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Dedication
To the late Thomas Mann
who reaffirms the dignity and flow
of human life
Mitre writers, it seems, consistently paint foul and wretched portents of the doom of man which reflect on their immature and pessimistic approach to life. Is the world really like this? Is it a place of evil, stinking things; of lust and carnal urges and black foreboding death; of lurking, doom-baring shadows of brief and anguish and despair?

Those of us that write will answer, “The world is not really like this. We are going through a stage of pessimistic skepticism; of looking at the world so critically and sharply that there is nothing that is really good and happy and clean and lovely. Everything is dirty and black and lonely and ugly, filled with evil stench of filth and dung and all that is impure. We must write about these things because the thought of evil — evil that we have rarely seen or heard or felt — penetrates more deeply into the soul of man. We must write of death and pain because our lives have never really known them. Our lives have been happy and good and clean and we are attracted to that which we do not know.”

Most of the writing we have seen in The Mitre these past two years has been like that. It has gone under the name of ‘realism’. All writers seem to go through this stage, but the sooner they are able to climb out of that black, despairing world, the faster they will learn to write with depth and meaning and find out for themselves that a lot of people are happy and have a purpose and a pure and unselfish love of life.
We must learn through our experience in writing and living that there are people who wake up in the morning and feel a lazy warmth creeping through their blood and into their bones. They feel and hear and see and somehow know that Spring has come and with it the lazy feeling when we watch the receding snow and the bright green tufts of new grass.

They experience the awakening of the mind to all that is new and good, and put away the memory of all that was foul and black in winter. They see, through the wonder-filled eyes of a child, the golden-greenness of the leaves and they know the truly happy feeling that all men must experience in the Spring when they look up into the deep blueness of the sky and feel the warmth of sunlight and smell the living presence of nature awakening around them.

What Is Your Idea Of A University

"I do hunger and thirst not for righteousness sake but for the sake of knowledge is a good line I read somewhere. To acquire knowledge is a broader, and in the end, a more satisfying object of our life’s work. That knowledge must be balanced and tempered by an understanding of its application to the world outside ourselves. The knowledge which we acquire here, at a university, must be tempered by a deep understanding of other people and the means by which we can put that knowledge to the best use through our interaction with other people in a social world.

Five students, in a cross section of Bishop’s opinion, proclaim their “ideas of a university” and dissect and analyse the meaning and the purpose of a university and what the ideal university should aim to do so that it will best prepare us academically and socially and spiritually for the life ahead.

A. L. W.

George Holman • Barrie Wilson
Iain MacLean • Tony Ketchum
W. Mark Pfieffer
A UNIVERSITY is generally acknowledged to be an institution where a student is given the opportunity to develop the highest qualities of body and mind and soul. In order to achieve this purpose with maximum results, our universities must make some very definite changes. I will discuss what I believe to be the ideal university.

For a large university, the best physical arrangement seems to be a community of self contained colleges. The university as such has major facilities for the use of all students and members of each college can attend certain lectures outside their own college. A small university would be similar to one of these colleges, but, lacking the facilities of a large university, its scope will be definitely limited.

The academic side of a university is of primary importance, but it alone is insufficient. (The intellectual genius has a place in our society, but he should be discouraged from devoting all his time to his studies). In the undergraduate courses, standards should be uniform and high. A careful study of high school graduates should be undertaken to determine their ability to handle university work. By means of a few essay-type examinations, and intelligence tests, the student's past record and his principal's recommendation, the student should be directed straight to a university, to a technical school for another year or two, or into pure technical training. By this and other methods, we should do our best to see that only true university students go to university. This, after all, is one of the biggest weaknesses of our present system. Students with the proper motivation, possessed of sound qualities of character and academic potential, are the ones we would hope to enroll in our universities.

The day-to-day life at university on the undergraduate level should be well-rounded academically, and socially designed to produce the leading citizens of our country. For this reason, residential and co-educational colleges are highly desirable. But let us get away from the university year which starts with sheer pleasure and ends in utter panic. Because such a small number of students work throughout the year, the standards are lowered and exams become meaningless. Would it not be possible to organize the courses on a weekly basis? If the tutorial system could not be established, then perhaps weekly reports and monthly papers might be a substitute. Exams would have to remain, but they would be of secondary importance. Such a system could be designed so that the weekends would be entirely free, but there would be less time to loaf throughout the week. While the student would still be able to apportion his own time, sports and extra-curricular activities would keep him busy when he was not working.

