through.

The stately Principal goes on
To his haven on top of the hill
Though he has no fear of being plucked,
Of exams he has had his fill.

Next comes a bitter complaint from the realms of the lady students:

Why did we loan our trenchers
To people who used them not?
Why did we loan our trenchers
To Williams and to Scott?
'Twas because we were two Co-eds
Who kindness do not lack;
And it was for this same reason
We carried them over and back.

Still more pathetic is the "FRESHMAN'S LAMENT."

Some folks are born in times of luck,
Others possess a great deal of pluck,
Some can boast of riches or looks,
And others possess a knowledge of books.

Though none of these gifts are by Freshmen possess'd,
They deserve to be given, like all the rest,
A goodly share of this world's delight
To make college life a bit more bright.

The Freshmen's concert I remember well;
Misfortune, as usual, the Freshies befell;
Nor night or day can I ever forget
The raids and dumpings I often get.

I hope some day a senior to be,
And then the Freshies soon will see
That college life is no pink tea
At our Alma Mater, U. B. C.

The following would seem to be the result of a bad nightmare, in which "Boots" lectures on "alliterative verse" and the horrors of a Victrola must have combined to produce a truly horrible effect:—

Sammy set the silly songs agoing;
Naughty Nathan 'nocked and never ceased;
Sidney sat and sadly said, "I'm wishing
Kelly kould now kill this kursed beast";
Dickie duly dim'd Sam's dearest passion;
Kwickly Kali then kamped on Kwebec's son;
Smith has said that since the singing quitted
Mac a manful mess of maths has done.

May we be privileged to receive many more of these charming productions!
The Convocation number of "The Mitre" in 1913 contained this statement of the value of the Debating Society to the College student, considering first its importance to the Divinity student, then to those preparing for other professions, "If there is any one who needs to be able to speak well all through his life, it is the clergyman. It is part of his duty, as I understand it, to enforce upon men the need of living efficiently, and just because he must do this, it is wise for him to know what 'living efficiently' means. This is the very principle that should be discovered at College—and not only discovered but put into practice, if he really intends 'to practice what he preaches, as a clergyman. My point is just this—no Divinity man is doing justice to himself or to the people of his future parish if he doesn't become as efficient in speaking and debating as an active participation in the Debating Society can make him. The same argument applies to the law student, and in fact to a student entering any profession. The place to begin arguing a case is with the students at a Debating Society meeting. The law students who do this, are the coming prominent lawyers of Canada."

Never in any age has there been such stress laid on the importance of writing and speaking the English language accurately and forcibly; never has professional life in all its forms placed so high a value on the ability to think and speak on one's feet; never have there been such richly-paid opportunities for the man who can think quickly, speak persuasively and act tactfully, to prove his powers of salesmanship; never has a crisis arisen to inspire the public speaker to higher endeavour and greater effort, in a more worthy cause or with more influential prospects in the exercise of his duty and privileges as preacher, patriot, nation-builder or social reformer.

Let, then, the work of the Debating Club this year be taken up by all in deadly earnest. Let preparation be thorough; the subject well-mastered; the presentation as skilful as a study of the art can make it; delivery and manner as effective and pleasing as natural and acquired talent can secure.

"The art of debate," Grenville Kleiser says, "is one of the best means of developing mental alertness, self-confidence, and the ability to think on one's feet. In its highest form it combines the power of the logician, the strategy
of the general, the skill of the rhetorician, and the voice and grace of the orator.”

This training, which means so much to the future career of each and every one of us, can be had at college “without money and without price,” at the most opportune and convenient period in one’s life, through “active participation in the Debating Society.”

Day-students as well as students-in-residence! Book this date: every second Wednesday. Resolve to attend faithfully the meetings, and support loyally the efforts of our College Debating Club.

The first meeting of the season was held on October 17th, with a programme of one minute impromptu speeches and short debates. It is most gratifying to report that everyone present participated.

