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Lennoxville, Que.

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**SUBSCRIBERS ARE ASKED TO SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.**
R. Heron, B.A.
A Parson in the Wilds.

Continued from the Trinity Number.

Now, having seen practically all that is to be seen within the limits of the town, (and there is little to see in the near environments, unless you are interested in old bush trails which date back to pre-historic days), we have the opportunity offered us of a trip to Camp Alexander, one of the beauty spots of the Nepigon River. One of the local stores is sending a consignment of goods up to the camp by gasoline launch, and room will be found for us amidst the various packages, so that we may enjoy this little portion of the glories of the Nipigon region. The boat has to go up through the rapids, so we will walk the mile or so to the landing where they will stop for their load. Along the C. P. R. track we wend our way, until we come to the great bridge over which we passed this morning. Down the bank we go, and we are at the spot where the river opens out into the expanse of Lake Helen. Soon we are on our way. A few miles up the lake brings us to the entrance to the Nepigon River. These little houses which we are passing, each with its miniature farm, are the dwellings of the Indians of the Parmacheene Reserve. Winding in and out we follow the course of the river, passing on the way under the great stretch of bridge by which the C. N. R. crosses the stream. And here we are at Alexander Portage, where we are to disembark. Over there is the swirling turmoil of the lower portion of Cameron's Falls. The two miles to the camp must be covered on foot. This old trail is part of the road which, until the advent of the much criticized venture of Mackenzie and Mann, was the means of communication between Lake Nepigon and the outer world. For a few years it has been left almost entirely to the tourists who come from all parts of the North American continent, (yes, and even from more distant points), to enjoy the beauties and quiet of Nipigon's grand water. Here the fisherman finds his paradise, the hunter finds his game, and the weary townsman finds
peace in the solitude of stream and forest. But now once again the old trail is echoing to the hurrying footsteps of the busy world. We reach our destination, and you may well gasp at the scene of labour which suddenly bursts upon your view. Here we are in the midst of the construction work of the long-hoped-for Nipigon Power Plant. In a year or two this vast body of rushing water will be harnessed, and supplying hundreds of thousands of horse power to the industries which will arise to develop the timber and mineral wealth of this wild region. The Nipigon River has a drop of two hundred and fifty feet in the forty mile stretch between Lake Nipigon and Nipigon town, and here at Cameron's Falls the sweep of that swiftly moving body of water will be converted into the electric power which will drive the machinery, cook the dinner, heat the home, and do all manner of service for the mind that has learned to use the forces of nature. However, it is time to retrace our steps. The launch awaits us, and soon we are off again. The return journey is much swifter than the trip up the river, for now we are moving with the stream. An hour brings us to the mouth of the lake, and with a swirl we rush down the rapids, and are landed safely at the dock a few yards from home.

A night's sleep prepares us for the next part of our excursion—a trip to the farming settlement of Dorion. A farming settlement is a truly remarkable sight in this wild country. It is said that Dorion is the only agricultural district of any consequence in the stretch of seven hundred miles between Sudbury and Port Arthur. Throughout this north country, forests abound and the earth is replete with mineral deposits, but for the tiller of the soil there is little prospect. We rise at an early hour, for we have to travel on that same Imperial Limited train on which we arrived yesterday. A mile or so on our way, and a fresh scene of beauty attracts the eye. The train is threading its way along the shore of Nipigon Bay. On one side of us are the cliffs towering up to a height of hundreds of feet, on the other side is the glittering surface of this inlet of Lake Superior, shining in the light of the early dawn. Then a great promontory hides our view, and we begin to rush across country. Here and there a lumber camp or a solitary house slides past, but for the most part the scene is one of almost unbroken bush-land. At one point we cross the Black Sturgeon River, carrying down the waters from the lakes to the north; at another we catch a momentary glimpse of the waters of Lake Superior. At the end of a run of but twenty-five miles we leave the train, ready for new adventures. There is little that promises any excitement. Across there is the huge water-tank which marks the site of the C.N.R. station. In the other direction a few farms are to be seen. It would need many a day of steady tramping before we could claim to have seen this district. A two miles walk brings us to the centre of the township, marked by two churches standing on either corner. Neither is finished, and both speak eloquently of the hard strug-
gle of these pioneer settlers to obtain and maintain the simple accompaniments of civilized life which a church represents. Away to the south for four miles or more are the scattered farm-houses, set in the midst of little patches of cultivated land which have been snatched from the virgin forest. A tramp in the other direction will lead us across the ravine through which Coldwater Creek meanders on its way to join the Lake. A hard climb up the other side, and again we find signs of life, in the log houses, scanty barns, and snake fences of the settlers. Here and there is to be seen a more pretentious establishment, where the owner has at last begun to win more than a mere existence from the soil which he has cleared and cultivated through many long and weary years. There is a little log school-house, and opposite it yet another church. Some miles further on you will find the roads once more losing themselves in the rocky bush trails, and the farms are seen no longer; the wild beasts have unhindered run over the lands that a generation ago were exclusively theirs. To the west rises a range of hills; cross them, and you will find yet another group of farms, worked generally by Swedes, French-Canadians, and other non-English-speaking settlers. Bare and wild as it appears, one wonders what there is in such a country to attract settlers. But they seem to be able to make a living and are content.

The hour of midnight finds us back at the railway to take our train homewards once more, and then the sleep of the weary, sleep deepened by the taste of open-air life which we have enjoyed, will prepare us for yet another journey on the morrow.