Our universities seem to be producing a lot of graduates who are still uneducated in many aspects of life. Isn't it time we did some remodelling so that universities will have a better change of bringing out the most desirable qualities of an individual? A system of higher education more akin to life as we will have to face it sooner or later might be a good start.
Too late for breakfast in the dining hall, a few students brave the elements, forge their way to the diner, hang their coats, drink coffee and talk in hamburger and grease air. Here, the ideas of a university are exchanged with the views on women, men and the local movie.

The idea of a university varies from individual to individual as seen by the three people in the restaurant over coffee and toast. All three are in the same course at the same university, but, by their nature, differ widely on how they feel and think about their chosen place of learning.

We see a girl, attractive but shy, and apparently naive, embarrassed by the unshaven, non-university customers of the diner and the strong smell of fried onions. Beside her, talking and eating noisily, is a big fellow, dressed in the popular manner of the New England colleges, more commonly seen talking to his lapel-pinned friends about last night's "smash". The third person is one of those occasional types who can be seen reading a $1.25 paperback in the common room while others try to decide whether they should ski, see a movie, or flake.

As we move up, we find the three discussing what they expect and want from a university. The girl, who shows her Westmount heritage in her voice and cashmere sweater, her independence in her low suede shoes and dark stockings, is explaining that she came to university to obtain a well-rounded education; to not feel "out of it" when her friends are discussing poetry.

"It is important to me to know what other people know. I mean, I want to meet people and have something to say to them," she explains. She is, however, drawn to a certain extent to this pervading thing called knowledge.

Realizing that others are listening, she continued, "I want to learn as much as I can, but college has its social side as well, you know. It's fun to really be absorbed in a subject, but it is a bit pointless; after all, I want to equip myself for the outside world."

"And find a husband," somebody quipped. She smiled in silence.

The fellow in the ivy league suit is an enigma. He is preparing himself for a job; he wants to be a success in the standard definition of the term, but he also takes full advantage of the pleasures of a university.
The girl in the cashmere sweater arose from an apparent lethargy, seeing a chance to attack the self-assured critic. In acid dipped tones she remarks, “If you're so keen about learning, why do I always get higher marks?”

“Granted, you do. But are you sincerely interested in what you study? After you spend ten hours doing an essay, do you ever think on what you have learned in those few hours? When you answer an exam question, do you agree or disagree with what you put down, or is it merely what you remember from your beautifully written lecture notes? Somehow I have the feeling the knowledge you acquire is put undigested into a little box and is only paraded at exam time or when you want to impress your friends.” An embarrassed silence followed, relieved only by the sound of greasy hamburgers frying on the grill.

Idea of a University

George Holman

Alfred North Whitehead:

“The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest of life... The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively... A fact is no longer a bare fact: it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory: it is energising as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes... Education is discipline for the adventure of life...”

Life is an adventure in search of ultimate truths in order to live; knowledge is that truth as it appears to us in our attempts to express our lives in our environments. What is truth? Truth is that which lies behind the change of life and gives meaning to life. Our whole lives are given to the attempt to express our innermost feelings, our own peculiar selves, in a world in which others are expressing their feelings and their selves. What we desire is a common means of expression, a common language: a means of communication wherein we are able to give corporate expression to these feelings and preserve our individuality in that expression.

Life is an adventure which is shared by all men, one with another; it is the corporate temporal expression of ultimate meaning; it has an aim, a goal to which each man runs; stumbling along the way, stopping, following wrong paths and retracing his way, helping another who is lost: but always striving to reach the goal, always striving to express himself in terms of that goal. The goal is the centre of life, and all that is life revolves about that centre is an expression of the meaning given by that centre.

