

# THE MITRE.

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VOLUME XXVII.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 2.

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LENT NUMBER, 1920.

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## The Old Gods.

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**O**LD gods are dead ; their broken shrines are lying,  
    Profound with blood and trampled to the ground ;  
I see lost beauty with each sunset dying,  
I hear lost music in each echoing sound.  
Old gods are dead ; triumphant starts the scoffer  
Beside old altars where our offerings lay.  
False gods perhaps ; but what have you to offer  
Who batter down old temples in a day ?  
Old gods are dead ; but still the sunset lingers  
The moonlight still its store of treasure yields,  
Dawn touches darkness with its magic fingers,  
And bluebirds wing their flight across green fields.  
    The sea-tides ebb and flow, stars shine above,  
    And human hearts still long for human love.      F.O.C.

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## Omnipresence.

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**W**HAT are the great pine boughs  
    That stretch over me so lovingly  
Shielding me from the heat ?  
They are the sheltering arms of God,  
Visible  
Against white drifting clouds.  
  
And the trailing white clouds,—  
What are they ?  
They are the tattered, worn-out clothes,  
Bordered with broken pearls,  
Cast off by the angels and arch-angels,  
And by God himself.      F.O.C.

## Table Talk of the Shades.

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I HAVE always been interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Before the days of the redoubtable Ben Austin, I had juggled with the automatic slate, and had marvelled at the antics of the magnetized table. Possibly hereditary influences were at once. My grandmother claimed, in a strictly amateurish way, clairvoyant powers. Often have I listened with bated breath to her dramatic account of the vision she had one night of her brother lying dead in Texas, more than two thousand miles away, to her narrating the same to the jovially incredulous family at breakfast, and of the fatal telegram arriving in due course in the afternoon of the same day!

I am an old bachelor, that is, an unmarried male person, on whom the ravages of Time are becoming uncomfortably apparent. And yet, once, many years ago, I had hopes—. You see, I had the good fortune to meet a kindred spirit, a young lady of excellent parts, who among many other accomplishments, could number the unusual one of "Table-rapping." As I was very young, and she very charming, the table was kept reasonably busy. The habit, once formed, was hard to break. The young lady, alas! has gone the predestined way of the charming when they meet the eligible; for me remain the consolations of the Table. Albeit I have now come to years—well, let me say, of discretion, I still find solid satisfaction in consulting my old-time friend. Plain, unvarnished, shaking on its legs, it is by my side, faithful, unassuming, never breaking in uninvited upon my learned repose, but instantly responsive to my slightest call.

Strange, is it not? what strange friendships we can form with objects commonly classified as inanimate. By the way, IS anything inanimate? That is a question we must not stop to discuss just now. At any rate, the Table and I were perfectly "en rapport."

For many years my reading has been mainly philosophical. The "Dialectic" of Socrates, the encyclopædic labors of Aristotle, the subtle sophistries of the "Schoolmen," the critical and positivist teachings of Kant and the Moderns, all alike claimed my interest, even when I realized I could not fully comprehend them. Indeed, I am prepared to say that the chief fascination in Philosophy lies in the fact that you know you can never completely understand, never actually attain your goal. Socrates firmly believed, as he states in his "Apology," that he would go on philosophizing after death, that part of the joy of the future life would consist in never-ceasing increase in knowledge, and yet in never-ending mystery! He realized that if nothing were to remain undiscovered, if noth-

ing were left for us to wonder at, Philosophy would lose its "raison d'etre," for, as he expresses it, "Iris is the mother of knowledge."

Consulting some of the late Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research, in which, naturally enough, I am deeply interested, I saw the claim made that information of the highest historical and antiquarian importance has recently been supplied through a "medium" by an erstwhile monk of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury.

This report gave me furiously to think. The suggested idea made an irresistible appeal to my imagination.

"Why not?" I mused. "Spiritualists maintain table-rapping to be a means of intercourse between the two worlds. They also maintain that the "departed" have knowledge of what is transpiring here below. Why should not I make a supreme appeal to my little inanimate "friend" to aid me in getting in touch with some of the great minds of past ages, and see how they regard events and tendencies in these garish modern days!"

So, on returning to my bachelor quarters, I filled my pipe with my special brand of "Turkish," and leaned back in my most comfortable arm-chair to meditate. Everything was conducive to repose and I dozed off. I awoke to hear myself saying: "By Jove! I'm going to have a shot at Socrates!"

Not that I meant to do detriment to his illustrious "shade," but to consult him through my Table.

It was a slow and tedious process. For the first time in many moons the Table refused to respond to my blandishments.

"I want Socrates, give me Socrates," I repeated.

"No," it replied.

"You mean to say you won't get him for me!"

"No."

"Then, you can't; is that it?"

"Yes."

"Do your best, have another try?"

The Table signified acquiescence, and for more than half an hour we sat in unbroken silence. At last came three hesitating knocks! In a voice that I vainly sought to steady, I demanded:

"Is that Socrates?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

Slowly the Table rapped out the reply, "I am his Daimon!"

I was thunderstruck. Could it be possible? Spiritualists maintain that an

intermediary spirit, which they term a "control" is often essential to really effective communication. Was this actually Socrates' "control?" Was it not far more likely to be an illusion of my excited brain?

"I suppose I shall have to cut out the Turkish," I reflected regretfully; "but, illusion or not, this is well worth while!" So I enquired:

"Is Socrates aware that you are speaking to me?"

"Yes."

"Is he willing to answer my question? Of course," I added apologetically, "they will seem very trivial to him."

"Nothing that is is trivial."

"What does that mean?"

"There is nothing small and nothing great in the absolute. It is a mere matter of relations."

"How so?" I ask.

"The world is great when compared with an ant-hill, but an ant-hill when compared with the universe."

"I should like to know first of all," I went on, "how a very ordinary table like this can become a means by which I can commune with so exalted a dweller in the Spirit-world."

"Socrates does not know, he only knows that yours is a very wonderful table," was the reply.

"Then there are things still hidden from him!" I exclaimed.

"Assuredly," answered the Daimon.

"And yet, he can really take cognizance of things transpiring in the world to-day?"

"He is greatly interested."

"Academically, I presume."

"In both ways!" he rejoined.

"How so?" I demanded.

"Socrates is interested also as a man is when on a day of storm one steals his cloak."

"Ah, I see what you mean," I reply. "The Sage is not merely interested in happenings here from the viewpoint of pure knowledge, but also feels himself in some mysterious way vitally concerned. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"But how can he, a dweller in the Elysian Fields, be so affected?"

"He answers that what is good for the hive is good for the bee."

By this, I imagine, Socrates would teach that Cosmos being a unity made up of an infinity of individual things and beings, the well-doing or the ill-doing of the individual must re-act upon the whole.

I sat for a few moments thinking what I should ask him next, but was roused to action by uneasy actions of the Table, indicating that the control was about to pass away. So I enquired in haste :

“Can Socrates see the state of the world to-day, the aftermath of the Great War, the almost undiminished racial jealousies and antipathies, the social and economic injustices and falsehoods, the deadly class struggles ?

Yes.”

“One more question—just one ! What is the cause of it all, the meaning of it all ?”

Faintly, but unmistakably, the Table tapped out the reply, “It is that your torn and bleeding world has not even yet repudiated the hideous fallacy of Thrasymachus, that justice is——”

At this point the control passed, and I went over to the revolving book-case and took therefrom my well-worn copy of “The Republic.”

As I sat there reading and musing in my comfortable arm-chair, I could not but note how very little our thought had advanced in fundamentals in the past twenty-three centuries ! Some one has said that human nature is like an iron ring ; you can bend it and twist it, but it remains very nearly the same circumference. Their name is legion who, in spite of Christian teaching, practically adopt the definition of Polemarchus : “Justice is the art of doing good to friends and evil to enemies.”

To this Socrates replied, “Can the good harm any one ?”

“Impossible !”

“And a just man is a good man ?”

“Certainly.”

“Then to injure a friend or anyone else is not the act of a good man, but the reverse—an unjust man.

In this conclusion we find justification of the modern idea of dealing with crime from the remedial, rather than the punitive, point of view : that would make the prison a reform school, a seat of salutary, compulsory education, instead of a den of torture, an agency to uplift instead of to be crushed.

But a worse fallacy by far was that of the blustering bullying Thrasymachus.

“Listen,” shouted he, “I maintain that Justice is nothing more nor less than the INTEREST OF THE STRONGER !”

In the discussion that follows this rash statement, Socrates forces the Sophist to admit that injustice, on that premiss, must be good, and justice evil ; injustice profitable, justice the reverse !

"Would you call Justice 'vice,' then ?" asked Socrates.

"Hardly, I should prefer to call it 'sublime simplicity.'"

"You will surely admit that the gods are just ?" persisted the Sage.

"Certainly."

"If so the unjust will be the enemy of the gods, and the just will be their friends."

"Quite so."

"It follows that justice is an excellence, and injustice a defect of the soul, is it not so ?"

"Admitted."

"Then the just soul and the just man will live well, and the unjust the reverse. But he who lives well is blessed and happy, and he who lives ill miserable ; and happiness, not misery, is profitable."

"Of course."

"Then, my good Thrasymachus, injustice can never be more profitable than justice."

On the departure of the crest-fallen Sophist, the youthful enthusiasts, Glaucon and Adeimantus, resume the discussion ; the latter quotes from Hesiod's "Works and Days :—" "Vice may be had in abundance without trouble ; the way is smooth, and her dwelling-place is near ; but before Virtue the Gods have set toil."

Following which comes the beautiful Pindaric proverb :—"Can I by Justice, or by crooked ways of deceit ascend the loftier tower, which may be a fortress to me all my days ?"

As I return my "Republic" to its place on the shelf, I realized why the Daemon had recalled that monstrous fallacy. For the phrase favoured by Thrasymachus, "the interest of the stronger," contains precisely the same underlying idea as Darwin's "Survival of the Fittest," or Nietzsche's "Blond Beast Triumphant." Ancient Sophist and Modern Materialist alike adopt the Philosophy of the Jungle. The late war is only one aspect of it ; the callousness of the big business, the wily arts of the grab-all profiteer, with his worthy motto, "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," are another.

Unerringly did Socrates lay his finger on the sore spot of our so called Christian civilization. "Here," he seems to say, "is the secret poison-spring of the world's agony and woe !"

B.H.C.

## Alumni Notes.

Still does Cupid carry on his inroads into the ranks of the Alumni. Once more it is our duty to record the departure of an esteemed member of our brotherhood from the life of single blessedness to that of holy matrimony.

Mr. N. D. A. McLeod '15 and Miss B. Farwell, both of Lennoxville, were married on Wednesday, February 11th, and started on a few days' visit at Stanstead. At about the end of February Mr. and Mrs. McLeod started out for their ranch at Lacombe, near Edmonton, Alberta. The Alumni join in wishing them all happiness.

News has reached us of the engagement of Rev. O. L. Jull, L.S.T. '14, assistant rector of Port Arthur, to Miss Nellie Fisher, of Sault. Ste. Marie. Congratulations Owen. We were expecting to hear that soon.

Rev. A. H. Moore, of St. John's, Quebec, visited us early in February, but remained a very short time only. He was at that time engaged in giving lectures in various parishes on the A. F. M. Mr. Moore was one of the original organizers of the Mitre and its first Business Manager.

The Mitre is in receipt of a letter from Rev. H. H. Corey '06, who was formerly at the mission of St. Clement, Labrador, but is now on the staff of the Canadian M.S.C.C., Diocese of Mid-Japan. His address is, care of Rt. Rev. H. J. Hamilton, D.D., 43 Higashi Kataha, Nagoya, Japan. He wishes to be remembered to all the "brethren" and expresses his willingness to answer all letters from old friends sent to the above address.

Mr. H. V. Routh, M.A., lecturer in Modern Languages and Literature at Bishop's from 1903-1905, has been appointed to a University readership in English Literature at London University, tenable for five years. Mr. Routh enlisted as a gunner in 1914 and was discharged in 1918 as a captain.

Mr. R. J. Meekren paid us one of his flying visits early in February, and we managed to protract his stay to the length of three days. We are pleased to see that Mr. Meekren is evidently enjoying much better health, although far from being his old robust self.

Mr. F. R. Scott '19 spent a few days with us before Lent, and although his visit had a certain element of business attached to it, yet he was able to take full advantage of several social functions which happened while he was here. At present he is employed in Quebec and intends to keep up the good work until sailing for England in September.

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Mr. Elton Scott, B.A. '16, is at present at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he is taking Theological Honours. Mr. Scott was chosen by Bishop's as her Rhodes Scholar in 1917, but owing to his being on active service, was unable to commence his new studies till last fall.

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We notice by the report of the last Ottawa Diocesan Synod that Rev. M. O. Carson, M.A., has been appointed Archdeacon of the Eastern part of that Diocese. Mr. Carson is living at Morrisburg, Ontario.