This time we change both our means of transport and our direction. A walk of halt a mile brings us to the C. N. R. depot, and we embark for a trip northwards. A few years ago all this country through which we are passing was virgin forest, and the only means of transport was by foot or along the waterways which provide such ample means of travel for the canoe of the wanderer. But now the narrow line of steel has spun its web through the wilderness, and the swift express opens up new vistas to the gaze of the traveller. Out from Nipigon the line sweeps by the rapids through which the waters of the Nipigon River find their way into the larger waters of Lake Superior, skirts the shores of Lake Helen, and passing over the great span across the river, goes onward through mile after mile of unbroken woodlands, with an occasional glimpse of stream or lake. A forty mile run brings us to Orient Bay, proclaimed by pamphlets to be "the Tourist's Paradise, the home of the speckled trout, the haven of the lover of nature and its solitudes." A few short miles further, and we see, nesting on the shore, a little group of buildings which represent the latest Government venture—the fish-dock of Port McDiarmid. All over Ontario, and even beyond the confines of the province, patriotic souls have revelled in the delicacy of Nipigon trout and whitefish. It is to this spot that the tugs come with their
loads of precious foodstuffs, to be shipped throughout the length and breadth of
the land. If we were going on a trip through the Indian section of the mission,
it is here that we should embark on the mission boat for the long journey across
hundreds of miles of the wide waterways of Lake Nipigon. But we are confin­
ing our attention just now to the claims of those who are of our own blood and
tongue. So we continue our journey by rail. Another forty miles through the
same bushland, and we reach the divisional point of Jellicoe. As the train will
remain here for some time in order to change engines, we can spare time to look
around. There is little to see—the station building, engine shop, boarding house
and half a dozen houses. It is typical of the early days of such towns as this.
Services are few and far between, and are held in the railway waiting room, in
the hotel dining-room, in private houses, or anywhere else where room can be
found. But better days will come; even now Jellicoe is living in the hope that
the coming summer will see the erection of a little hall which will serve the com­
mon purpose of church, school, town hall, and general rallying point for the
growing country.

Our new engine is ready, so we resume our journey. We now run rapidly
eastward. Mile after mile slips by, with little of interest to command our atten­
tion. Here is Long Lake station, and a few miles away there in the bush is the
Indian Reserve of Longuelac, and an old Hudson's Bay Post. Then at last we
reach the farthest point of our missionary parson's wide field. Another hundred
and fifty miles have been covered, and we are at the divisional point of Horne­
payne. We are now some two hundred and thirty miles from our base of oper­
ations at Nipigon. We have actually crossed the border into the neighbouring
diocese of Moosonee, but by special arrangement the spiritual care of this district
is placed under the Algoma missionary, until such time as Moosonee is better
able to provide for its people. In Hornepayne we are again in a typical railway
town, somewhat farther ahead than Jellicoe, with school, hotel and dance-hall,
but, alas! still without a church or any adequate religious care. We are face
to face with one of the tragedies which confront the missionary in the outlying
parts of Canada—a settlement far away from its neighbours, where, through
lack of men and means, the people must depend for their religious ministrations
on the spasmodic visits of a far-away missionary, or perchance may be left entire­
ly uncared for.

A night's rest is necessary here, before we board a freight train for the long
trip back to our starting point. Perhaps we have tired you with our hurrying
perigrination over so large a field. But such is the life of the missionary in the
less settled parts of the Dominion—a constant rushing from one point to ano­
ther in the vain hope of providing for all the souls committed to his care. As
you go home to your peaceable and well settled Quebec, may you take with you
Miss Hilda Moore, B.A.
Miss Ashe, B.A.
some pleasant memories of this little section of the north country, and may you have a prayer that the men may be found and the means may be provided whereby these scattered settlers may be given more fully and more frequently those religious principles which are so close and so dear to you. Only when the Church keeps pace with the onward movement of settlement can we begin to hope for a bigger and a better Canada.

The Tramp.

The University Sermon.

The University Sermon preached in the College Chapel at the service of Convocation June 19th, 1919, by the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland.

The Potential Contribution of the Church in Canada to the Coming Kingdom.

Romans I, 11, 12, “For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end that you may be established; that is, that I may be comforted (encouraged) together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me.”

The principle underlying these words may, I think, be applied without presumption to the vastly different circumstances in which the preacher and those to whom he is privileged to speak, find themselves.

The Church in Newfoundland is no new suppliant for spiritual gifts at the door of the Church in Canada. The past history of the Island Diocese which I represent proves that this is true.

As far back as 1787 Newfoundland was included in the letters patent which constituted the See of Nova Scotia, though the then Bishop was never able to visit the island portion of his See.

In 1822 Bishop Stauser sent his episcopal commissary to visit the island; and five years later Bishop John Inglis made his first episcopal visitation of that part of his diocese.

Until 1839, when Bishop Spencer was consecrated, Newfoundland depended entirely upon the Church in Canada and received no other episcopal services other than those given by the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Last year the Archbishop of Nova Scotia, attended by three Canadian Bishops, travelled to Newfoundland to consecrate the present Bishop, and thus after a lapse of eighty years the Church in Canada cemented afresh the ties of earlier days.
Though our Diocese has no official connection with either of your Provinces, and its Bishop pays allegiance to a Metropolitan of the Ancient Province of Canterbury, we are closer to you than we have ever been before, and we turn to your young but growing and vigorous church more frequently than of yore for help in the various departments of our work. We are too near to you geographically and otherwise not to be affected by the strong tides which sweep upon your life. If there were no tides pushing onward in more adequate accomplishment of the great tasks confronting you we should suffer immeasurably. If yours is an expanding strength, and if with a mightier impact the Church here hurls itself upon our common foes, we are nerved to greater effort, and our isolation loses half its power to cripple or somehow even to dismay.

If we can bring you now no very eminent spiritual gifts, we may indeed be encouraged by the mutual faith which it is our privilege to share.

The Christian forces in this Dominion have confronting them, as you know right well, tasks of quite appalling magnitude, if here there is to be established and perpetuated a real kingdom of God. Through the wide open gates on your Eastern Seaboard have streamed in thousands and tens of thousands, whom you must shepherd into the fold of the Church. They are pilgrim fathers who seek here a wider freedom than they have ever known. They are but the vanguard of a greater host to be drawn hither by the unrivalled opportunities afforded, especially on the limitless fields of your western lands.

Under your hospitable skies these hope to find a broad liberty, a measure of justice, and a fuller, richer life for body and soul; and it is your hope that with the blessing of God your resources will be equal to the demands made upon them. The share which your vigorous Church must take in moulding this coming kingdom, if it bewilder by its greatness and its complexity, yet constitutes a challenge to all that is best and worthiest in your ecclesiastical and other institutions.