A. R. MERRIX, Div. 19.,
Secretary.

C. D. C. NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, November 7th, the Co-eds of Bishop’s College met in Prof. Vial’s lecture room, and held their first debate. This is the first time in the history of the College that the Co-ed’s have formed any society of a literary nature. At first it seemed advisable to accept the offer so graciously extended to us last year by the men students to join their Club; but on thinking it over it seemed wiser to refuse with thanks, owing to the fact that several of the students are subject to a disease known as “shyness.” Although our Club is to be independent of the one carried on by the men students, we are looking forward to a joint debate when both parties have gained a little more self-confidence.

At the first debate each member present spoke on one or more of the resolutions prepared by the officers of the Club. The greatest interest was shown by all, and arrangements have been made for fortnightly meetings.

B. ECHENBERG, ’19,
Secretary.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES.

Though it has been found impossible by the committee to organize any form of entertainment for this term, yet they are unanimously agreed as to the after Christmas program. It is their intention to stage one good play immediately before Lent, during the Lent term. The play will be chosen and the parts assigned before the Christmas vacation and rehearsals will be commenced
immediately upon return. Those whose energies are not called into play in
the cast of the play itself will be asked to cooperate in tableaux and other features. It is
hoped that the hearty support of all will be given to the club this year, as was the case last
year, and that a successful season lies before us. The profits from all performances will be
given entirely to patriotic charities.

C. E. S. BOWN, M.A.,
President.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

In opening the first meeting of the new college year, the Director in his
address, welcomed both old and new members, and spoke at length on different
phases of the Brotherhood work.

St. Andrew's Brotherhood, he said, was one of the two religious societies
within the college, and the only one which ministered to the spiritual life of all
the students.

He hoped that all the members would attend the meetings regularly and
take an active part in the work of the chapter.

In discussing the hospital visiting, he pointed out, that this line of work
was of great importance. It gave the Brethren the opportunity of coming
into contact with men outside of college, and to study characters above all; it
also afforded scope for the very needful education of how to deal with men.

The corporate communion held last year once every month, he wished to
be continued, and asked that the first service should be held on the morning of
October 11th, the date of the opening of the Annual Brotherhood Convention,
for by so doing the members would be acting in conjunction with the different
chapters over the Dominion and the U.S.A.

The members all expressed a desire to carry on the devotional addresses
in accordance with the preceding year.

The Moulton Hill mission still holds the attention of the Brotherhood.
The Sunday School and service will be conducted by some two of the members
as in previous years. A committee was appointed to look after this work.

The following is a synopsis of the Director's address which is directly in
harmony with the work of the "Annual National Brotherhood Convention"
for 1917, and which he delivered at the third meeting of the chapter.

The subject was "Christian Usefulness," considered under three heads.

First, Preparation for Usefulness through Prayer. As the Master sets us
the example of prayer, whether surrounded by the thronging crowds, or on the
lonely mountain top, in the garden of the Agony, or on the Cross of Calvary,
so we must cultivate personal habits of prayer alike in our individual devotions, in the work of the Brotherhood, and in public worship. Secondly, we must Realize our Usefulness through Personal Service. Christ has chosen us to be His disciples, that, as He “went about doing good,” so we may “go and do likewise.” We must use our opportunities for personal service, amongst our fellow members of the church, amongst our associates in class or business, and amongst all those to whom we can be of assistance. Thirdly, we must Increase our Usefulness through Organization. The Church is the divine society in which we are “members one of another.” We must organize and work together in the cause of the Church, in the work of Missions, and Religious Education and Social Service. Thus by the inspiration of prayer, by the devotion of personal service, and by the power of organized effort, we may attain to the ideal life of the Useful Christian.

A. R. LETT, Div. ’18, Secretary.

B. C. M. U.

The Missionary Union has made a good start with its programme this year, and gives every promise of a successful season. The plans for the year include a Mission Study Class during Michaelmas and Lent Terms, a series of public meetings with visiting speakers, and two or more public lantern lectures on missionary subjects. We must also keep in mind our weekly service of intercession, which will be conducted by the members in turn; and also the necessity for straining every effort to raise our pledge for the support of a Japanese student for the ministry.