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Included in the latest post-war awards were included the following names : Col. Rev. Canon J. M. Almond, Commander of the Order of the British Empire ; Col. H. W. Blaylock, C.B.E., Order of St. Sava, Serbia, 4th Class.

We wish to extend our congratulations to the recipients.

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Dr. F. R. Dickson, B.A. '14, is now practising at Kinnears Mills, Que. When last heard of he was making gigantic preparations for the reception of flu.

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Rev. C. C. Phillips, of Metcalfe, Ont., has been very sick since the last issue of the Mitre, but is now strong again and working hard.

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Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, M.A., B.D., Priest-Vicar of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, has been appointed rector of St. Peter's Church, Brockville, to replace Canon H. H. Bedford-Jones, our new Principal.

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It is to be regretted that so few of the Alumni recognize the purpose of the Alumni column in a University magazine and utilize it as they should. Is it not acknowledged that a University magazine is intended primarily to keep her Alumni in touch with their Alma Mater and with each other? Who then is to blame if the magazine does not altogether fulfill its most important mission? Is it the editor or any member of his staff? It is not. Speaking from our own experience, it is almost impossible to find out news of any of the Alumni, except of

those whom we have known personally and with whom we have kept in touch ourselves. Therefore whose fault is it, if the many other Alumni whom we have never had the pleasure of meeting, are not in constant touch with us and each other? It is their own.

Use our column as you should. We want to put in every bit of news we can about any of Bishop's sons. There is no reason why this column should not extend over double the space it does. If you have any news of yourself or of some other Bishop's man near you, send it in. Some class-mate of yours in the other end of Canada will be glad to hear of your good health and good luck.

Rev. H. H. Corey has set an example well worthy of emulation in sparing time in Japan to give us and you news of himself. Now he wants news of the rest of you Alumni friends of his. **ALUMNI! SEND IN YOUR NEWS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE.**

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## Alumnae Notes.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at the home of Miss Seiveright, Gillespie Street, during the Christmas holidays. The memorial fund was the first topic discussed. All agreed to help. However, it was decided to ask Mr. L'Estrange to forward circulars that we might have more information. The election of officer then took place. The result was as follows: President, Miss Kathy Seiveright; Vice-President, Miss Drummond; Secretary, Miss Bayne; Treasurer, Miss Hume; Representative to Alumni, Miss Vaudry; Mitre Correspondent, Miss Hume. The annual lecture was discussed. Many lecturers were proposed. Finally, it was decided that a more suitable person than Prof. Derrick (to address an association consisting largely of teachers) would be hard to find. The lecture is to take place May 22nd. Other matters were discussed but left undecided. Miss Seiveright served tea which was greatly appreciated.

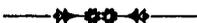
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Miss Atto has entered the nursing profession and is training at Boston, Mass.

Miss Odell returned from overseas last fall and has resumed her duties in Montreal. Miss Fothergill, V.A.D., has also returned.

My heartfelt sympathy is extended to Miss Ashe. She has undertaken the work as Principal of the Ayers Cliff Academy, a work not unlike my own. Miss Marion Mackenzie also deserves a bit of sympathy. She, however, is more fortunate as she has Miss Bradshaw to assist her. Miss Moore has a much more enviable lot. She is a teacher in Lachine. Judging from her appearance I would say that Lachine is a healthy, happy and prosperous place.

Will all members please forward fees, \$1 per year for graduates, 50c. per year for associate members, also news items, to Miss Hume, Sutton, Que.



Prof. (explaining primitive methods of courtship and marriage)—Suppose Mr. Martin had a daughter. Mr. Carter decides to kidnap her. The usual method would be to club her and Cart-er (Cart-her) off. However, Mr. Martin, there is no need to fear in this case, because Mr. Carter would never awake in time.

Manicure Parlour, Room No. 24, top flat of Arts Building.—Work done during two hours preceding any dance. Further information from H.A.F.G—y.

A prime(val) wave has hit the Shed. In the opinion of the occupant of Room 2, the monkish innovation is the prime evil of his sonambulant existence

Were the Egyptians of old confined to their beds when smitten with the 6th plague, as was the case with certain members of the Shed when in, similar circumstances?

Jim to H.O.H.—Fasting from porridge during Lent, sir?

H.O.H.—Why? This is only my THIRD helping.



## The Passing of Two Distinguished Graduates.

REV. HAROLD HAMILTON, D.D.

From the Church Times.

THE death of Harold Hamilton has taken away from us a distinguished scholar and a friend beloved of many. He belonged to one of the best known Church families in Canada. His father, who died not long before him, had been vicar at St. Matthew's, Quebec (a church known throughout the Dominion and beyond it), then Bishop, in succession, of Niagara and Ottawa, and finally Archbishop and Primate. Throughout a life long and laborious he showed himself the best type of Churchman and a true father in God. Harold Hamilton himself was educated at Port Hope, one of the leading Church schools of Canada; then at Christ Church, Oxford; after that he had his divinity training at Bishop's College University, Lennoxville. He was ordained as assistant to the well known poet and writer, Canon F. G. Scott, vicar of his father's old church. Then in 1902 he succeeded his friend, the late Rev. C. W. Mitchell, as tutor at Bishop's College. It is easy to understand how Hamilton was both in his outlook and religious disposition a true Churchman. But to that he added something more. Always delicate and affected with deafness, he communed much with himself and more with his God; he gave himself to a long and patient study of the Old and New Testaments and the history of the early Church. There was little in modern criticism and learning in these fields with which he was not familiar, and the standpoint which he had first chosen and then always kept enabled him to prove the righteousness and fitness of the Church's Catholic faith. When he left his post at Bishop's College he studied still further at the General Seminary, New York, but he went there as a scholar already formed. He afterwards went back to Lennoxville as Pro-

fessor of Pastoral Theology, but he gave that post up to carry on those theological studies which resulted in his masterly book, "The People of God."

The work remains a remarkable apologia of the Church of England, and its teaching about all that centres in the New Testament and the Primitive Church.

The last months of his life were gladdened by an engagement which brought him the prospect of happiness and home. But it was not to be and he passed with the fearless gaze and perfect faith which had looked from the world below into the fuller light above.

[A tribute to the saintly life of Dr. Hamilton, and an appreciation of his work at Bishop's is given below, by a student who had the good fortune to be under the Doctor's care during his stay at Bishop's.—ED.]

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REV. W. T. LIPTON.

Rev. Lipton, a native of Canada, was a graduate of this College in 1890. He earned classical and mathematical honors and the English essay prize in course, and later received the M.A. from Trinity College, Toronto. He was ordained deacon in 1892 by the Bsshop of Niagara, and priest the following year by the Archbishop of Ontario.

From 1897 to his death he was rector of various places, Wolfe Island, Ont., assistant of Trinity Church, Newark, N.J., rector of the Church of the Ascension, Bloomfield, and here, after a lingering illness of six months, he departed this life December 29th, 1919, aged 56 years.

A tribute is paid him in the "Living Church," to the effect that "His ministry was marked by fidelity and loyalty. The poor and afflicted folk ever found in him a sympathetic friend and source of comfort. He ever exhibited those ancient qualities associated with the man described as generous."

## Harold Hamilton, Priest and Doctor.

The hearts of all Bishop's men were saddened when the news spread that the Rev. Harold Hamilton, D.D., had passed from the Church Militant. He had been intimately acquainted with Bishop's as student, lecturer and professor, and to all with whom he had any relations his kindly, gracious and spiritual nature had gone out only to win admiration. The writer's mind goes back fifteen years when he was a student and the subject of this appreciation a lecturer, residing in the Arts Building. Scenes of those days flood my memory and I regard it a privilege to have been associated with this true servant of God. It is a privilege realized now and for several years past but scarcely appreciated when we worked and talked together.

It is not my purpose to write of any other phase of this saintly life than that which the students saw daily in and around the building, lecture room and chapel. And I am sure that all will agree that while perhaps there are stains in the marble and rough corners in the sculpture, the statue as a whole is glorious. The cares of office as senior resident member of the Faculty were not in line with his nature. The responsibility for discipline was irksome, and the correction of fractious students very trying. This beautifully delicate embodiment of culture and piety could not contend as a disciplinarian. It was destined for achievements in scholarship and divinity that all recognize now as great. The year '05-'06 was without doubt the most exasperating time in the history of the Arts Building, and to a man less conscientious and more worldly, the prevailing temper would not have proved as trying. Several times I heard him say that he would gladly be relieved of his office.

In this environment the almost ascetic Harold Hamilton grew in scholarship and increased in his discernment of what the priestly life means. He was pre-eminently a worker in prayer and study, and a firm believer in rule and system. Like Samuel of old he was born with an ardent love for the sanctuary. When breakfast bell rang Hamilton was seen coming not from his room or study, hastening along buttoning up an outer garment, no—though other members of the Faculty and students came in this way; he came from the chapel where for at least half an hour he had been engaged in prayer and meditation. I regarded it as a special favour when, during Lent, he asked me to join him in saying *Prime Real* to him and not poetic fancy were the words, "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, which before the cross I spend." Unless he was the minister at the daily services, when ever we entered the chapel for matins or evensong, Hamilton was in his stall, and during the worship he was really "solus cum solo." I

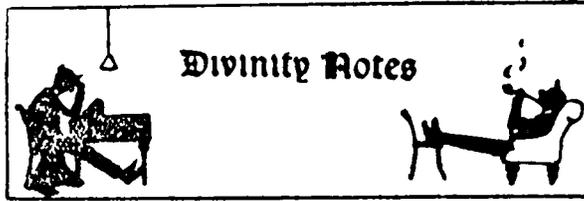
frequently assisted him with the Psalmist's words, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord." He lived on a high spiritual plane and drew his strength and inspiration for work from the spiritual exercises he delighted to practise. He was not a ceremonialist nor an individualist. He did things decently and in order, carefully observing rubrics, but filling all with his own personality—neither routine nor mechanical.

He was asked to be the Director of our ward of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament but declined, giving as his reason that he was only a lecturer at the College, and the C.B.S. being a newly introduced organization should have the Principal or one of the professors for its Director. Truly a mark of humility. He was in sympathy with the movement, and when Principal Wait became the Director, Hamilton became an associate member. Rarely did he preach in the chapel, but when his turn came it was not a lecture nor a exegetical exposition that he delivered but a sermon, without rhetoric or declamation, aloof from the common ways of thinking but rich in truth, from a heart that was experiencing the realities of God. One of his sermons at this time from the text, "When I was a child I spake as a child," received so much favorable comment that it was published in the Mitre.

In the lecture room were seen evidences of his thoroughness. From carefully prepared manuscript he lectured, and the notes he gave on the Pauline epistles were the most valuable received from any lectures during the college course. Hamilton was a student, and his endeavour was to make college men students. Afterwards, when he was Professor of Pastoral Theology, he greatly strengthened the course and modernized it. During his Lennoxville days he gathered the material for his famous book, "The People of God." His days were given to college work, his evenings to the preparation of the MSS. for the only work he published, and which has earned the commendation of scholars. Oxford honoured him with a Doctor's degree, and I have heard that he was suggested as a Bampton Lecturer. What honour and reward to have one's name suggested for the hall of Oxford fame, adorned by Liddon, Moberly, Gore and other illustrious divines!

His deafness naturally made him reserved in manner, but to those of us who sat under him at Bishop's, there was permitted a view of his life that comes only from frequent contact. His unconscious influence was powerful, and it is now one of my joys that I yielded myself to it. The beauty and attractiveness of the christian character were in him personified. And as I think of this saintly scholar I seem to grasp a little of what St. Paul meant when he spoke of the "meekness and gentleness" of the Divine Master.

A. M. DUNSTAN '06.



We extend a hearty welcome to the new Principal. In another place will be found more about him. Here we will confine ourselves to those points which concern our own interests. Canon Bedford-Jones was a theological lecturer in Trinity College, Toronto, for some time. This fact, combined with his twenty years practical experience of a busy clergyman's life, during which time he was a leading figure in his diocese, e.g., examining chaplain, and latest of all, as organiser of his diocese for the Forward Movement, should be a great cause of satisfaction to us. It assures us that our Faculty will not be overlooked in the increased activity of Bishop's College which his appointment signifies. We trust that although Dr. Bedford-Jones' work will be of a strictly extra-mural type, time will be found in which we may benefit by his all-round experiences in the lecture room.

We offer our congratulations to the Principal on his being voted the degree of D.D. last November from his Alma Mater.

The Michaelmas term ended as it usually does as regards the Faculty of Divinity. It is really far too short a term, and both teachers and learners groaned inwardly and outwardly. Wiser heads intend to add another academic year in which to take the course. Will it do away with cramming? I think not. Any way, all got through the exams safely.

We bid farewell and God-speed to Mr. A. R. Lett at the conclusion of the Christmas exams, when he finished his course. He was a student here in the dark days of the war and helped to see Bishop's through them, being unable to enlist. Before leaving he was given a remembrance by the Warden on behalf of himself and his fellow-students of the shed. Mr. Lett, however, will be back in June to receive his licentiate. In the meantime Mr. Lett has been ordained deacon, and temporarily been posted to Navan, Ont., where he is hard at work.