That you are not appalled by it is evident. That new problems, insistent as they undoubtedly are, have not blinded your eyes to others which are always present must be evident to all who have noticed your courageous efforts to extend your missionary enterprises to the farthest north, and the response you are making to calls from across the seas. It is evident that a great Christian communion drawing nourishment, as well as authority, from an historic ancestry, with its heart alive, and its eyes bright with the vision of a Divine Call, should be entrusted with a distinct contribution to the spiritual upbuilding of our Lord's Kingdom here and in the world. You have no need to pay too costly a sacrifice to ancient precedent, nor are you bound by traditions which have perhaps outlived their usefulness, and would, if too closely followed, paralyze your powers. Yours is a land of adventure no less in the religious than in other spheres. The pioneer is needed, and you must not expect him to reproduce on new soil the
methods which have served him and his fathers well enough on the old. Here in a new environment there may well be produced other and more luxuriant fruits of the ancient faith—fruits that long have waited for the hour and the conditions necessary to bring them to perfection.

It is being felt with increasing conviction that the Church in presenting the Gospel to men has not only much to give—that is a mere truism—but that each nation is more than a recipient. Each as its own characteristics, its own endowments, both mental and spiritual, and these react upon the Gospel message, and release varied gifts for the mutual enrichment of both giver and receiver. Doubtless this is especially true of nations possessing ancient civilizations and ancient faiths; but in a measure it is also true of new nations, or of those now in process of making, in lands newly peopled from every quarter of the globe.

The Christianity of Canada will be no "irreducible minimum" making few claims upon faith, but truly catholic and comprehensive, loving what is old and discerning what is true and permanent in the new; loyal alike to fundamentals which admit of no change, not because they are of ancient lineage, but because they are forever true, and also to the unfoldings of the ever active Divine Spirit who abides in the Church perpetually.

And yet the Kingdom of God cannot come into the new age unless we prepare the way for its approach. The period of transition through which this land, in common with other lands, is passing, does not at first sight present an inviting or even an encouraging opportunity. But, judging by the past, it is at such times that the Church comes into her own—when the powers of the world challenge her, when the evil spirits of unbelief are abroad, when the honour of her Master is at stake, then the purpose for which the Church exists receives its proper emphasis, and her latent powers are brought into active exercise.

The challenge of this hour has not remained unheard by those who are represented here today. The aftermath of the war is sad enough in all conscience, but we could not face it at all did we not know that at our disposal are all the forces our Incarnate Lord. A League of Nations may be instrumental in preserving the world's peace, and as such all true men will welcome it for themselves and for their country, but to restore the moral, spiritual and social, not to speak of the material ruin, far is more is needed. Spiritual forces have triumphed in spite of all the seeming contradictions; but as it has been truly pointed out, we need a "moral equivalent of war," calling out for the purposes of peace the capacity for sacrifice, the sense of brotherhood, the devotion to great causes which were so marked a feature of the years of struggle through which we have passed. And to us Christians the spiritual dynamic of the Lord Jesus, working in and through his Church, alone offers any hope.

Men by the tens of thousands, irrespective of class, or creed, or colour,
thought it well worth while to give up everything that makes life pleasant, home, friends, prospects, wives and children, to suffer, and if need be, to die that freedom and right might not perish from the earth. Our task now—yours and mine—is to persuade men there is a cause worth living for that will save them, and those who come after them, not only from the necessity of using force to prevent war, but also to secure the common rights of men.

Bishop Gore in his book, "Dominant Ideas and Corrective Principles," points out that "the Church in England, alive to the fact that it has failed in certain very important respects, finds evidence of the weakness of its witness in certain ideas now fermenting like leaven in the hearts of men, ideas which are Christian, but yet ideas which the Church had largely ignored. But it is not in England only that the Church must respect and do its first works. We, too, must think out again our whole creed, reading our Gospels and Epistles, and our prophets of the Old Testament afresh with painful care, till we see the whole scheme of Redemption and the whole idea of the Church again with fresh eyes, as presenting to men, grounded and safeguarded in Christ, exactly the counterpart of the ideas which are the watchwords and cries of the moment."

Standing by themselves these ideas cannot work out for any people their moral or social redemption; they do not even make for permanent progress if they remain only in the abstract. Hence the Church, in these days especially, realizes that it has been remiss not only in failing largely to insist upon the equal right of every person to the opportunities of the best life—corporate welfare as opposed to individual selfishness and self-aggrandisement; human brotherhood as against national ambition, but that these things are essentially part and parcel of the Gospel which the Church has been entrusted, amongst other gifts, to be dispensed among men. There is, therefore, no divorce between the Gospel of Redemption as applied to the souls of men and the Gospel of the body which is largely concerned with business life and human citizenship on its temporal side. The Church's stewardship deals with the whole of human life — and only in the fullest response to it can the Church hope to win the whole-hearted co-operation and adherence of the men of to-day, and so usher in the Kingdom.

Now is the Church's opportunity here in Canada, as in our motherland, to make good her claims. It would appear that the next ten years are to witness either the Church's greatest triumph or her most signal failure. We are come to the parting of the ways. If the Church has sufficient reserves of intellectual, moral and spiritual power the future of this land is secured. "The leprosy of Christianity is spreading," says a bitter heathen tongue, and there is truth in the saying despite the fact "that not only the Church but Christianity itself, and all supernatural religion, are called in question, or dismissed as not worth calling in question."
Miss J. Bradshaw, B.A.
Miss B. Echenberg, B.A.
"Some spirit is moving upon the face of the waters." There are signs abroad of portentous meaning. Whether they fill us with hope or despair—hope or despair. Shame or self-forgetting joy that in the dark hour of failure and unworthiness God is still wiser and stronger than his unprofitable servants. "For," as Neville Figgis has said, "never was the cause of righteousness less a lost cause than it is to-day. There may be and there is, I fear, apparent religious indifference, but there is also a dull uneasiness in countless individual souls which can no longer find rest in a material well-being, nor consolation in the absence of it."