We were fortunate in obtaining the presence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gray, Bishop of Edmonton, as the speaker at our first public meeting. This was held on October 9th, when members of the faculty and student body to the number of about sixty assembled at noon in the Council Chamber. Bishop Gray struck the keynote of his address when he quoted the words of a western farmer to the effect that, “the economic problems of today can only be solved by the application of the realities of spiritual truth as it is in Christ Jesus.” His Lordship pointed out that the presentation of religion in the form of social service must be chiefly the work of laymen and laywomen. He then went on to state that spiritual life is the supreme factor in human existence. People have clung to the formalities of life, and have forgotten the underlying realities. Our men face to face with death at the front are realizing this, though they can find no words to express their feelings. The Church must respond to this need by getting into vital personal touch with the people. The laypeople must grip for themselves the realities underlying human experience, and must bring them under
the influence of the powers of spiritual life. The supreme truth is that "God is love," and man, made in the image of God, must show forth that love in service for the nation and for humanity. Above all, we must not be satisfied merely with high ideals, but must keep our eyes on the highest ideal, Jesus Christ Himself.

On October 19th the Mission Study Class opened its sessions on the subject of "Jesus Christ and the World Religions." Mr. Bown gave an exhaustive and illuminating address on the "Message of Christianity to Primitive Peoples." It was pointed out that all mankind is at heart religious, and the work of Christianity must be to lead to higher things, and bring the worshippers into closer and truer touch with God. The primitive religions were all dominated by a belief in spirits—spirits in nature, spirits of the dead, fetishes, and nature gods. Through these things the primitive peoples realized the three essentials of religion, viz., a belief in higher powers, a desire to worship those powers, and dependence on them. It was shown that religion was closely connected with the social life of primitive society, in rites connected with the great events of life. At the same time it often involved superstition, polygamy, and the consequent degradation of women. Four characteristics appear in all primitive religions; (1) the domination of fear, (2) the absence of religious consolation, (3) the absence of any true idea of good or evil, and (4) fatalism. The message of Christianity is also fourfold, telling of (1) an All-loving God, (2) an Almighty God, (3) Redemption, and (4) Everlasting Life.

On November 2nd, the subject of "Mohammedanism" was dealt with by Mr. F. R. Scott. He pointed out that this is the only religion which is definitely opposed to Christianity. A sketch of Arab life before the time of Mohammed showed them to be nomadic in their manner of living, unprogressive, sceptical, and worldly. There were many forms of religion, and many tribal gods, all depending on the worship of the Kaaba at Mecca; yet the Arabs were far from a religious people. Mohammed came on the scene at a time of considerable awakening. Born about 570 A.D., Mohammed during his early life came into contact with Christian monks. Later he received a revelation of God, and was himself called to be the Prophet of Allah. At first the people of Mecca received him with respect, but later this turned into opposition and persecution. Then he fled to Medina, and began a campaign of the sword. From this time there set in a marked degradation in the character of the prophet and his teaching. The creed of Islam is simple, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His Prophet." It teaches one God, who will be the judge of men. Allah is not conceived of as in any way a moral or a holy Being; and He receives fear, but not love. The Moslems pay honour to the Hebrew prophets, and to Jesus of Nazareth as the chief of them, but most of all to Mohammed, who is to them
an absolute standard of action. They believe in a future life, but their concep-
tion is inherently sensual. Their faith leads them to extreme fatalism. Their
holy book, the Koran, consists of an edited collection of the writings of Mo-
hammed, and is chiefly derived from Talmudic and Christian writings, often
corrupted. The four supreme duties of the Moslem world are prayer, fasting,
almsgiving, and pilgrimage. Polygamy is recognized; theoretically no more
than four wives are allowed, but practically there is no limit. The defects of
the system lie in the absence of any sense of communion with God, and the
lack of moral purity. Christianity must take to the Mohammedan world the
message and example of love. It was pointed out that the correct terms in
speaking of this faith are not Mohammedanism and Mohammedans, but Islam
and Moslem, these titles indicating submission, their great principle and attitude
toward Allah.