Mr. R. H. Waterman, B.A., was, at the close of last term, re-elected Senior Man of the University. This was only natural and right, he having relinquished

the position to enlist early in 1915. This is also very unique. I wonder if any other Canadian university or college can give a similar case of its Senior Man having gone all the way to Cologne and back, via such places as Sanctuary Wood, Amiens and Mons? Mr. Waterman spent the vacation at his home in Carp, much to the loss of local society.

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Mr. W. P. Griffiths has settled for a while on Church Street, and with his wife, has often given Shedites a pleasant afternoon over a cup of tea.

Mr. R. Heron, B.A., spent Christmas in Montreal, but evidently didn't care for city life after ten days.

Mr. F. Taylor, on the other hand, found this self same city very pleasant for the whole vacation.

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Mr. W. Robinson returned to Mattawa for the vacation, and with Mr. Lett, was ordained to the diaconate on the Feast of the Epiphany by the Bishop of Ottawa in his Cathedral. He has returned to complete his course, and with Mrs. Robinson receives numerous guests at their abode, Clough Avenue.

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Of the other Shedites and their doings it is difficult to relate. They stayed and yet they did not stay! Those who were here were happily entertained both by Miss Gill and by Mrs. Vial. Tobogganing was freely indulged in, though not without one mishap that will not be "Readily" forgotten.

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We welcome the Rev. O. G. H. Lloyd, who has returned after a few years' absence to take a course here. While in residence he is acting as minister-in-charge of St. Paul's mission, which forms part of the parish of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke.

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In welcoming Mr. A. Gardiner, we note that the Diocese of Ottawa is sending more and more of its candidates for Holy Orders to Bishop's College, there being no less than seven men from there.

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In the Forward Movement the Diocese of Quebec has worthily upheld itself as one of the most successful of Canadian Dioceses, from the financial point of view. It exceeded its objective more than eighty per cent., and we are glad to feel that we were equal to the call made upon us as regards our own allotment. Tho' many were giving through their families or homes elsewhere, and through their interests being in some other diocese, the amount seemed rather large than small. But we made it and "went over the top," which wasn't at all bad for a "headless institution," as our Acting Principal seemed pleased to designate us!

**Literary Lapses of a Freshman.**

A PLAYLET STAGED AT B'SHOP'S COLLEGE DUR'NG THE PRESENT  
ACADEM'IC YEAR, 1919-20.

Caste.—William Josiah Smith, a Freshman at Bishop's College, newly arrived from Windy Creek, near Lonesome Corners, twenty-five miles beyond now-here.

Stage Manager.—Dean of Residence.

Property Agent—The Bursar.

Villains.—R. J. M. and W. W. S.

Scene Shifter.—H. O. H.

SCENE 1—Room of William Josiah Smith, on top flat of Arts Building, at 9-27 p.m., October 8th, 1919.

Scenery consists of walls and ceiling, more or less papered; one door (split) at centre, back of stage; one bed (with or without sheets) on right side of stage; one small table, near centre stage; one chair complete with back, standing beside table; one washstand (without door) near bed; one mirror (with glass half broken to add reality) hanging over washstand.

N. B.—Two small hand towels may be hung on washstand if desired.

Curtain rises to discover the hero, Smith, restlessly pacing the floor. He sits down at table and chews pencil (inadvertently left out of scenery). After chewing pencil furiously for one minute and seventeen seconds, he commences to write.  
Dear Pa,—

Have been here for two weeks and find it awful quiet. The fellows aint like those at Windy and there are lots more of them here. Some have just come but most were here before. None of them met me at the train, but this place aint much bigger than Windy and I didn't get lost. The college is as close to the station as our place to Si Gosling's red barn. There is one big man here they call the Senyur Man. He is leaving at Christmas and one of the fellows told me I might get his job. I hope so. All us new fellows is called freshmen. I don't know why. Perhaps the others is called stalemen because the work is stale to them or they are stale to each other. There are girls here, too, but tell Ma not to worry. I will be allright. One of them asks me in to sit down to-day but I says, says I "No thanks. You're one of them women my mother told me about.

"That's telling them, eh Pa?" I don't know where the girls live. Don't see any around at night. I asked one chap to-day where the women lived and he said "in the Old Lodge, most of them," wherever that is, anyway Ma, I wont go near there. They play football funny here. They put a funny shaped ball between two lines of men, somebody does something and they charge each other and fight like our dog and Si's. Don't see no sense because when you get up, somebody has the ball running away over to one side. One big fellow charged me to-day like Uncle Josh's bull, when he put Ma over the back fence. Everyone tries to get hold of one man at once.

It is very comfortable here, Pa. Every man has a looking-glass of his own. There is not just one by a pail in the hall. We get water from taps here, and can take a bath whenever we like. I haven't tried yet, having forgot last Saturday, but will try next Saturday perhaps.

I must close now. Your loving son,

JOSH.

Closes envelope and puts on hat. Curtain descends as hero marches out to post letter. Sounds of heavy footsteps on stairs, fading in the distance.

SCENE II takes place at Bishop's College Nov. 19th, at 10-30 a. m.

Pictures from Studio Magazine tacked on wall. One chiffonier on left stage.

Curtain rises to discover hero asleep in bed. To the accompaniment of soft music, the door quietly opens and a head appears, followed immediately by a body. This is succeeded by another head and body, in same order of sequence. The villains (for such they are) move across the stage, (the music meanwhile crescendoes), gloat over the prostrate hero for 16 seconds, and to a sudden burst of music, dump his bed and beat a hasty retreat. Noise of their flight and hero's opening remarks are covered by the crescendoed music. Hero rises from behind bed and moves to centre of stage. Considerable movement of lips noticeable as though talking forcefully. His facial expression shows violent struggle to regain self-control. Smith throws himself on chair which breaks, a habit possessed by any college furniture used for any other prupose except as exhibits. He rearranges bed and taking pencil and pad, sits on bed, persues and writes:

Dear Pa,—Am getting on alright. Things have been coming my way as much as can be expected. I always find out that some one is thinking of me when I least expect it. It is nice to feel that one is not altogether forgotten. Some of the fellows have just left. They were in visiting me while I was getting up. They didn't stay long though, as they were in a hurry to go out.

Well Ma, we had a dance last night, and it was lots different from those we had in the school-house at home. They had five men playing and only one fiddle. They don't have any square dances either, so I didn't dance none. Say, Pa, tell Si that the girls here are as pretty as his sister Martha only they aint so sensible. And their dresses were fine while they lasted, but they made me feel cold to see them. I offered to get one girl my overcoat but she didn't seem to want it. Gosh, Pa, she was a fine girl. One of the stale men introduced me to her and he told her I was a senna qui non, what ever that means. She giggles a little nervously I thought, and I burst out laughing so as to make her feel more at home with me. She was a fine girl and no mistake. We had a long talk but she didn't say much, being tired she said, after the last dance which was a gavotte. I told her all about the fall ploughing and the calves and how many you expected next year and all about the bull putting Ma over the back fence. Most of the fellows here have girls and I can get her all right. I gues I will ask her to the next dance or to a show they have after Christmas, called the Freshman's Concert. I saw her laughing and talking to the next fellow she was with. She must have been telling him some of my jokes.

We didn't get to bed till milking time at home this morning so I stayed in bed. I must close now as the Professor may be holding up the history lecture for me.

Your loving son,  
JOSH.

P.S.—I will find out what senna qui non means and let you know.

JOSH.

Our hero being a modest man, curtain descends to allow him to dress for lectures.

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SCENE III. Same as Scene II. Two hours later. Hero enters, sits down and adds to his last letter.

P.P.S.—Pa, that girl aint so fine after all. I met her a few minutes ago and she passed me without recognising me. I don't think I'll ask her to that concert.

JOSH,

He closes letter and goes out.

SCENE IV.—At Bishop's College, January 24th, 1920, 10-30 p.m.

Scenery—Same as Scene II, except back broken off chair and one leg off table. Walls badly marked. Whole room shows evidence of having enclosed recently within its space, a young tornado.

The hero enters by the door, leaning on a stick and limping badly. His hair stands up and he walks very stiffly. He moves to table, sits down on chair very gingerly and thinks very deeply. He entertains the audience in this manner for two minutes and thirty-two seconds and then proceeds to write.

Dear Ma,—I received your letter O.K. as they say here. I got back safely. Those cookies were great on the train, Ma. I gave the newsboy one, but he wouldn't take another. I never saw him after that.

Well, Ma, we had the Freshman's Concert last night. It was different from what I expected. One of the fellows told us we are regular members of the students now. But, by gar, we earned it. We had a rough inishashun. We didn't want to be initiated, but the stale men told us it would do us good. I started to tell one feller I couldn't sing, but more than six of them persuaded me that I could. The stale men didn't neglect us at all, but they didn't make us feel quite at home. After a bath, although it wasn't Saturday, we had coffee and smokes. We have some hockey team here, faster than Windy Corner's team. I haven't played yet because they don't use spring skates here. One little fellow is so fast that he looks like a red line, red being his natural colour.

We are having another dance soon, but I don't think I'll ask that girl this time. I didn't like her very well last time and besides, I hear her husband is back from the war and she might want to go with him.

Lent is coming soon, Ma, and I have decided to give up either lectures or going to chapel. I didn't have to take them examinations. They cost two dollars each to take them after Christmas so I saved eighteen dollars by not taking them.

Well, Ma, I must go to bed now. I will write later and tell you of what I am doing.

Love from JOSH.

Curtain descends, to allow hero to go to bed. In a few minutes stentorian noises resembling earthquakes strike the ear of the audience.

And so we will leave Josiah, to continue on his way through his first year at Bishop's, the year in which he has to stand or fall in the opinion of his fellow

students. Perhaps, at a later date, we might intrude further on the privacy of his letters and see what opinion he forms of the individuals among whom his lot is cast. But if we do not see him again, we wish him "bon chance" and better results from his June exams.

KCOCAEL NEHPETS (See Welsh for Leacock).

The Zoo at Bishop's now contains a monkey, a taddy, and a pea-hen.

The library is to be congratulated on the valuable set of books on "Public Speaking," donated by the Bursar.

H. O. H.—I am going to get my Ph. D.

F. T.—What in?

H. O. H.—In bed. (How true).



## Exchanges

The current issue of Trinity University Review contains a commendable article on "Canada's Chemical Future." The writer deprecates the attempts made in many quarters to transform Canada into a manufacturing country. Although one need not accept all the conclusions drawn, yet there is a good deal to be said for the urgent need of chemical research to aid and develop agriculture, which undoubtedly is and should remain our greatest industry. Vast quantities of fertilizing chemicals are stored up in our forests and mines, and the skill of our scientists should be employed with a view to utilizing all that nature has endowed us with for the purpose of aiding agriculture. This number of the Review also contains an interesting account of the work of the Khaki University in England.

We have received the initial number of the McGill News. This is a magazine of some fifty-five pages, well filled with interesting matter, notably the articles descriptive of the past and present Principals, Sir W. Peterson and Sir Auckland Geddes. On the whole our new contemporary has made a good start with a "newsy" number, worthy of a famous institution, and we wish the News a long and successful life.

McMaster University Monthly, as usual, contains many interesting features. We draw attention especially to the article, "How Old is the World?" part of which is published in the January issue, and which will be concluded next month. It is couched in language which the most unscientific can understand, and we look for the concluding portion with eager anticipation.

A good account of the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines is given in the Monthly, most of the Canadian universities being represented at that great gathering.

Wyckliffe Magazine for December has much interesting matter within its pages. From a number of excellent contributions to the current issue we select that on "The Economic Foundations of Society" for premier position. The writer analysis the present day disturbances in the economic world, which are largely the result of cut-throat competition in the past. Vast changes in the social order are in process of evolution, and although the super-structure has been violently shaken, yet the foundations remain secure. The fact of the inter-dependence of men in all classes of society is well thought out, and the benefits of a necessity for co-operation are emphasized. The scramble for material wealth is base in itself and subversive of the true spirit which should animate our people. Here in our great land are boundless opportunities for all, but social education is lacking. We should all strive to improve the common lot, and our people need to be educated to this end, so that future generations, if not the present, may benefit. Among the other items in this magazine, there is an interesting account of the first discovery of gold in the Yukon, also a short dissertation on the marvels of the universe which make good reading.

We also wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Macdonald College Magazine, the University Monthly, the College Times and the King's College Record, Dalhousie Gazette, Gateway, Ulysey, Ashburian, Athenûnum and Vox Wesleyana.

We are glad to note that the old time paper chase was restored on January 24th. We congratulate Savage and Carter on being the chief runners.

A Co-ed asks, "Why does a certain male student persist in annoying me by walking with me to the village in summer attire at this time of year (January)?"