Men really want to know the meaning of life, and they will receive with gladness news of a spiritual force which can evolve harmony and order from the mental and moral chaos in which they are struggling. I do not look for the dawn of any new religion to replace the old—to that we not unreasonably cling. Our conception of God and of his Christ must develop with the mental and moral growth of each succeeding generation—that is the inevitable. The accepted standards and ways of life of our modern world are, it is true, strangely at variance with our Lord's teaching, but that teaching is not impracticable. Perhaps it has been misunderstood, and perhaps it has been misapplied.

Let us grant it, and call men back to its reception in its entirety and its simplicity at whatever cost and at whatever sacrifice.

There is no other remedy for our ills; there is no other force that can bring unity into life, and solve the complexities which confront us in this new age. Christ's religion is one "for all times and lands, for all changes of society, for all forms of political life and directions of human activity; for the few and the many, for the strong and for the weak; because God, one God, made them all. Christ's religion has dealt with ages as dissimilar one from another as are the centuries from the first to the last of the modern world—with conditions as different as those obtaining before the war and those obtaining to-day. And in this long trial and testing it has not broken down. Over and over again a new world has come, and the gospel and church of Jesus Christ found a way to its ear and its heart. The spring of life is there."

And because it is, and because the church in Canada is in vital union with it and with its Lord, may it not be the honoured instrument for the setting up from east and west, from your southern border to the lonely north land, and from east to west of your wide Dominion, one strong, and in God's good time, one united church, witnessing to all within your borders for the honour and glory of Christ whose kingdom it shall be.

And beyond your borders, too; for we who perforce can make no great contribution, are builders with you of the kingdom that is to be. We are brothers in arms in the most daring, the most glorious enterprise ever committed to men.
Yours is the great army of advance—ours the isolated outpost, and it must needs be that our courage, hope, and power to "carry on" depends largely upon your progress in the great campaign. We shall be encouraged together with you by the mutual faith with which the love and mercy of our gracious Head endows us.

Convocation Week.

RETURNED men and other old students began dropping in even before examinations were over, and so became the objects of resentful admiration to the poor undergraduates still struggling to achieve distinction, or save their year, as the case might be. By Tuesday noon the influx became noticeable, and continued to be so until Convocation Day itself. Probably the attendance during the Great Week was larger even than in ante-bellum days, but it was more widely distributed, many coming for the Alumni meeting and banquet who could not prolong their stay, while others elected to share in the religious and academic ceremonies of Convocation Day.

It was unfortunate that culinary difficulties demanded the fixing of the Alumni proceedings so early in the week, for it caused this diffusion of attendance, which has already been alluded to, and tended from the point of view of numbers at least, to make our Soldier's Convocation less impressive than was intended.

It is curious how quickly the Lennoxville atmosphere rejuvenates the warworn veteran, the high ecclesiastic, the harassed business man. The tennis court was in constant requisition, and graduates of fifteen or twenty summers vied on equal terms with first and second year men in the pink of condition. The Divinity House (irreverently called "the Shed") filled to overflowing with grave and reverend seniors, laid aside its solemnity, its grim walls seeming almost to smile at the ponderous gambollings of middle-aged barristers and doctors of medicine. While it is unwise to credit every rumour, there is a well-attested story of a wrestling bout between a rural dean and a military chaplain—another story of a very exalted dignitary indeed who narrowly escaped "dumping." And the Warden "cared for none of these things."

The Alumni meeting was called for three p.m. on Tuesday, and in spite of the unusual hour, mustered a good attendance, while the session was protracted beyond the ordinary limits by matters of exceptional interest. The necessity of a progressive policy at this critical juncture was emphasized. An increase of the
teaching staff, the augmentation of the salaries of the present staff, a three years L. S. T. Course, the raising of the standard of matriculation, and the provision of adequate accommodation for lady students, were among the subjects which received earnest and careful consideration.

While the Alumni Association has no official authority, it possesses considerable influence, since it represents that body of public opinion which is nearest to and most vitally interested in the welfare of the College and University, viz., those who have passed through its several Faculties. How ought this influence to be exercised? In criticism of a purely negative sort, or in vigorous and sympathetic co-operation with the governing bodies of the institution? Criticism, even of a destructive kind, is sometimes useful, but constantly to indulge in it on none or on trivial grounds tends not only to injure the object of criticism, but also to the loss of prestige and influence on the part of those who criticize. We feel sure that the bulk of the members of the Alumni Association have no desire to sit in the seat of the scornful and to occupy the invidious position of fault-finders, but will be up and doing in these great and growing days. Indeed a fair proportion of the work done on Tuesday, the 17th of June, was of a constructive character, and for this we may thank God and take courage.

The Alumni Dinner, held on the same date at a late hour, was a conspicuous success. The fact that there was less formality than usual contributed to the result, and the happy arrival of Canon Scott "drifting out of nowhere into here," gave the needed glamour to an occasion in which the thought of those present were chiefly concerned with the war heroes of Alma Mater, living and gone. Doubtless the moment of highest interest and keenest emotion was reached when our Principal, the Rev. Dr. Parrock, read with deep feeling the Honour Roll of our illustrious dead and the silent toast was drunk to their memory.

Among the speeches those of the Principal, the Rev. A. H. Moore, Captain Laws and Mr. W. B. Scott will be recalled with special pleasure, while the short impromptu address of Canon Scott, full of that spiritual quality which made him so great an influence for good among the Canadians in Flanders and in France, was deeply appreciated by his fellow-graduates.

Dr. E. A. Robertson, the President of the Association, discharged the functions of toast-master most acceptably.

The College Council and the Board of Trustees sat separately on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning joined forces in that formidable and august body called Corporation, which shapes the policy of the College.
A business meeting of Convocation was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, when matters of a university character, as distinct from things collegiate, were discussed and acted upon.