WM. C. DUNN, Div. '18,
Secretary.

GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

To our absent members.

Dear Brethren in the Lord,

It is some time since our last Bede letter was issued. It has therefore been
decided to write a letter this term, which shall be published in the "Mitre"; and
the usual Lenten epistle will be sent out next spring.

Our numbers in the Divinity House are slightly increased this term, there
being six members in residence. The daily offices held in the Oratory of the
Venerable Bede are now conducted by the resident members in turn. At our
weekly Eucharist all our members at the front are remembered by name. This
service has, during the past year, been made largely choral. We are also main-
taining on Friday evenings a series of devotional addresses either by the Warden
or some visiting priest or by a resident member of the Guild.

At our Michaelmas meeting held recently some proposals were made to-
ward the end of increasing the usefulness of the Guild. A committee has been
appointed to consider the question of compiling a booklet containing the Bede
prayers, rules and counsels, together with a service for the admission of mem-
bers, a Litany of the Holy Ghost for the use of absent members, and other matter
relative to the Guild. It was also suggested that a more extensive use of the
"Mitre" should be made for the purpose of keeping in touch with our members;
and that absent members be requested to maintain regular correspondence with
the Divinity House through the Warden.
Steps are being taken to improve the Oratory by obtaining new frontals and dossal hangings for the altar; and also to improve the Divinity Common Room by building new bookcases, and increasing the Divinity library.

Assuring every one of you of our constant remembrance and prayers.

We remain, on behalf of the Guild,

F. G. VIAL, Warden.

A. R. LETT, Secretary.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

After nearly two years of sound and peaceful slumber the Society has suddenly awakened and taken on new life. The cause of the transformation was found in the return of Mr. Merrix, who soon stimulated interest and enthusiasm among old and new members alike. Consequently the annual meeting was held under most favourable circumstances and with a goodly number of members present. An energetic program was adopted for the coming year, embracing monthly meetings at which an hour’s address on some theological subject should be given by a member; thus far the Society follows along its old lines. In order to secure its permanence, however, it was determined that if possible four prizes should be given yearly to the students delivering the best set speech, the best extemporary speech, the best written paper and to the best orator and stylist combined. The committee were authorized to approach interested persons with a view to securing the necessary money for these prizes. It was further agreed that several neighbouring clergymen be invited, during the year, to address the Society on parochial questions.

The first ordinary meeting was held on the evening of October 15th, at which several practical questions were discussed.

C. E. S. BOWN, M.A.,

Secretary.
Exchanges

In this our first issue for the session 1917-18 we greet those Universities and Schools now associated with us through the medium of exchange, and we wish them and their respective magazines every success during the ensuing year.

As is usually the case in the first term, Exchanges are coming in slowly. As yet we can only acknowledge receipt of Queen's Journal, Trinity Review, Ashuran and Harvard Alumni.

From the last named allow me to quote verbatim, for the benefit of the Freshmen and Freshetties, from Dean Yeoman's address to Harvard Freshies in particular, and students in general. Of some things he speaks with confidence; of others with diffidence.

With confidence he says:

1. Get off with a good start—Don't wait to begin your work, start at once. Get away as soon as the gun is fired.
2. When puzzled seek the help of your professors—set an interview and be punctual.

III. Make a conscious effort to accomplish more to-morrow than you have to-day. By conscious efforts you can do it. A wise man said that one secret of success is, never to look at the clock. I believe it to be a sound maxim. When you have become so filled with the thought of your work and the desire to succeed in it, then it requires comparatively little effort to follow it up steadily and with zeal. But until that time comes I say "Race the clock," try to do more to-day than you did yesterday.

Speaking of the more specific application of these general rules, he offers various suggestions to the man who has made up his mind to succeed and decided his best method of winning success.