T. V. L.—Who has a text book on Sermon Delivery?

A. F.—I can lend you Bair's Rhetoric.

# THE MITRE.

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THE MITRE is published by the Students of the University of Bishop's College.

Terms, \$1.50 per year in advance. Single Copy 25c.

Contributors of articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

The Editor declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

Address all contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business correspondence to the Business Manager

THE MITRE, BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY,  
Lennoxville, Quebec.

PAGE PRINTING & BINDING CO.  
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

VOL. XXVII

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 2

## Editorial Note and Comment

That imperative "voice" comes again at this time "Write." Now the question is not, What shall we write? There are a thousand and one topics from which to choose, but the difficulty is, "How to relate these topics to the university or to university life," which we take it, should be the aim

**Small** of the editor of a university magazine.

**Universities** Kind Providence, however, ever on hand to assist those in distress, comes to our aid as usual.

There has been quite a little correspondence in the press recently as to the comparative merit of large and small universities. In reading it through one is struck with the idea that the writers are viewing the matter from a broad out-

look, and not as to respective merits of faculty for faculty, and naturally most of them cast the balance in favor of the larger. To the neutral observer, however, there must surely be such in the smaller university, of one or two faculties, to justify its existence. The whole trend of educational principles to-day is to treat men individually or in small groups, as against the mass. Why? Is it not that the individual requirements may be attended to, the developement of each member of a group watched, and more attention given to counteract certain wrong intellectual tendencies peculiar to individual minds. Some would object to this, perhaps, on the ground that this careful supervision was meant only for immature minds of children, but surely in the higher walks of the educational life there is the same difference (in lesser degree perhaps) in individuals, the same varying stages in maturity, that can only be dealt with by the small group method of treatment. In a large gathering or class each individual takes his lectures during proper periods, and then sinks into insignificance for the remainder of the time, unless he happens to be one of the elect for some special purpose, in most cases however the student goes along indifferent to his university and she indifferent to him, as long as his exams are passed and diploma obtained.

In the smaller university there is the intimate relation between student and student. A freshman once he has passed his initial adventures becomes an intimate part of the university circle. He hasn't to pick his circle or clique, by virtue of which many a one is debarred from the leading men and thought of his class; but he has the privilege of rubbing shoulders with men of all years who, by their advice, can guide him into right paths for his future course and instruction, gives him the benefit of the experience of mature years to help him along. In the larger universities one's friends are very limited, and it takes one a long time to get even a small number around him. A person is left to himself to a very great extent, and the privilege which the smaller university offers is missing in this respect.

There is also the intimacy between professor and student—not to such an extent as to break all barriers, or to lessen respect, but on the contrary, to increase the latter. A student in difficulty can always seek and receive the assistance and kind sympathy of his respective professors. A personal interest is therefore taken in each student. Some would say, perhaps, that this is a disadvantage, that when a man is thrown entirely on his own resources he is the better for it. But when he finds himself in deep waters, and a task after fierce struggles becomes impossible, then surely he is justified in seeking aid, rather than remain in ig-

norance re the matter. What is the outcome of this intimacy? Does it not mean that a university can keep an eye on its men through its professors, and so know the sort of all round development of each man apart from his ability to pass exams.

Is it not a fact also that most small universities are situated away from large towns, no doubt there are disadvantages but surely also there is the great advantage of being removed from the multiplicity of distractions, distractions which are not always of educational value, or at least of such a nature as demand immediate acquiring. The small university situated as it is, offers that asylum for quiet study, and research which the bustle of citylife associated with the large ones does not permit.

Everyone knows also that there is a tendency for a large university to become secularized to such an extent that it becomes almost a danger to the state, in the sense that the tendency is to undervalue the moral aspect, an aspect surely which must be very much taken into consideration in the thorough development of any true citizen, that he may be of the very best use to the state. It has been a recongized principle from Plato onward that a real citizen must be developed, not only intellectually and physically but also morally. Now we would not say that members of large bodies do not develop this aspect; but in our day with its rapid secularization of education, and admittance of non-christian students, this important factor is surely being overlooked. In the smaller universities this aspect is ably attended to, together with individual culture, with the result that they are providing for the state a greater percentage of men of formative and refining characters, which after all is surely a consideration.

In a small university also a student gets a greater scope for his respective abilities, or for the development of minor traits of his make-up. We mean this, that owing to the limited number of students, each is expected to uphold the honour of the university not in one line only but in all. He may have intellectual capacities, or athletic attainment, he can exercise either to the full but his Alma Mater demands that he also try his hand in other directions as well, he takes part in sport—He has to do his best in debating societies. He can get into the inner circles or clubs which in a larger university would be confined to a select few. He has to take his part in the deliberations of the student body in session, and by these demands being made upon him surely

it places him at an advantage. The point is that among a large number of student nine of every ten would not be called upon and would loose the formative and preparatory influences which the individual of a small concern must go through.

We maintain therefore that a graduate of a small university, or one which works on the small group system has the seed of every need of future life as a citizen, instilled in him side by side with systematic study to a greater extent than any large university from the very size and number of its problems can give to the individual.

Someone has said "By their fruits ye shall know them" and we consider it beyond dispute that if comparison were made today, statistics sought as to the leaders in the political, and other professional classes of society, that faculty for faculty, the relative numbers from the large and small universities would not leave much to the credit of the former.

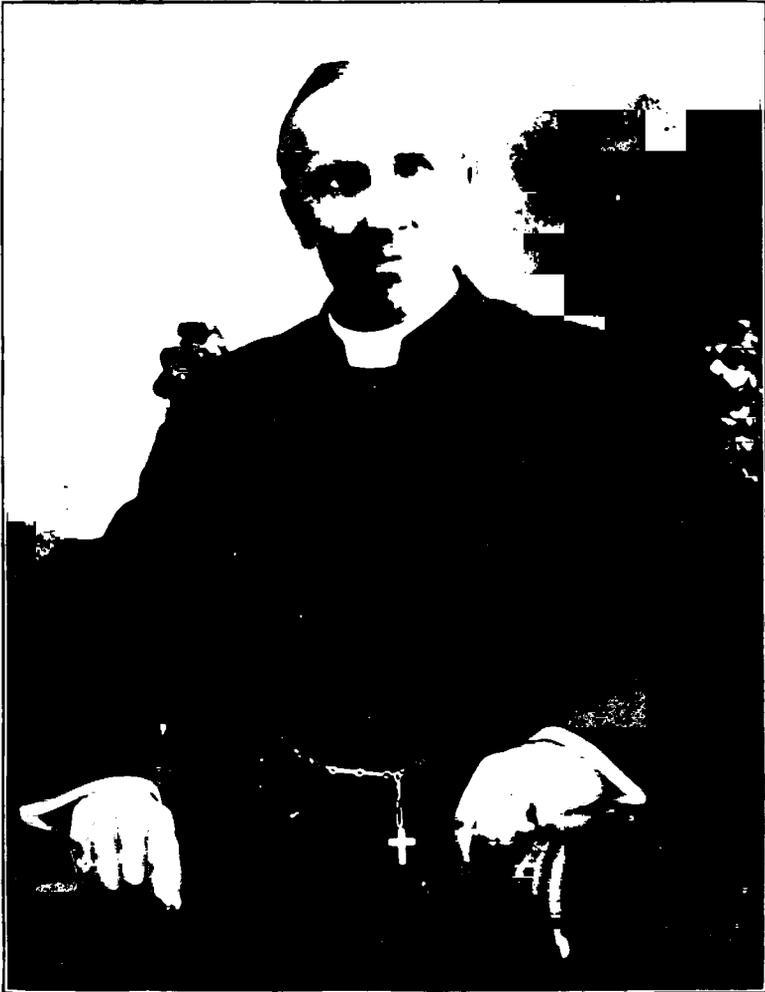
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The Mitre extends its sympathies to 'Kings College Record' in the recent loss of its Alma Mater. There does indeed come times in life when the outlook is dark such seem to have overtaken 'Kings'. The blow is felt all the more no doubt at this time when the College was just rejoicing over the pleasing results of a successful "Advance fund" with its hopeful prospects of success and extension greater than ever before.

We feel however the usual tenacity and determinations which has distinguished your Alma Mater, will again be exerted. The cloud will shew its silver lining and out of the difficulties and disappointments will emerge a new 'Kings' a true successor of the old with even greater capacity for future progress.

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The university is to be congratulated on the noble response given financially to the Forward Movenent. It was at first dubious as to the possibility of raising the quota', with most of our members coming from dioceses, where naturally they would wish to contribute the greater part; or from homes where the full family quota had been given to the respective localities. However the hearts of all were rejoiced to find the objective far exceeded and we say as a result—Well Done!



REVEREND H. H. BEDFORD-JONES, M.A.D.D., Principal

## THE NEW PRINCIPAL

The Revd. Harold Hudson Bedford Jones, M. A. is a son of the late Venerable Thomas Bedford Jones, D. C. L., a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Sarah Stuart Cartwright, a grand-daughter of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright, M. C. L. Thus he has a valuable inheritance of character and public service. His father was honoured by his Alma Mater at the time of the celebration of its tercentenary. His great grand-father Cartwright was probably the foremost member of the Legislative Council in Upper Canada from 1792 to 1815; and he was deeply interested in everything appertaining to the welfare of the Church.

Canon Bedford Jones was educated at the Napenae High School, Trinity College School, Port Hope, and Trinity College, Toronto. From the last mentioned he graduated with double honours in 1889, taking out his M. A. in 1892. Because of his great attainments and abilities he was appointed Fellow and Lecturer in Divinity at Trinity after a period of post-graduate work at John Hopkins. He remained with his Alma Mater for some twelve years, resigned to be assistant to his father, who was then Rector of Brockville.

In 1893 Mr. Jones was made a Deacon and in 1894 he was ordained Priest. To his duties as a lecturer and a preacher he added those of Clerk of Convocation during the greater part of the time that he was officially connected with Trinity. In this office he did not a little to keep the College in close touch with its alumni.

On the death of Archdeacon Bedford Jones his son succeeded him in the rectory of Brockville. Since that date he has acted as Examining Chaplain to successive Lords Bishops of Ontario and he has been a member of all the important committees of the Diocese of Ountario. When the Canonry of St. George's Cathedral was offered to him, it was generally felt that the honour well deserved and well bestowed. During recent months the Canon has been acting as organizer for the Forward Movement in the Diocese in which he has so long served and in which he has had only one cure. The exacting duties of this office he has performed with great success and with great acceptance

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For a considerable number of years Canon Bedford Jones has been a member of the Corporation of Trinity College. He has given constant attendance at the meetings and he has always offered the best possible advice in regard

to its affairs, whether academic or financial. Through this connection, through the more intimate relation in which he stood to the College when he was a member of the teaching staff, and through his parochial experience he is well qualified to undertake the important duties to which the governing body of the University of Bishop's College has appointed him. In view of this equipment, together with his scholarship, his acceptance as a preacher, and his sympathy with men, he ought to achieve as great success as he has done in the other offices that he has held. This sympathy shows itself especially in sports, in which he was an active participant.

Trinity College has voted the Canon a D. D. **Honoris Causa**, which is to be conferred at the Convocation at the end of April. On the day preceding this vote the following resolution was heartily and unanimously passed at the Annual Meeting of Convocation: Moved by the Provost, Second by Major G. B. Strathy:—"That the hearty congratulations of Convocation be extended to the Revd. H. H. Bedford Jones, M. A., upon his appointment to the responsible position of Principal of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, coupled with the assurance of the confidence felt by his Alma Mater that he will discharge the duties of this high office with that distinction and success which have always been characteristic of his work." A. H. YOUNG.

Ere this issue of the Mitre is in the hand of the readers, we presume our new principal will be with us. We (the students) look forward to the time when we can bid him welcome and assure him of our sympathetic co-operation in all matters connected with the university's life.

The Mitre has a selfish and personal interest in welcoming the principal, knowing his literary abilities, it will no doubt seek the pleasure of calling into account his accomplishments in that line.

Spring is always a season suggestive of great things, with its looking forward with eager anticipation and promise. So the co-incidence of our principal's coming among us at this time, fills us with thoughts harmonizing with those which the season engenders. We have hopes of a greater future for our Alma Mater. We anticipate, what it is going to mean to have a man of Dr. Jones type at the helm; and the promise given of future developments is ours to assist in fulfilling. With these ideas and determinations to assist in our minds we will extend at the appointed time the hand of welcome, which will betoken, unity of purpose, mutual endeavour, goodfellowship and obedience to him who has been placed in command

ED.

## LONELINESS ?

I happened, this year, to spend the Christmas vacation in College. And as I went my daily walk I was frequently commiserated with on the loneliness of my lot in the solitude of the vast empty building. Yet I was never conscious of loneliness; the difficulty was rather that of choice among the various companions life offered for the evening, when the lights had been switched on, the curtains drawn, and the post prandial pipe lighted.