Convocation Day opened with an early Celebration of the Holy Communion, followed by a Choral Celebration at eleven o'clock. The lovely chapel was filled with a reverent congregation, the summer sun shining through the stained glass windows, splashing with colour the High Altar, the silver vessels and the robes of the clergy.

The Lord Bishop of Montreal was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Principal Parrock, by whom the epistle was read, and the gospel by Rev. Canon Scott. The processional hymn was "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," which was rendered in an impressive manner, under the direction of Mr. Alfred E. Whitehead, of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, who presided at the organ, with the assistance of St. Peter's Church choir and several members of St. George's Church, Lennoxville.

The Communion service was Loveday in E flat, and the solos were taken by Mrs. Owen G. Lewis, Mr. Allan Carr and Mr. John Matthews. At the offertory the anthem was, "I Waited for the Lord" (Mendelssohn,) and the soloists were Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Frank Baker. The University Sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. W. C. White, D.C.L., Bishop of Newfoundland, who is a clear, forcible and eloquent speaker, and was heard with deep attention.

He referred to the rise and growth of his own diocese, and of its former comparative isolation. That is now changed, he said, and the island is fully in touch with the Dominion of Canada, in religious life as in all other respects, and is cheered and encouraged by its example.

The changed conditions of life were touched upon, the influence of immigration, the vast horde of foreigners which has for years poured into America, but the vanguard of many more; the terrible unrest prevailing, the indifference to spiritual things, and the problems presented with which the Christian church must deal. The aftermath of the war was so heavy that the preacher said we could not face it but for faith in God. To-day is the church's opportunity. She stands at the parting of the ways, and on the course she takes must depend her triumph or her failure. The gospel of Jesus Christ, he believed and all Christians must believe, was the only solution for all difficulties, all perplexities, all questions; the only cure for all the sorrows and ills of the world, and that gospel of unselfish sacrifice and brotherhood must be shown to the world by Christ's Church.

The recessional hymn was "For all the Saints," Rev. Dr. Abbott-Smyth acting as chaplain to the Bishop of Montreal, and carrying the pastoral staff.
Miss M. Cox, B.A.
Among the clergy who participated in the service were Very Rev. Dean Shreve, Rev. F. G. Vial, Rev. H. C. Burt, Rev. Phillip Callis, Levis, Rev. E. B. Husband, Rev. H. S. Laws and Rev. O. G. Lewis.

Luncheon was served in the college dining-hall to some two hundred guests, the long tables with the table of honour at the upper end, being decorated with the college colours, purple and white, the tall irises being very effective. The menu and service were both admirable and fully up to the hospitable standard maintained for many years by Bishop's College.

With the note of ceremony all but drowned by the predominant spirit of youthful exuberance, the annual Convocation of the University of Bishop's College took place in the afternoon, and while distinguished visitors mingled tolerant words of wisdom with the songs and shouts of undergraduates, the various degrees were conferred and prizes presented.

Aside from the presentation of the degree of D.C.L. to three distinguished guests of the College, the matter of most importance was the announcement of the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Parrock, for some time Principal of the University, whose withdrawal was accepted with expressions of regret and recognition of many valuable services. No successor has been appointed, but Dame Rumour is already busy with the names of men of scholarly attainments and of brilliant war records.

The honour list included representatives of ecclesiastical, the military and the political spheres, degrees being conferred upon the Right Rev. W. C. White, D.D., Lord Bishop of Newfoundland, Major-General Sir H. E. Burstall, K.C.B., K.C. M.G., and Hon. Walter G. Mitchell, B.C.L., K.C., Provincial Treasurer; while on the platform were Dr. John Hamilton, the Chancellor, who conferred the degrees, assisted by the Rev. Principal Parrock, as well as Lieut.-Col. the Rev. Canon Scott, Mr. James Mackinnon, Archdeacon Balfour, Dean Shreve, Rev. Dr. Allnatt, Rev. Mr. Burt, and Professors Call, Vial, Richardson, Boothroyd and Abbott-Smith.

The Chancellor's address was followed by the report of Principal Parrock and the presentation of prizes, after which the valedictory address was read by Mr. F. R. Scott.

Chancellor Hamilton's address eloquently dealt with the events of the past year, and looked to the problems of the future, with keen insight into present conditions. "Our first duty, and privilege, and pleasure to-day," he said, "must be to extend the very heartiest 'welcome home' we are capable of to our Alumni and to all in any way connected with the University who, in God's providence, have helped to save the world and civilization from the most awful menace known or dreamt of in history, and have returned.
"We are very proud of them, and deeply grateful; but we cannot adequately measure the immensity of the debt we owe to them, nor begin to imagine the horrors of the sights, and sounds, and sufferings they have endured for us and ours. Only this do we know—pray God we may never forget it!—they willingly offered their lives for God and the Right, and for such choice offering we can never repay them.

"And those others!—

"Salute the Sacred Dead!
Who went and who return not—Say not so!
We rather seem the dead who stayed behind.
Blow trumpets, all your exaltations blow;
For never shall their aureoled presence lack—
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation."

"Our own sacred dead! Our own men! Our own sons! In spirit, at least, they heard those grand inspiring words of our old church services: "'Arm yourselves, and be ye men of valour and be in readiness for the conflict; for it is better for us to perish in battle than to look upon the outrage of a nation and our altars. As the will of God is in heaven, even so let Him do.'

"And now that they have fought, and conquered valiantly, what better can we do, what more can we say, than repeat for them those glorious words of the same services?

"Holy is the true light, and passing wonderful, lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of conflict: from Christ they inherit a home of unfading splendour, wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore.

"What the aftermath of this terrible convulsion of war will prove to be in its ultimate effects upon the world at large, and upon such institutions as this University in particular, it is impossible to foresee; we cannot even appreciate its immediate and present effects. One thing is sure: they will be very real and very bewildering, both in an active and passive sense, and it behooves us to be prepared to meet them in manly fashion and with trustful confidence.