You ought within the first two weeks to be trying to answer such questions as these:—"Does it pay me to take few notes, or many notes in the lecture room? Is it not a good idea for me to go over my notes at the first possible moment after the sound of the lecturer's voice has died away? Shall I not save time by doing it while my memory is fresh? Is not then the time to correct mistakes, to repair omissions, to question uncertain or obscure passages, it may be to make summaries at the end? When I read books shall I make my notes the first time I go through or shall I do as Gladstone did, make them at the second reading? How shall I apportion my working time? How many hours a day shall I work, and remember that proper apportionment oftener means its apportion-
ment not only among your studies but in regard to the other parts of your lives, your recreation and your exercise."

As to the question "Shall I work early and late"? The Dean recognizes the fact that it is not a very important question in the lives of most men. He does not worry about the man who does work early and late. He is not numerous enough to cause trouble.

Finally he adds:—"Don't fool yourself into believing you have worked an hour when you have only worked forty minutes. Find out just how long a time you are working and experiment to see just what is your day of maximum efficiency."

The Queen's Journal still maintains its standard of excellence and many of its articles will be read with interest. Let us call the attention of the seniors and sophomores to the correspondence given on the subject of 'Initiations.' The writer bases his arguments on moral grounds, and characterizes such procedure as the freshmen set up like a row of painted clowns—as bullying and urges upon sophs, the golden rule. He waives all tradition in connection with the matter, and its attendant customs which do not stand the supreme test of right. On the whole the article produced is one to which many a one who has passed through the ordeal will agree and would certainly meet with entire sanction of each successive group which stands before the time-honored tribunal.

Ashuran gives a splendid record of gymnastics and sports in general, and sets a standard which should stimulate a spirit of emulation in us all.

Trinity University in spite of its having suffered so much owing to the war, still finds those of literary attainments to keep up that high character which has always marked the Review. I would recommend in evidence of this the article on 'Whistler and his Art.'

Library

A number of new books have been added to the University Library. Amongst them are the following volumes from the library of the late Canon King:—a German-English Dictionary, and old editions of the "Poems of Ferdosi," and Marien Vasi's "New Picture of Rome," and a translation into English of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." To the poetry section have been added two volumes
of the work of one of our graduates, viz., "The Witch of Endor," and "His Lady of the Sonnets," by Robert W. Norwood, as well as "Echoes of East and West," (Roby Datta), and "The Golden Threshold," (Sarojini Naidu). The literature section has been enhanced by a set of the works of the Bronte sisters. A number of travel books, splendidly illustrated, have been received, dealing with Touraine, Italy, Holland, Japan, Brittany, Sicily, La Côte d’Emeraude, The Nile, Pompei, The Holy Land, Moscow, Russia and Constantinople. Canadian literature is enriched by the addition of W. P. Greenough’s "Canadian Folk-life and Folklore." A volume entitled "Enforced Peace" gives an account of the first Annual National Assembly of the League to Enforce Peace, held last year at Washington. Amongst foreign texts are included the following in French:—"Le Rhin," (Hugo); "Mémoire de Marie Antoinette," (Madame Campan); "L’Aventure de Ladislas Bolski," (Victor Cherbuliez); "Numa Roumestan," (Alphonse Daudet); "Les Amants de Pise," (Peládan); and "Trois Contes," (Flaubert); and also a German text of the "Legenden von Gottfried Keller."

W. M. C. DUNN,  
Asst.-Librarian.

Officials, 1917-18

STUDENT’S ASSOCIATION.

President ......................................................... A. R. LETT, Div. ’18  
Vice-President ..................................................... C. E. S. BOWN, M.A.  
Secretary ............................................................... S. W. WILLIAMS, ’19  
Treasurer ............................................................... N. FISH, ’19

Debating Club—
Honorary President—E. E. BOOTHROYD, ESQ., M.A.  
President—C. E. S. BOWN, M.A.  
Secretary—A. R. MERRIX, Div. ’19  
Committee—W. C. DUNN, Div. ’18; G. W. HOLDEN, ’18; W. W. SMITH, ’20

Dramatic Club—
President—C. E. S. BOWN, M.A.  
Secretary—G. W. HOLDEN, ’18  
Committee—MRS. CLARK, ’18; MISS E. HALL, ’20; R. HERON, ’19
READING ROOM.