First there was the College itself. An old building seems to acquire a life and an identity of its own. It ceases to be a mere collection of bricks and mortar and timber and became a personality. During term, this personality is submerged beneath the wave of youthful life that flows and eddies threw rooms and corridors. But when that wave has passed away, when the halls no longer sing the refrain of the latest popular song and the stairs no longer ring with the clatter of cleated football-boots, then, with creaking of boards and crack of timber in the winter-frost, the life of the building makes itself audible to the solitary listener. Many an evening have I spent listening to its reminiscences of the past, its stories of former generations of students, and the franks they played in bye-gone days. It might cause a distinct shock to many a prominent lawyer, staid family doctor, or grave divine, who has almost forgotten what he was in his college days, to learn how faithfully his sayings and deeds have been treasured in the memory of the old Arts Building. It was interesting also to note, as one listened to its long-winded tales, how faithfully the characteristics of human old were reproduced in the traits of the aged building. The tendency to repetition, the garrulity, the conviction of the inferiority of the present day and generation to that of its own youth, all were there.

It was this, perhaps, which made me grow weary of its companionship and look elsewhere for my evening society, although its bulk may have been a subsidiary cause. It dwarfed me physically, as well as making me feel so young in comparison with its age and experience. It was with relief, then, that I turned to spend an hour with Pete. Here the advantage lay with me. I was large and old, and wise, Pete small and young, with so much to learn. Pete the tiniest of little grey mice, with relatively enormous ears, and long nervous tail. One evening as I lay on my couch I looked up from my book, I will not say whether it was a volume of philosophy or a novel, and there at

my elbow, on the little table which held the nightly glass of milk, was Pete. He was trying hard to climb the tumbler and get at the tempting liquid. After a time he desisted, sat up, and looked at me. "Hullo" said I. Pete blinked but did not reply, nor did the question "where did you spring from?" break his taciturnity. After a time he resumed the attack on the tumbler. I explained that it was no good; that the substance was too hard for him to stick his claws in, the glass too smooth for him to climb. I pointed out that great as was the part played by friction in life, from the generation of fire to the possibility of walking, it would not help him here, and illustrated my remarks by the story told me when I was about his age of the man who got in the middle of a perfectly smooth polished table and only got off by taking his tall hat and casting it from him. Then I pointed out that he had no right to the milk, it belonged to me. At this he gave up the attempt and went to investigate the waste-paper basket, and I was convinced he was really an honest little fellow. Later I found out that this was a mistake, his conception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* was not moral but practical. *Meum* was anything accessible to claws and teeth, *tuum* that which was out of reach, like the biscuit I kept carefully shut up in a tin canister, which he never meddled with.

But Pete deserted me. One evening he was all over the room, scampering on the table, reading the titles of the books in the table book-rack, scuffling in the waste-paper basket. The next day, like Enoch, he was not. What became of him I never definitely learned. But I have reason to believe he changed his quarters from my room to the apartments of one of the College dignitaries in another part of the building. Pete had a sweet tooth, as I knew to my cost, and one day I heard the gentleman in question complain of dire havoc made among some chocolates left on his dressing-table. I hope this will not meet his eye, for I should hate to bring trouble on an old friend, but I have grave suspicions that Pete was the person, or one of the persons, unknown who made free with the learned gentleman's refreshments. However that may be, Pete left me and I had to look elsewhere for companionship.

I found it, in infinite variety, on the shelves of my book-case; and here again the difficulty was that of choice. The solution of the problem lay in the mood of the moment. Did I feel mentally strenuous, I remembered Ruskin's dictum that books are King's Treasuries and pulled down one of the great histories from the shelf, a volume of Gibbon, or Motley's Dutch Republic in which I could watch the action of the great men, the great movements, and the great

principles that have guided the progress of mankind along what seems a predestined course. There are few occupations more entrancing than watching the clash of autocracy in church and State with the principles of liberty, self-government, and self-determination, in the Netherlands of the 16th., century. Or, if one is not in vein for the abstractions of historical philosophy, what striking personalities, what dramatic movements may be studied in the pages of the American historian. There one meets Brederode, the rash, obstinate, headstrong noble, and his opposite the subtle, crafty, ecclesiastical-statesman Granvelle. There is William the Silent, whose character we may watch hardening thro' difficulties and dangers into the time heroic mould. And most fascinating of all, with the fascination of the snake for the bird, the utter fascination of horror—Philip 11. That repulsive exterior which led a modern writer to pen the lines.

“He sits in the Escorial, and shuns the light of day,  
And his face is like a funque, of a leprous white and gray.’

That mind as narrow as the chest, dull but detremined; the policy tortuous and tricky, yet founded, one feels instinctively, on principles for which its author was as ready to sacrifice his own life as to sacrifice the lives of others, draw, while they reel, the imaginative reader.

But, again as Ruskin tells us, the company one finds in these King's Council-Chambers demands much of the reader, a play of mind and imagination a strenuousness one is not always ready to supply. It is only when the mind is fresh and active that one should seek book-companionship on these high altitudes. So on many an evening I left Motley to gather the dust of neglect, and turned to the shelves that held my carefully selected collection of novels.

Most of the novels of the day are books for a single reading. When one has learned that Mr. XY is not “a slacker”, but the most brilliant member of the Secret Service, the fascination has gone, and one has no desire to read again the details of his struggle with the German agent von Z. But there are novels not of this type, volumes in which one may meet men and women of the same nature as those one meets in life, where are enshrined a little group of human, charming, restful personalities with whom one may spend a pleasant and quiet hour in the drawing-room, at the dance, or at some pic-nic, as one does with the friends of daily life. Reopening such a book is like re-visiting some town or village in which we have a circle of friends' acquaintances, we are glad to see

them all again, and chat over their trivial concerns; it is a little holiday amid pleasant surroundings and cheerful companions. I should not like to say how after I have put the age of railways and motors and aeroplanes behind me, and run down to Highbury in a chaise and pair "the boy going a good pace and driving very steadily" to spend a quiet evening at Hartfield with Mr. Woodhouse and Emma, taking good care to keep away from the fire and have a valid excuse, Mr. Perry's opinion that it would not suit my particular condition, for not joining my host in a nice basin of thin gruel"; or to pay a call in the High Street and listen to Miss Bates' conversational Niagara. Or, if I were in more lively mood, the chaise has been directed to Merryton where I might satisfy my aesthetic sense by gazing at Miss Bennett, while indulging in a lively flirtation with Miss Lizzie—to pass the time until Mr. Darcy should conquer his pride and declare himself. If I had been to Highbury and Meryton too recently there was still Bath [has anyone written the literary history of Bath, by the way, not forgetting Mr. Pickwick's visit, and Sam Weller's scandalous behaviour at the "swarry" of boiled mutton and trimmings?] where I might amuse myself with the colossal vanity of Sir Walter, or join Tilney in making fun of Catherine Worland's girlish absorption in the Mysteries of Udolpho. It is in novels of this type that one can go into society in one's arm-chair, and without that preliminary inspection as to whether the shave of the morning was sufficiently close to hold good at night, and the tussle with shirt-studs and white tie. These are the "ladies" drawing-Rooms' of literature, which that earnest soul Ruskin overlooked in his interest in Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens.

There are other moods, however, in which one does not want to "go into society", but longs for a quiet chat with some one congenial friend. It is then that one turns to the essayist, and listens to Charles Lamb propounding his theories on the origin of Roast Pig, differentiating the Two Races of men, complaining of the way married people treat the old bachelor friend, or, as the evening draws on and he grows confidential, opening his soul to the sympathetic listener and revealing its depths in the most charming and the most touching sketch in English prose *Dream-Children*.

Yet Lamb and his fellow-essayists are exacting companions, they demand an appreciation of the beauties of language, of the play of wit and fancy, an aesthetic response from the reader which he is not always ready to give, yet without which they become silent. If I want a single companion, and yet do not feel fit for the society of Elia, but desire a friend of more common mould,

the volume I take is that private Doomsday Book which Samuel Pepys called his Diary—the most human book that has ever been, or will ever be written. And as I sit and smoke the old Clerk of the Acts babbles on about his daily work and amusements in Restoration London; tells me of the great contract he has made for masts, and adds with a sign of regret. “But hard to think what I might have made out of the business had I not been an honest man”, or of his visit to the King’s House and his annoyance at finding Pen there “For now I shall have to tell my wife I have broken my vow of not going to the play. “Or spins some such yarn of everyday life and humour as the following”. To the King’s Head Tavern where all the Trinity House dined to-day. . . . After dinner, who comes in but my Lady Batten, and a troop of a dozen women almost, and expected, as I found afterwards, to be made mighty much of, but nobody minded them: but the best jest was, that when they saw themselves not regarded, they would go away, and it was horrible foul weather; and my Lady Batten walking thro’ the dirty lane with new spick and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her; and vexing her a little more in mirth, I parted. ”“A ver y humorous story from the male point of view; one wonders why Papys did not speculate as to what happened to Sir William Batten after he “parted”, and left the husband to smother down the lady’s ruffled feelings Pepys will never call on you to admire the beauties of his style, but every page will give you the company of a man much like the average male, not too perfect, and, considering his age, not too bad, but with the ordinary man’s point of view and love of a joke. There are many unique qualities in the Diary, but as a companion it has the great meant of being on one’s own level. Pepys was the average man.

And so the evenings passed with this book and that until one day came the racket of trunks being dragged along corridors and dumped into this room and that; hurried footsteps in the passage, a battering in of the door, and the boisterous greeting “Hello, you old owl, have you been very lonely?” Had I been lonely with such a range of society within reach of the imagination! Hardly—Loneliness does not consist in being alone.

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Moore’s Miserere. Oh! these Bainful hours!

A Divine. Whenever I see the word ‘Stoma’ it always remind me of stomach. Prof. The only connection bet: stoma and stomach is the food-pipe.

## A SONG OF SPRING

Little laughter of the grass;  
Clapping of soft tiny hands;  
Fleeting forms that come and pass  
In relays of fairy bands;  
And the birds upon the wing—  
Tell the secret! It is Spring!

In the woods the dryades  
Hear the sounding pipes of Pan,  
Leave their temples of the trees  
And return to haunt's of man;  
This the song they sweetly sing—  
Ave! Ave! It is Spring!

Domed with sapphire is the sky;  
Haze of opal hath the hills;  
Brown the brooks that rushing by  
Call to their companion rills;  
These their joyous welcome bring—  
Hail! All hail! For it is Spring!

R. W. NORWOOD.



Co-ed's Corner

Since the commencement of Lent term hitherto unknown joy has been found in our common room, by the fact that the fire-place has become useful and not merely ornamental. The more cheerful, cosy aspect of the room has been greatly appreciated by all and the person who is responsible for giving us the fire has our most heart felt thanks.

We wish to take this opportunity of assuring the men that we all enjoyed to the full the dance given in November, under the auspices of the Foot ball Club. They are to be congratulated on the way in which they carried out all arrangements and on the artistic way in which the college halls were decorated.

We are pleased to welcome back Miss Kinhead who is taking Prep. year. On Jan. 28th., the Ladies' Basket-ball team gave an informal dance in the gymnasium. There was a fair attendance from among the student-body—the remainder were bashful—and we sincerely hope that all present enjoyed the evening.

Our friend Mr. Hodder has been popping about in an effort to get several co-eds for the play which is to be staged shortly after Easter. He has succeeded in enrolling those whom we consider to be endowed with the most dramatic ability, and The Dramatic Club should be able to put before the public, something exceptionally good.

It is a great pity we have been unable to start up a Debating Society this year, as there seem to be considerable talent and several promising debaters among our numbers.

The drawback is, that there are not enough of the co-eds interested to form an audience and so the would-be debaters argue merely for their own edification.

Arguments of an impromptu nature are almost every day occurrences among a certain faction. One co-ed has as her pet subject "The Problem of the Farmer" another "Compulsory Education" another "Woman's Franchise" and all are deeply interested in spiritualism and Darwinism. Most animated discussion may be overheard now and then on these matters and those who take part seem to hug themselves in ecstasy and find argumentation the spice of life.

Perhaps next year some one will encourage the development of such oratorical genius and there we shall have a Co-eds' Debating Society which shall make that of the men fade into the dim distance.

### LA VIE D'UNE CO-ED A BISHOPS

Je lève à sept heures et demi, et je me dresse. Je runne en bas de staircase, puis je marche parceque La Madame ne m'aime pas runner dans sa maison. J'entre la salle à manger, toute la famille est assemblée. Après la grâce je commence ma déjeuner. Je n'aime ni la porridge ni la hachette et pour cette raison je ne mange rien.

Je poudre le nez et puis je suis prête pour la Collège. Je scout pour la tram et voilà, je la vois aller sans moi. J'attends sur la corner et regarde tous les garçons jolis. Je prends la prochaine tram mais, alors j'arrive à la Col-

lège tard. . . . J'ai peur de mon instructeur si je skippe cette lecture et j'entre a chambre commune. J'y vois mes comrades et nous nous conversons. Bien-tôt la cloche sonne et nous allons à la prochaine lecture. C'est la Divinité, nous sommes très bons parceque nous nous sentons être inspirées.