"The so-called industrial unrest with which the world is seething at the present time will not confine itself to industries; it will, as it is now, react upon upon every member of the body politic. Whether its genesis exist in some airborne virus, or simply in opportunity offered by the unbalancing for a time of the forces of nature, the danger it presents to the world is very great and very real. If I were to attempt to diagnose its origin, I should say its root will be found in the natural law of selfishness—not in any one class, high or low, not in..."
capital nor in labor, not even in profiteering nor in idleness, but deep in the hearts of men generally. It is the natural law of the jungle, of prehistoric man, of the Stone Age and the Iron Age; of a large part of the civilization of Europe in the year of grace 1914.

"And if men wilfully blind their eyes to the splendour of the Golden Rule, the antidote to this natural law will probably be found to exist in other natural laws: the law of the survival of the fittest, the law of supply and demand, perhaps not less cruel and soulless, but potent and far-reaching in effect.

"What is it, it may be asked, that at this present time gives to this natural law of selfishness its baneful and all-pervading power? Is it not the prostitution of the great, the divine gift of leadership?

"Could anything be much more cruel than the present position of that class of society who, before the war, were living on fixed incomes, small perhaps, yet adequate to support them and their families in comparative comfort, and are now being ground between the upper and nether millstones of Capital and Labour, almost starved by the daily increasing cost of living, with not even a voice to protest against their unhappy fate?

"To believe that the great bulk of civilized mankind would, if left to themselves, cheerfully embrace the dictates of either the profiteer or the demagogue is unthinkable. But the specious appeals of clever and designing leaders often succeed in binding men in an unholy alliance, and then those leaders know well how to use the power and weight of numbers to attain ends from which the individuals would shrink in horror.

"I am no worshipper at the shrine of democracy, but we have created democracy and, beyond peradventure, our creation—even if it prove a Frankenstein—is going to abide with us. Then, shall we not be wise to see to it that for every existing democracy there shall be provided an aristocracy of leadership?

"And herein shall we not recognize a special call to this and similar institutions of higher education. Elementary education, technical education, the education that is necessary to fit the average man or woman to take his or her place in the world, is in this province open to all at negligible cost. Whether it is feasible, and, if feasible, whether it is altogether desirable that the numbers of those who seek to tread the higher paths of knowledge should be largely increased is a moot point; but for those who aspire to be leaders of men in future years no education can be too good or too broad for their equipment.

"May I indicate just two professions where it seems to me at the present time the gifts of highly educated leadership are specially needed and should be of the highest value: the teaching profession, and journalism. I offer no criticism of our public school system in this province, nor of the competent body of teachers who are earnestly striving to make that system effective. But when we con-
consider the surpassing opportunities which the teacher has in his possession for the moulding of character at a most critical age, and for the inculcation of high ideals as guides and governing factors in after-school life, we surely must recognize the claim of the profession to be recruited from the highest grades of educated men and women that we produce. For my part I should rejoice to see a larger number of University graduates enlist in the profession, and especially graduates of our own University. But are the people of the province prepared to produce the reasonable recompense in the way of stipends to which they are or would be entitled?

"And as regards journalism, with its ever-developing power of influencing, for good or evil, the masses of the people: is there not a call for leadership by the most highly educated men that our Universities can produce? Canada has reason to be proud of the influential position occupied by many of its more important journals; but if we consider the numbers that are now being published throughout the land, together with the unique educational power they wield, or might wield, surely there is a direct call being sounded for an increased number of highly educated writers whose moral influence and force would be of the greatest value to the newspaper-reading public, in other words, to the nation at large? Are we represented in this field as largely as we might be? I commend the consideration of the question to our graduates and younger members of both sexes."

In his report, Principal Parrock reviewed in detail the year's work of the college. Among the subjects dealt with was the necessity of the endowment of a chair of natural science, and the salary question. He also referred to the beginning of the year with a very small number of pupils, due to the Military Service Act, and the gradual return of former students of the college.

"Our roll of service in the Great War," he said, contains at least 117 names, of whom twenty-four have made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of freedom and righteousness. Now that the cause for which they have died has been brought to a successful issue, a permanent memorial to those heroes should be placed in the College Chapel, and I suggest that an entrance arch, suitably inscribed, might be erected at the entrance of the college grounds."

The garden party, after the close of Convocation, was the most successful of recent years, the guests leaving the crowded hall for the broad green lawn with a sense of the relief afforded by the shade of the tall trees and the cool breezes, not to speak of the refreshments of tea and ices temptingly set forth and served.

Mrs. Parrock, wife of the Principal, received very cordially and there was much meeting and greeting of friends.
Among those present were the Rt. Rev. W. C. White, Rt. Rev. John Farthing, Rev. Canon Scott, Very Rev. Dean Shreve, Major-General Burstall, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Hon. Walter Mitchell, Rev. Principal Parrock, Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Vial, Rev. and Mrs. H. Reginald Bigg, Rev. H. S. Laws, Mrs. Laws, Mr. L. Lewis, Montreal; Rev. Anthony Grant and Mrs. Grant, Montreal; Mr. William Morris, K.C., and Mrs. Morris, Rev. Canon Allnatt, Miss Gill, Mrs. Leuke, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Molina, Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. T. Taylor, New York, Mr. and Mrs. James MacKinnon, Capt. C. G. MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. David Wilson, Lieut. James Wilson, Mr. Kenneth and Miss Alice Wilson, Rev. T. P. Perry and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Norcross, Mrs. McKindsey, Mr. Arthur Speid, Mr. H. O. Hodder, Mr. Selt, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. MacConnell, Dr. Winder, Rev. Agard Butler, Mrs. Butler, Mr. Aylmer Morris, Miss Monica Morris, Mr. H. A. C. Scarth and Mrs. Scarth of Magog, Mr. and Mrs. David Johnston of Waterville, Mrs. Clarence White, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. McCurdy, Mrs. H. Bartlett, Mrs. Bartlett, Jr., Miss Gladys Hale, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bowen, Mrs. May, Miss Olive Lusk, Miss Vera Phin, Mrs. Echenberg, Miss Echenberg, Misses Perry, Bayne and Parrock, Mrs. J. A. Wiggett, Rev. R. W. E. Wright and Mrs. Wright, Rev. G. H. Parker, Miss Parker, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Robert Wyatt, Prof. F. O. Call, Capt. J. C. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Tyson-Williams, Mr. Robert Hamilton of Quebec, Dr. Abbott-Smyth, Rev. O. G. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Winder, Mrs. Rawson and many others.