President ............................................................... A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Vice-President ..................................................... H. O. N. Hodder, Div. '19
Secretary-Treasurer ............................................... R. Heron, '19

Brotherhood of St. Andrew—
Chaplain—Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A.
Director—W. C. Dunn, Div. '18
Vice-Director—R. Heron, '19
Secretary—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Treasurer—C. E. S. Bown, M.A.

Missionary Union—
President—C. E. S. Bown, M.A.
Vice-President—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Secretary-Treasurer—W. C. Dunn, Div. '18
Committee—S. W. Williams, '19: F. R. Scott, '19; R. Heron, '19

Guild of the Venerable Bede—
Warden—Rev. Prof. Vial, M.A., B.D.
Secretary-Treasurer—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Com.—C. E. S. Bown, M.A.; W. C. Dunn, Div. '18; H. O. N. Hodder, Div. '19

Theological Society—
Honorary President—Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L.
President—Rev. Prof. Vial, M.A., B.D.
Secretary—C. E. S. Bown, M.A.
Committee—A. R. Lett, Div. '18; W. C. Dunn, Div. '18; A. R. Merrix, Div. '19

B. U. A. A. A.

Honorary President—Rev. R. A. Parrock, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.
President—G. W. Holden, '18
Vice-President—S. W. Williams, '19
Secretary-Treasurer—F. R. Scott, '19

Board of Directors—
G. W. Holden, '18; S. W. Williams, '19; F. R. Scott, '19; (ex officio).
E. Smith, '19, (Baseball); E. W. Gillander, '18, (Basket-Ball); S. Liebling, '20, (Canoe); A. R. Lett, Div. '18, (Football); N. Fish, '19, (Hockey); W. C. Dunn, Div. '18, (Tennis); C. E. S. Bown, M.A., (Toboggan).
Baseball Club—
Honorary President—Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A.
President—E. W. Gillander, '18
Vice-President—G. W. Holden, '18
Secretary-Treasurer—H. E. O'Donnell, '19
Committee—E. W. Smith, '19; J. O. Kelly, '20

Basket-Ball Club—
Honorary President—J. T. Matthews, Esq.
President—E. W. Gillander, '18
Vice-President—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Secretary-Treasurer—R. Heron, '19
Committee—S. W. Williams, '19; F. R. Scott, '19; W. W. Smith, '20

Football Club—
Honorary President—Rev. F. J. B. Alinatt, D.D., D.C.L.
President—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Vice-President—S. Liebling, '20
Secretary-Treasurer—N. Fish, '19
Committee—H. O. N. Hodder, Div. '19; S. W. Williams, '19; R. Heron, '19

Hockey Club—
Honorary President—Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D.
President—E. W. Smith, '19
Vice-President—E. W. Gillander, '18
Secretary-Treasurer—S. W. Williams, '19
Committee—A. R. Lett, Div. '18; S. Liebling, '20; J. O. Kelly, '20

Tennis Club—
Honorary President—E. E. Boothroyd, Esq., M.A.
President—S. W. Williams, '19
Vice-President—W. C. Dunn, Div. '18
Secretary-Treasurer—F. R. Scott, '19
Committee—A. R. Lett, Div. '19; H. E. O'Donnell, '20; S. Liebling, '20

Toboggan Club—
Honorary President—A. V. Richardson, Esq., M.A.
President—C. E. S. Bown, M.A.
Vice-President—A. R. Lett, Div. '18
Secretary-Treasurer—H. O. N. Hodder, Div. '19
Committee—S. W. Williams, '19; S. Liebling, '20; T. G. Acres, Div. '20

Lady Student's Association.
President.....................................................Mrs. D. Clark, '18
Vice-President..............................................Miss M. Hume, '18
Secretary.....................................................Miss G. Jenckes, '19

Co-ed's Debating Club—
President—Miss E. Hall, '20
Vice-President—Miss H. Moore, '19
Secretary—Miss B. Echenberg, '19