Puis je haste à une lecture sur Anglais. Je préfère cette lecture parceque ici je verrai des beaux garçons et peut-être ils me voient. A la prochaine table je vois le petit Tête-Rouge, le petit garçon Sauvage, qui grinne beaucoup, et Kelly qui ne grinne jamais parceque s'il grinne son visage crackera. Je ne vois pas le grand Charretier parce qu'il dort avec les yeux fermants. A côté de moi est Clara Buckland qui regarde toujours la table opposite. Près de moi est Nessie Findlay, la demoiselle qui aime beaucoup les Philosophes, et j'entends toute la fois Jean Towne rire derrière de mois. Je vois le Boulanger qui n'ose pas winker à moi mais j'aime mieux la Tailleur avec son smile charmante. Dans le corner sont plusieurs demoiselles; Hazel Bennett la grande dramatisste; Frances Wilson comme jolie comme toujours; Alice Wilson, vous savez la demoiselle qui va avec le bursar Jock. Je regarde Frances Perry qui ecrit les notes pendant l'entire lecture. Cette period est finis trop vite pour moi.

Puis je hurre chez moi parceque la nature abhorre une vacuum. Pour dîner il y a un stew avec les carottes, des potaques, des cabbages, des tur-nipes. J'aime beaucoup cette stew et je mange, et mange, et mange. Pour la deserte, nous avons du puddin-du-pain avec une raisin puis j'en mange plus.

Après midi j'étude, et j'étude jusqu'au temps pour la souper. Après souper j'écris une belle composition sur les caractéristiques de Shakespeare. Puis je me dors et snore profondement.

P. S. Avec les apologies du Professeur Call.....

**Dirty Irish Trick.** The old Lodge has to pay for everyone of O'Donnell's visits.

**An Addition to Doherty's dance-repertoire:—**The Anderson Jazz.

**What is stronger than a lion?** Ask dwellers on second flat of "Shed".

**Which of the fresh divines robs the cradle?**

**It is rumoured the price of lumber has advanced since 'String' lengthered his bed, a few days ago.**



## Arts Notes

We are eagerly looking forward, to the advent of our new Principal, the Rev. Canon Bedford-Jones, and we anticipate a great future for Bishop's, and especially for the Arts faculty.

We have been extremely interested in the series of instructive lectures given during lent, account of which will be found elsewhere. These lectures afford an opportunity of getting some of the best thoughts on popular subjects, historical, archaeological or otherwise, and therefore of immense importance to students in the Arts Course.

A theatre party was organized by the college last term in which nearly every student participated. The students dressed themselves in such garments as were suitable to the occasion. Mr. John Robinson was then elected to the position of Master of Ceremonies in which official capacity, he conducted himself nobly and fully justified the confidence placed in him.

After much hilarity and fun the party reached the village at Lennoxville and succeeded in boarding a street car. As on all such occasions, there was much boisterousness. The students singing and trying to show off generally during the twenty minutes ride to Sherbrooke. The party eventually arrived at their destination and disembarked in front of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Bartlett was assigned the work of buying the tickets and arranging for the seats. There was some hesitation on the part of the manager of the theatre in admitting the boys, but after some consideration he decided to follow the wise and only course under the circumstances, and the boys filed into the theatre and found their seats.

The show being presented for the evening was a musical comedy entitled "The Million Dollar Doll from Paris". However as there was some delay in commencing the performance, the students took it upon themselves to present a few turns of their own. Some piled into the orchestra pit and played the instruments there available with the intention of producing music, but a listener would hardly have been inclined to term it such. The College songs were sung and also some of the popular jazz pieces of the day. Some of the boys

displayed their talent to good advantage on the stage in such capacities as singers, dancers, but chiefly as comedians of the highest order. College yells were indulged in frequently. After much delay the students subsided their row sufficiently to admit the curtain to be raised for the evening's performance.

The show itself was similar to the usual musical comedy except for the frequent interruptions caused by the students. In the interim between acts the College fellows lock-stepped up and down the theatre, eventually landed on the stage en masse where a huge row took place, ending up with considerable damage to one of the stage curtains. However, the actors with much difficulty managed to carry their performance to the end.

The students then marched in lock-step up to the armoury where a dance was being held. They immediately took possession of the building, but after two or three dances, decided to leave. From which place they went down to the Art Hall where a dance was also being held. A repetition of the Armoury occurrence ensued.

The boys just succeeded in boarding the last train for Lennoxville.

The Freshman's Concert, a source of great interest to both Seniors and Freshman took place at the beginning of this term. The initiation was possibly a little harder this year than last. The preparations were carefully made and everything came out almost as planned.

The Freshmen appeared at the head of the stairs of the Art's Building as instructed by the Seniors, evidently they had given the matter considerable thought for when the Seniors flocked to the appointed spot they found the complete flat barricaded. But by a brilliant strategic move on the part of the Seniors the efforts of the Freshmen were brought to nought. For suddenly, at a pre-arranged signal the Seniors burst in upon them from two directions. Then ensued a hard fight in which those Freshmen who would not give in were tied hand and foot. Thus ended the "rush".

The Freshmen, then, with blackened faces, and clothed in pyjamas, hitched to a vehicle in which was seated the Senior Man of the University made the rounds of the town. On returning to the College they were given, individually, the most important part of their initiation which of course we shall not make public.

After this refreshments were served; and the good will of the Freshmen was noted by their hearty "Ge Hee" for the Seniors, which was duly returned. The students then, dispersed feeling that after all there was no place like Bishop's, their Alma Mater.

## POETRY IN WAR TIME

Most of us who have been reading the poetry produced so plentifully by the civilian-soldiers of the New Armies have been struck by the contrast between the older war ballads and those of the present day. Whilst it is true that the same themes are dealt with, there is a distinct difference in emphasis, and what was a minor strain in time past has now become the major note in the new war poetry. Perhaps this is due to the fact that our previous war poetry was written chiefly by civilians with no first hand war experience. To the older poets, writing at a distance from the actual struggle, war could be viewed with a certain glamour, and the halo which their fancy cast around it is visible in their poetry. It is only necessary to recall such poems as "The Ballad of Agincourt" by Michael Drayton, the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Revenge" by Tennyson, or those immortal, though bellicose, lyrics on our naval victories by Campbell, to see the difference between the older and the newer war poetry. There is a far stronger note of material glory in the former than the latter. Those who have seen at first hand, know war too well to write of its glories. Those who have actually been engaged in fighting give us the impression that they face war not from any love of fighting, nor for the glory of war, but from sheer necessity. Men face war now precisely as they face the need of forming a rescue party to descend into a burning mine, or to launch a lifeboat into the blind fury of a storm,—unafraid, but certainly not glorying; or, even though afraid, strong enough to go on with a sterner and more disagreeable task just because there is no other way. It is quite evident now that war is seen in its true colours, as a terrible and degrading evil in the human community, none the less evil for being necessary. Nowhere perhaps is this more clearly shown than in the work of Lieut. W. N. Hodgson, M. C., the youngest son of the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury, a typical soldier of the New Armies, a soldier not from predilection, but from a sheer sense of duty:—

“By all the glories of the day,  
And the cool evening’s benison;  
By the last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done;  
By beauty lavishly outpoured,  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived,  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears,  
 And all the wonders poets sing,  
 The laughter of unclouded years,  
 And every sad and lovely thing:  
 By the romantic ages stored  
 With high endeavour that was his,  
 By all his sad catastrophies,  
 Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
 Saw with uncomprehending eyes  
 A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
 Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
 Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
 Must say goodbye to all of this:  
 By all delights that I shall miss,  
 Help me to die, O Lord."

We can contrast this with the poetry of the Hon. Julian Grenfell D. S. O., a soldier by choice before the war broke out. Before quoting his "Into Battle", it is worth while noting what he said in a letter written from Flanders. He longed to be able to say that he liked what was going on there: "But it's beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made me careless and unwatchful and self-absorbed; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it WAS beastly, one became all right again, and cool." His poetry marks the contrast between the beauty of natural things and the "Brazen frenzy" of war, which was so apparent even to the professional soldier:—

"The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
 And with green grass and bursting trees  
 Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
 And quivers in the sunny breeze.  
 And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
 And a striving evermore for these;  
 And he is dead who will not fight,  
 And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth,  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth,  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fulness after death. . . . .

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers:  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat and makes him blind—

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel can reach him, so  
That it be not the destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air death moans and sings,  
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And night shall fold him in soft wings."

The difference between these two is only that of tone and temperament; each is, and wishes to be, Chaucer's ideal of a soldier "a very perfect gentle knight." To stoop to any creed of military frightfulness would have been impossible for these men, because it is quite evident that they cannot glory in war.

From a totally different angle we may see the same thing in those rugged, powerful, "Rough Rhymes of a Padre" written by Capt. the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M. C., who has made himself the mouthpiece of the uncultured Tommy:—

"Gawd knows well I ain't no thinker,  
 And I never knew before,  
 But I knows now why I'm fightin',  
 It's to put an end to war.  
 Not to make my country richer  
 Or to keep her flag unfurled,  
 Over every other nation  
 Tyrant mistress of the world.  
 Not to boast of Britain's glory,  
 Bought by bloodshed in her wars,  
 But that Peace may shine about her,  
 As the sea shines round her shores.  
 If ole Fritz believes in fightin',  
 And obeys 'is War Lord's will,  
 Well, until 'e stops believin',  
 It's my job to fight and kill.  
 But the Briton ain't no butcher,  
 'E's a peaceful cove at 'eart,  
 And it's only 'cause 'e 'as to,  
 That 'e plays the butcher's part.  
 'Cause I 'as to—that's the reason  
 Why I done the likes o' this,  
 You're an understanding woman,  
 And you wont refuse your kiss.  
 Women pity soldiers' sorrow,  
 That can bring no son to birth,  
 Only death and devastation,  
 Darkness over all the earth.  
 We won't 'ave no babe to cuddle  
 Like a blessing to the breast,  
 We'll just 'ave a bloody mem'ry  
 To disturb us when we rest.  
 But the kids will some day bless us,  
 When they grows up British men,  
 'Cause we tamed the Prussian tyrant,  
 And brought Peace to earth again."

How far it all is from the "glory" of war!

In the first of Rupert Brooke's sonnets, "Peace", the balance is very nearly struck. Though war has certainly no attractions for him as such, yet the sudden opportunity for great and self-sacrificing service almost offsets the beastliness of war, and would seem to justify it if ever anything could:—

"Now, God be thanked Who matched us with His hour  
And caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power  
To turn, as swimmers into cleansing leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary."

Brooke felt that in the years of peace our souls had put on too much flesh, that we had come near losing our Ideals, that the "moral equivalent of war" either had not been found, or had no power to stir us. There is nothing in his poems,—so far as I have been able to discover,—which can be construed into a glorifying of war; what Brooke saw, in common with practically all the soldier poets, was the brightness and glory of heroism and service and sacrifice as it shone out against the dark and bloody background of war.

There is joy in his glorious requiem:—

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead?!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold . . . .  
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage."

We may perhaps turn now to some of our own Canadian soldier poets, and we may well start with Canon Scott, because one of his war poems, "On The Rue Du Bois", reminds us very much of Rupert Brooke:—

"O Pallid Christ within this broken shrine,  
Not those torn Hands and not that Heart of Thine  
Have given the nations blood to drink like wine.

Through weary years and 'neath the changing skies,  
Men turned their back on those appealing Eyes  
And scorned as vain Thine awful Sscrifice.

Kings with their armies, children in their play,  
Have passed unheeding down this shell-ploughed way,  
The great world knew not where its true strength lay.

In pomp and luxury, in lust of gold,  
In selfish ease, in pleasure manifold,  
"Evil is good, good evil," we were told.

Yet here, where nightly the great flare-lights gleam,  
And murder stalks triumphant in their beam,  
The world has wakened from its empty dream.

At last, O Christ, in this strange, darkened land,  
Where ruined homes lie round on every hand,  
Life's deeper truths men come to understand.

For lonely graves along the country side,  
Where sleep those brave hearts who for others died,  
Tell of life's union with the Crucified.

And new light kindles in the mourner's eyes,  
Like day-dawn breaking through the rifted skies,  
For Life is born of life's self-sacrifice."

How far away from the "glories" of war. Such beauty and glory as there is,—and there is much of it,—lies not in war, but in the splendour of the self-sacrificing service of brave men faced with the horrors of war.

It is not without significance that the ideal soldier is now portrayed as one who is:—

"In honour, chivalrous;  
In duty, valorous;  
In all things, noble;  
To the heart's core, clean."

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and the same thought runs "Ave Atque Vale!":—

"They saw in wider vision  
The Empire and its need,  
And came, with swift decision,  
To do the utmost deed.