One of the old-time "before the war" dances was given in the Gymnasium of Bishop's College on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Tennis Club. The hall looked bright and gay with its festooned decorations of purple and white the college colours, and delightful music was furnished by LeBaron's orchestra, which never played with more spirit.

Some two hundred young people from Montreal, Quebec and various places in the Townships danced until nearly dawn, with great enjoyment.

The patrcnesses were Mesdames Parrock, Vial, Richardson, Boothroyd, Burt and Miss Gill. Refreshments were served at midnight. Mr. N. Fish and a corps of assistants carried out all the arrangements perfectly.

The Valedictory by F. R. Scott, B.A.

Mr. Chancellor, My Lords, Mr. Principal, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Before I start my valedictory to-day, I should like to extend, on behalf of the graduating year, a hearty welcome to all the members of the University who
have recently returned from overseas. These men, after an absence in many cases of three and four years, may now return to their Alma Mater with the conviction that have faithfully upheld the traditions of the College. By their willing sacrifices they have rendered a great service, not only to the University, to Canada and to the Empire, but also to humanity at large.

On looking back over the history of the past year, the event which stands out pre-eminently as the central feature is undoubtedly the signing of the armistice. It is difficult as yet to grasp the full significance of that occurrence, but of this we may be sure. It marks a turning point in the history of the world; it marks a turning point in the history of each nation; and if education is to be the guiding principle of the future, the armistice must mark a turning point in the history of each University. Bishop's, like all other Universities, stands at the parting of the ways. Her future depends upon the policy adopted in the next few years. Inertia and indifference will spell inevitable failure; success can only be obtained by energy and co-operation on the part of the governing bodies.

Many problems are now facing the University. But it seems that two are of special importance and require immediate attention. The first of these is the problem of increasing the number of resident men. The present numbers are exceedingly small, due largely, we are proud to say, to the effects of the war. But now that peace is at hand, and this difficulty has been removed, there is no reason why the College should not aim at filling all its buildings to overflowing. If the numerous advantages which the College has to offer were but made more widely known to the public the end could be attained within four or five years.

The other great problem facing us is the question of a residence for the lady students. A University training does not consist merely in attending a course of lectures and in the passing of a few examinations. The social life and the wider outlook gained by association with people of various opinions are of equal importance with the scholastic work. And the social part of a college education can only be attained by residential life. For this reason it is necessary that our lady students, most of whom are destined to exert a wide influence in the capacity of school teachers, should be able to obtain at Bishop's these two branches of university training.

We are glad that the Corporation last year adopted the new regulations for the M.A. course, which will greatly increase the value of that degree. An important change has also been made in connection with the Preparatory Year, by which no student is allowed to enter for matriculation unless he has reached a certain stage in his preliminary training. Both these measures tend to keep up a high educational standard in the College.

Although there have been fewer men in residence this year than for many years past, practically all the societies and clubs have been kept going. Even in
the realm of sport, where the effect of the war was felt most heavily, the College has maintained its usual high reputation. The fact that it was possible to carry on these activities at all is due to the individual efforts of the students and the kindly co-operation of the Faculty.

Those of us who are leaving the College to-day do so with mingled feelings. We are sorry to feel that our days at Bishop's are over, that no longer will we form a part of her student body. But we are proud of the training and education that have been given us during our short stay here, and we feel confident the University will make the most of the opportunities now before her; that she will enter upon a new era of progress and activity. I said before that the armistice placed the College at the parting of the ways. But it does far more than this. It lays an additional burden of responsibility on the University. It puts an entirely new aim before all her educational work. Bishop's has always been a centre of scholastic education. Bishop's has always aroused in her students a patriotic love for their nation and empire. But now there is a higher duty for her to discharge: she must instil into those who study within her walls that love of humanity as a whole, that feeling of the brotherhood of man—that universal spirit which alone can make the League of Nations possible.
Academic life is popularly supposed to be calm and uneventful. Whether that is its normal state or not, it certainly has its moments of swift and rapid change. When the resignation of our Principal, the Reverend Doctor Parrock, was tendered with such firmly expressed resolution during Convocation Week, it left many of us stunned and amazed. The shock of it has not yet passed away. For many years Dr. Parrock has contributed so much to the life and atmosphere of the College; his charming wife and family have so enriched our small
academic society that their withdrawal will leave us with a keen sense of bereavement which will not easily be removed.

The Reverend Richard Arthur Parrock, M.A. (Cantab.), LL.D. (U.N.B.), D.C.L. (Lennoxville), was born at Shrewsbury, England, A.D. 1869, and educated at the famous Shrewsbury School, whence so many distinguished scholars have issued, among whom the subject of this notice ranks very high. Afterwards he proceeded to Cambridge and entered Pembroke College, where he became Senior Classical Scholar. It would take too long to detail his scholastic honours—suffice to say he was a "Double Honour Man" (First Class Classical, Second Class Theological, Tripos); B.A. 1891. On leaving the University in 1893, he was ordained deacon and came out to Canada as Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Quebec, priested in 1894, and appointed to the Chair of Classics in the University of Bishop's College 1895. In 1897 he married Annie Louisa, younger daughter of Dr. C. S. Parke, a well known and much loved physician of Quebec city, and has issue, three daughters.