And now, and ever after,  
Their fame will grow with years;  
They came with songs and laughter,  
We leave them here with tears."

There is nothing in praise of war, what is praised, and rightly, is the spirit of those who acted in time of need. That they came with songs and laughter does not mean that they were blind to what they had to face, far from it, and that only emphasises the nobility of their spirit.

"In Flanders' Fields" is too well known to need quotation, but there again a beautiful Nature is in strong contrast with "The guns below". There is the quiet insistence on a duty to be done be the cost what it may. The sacrifice is looked upon as the price which must be paid to put right the present wrongs. Fighting, just for fighting's sake has gone; there is no joy in killing, the joy is in facing the risk of being killed just for the sake of serving.

Robert Service in "The Lark" voices very well the contrast which so often forced itself on the men at war:—

"From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,  
The guns have brayed without abate;  
And now the sick sun looks upon  
The bleared, blood-boltered fields of hate  
As if it loathed to rise again.  
How strange the hush! Yet sudden, hark!  
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,  
The leaping rapture of a lark.

"A fusilade of melody,  
 That sprays us from yon trench of sky;  
 A new amazing enemy  
 We cannot silence though we try;  
 A battery on radiant wings,  
 That from yon gap of golden fleece  
 Hurls at us hopes of such strange things  
 As joy and home and love and peace.

Pure heart of song! do you not know  
 That we are making earth a hell?  
 Or is it that you try to show  
 Life still is joy and all is well?  
 Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain  
 You beat into that bit of blue:  
 Lo! we who pant in war's red rain  
 Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too."

It is needless to multiply instances, and those already quoted must serve as a fair specimen of what meets us at every turn in the new poetry. However beautiful the poetry may be, and its charm can not be denied, it is the thought it conveys which matters most, and clearly enough can we see the thought of those who have the best right to tell us what war is. At present we need attempt no analysis, nor make any effort to decide the value and significance of this change of emphasis. All we are concerned to do for the present is to show that there is a distinct change of emphasis in the new war poetry as compared with the old.

### MISDIRECTION OF ENERGY

(Male student on seeing two Co-Eds kissing each other!)  
 What a waste!

I understand Mr. Baker, that you are so well bred, that you never loaf!  
 (Who said this?)

Who was the co-ed, who kept everyone awake on the car after the hockey dance? Was she talking in her sleep, or merely intoxicated with the exuberance of her own verbosity.



## College Activities

### DRAMATIC CLUB

Not least among the activities of the student body is the Dramatic Club.

With the re-opening of College after the Xmas vacation, the Dramatic Club began to show positive and enthused signs of life, auguring well the later actual undertakings. Thus during the Term the D. C., has taken upon itself to produce two short plays which will together be put on at His Majesty's Theatre, Sherbrooke, about the second week after Easter.

Professor Boothroyd has very kindly undertaken to give up his time in the capacity of advisory supervisor to the "Ici. On Parlé Français", while Pro. Irwin Sawdon, of Sherbrooke has very generously come to the president of the Dramatic Club's assistance in offering criticism and suggestions in the production of the "Monastery," an Operetta, based on Sir Walter Scott's Novel.

The one play is of the nature of a comic Farce, while the other is a musical Comic Operetta. Both are full of humour and comic situation but at the same time they are two distinctly different types of play.

In the former, there is straight acting and the cast includes both sexes, while the latter is a combination of action, musical choruses and songs, and the cast requires men only. Thus far, the practice of both plays, promise well for a very successful programme and attractive nights entertainment for the public of Sherbrooke and of other places to which the plays may be taken.

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### DEBATING CLUB

#### High Treason

The communities of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville were stirred to their depths when Cecil Albert David Karter was tried for High Treason.

Karter who is a student of University of Bishop's College was charged by the local attorney general with High Treason under three heads.

Firstly that he did compass and imagine to depose His Majesty The King from style honour and royal name of the Imperial Crown of that part of the Dominion of Canada included in the lands property and estates of the University of Bishop's College.

Secondly that he did compass and imagine to exercise powers and prerogatives belonging only to His Majesty and to His Majesty's Officers lawfully appointed.

Thirdly that he did instigate a foreigner one Leon Trotsky with force to invade the Dominion of Canada, etc.

The one point upon which a verdict in this remarkable case hung was as to what the machine found in the prisoner's room really was. The prosecution tried to prove through evidence of Thomas Edison Mabee that the instrument was a wireless set; whereas the defence maintained by its witnesses, George Marcaroni and Lenard Martyn that the instrument was not a wireless but was a machine which the prisoner was in course of inventing for the purpose of scientifically arranging ladies hair.

A touch of romance was lent to proceedings by presence as witnesses of Miss Gertie Lackadaisy of a fifteen cent store and Miss Daisy Darling who is a student at The University both of these young ladies it appears had for a time held sway in the heart of Mr. Karter and also in the heart of his former friend Rodney Tabor.

The smoothness of Court proceedings was somewhat hampered and the difficulties of the Clerk of the Court increased by frequent disturbances caused by some of those present who had Bolshevik tendencies. Chief among the offenders were the two witnesses Nikoli Uglymugovitch and Amt Gonoutforashavutch and their friends who were watching the proceedings.

The prosecuting Attorney summed up most eloquently and closed by reminding the Jury that although it was a great responsibility to condemn a man to death it was a still greater one to allow such a man as prisoner to mingle with society.

The Jury which was as follows:—

Sir Fredereck Michael Angelo foreman.  
Comte De Maurice De Paris, Michael Robinson,  
Warren Wardovsky, Isaac Von Exstein,

Patsy Klein, Mr. La Liberté, Ivan Ivanovitch,  
Themistophles, M. Luttifruitti, Sunshine,  
Riplingonitherapids, Kutucha Kutuchavitch,

After a deliberation of two minutes and thirty four and three fifths seconds returned a unanimous verdict of guilty.

The Judge then pronounced sentence. The sentence not being as in days of old one of death but life, *vz.* The prisoner must attend all lectures, engage in all College activities, both athletic and literary and must be in bed promptly at ten thirty, and arise at seven thirty daily. The Court was then closed.

Among other activities of the dramatic society during the past term was the smoker by which it opened its year. This took the form of a series of impromptu addresses by different members of the society. The speeches were punctuated by the excellent coffee supplied and a great amount of tobacco smoke.

There have also been two formal debates. The first of these was between the L. S. T. Class, and the final year Arts. The resolution debated was "Resolved that all bachelors of thirty years and over should be taxed" The L. S. T. class spoke for the Affirmative, and after an interesting debate they were declared to have maintained the resolution.

The second formal debate was between two teams from the Freshman year. 'Resolved that sport is an essential element in education.' This was exceptionally well handled by both sides and our first year seems to exhibit intelligence above that of the average freshman. Quite unexpectedly the negative, won by a few points.

The debates of this year have greatly excelled those of the past few years and if the same regulation is maintained in the future, it is hoped that these debates may be opened to the public.

H. R. CLEVELAND.

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## THE STUDENT WAR MEMORIAL

The erection of a suitable tablet in the College Chapel having been decided upon by the student Body as stated in the last issue of the Mitre, the Committee have had a simple and worthy sketch prepared and presented to the Corporation for their approval, which has been obtained. The cost of the Tablet will be

approximately \$350. In order to give the Next-of-Kin and Graduates the opportunity they desired of cooperating with the Student Body's effort to provide this sum, a Circular was sent out explaining the project. We here would like to extend thanks to all who have so assisted, and to let this be a further reminder to any who wish to identify themselves with us in this object and have not as yet forwarded their subscription.

It is intended that the Tablet should be unveiled at Convocation in June next, and it is expected that the Ceremony will be performed by One of Canada's outstanding Military Leaders in the late War who is a friend of Bishop's.

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### B. C. M. U.

The Study Classes which were delayed last term by the many other activities of the College have at last materialized. They are now properly organized and are held every other Friday evening as far as possible.

On the whole the number of students who attend is felt to be encouraging. Naturally we aim at perfection, however. These papers cost a great deal of preparation and we hope that even more men will come to our meetings.

The following papers have been given:—

**“The Origin of Religion.”**                      **The President.**

The course was opened by the President in January. He gave us some very enlightening information and left a deep impression as to the unswerving devotion of the heathen savage to his erroneous religion.

**“Japan.”**                      **The Vice-President.**

During February two meetings were held. The first of these dealt with Shintoism, one of the religions of Japan. It was a new subject for many who were present and the lengthy nomenclatures of some the mythological duties no doubt helped to make it somewhat difficult to follow with ease. A general discussion followed in regard to the problems which the Faith must face in Japan.

**“Mohammedanism”                      The Secretary.**

The results of this paper, read in March, will only be seen by the number of those who go over to Islam in the near future. Thus it is a good thing that some at least, who otherwise would have been present, found the mission of the Cowley Fathers to S. Peter's the greater attraction.

In addition this Rev. A. R. Bigg, A. K. C., gave us an informal talk during February upon a much discussed question of today:—

**“Should the Church support Foreign Missions?”**

The speaker shewed clearly that all Missionary effort was the same work, whether carried on at home or in distant lands, and he made an earnest appeal for a greater general interest in the part of all. (In this connection we would remind members of the weekly intercession held in Chapel every Monday noon!)

We record with pleasure the presence of three members of the Staff on this occasion.

A general discussion ensued as in the case of all of the various papers mentioned above and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the Rector of Sherbrooke for his visit.

T. W. S.

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**THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW**

It is not always the Society or Clubs that are making the outward show, that are doing the most effective work in the world, Bishop's University Branch of the said Brotherhood is among the class of the quiet and let us hope effective Societies at this time.

This Branch of the Brotherhood, is making a splendid record for itself in every respect under its able leaders. Robert Heron Esq., B. A., Director, T. V. L'Estrange Esq., Vice-Director, A. T. Carson Esq., Secretary.

Meetings are held every second Friday evening in the College year, for the purpose of discussing the endeavours of the Brotherhood and to listen to an address by one of the members or a friend of the organization. The Brother-

hood, has two planks in its platform "Prayer and Service", there being very little scope for the performance of the 2nd. plank—good use is made of the very important one "Prayer".

The 1st. meeting in the Lent Term, was held on the evening of January 23rd. at 6.30 in the Old Lodge Common room—when the work of visiting the Hospital.

Corporate Communion, Chapel Music, and other matters were taken up and discussed at some length and with some heated, lengthy, and personal rebukes issuing therefrom.—The Director then extend a very hearty welcome to the Reverend O. G. H. Lloyd on his return to Bishop's for further studies and also to the return soldier members—these welcomes were replied to very appreciatively.

The Brotherhood met again on the evening of February 6th: and listened to a profitable and timely address on the Forward movement by the Reverend O. G. H. Lloyd, after the address questions re the movement were asked by many present.

On Thursday the Anunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, March 25th: the Brotherhood meet at 6.30 for the purpose of joining in the Service of admission—When the Reverend Father Burt the Chaplain admitted into the ranks of the Brotherhood—Mr. A. Gardner—with proper Ceremony; after the admission, the (Chaplain gave a very nice meditation address basing his remarks on "Christ in us the hope of glory" and gave a wealth of meaning to the word "Christ".

Once again may we say The Branch of the Brotherhood at Bishop's, is quietly but very effectively carrying out its allotted work and reflects great credit on its officers.

A MEMBER.





## Lenten Lectures

### SPECIAL LECTURES

This year, as at other year, we were treated during the past term to a series of illustrated lectures, and each Wednesday during lent a goodly assembly of professors students, and friends of the University gathered in the library to hear the various speakers. To say that these lectures were pleasing and instructive is to put it very mildly, for this year the series has on the whole far surpassed that of other years.

On Wednesday February 25th., the university and community generally had the pleasure of listening to Professor Gordon Laing, Ph., D. of the university of Chicago. He dealt with the subject of "Roman Africa".

Bishops was fortunate in procuring such a noted archaeologist to open the series this year. Doctor Laing from the outset had the wrapt attention of the audience, as he dealt with his subject in such a masterly way. He opened his lecture with a short sketch of the history of Northern Africa from the time of the Berbers, tracing it through the various stages or Roman and Vandal occupation down to its present occupation by the French. He pointed out the record and achievements of these different stages, evidence of which may be had by archaeologists and "he who digs may read". His numerous and interesting views included the ancient city of Carthage which he accompanied by a short history of its taking by Scipio, its destruction by the Romans and the later rebuilding by the same people, and becoming one of the great cities of ancient times.

Views of the ancient Roman city of Dougga, with its temples of Saturn, Juno, Jupiter and Minerva built in imitation of those at Rome. The city in fact as he pictured it was a miniature Rome.

Tingad came next. Built 100 A. D., with its regular streets, its antique and yet marvellous architecture. He indicated the excellent preservation of pavement in spite of its being 1820 years old(), its famous water and drainage systems, all showing the impress of the ideas of Rome, those ideas which made her the great empire she became.

Slides illustrating various types of interesting buildings were thrown in rapid succession on the screen. Chief among these were private dwellings of Roman nobles indicative of the wealth and luxury of that time. Then came the Trajan arch at Tingad, the temple of Eschalapius, (the god of healing), the temple of Minerva, of which he gave the history of its evolution from a beer shop to a present day Christian church. Baths were shown with all their conveniences illustrative of the advanced hygienic ideas of that civilization. Theatres built in the style of those in ancient Rome were found very interesting indeed.

There were also many slides of the beautiful sculpture, both Greek and Roman, ably illustrating what we owe to these mothers of art and literature.

Doctor Laing enlivened the whole with its American humour, especially in describing incidents of a few days spent in modern Tunis, with its medley of languages its costumes, in imitation of the old Roman Togas, etc., In connection with these incidents he showed that the male was the decorative sex, and that the women were veiled, not to hide their beauty but to prevent the giving of pain to others. Another touch of humour was given in the fact of one man of modern Carthage complaining of the H. C. L. because it interfered with its religion in that he could only afford to keep one wife.

Doctor Laing was accorded a well merited vote of thanks and every one must have been delighted to have heard such a noted authority and able speaker.

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The second of the series was given by our old friend and graduate of the university, Dr. Abbott-Smith of Diocesan College, Montreal,. He had as his subject "Greece of today and yesterday". In scholarly way he gave a brief history of ancient Greece, illustrated by views of famous places, ruins, specimens of wonderful architecture and statuary. Pictures of Corfu, the little island which defied the Turks and also of the historic Ephesus with its wonderful temple of Diana, and the Parthenon which is considered the most beautiful ruin in the world. Among the statuary were those of the Venus de Milo, the Dying Gladiator, and many other figures mythological and historical. Magnificent examples were given of Ionic, Corinthian, and Doric architecture, of this last the majority of ancient ruins are types, especially the shrine of Theus many centuries old.

Great tributes were paid to the matchless place of Greece in Art literature, philosophy and oratory, and the speaker graphically described the historic battles of Greece and the wonderful doings of the Persian Xerxes.

Rapidly passing over a thousand years he remarked that though other nations had intermingled with Greeks and though it might almost be said there were no Greeks in Greece, yet the love of that same sense of beauty still remained among the people. One of his latest or most modern views showed the charming retreat that the late Empress of Austria had built on one of the Grecian islands and which through the strange irony of war had been transformed into a hospital for wounded Serbians.

The whole lecture made plain the debt owed to Greece, and the country's history will live vividly in the minds of the audience.

On March 17th. a lecture which was styled unique was given by Miss C. Warren, A. R. B. A. (associate of the Royal British Artists) the well known English authority on Ruskin. It was unique for two reasons, first because it was the first lecture of our series given by a lady, and secondly because of the beautiful and exquisite painting of the "Haunts and Home of Ruskin" by the lecturer's own brush, coupled with her pleasing and intelligent method of speaking. She had been acquainted with Ruskin in her early life and gave many personal touches to her lectures, touches which brought before the minds of her hearers the really kind and beautiful character of the great author, painter, architect and social reformer.

Brief sketch was given of Ruskin's life from boyhood to his sublime old age, the interesting little incidents of his childhood brought to mind the fact so often forgotten that every great man was a child as others, and there showed traits which afterwards developed to the great characteristics which distinguished him. She showed how Ruskin was to have been a bishop, and how he preached his first sermon when quite a little fellow standing on a chair; how at seven he wrote several poems, his father paying him a penny for each line produced.

Later views illustrated his life at Oxford, with ideas of his brilliant attainments; his tour on the Continent and connected these with views of his favorite haunts in Switzerland and Italy. Pictures of these parts which he specially

loved, showed his real love of nature, and where that feeling originated which led him to go beneath forms and give a peculiar utterance to the unseen spirit behind them all.

Detailed water colourings of Ruskin's Study, with many pretty touches, by the painter herself, of his rooms at Oxford and of his childhood home; all were used by the able lecturer to show his excellent traits and to lead the audience to appreciate to the full the greatness of the character, so that they could when reading Ruskin, do so with fresh interest, go behind his wonderful work and see the man as she knew him, and so learn to appreciate his great accomplishments more than heretofore.

It was a lecture not easily to be forgotten. The appreciation of which was attested by the outburst of applause on the part of the audience.

On March 17th. the library was packed to its fullest capacity to hear our noted graduate and soldier-priest Canon Scott, D. C. L., C. M. G., D. S. O., who spoke on "War Memories" every one knows of the splendid work of this lecturer, "Over There" in his capacity of senior chaplain of the third division, of his success in cheering the men with his brilliant wit, of his attendance to their spiritual needs, ever ready to give them the comforting sacraments of the church, and from his personal touch with the men he was ably fitted to show the light and shadow of a soldier's life.

He told of the wonderful anticipations of the first month of the war, when the men were confident of a quick and decisive victory, and of the first Easter spent in France where they had a restful and happy day. The terrible havoc caused by the shelling of towns, the terrible effects of gas were all briefly related. Great tributes were paid to the bravery and tenacity of the Canadian men, who in spite of heavy responsibilities often laid upon them never failed in a task.

Among amusing incidents related was an account of how he tried to round up a spy; reference to a poem he had written about the Kaiser but which he did not have a chance to read before the "All Highness", and of an experience when four signallers bluffed a party of forty Germans from their dug-out and took possession of the telegraphic instruments.

A brief outline of military events to the capture of Mons was given and he spoke impressively to the effect that the horrors of the great struggle must never be forgotten. He emphasized facts of courage, usefulness and patriotism of our men showing that it would be a privilege to live with those men who had returned and pointing out the duty owed to them in the reconstruction period and forever afterwards.

The absence of personal element was noticed in the lecture. Canon Scott spoke to glorify the deeds of heroism of the war alone. But these same men have witnessed what it means to have the tender comradeship and spiritual encouragement in suffering and death and at all times, of such a "Padre" as our soldier-priest.

The last of this series was given by another of our distinguished graduates, Canon Almond, C. M. G., C. B. E., well known in his capacity of chaplain-in-chief of the whole of the overseas forces of Canada. Canon Almond spoke of the "Problems of Reconstruction". He indicated some of the national gains accruing from the war, not least among them being the lessening of class distinction. He emphasized the need of leadership in the reconstruction period, and the spirit of brotherhood to dominate the future. The provincial idea must give way to thinking in terms of Canada, and further still there must be a greater inculcation of the imperialistic idea.

The number who attended these lectures showed the appreciation of the public and indicated the amount of work which can be done by a university through this means.

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May we ask:—

Why the last number of the Mitre was an old lodge number?

Why pretty Sweething is allowed to trip around the hall in slippers?

Who made the punch at the hockey dance?



## Athletic Notes

### Rugby

(Continued from last issue.)

The hopes and aspirations of the Foot-Ball team of U. B. C. for the year 1919-20 were not vain and a most successful season records and bears witness to these facts. Five Inter-Collegiate games were played. Of these games only one was lost, which alone prevented the team from registering a perfectly defeatless season.

After the return game with Stanstead had been played and won by the University, a challenge from B. C. S. was accepted. The game was played on a beaver field, which gave the College somewhat of an advantage, owing to its possessing a slightly heavier setam. Altho' the College team was in possession of ball for practically three-quarters of the playing time, making substantial gains whenever necessary and breaking up the fast plays of the School boys, who, being lighter, were handicapped by the slippery condition of the gridiron 'ere they were well under way, still, credit is due the School team for the manner in which it contested this match.

The School opened the scoring when Anderson of the College was compelled to make a safety "rouge", having recovered a long punt from Jacques, of B. C. S.

The College replied by Moore's crossing the School's touch line for "the only try" of the game, which ended the scoring.

Thus the game ended, resulting in a victory for College, by a score of 5 to 1.

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### LOYOLA VS U. B. C.

The next foot-ball game proved to be with Loyola College (Montreal) and although the field was covered with snow, to quite a depth, when the visitors arrived, still courage was not lacking in the "footballists" and a game of threefifteen minute periods was played, notwithstanding the low temperature and the heavy, wet, "going".

Each team scored two "trys", despite the ever impending danger of losing the ball in snow, whilst in the attempt. Neither "try" was converted by Loyola. On the other hand, Anderson of U. B. C. converted both for his team. It is worthy of note that during the whole season, only one attempt by the above-named kicker, to convert numerous "trys" failed to materialize.

The score stood 12-10 in favour of the home team upon the termination of the final period.

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### BISHOP'S VS LOYOLA

The return game with Loyola was played the following week, in Montreal and it proved to be the last one of a very successful season.

It was contested under altogether reversed field conditions, the ground being hard and fast Bishop's scored the initial "try" when Taber of U. B. C. blocked his opponents kick, which was recovered by Savage, who crossed the touch-line. This "try" was very nicely converted by Anderson, who was obliged to kick directly into a strong wind.

However, Loyola's consistent "kicking slowly but surely won point after point and upon the totalling of these single points at the end of the game, they proved the victors, by the same narrow margin of two points, which had beaten them the previous week.

The final score was 8-6 in power of the Montreal team.

This game terminated the Foot-ball season of the year 1919-20, one of the most successful ever experienced by Bishop's University.

The season closed, with the members of the team still exhibiting the same enthusiasm and remarkable spirit, with which it had opened and for which Bishop's is noted.

H. O'DONNELL,  
Ath. Ed.

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### CO-ED'S BASKET-BALL

As in former years, the Co-eds have had a basket-ball team, but unfortunately less playing than usual has been done this season. It is hard to say just what is the reason for this, but we hope that next year greater interest in this form of sport will be shown and that an excellent team will result.

So far, our activities have been confined to games between the two home teams, namely the Greens and Reds, and to the annual game with Stanstead College. Until very recently the lady students of other colleges have confined themselves likewise to contests with neighbouring institutions, but the growing interest in basket-ball is seen by the fact that this season there has been inaugurated intercollegiate competition between the girl students of several Canadian colleges. Lovers of the sport will welcome this innovation and we hope that in the near future we ourselves may be able to send a team which will be worthy of Bishop's.

Those who played this year are unanimous in stating that they enjoyed it immensely and had "loads of fun", while the few games which were played showed an improvement on last year's work.

On Nov. 4th., the Reds and Greens played their first game and it was considered one of the best we have had. The numbers of -male supporters on both sides especially the Greens-were positively overwhelming. The game ended in a score of 29-24.

The teams this year composed of the following were:—

Reds		Greens..
Hazel Bennett	Forward	Clara Buckland.
Jean Towne		Nessie Findlay
Laura Macdonald	Defence	Dorothy Dutton
Erma Parker		Florrie Dinning
Muriel Martin	Centre	Ruby Hopkins

The return game which was played on Nov. 14th., resulted again in a victory for the Reds, the score being 21-19.

The annual match with Stanstead College which was played on Dec. 6th., was a most interesting one throughout. The visitors played excellent combination and Bishop's managed to keep several points a head of them until the final blow of the whistle 10-15.

The line up was as follows:—

Bishop's		Stanstead.
Jean Towne	Forward	Irma Lane
Hazel Bennett		Hazel Henderson
Laura Macdonald	Defence	Helen Gordon
Francis Perry		Margaret Faucett
Dorothy Wright	Center	Adele Noble
Dorothy Dutton	Wing	Phyllis Greene
Clara Buckland	Subs.	Dot Algeo
Phyllis Bell.		

Miss Ford of Stanstead, assisted by Mr. Geo. Savage refereed the game. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Savage for his help during the past term and it is due to him that the teams have succeeded so well.

After the game both teams repaired to Prof. Call's lecture room where supper was served, Mrs. Vial acting as hostess. The visitors from Stanstead were Miss Elder and Mrs. Holden.

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Sense of humour is really a peculiar thing, is'nt it? Now I can't help laughing.—

When I hear Bricks laugh.  
 When Ruby and Nessie sing "Bubbles".  
 When Hodder begins to preach in the corridors,  
 When Alice goes into the Bursar's office:  
 When Phyllis says "Aint umcoy"? meaning Jim.  
 When the senior lady puts on airs.  
 When Mr. Sweeting makes puns—not that they are ever funny.  
 When I see the expression on Iris' face when some one mentions  
 Kelly.

When Miss Matchell forgets her diamond.  
 When Miss Farnsworth looks up to so many of the boys.

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# MITRE STAFF, 1919-1920



A. T. CARBON,  
Asst. Arts Ed.

H. O'DONNELL,  
Athletic Ed.

A. MORRIS,  
Asst. Business Mgr.

REV. R. H. WATERMAN,  
Alumni Ed.

T. V. L'ETRANGE,  
Divinity Ed.

REV. W. ROBINSON,  
Exchange Ed.

E. A. BARTLETT,  
Arts Ed.

Miss F. PERRY, Asst. Lady Ed.

R. HERON, Ed-in-Chief

W. W. SMITH, Bus. Mgr.

Miss A. M. FINDLAY, Lady Ed.