For twelve years he filled the position of Classical Professor with conspicuous success, and several generations of students remember with gratitude his fine scholarship and his sympathetic guidance of their work. In the year 1907 he was elevated to the Principalship amidst the congratulations of many friends, and the loudly expressed enthusiasm of undergraduates. His tenure of this high and responsible office was marked by the careful discharge of administrative duties, while his relations with the members of the Faculty were always of the mostly friendly nature. It was difficult to find his equal as Chairman of Council, or of the various Collegiate Committees, where his clarity of mind, capacity for lucid exposition and mastery of detail were displayed to the admiration of his colleagues. Moreover his public appearances at Convocation, at meetings of the Provincial Education Board, or at assemblies of all the Universities of the Empire reflected credit both upon himself and upon the University he so ably represented on such occasions. His readiness of speech, the beauty of his diction, the delicacy of his touch, the subtlety of his wit won for him an enviable position among those whom audiences like to hear. Indeed, the writer knows of no one in a fairly large acquaintance who can deliver an impromptu speech with the same effectiveness and charm as he who but lately presided over the destinies of our University.

Dr. Parrock's services to the University, and to the cause of education generally, are not yet sufficiently recognized and appreciated as they ought.

Among other features of his rule, the steady improvement and development of the series of lectures on the Art of Teaching, the course of Extension Lectures given in Sherbrooke every Lent term, and the Public Lectures delivered in the College Library are some of the more palpable fruits of his Principalship; nor
should the growing influence of Bishop's College upon the Provincial Board of Education pass unnoted, and this tendency was in a very large measure the result of Dr. Parrock's conspicuous ability and tact. However, Suum cuique decurcus posteritas rependit.

The Mitre bids farewell to the Reverend Dr. Parrock with deep regret that circumstances have brought about the severance of a relationship which has extended over twelve years, and expresses its earnest hope that the future will reveal to him a field of service where the exercise of his brilliant gifts will bring their rich and full reward. To us it is a matter of rejoicing that Dr. Parrock, though he has felt the necessity of resigning the Principalship, has yet consented to retain the office of Vice-Chancellor at least for the period of his election.

It may perhaps be permitted to us at this juncture to convey to Mrs. Parrock our thanks for many kindnesses received, and to express our hope that in new surroundings she may recover that health and strength, the absence of which has never prevented her from filling with sweetness and charm the difficult role of hostess at the Lodge.

Thankful Recognition.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to each one of our returned men by the Student Association:

Dear Sir: We have been authorized on behalf of the Student's Association of Bishop's College to extend to you its hearty welcome home.

This body places on record its appreciation of your whole-hearted service in the cause of Justice and the honour of your Alma Mater.

Your name with those of other associates of the College (many of whom have paid the supreme sacrifice) co-patriots with you in the conflict, will on our "Honour Roll," remain a lasting memorial to the future generations of students.

These names will stand as a lasting witness to the public generally of the University's response to the call, and her great part in the war through you her representatives.

We are, yours sincerely,

R. Heron,
H. O. Hodder,
W. W. Smith,

Committee.
A Farewell.

Shortly after Convocation the members of the Faculty of Bishop's College presented Dr. Parrock with the following address, which was accompanied by a small but tangible token of high regard:

University of Bishop's College,
June 23rd, 1919.

Rev. R. A. Parrock, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.

We, the undersigned members of the College Faculty, request you to accept this small token of our deep regret at the severance of the official bond which has united us for so many years; of our appreciation of the cordial relations which you, as Principal, established with your staff, making the College Faculty one united family during the twelve years of your Principalship; and of our gratitude for the innumerable acts of kindness, both official and personal, for which we are indebted to you.

May it also serve to express our admiration for those high qualities and great accomplishments which have been so clearly revealed to us during the years of our close association, and our earnest hope that in whatever sphere of action you may employ them in the future, they may meet with that full measure of appreciation and success which is their due.

Signed. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L.,
Vice-Principal and Dean of the Faculty of Divinity.
E. E. Boothroyd, M.A.,
Professor of History.
Frank G. Vial, M.A., B.D.,
Professor of Pastoral Theology and Warden of the Divinity House.
H. C. Burt, M.A.,
Professor of Philosophy.
F. O. Call, M.A.,
Professor of Modern Languages.
A. V. Richardson,
Professor of Mathematics.
J. C. Stewart,
Registrar and Bursar.

A deputation of the ladies of the College also accompanied the members of the Faculty and presented Mrs. Parrock with a token of their esteem and affection.
In Memoriam.

J. S. Brown        F. G. Mitchell
W. S. H. Bernard   F. A. McCrum
F. Crawford        J. C. Porter
H. H. Dunning      C. A. Pope
T. Eustace         L. A. Robertson
E. H. Ireland      F. K. Robinson
W. H. Ladd         E. H. Scott
J. A. Lobban       G. E. Wilkinson
H. E. Miller       A. P. Williams
I. M. Williams     C. K. Murray
C. W. Mitchell     R. Lemieux
G. J. Belford      W. Ward

Dulce et decorum est pra patria mori.
Decorations.

**C. M. G.**

- Rev. Canon F. G. Scott
- Rev. J. McP. Almond
- Lt.-Col. E. B. Worthington

**Commander of the Order of the British Empire**

- Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

**D. S. O.**

- Rev. Canon F. G. Scott

**Military Cross**

*F. H. Mitchell (died a prisoner of war.)*

- Capt. J. C. Stewart
- Capt. A. C. M. Thomson
- Rev. C. G. Hepburn
- Lieut. W. G. Hamilton
- Rev. F. G. Sherring
- Capt. James MacGregor
- Lieut. H. F. Cocks

**D. C. M.**

*Corpl. L. A. Robertson, (killed in action.)*

**Legion of Honour.**

- Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock

**Croix de Guerre.**

- Capt. A. Joly de Lotbiniere
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" O. G. Lewis

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Lt.-Col. H. W. Blaylock
Dr. W. L. M. Carter
Corpl. T. V. L'Estrange

Dr. Mc. D Ford
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Pte. T. C. Travers
Nurse E. M. Fothergill

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Lt. M. H. Wells, Art.
Lt. R. Waterman, Art.
Driver J. K. Lowry, Art.
Driver J. H. Channonhouse, Art
Gunner D. B. Foss, Art.
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Cadet D. C. Abbott, R.A.F.
Gunner W. R. Baker, Art
Gunner A. P. Butler, Art
Signaller E. Doyle, Art
Lt. W. W. Alward, Art
E. Almond, Art.
C. Sowerbutts, Art.
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