But the goal, the meaning, the adventure, the expression, are all cemented together in religion which is the expression of ultimate meaning in the adventure which is life. What is a university? It is a corporate fellowship. It is an intensive, imaginative search for ultimate truths; a search for the means of expression of those truths; a search by the members of the fellowship, corporately and individually. It is an attempt on the part of the fellowship to meaningfully relate fact to life.
The centre of life is God; the centre of a university is an Altar; the attempt at expression is worship centered about the Altar. The search for the means of expression and for the meaning of that expression involves research, study, and fellowship; it takes place in all the varied activities of a university: social, academic, and spiritual. Each individual has his part to play: the scientist investigates the empirical facts of life; the artsman investigates the thought of civilization past and present in all its expressions; the philosopher and the theologian investigate the ultimate truths which give meaning to life; together they form a creative and expressive community of living vitality.

Primarily a university is a community or society which devotes itself to the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of its intrinsic value. It constitutes a society in that it consists of a group of people living together under its own rules and regulations for a common purpose, namely education. By education I do not mean the mere acquisition of knowledge. Rather the ideal of education is to prepare men and women for useful service in the world of affairs by helping them attain to an attitude of life.

The purpose of a university education is to help the seeker of knowledge to understand the nature of things in order that he may evaluate them and determine his relationship to them. The educated man must master the ability to co-ordinate facts and to set a value on them. This type of education seeks to draw out and develop innate abilities and resources.

There are three “crowns” to which a student seeking an education should aspire. The first is mental discipline. In order to discover the essential meaning of a new concept, to see its implications and its logical results, the mind must be trained to act with readiness, efficiency and concentration. The student must acquire the ability to decide what is relevant to his enquiry and what is superfluous. Being willing to sift and evaluate, weigh and consider, ponder and decide, he must train his faculties to be critical and analytic. The student must be shaken from the assurance that the answer lies in the textbook.

Secondly, the student has to acquire the skill of correlating facts and of realizing their significance. He should seek to understand the principles of the universe, not just for the sake of understanding it, but in order to know how to adjust himself to it. An educated man is not one who has amassed a great collection of facts. He is rather one who has learned to look at things in an instructed and right-minded way, whose knowledge has ripened into some sort of wisdom.
Thirdly, the student must be fired with a desire or longing after knowledge. Education brings in a few flood of ideas, an intellectual enlargement. It consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of new concepts, but in the mind’s active pursuit of these new ideas. Enlargement includes the comparison of ideas. This is where seminars, clubs, associations and other student organizations play their part. Coming into contact with the modes of thought of other peoples, races, religions, gaining experience in discussion and debating, and observing the motives and aims of men — all this constitutes enlargement.

I have referred to the university as a community. Being a community it has a corporate responsibility for its members while respecting their individual rights. It is a community which exists for a specific purpose and has the right to demand of all who join it to share in accepting that purpose as an end to be striven for. If the purpose of a university is the pursuit of knowledge in order that one may have a better understanding of life, that end at least must be kept in front of every student.

The prime concern of a university should be the accumulation and dissemination of knowledge. In addition to this limited academic purpose, much can be learnt at a university that goes under the broader heading of “education” — all the things one must know about the business of getting along with others in the world. The extent to which each of these aspects should be emphasized is debatable; my personal opinion is that a university should first and foremost measure up to what Aristophanes called a Phrontisterion or “thinking-establishment”, and that the social, and I might even add the practical side, should be more or less incidental, and should, under no circumstances, predominate in importance. For it can be learned in the world at large, without wasting the time of those who are devoted to the more specialized intellectual pursuits which can only be followed at a university.

The attitude which should be adopted toward the actual presentation of what one might naïvely call knowledge, should be objective. Those individuals who have passed beyond the ranks of the spoon-fed high school students should be able to think for themselves. Therefore a university should be concerned, in so much as may be possible, with providing access to unbiased facts, and encouraging the student to draw his own conclusions. In this respect a high degree of tolerance and broad-mindedness may have to be exercised.

But one should avoid the idea of thinking of a university as a mere factory for mass-producing diplomaed graduates. The subjective element is very much a part of university life, though it should be restricted to personal thinking on the part of the individual. If the facts can be presented in a manner that is both stimulating and objective, then the university is doing its part; the rest is up to the student. And at university age, he should be able to realize this, and do his part.
“Why has God placed me on this earth?”
“Unanswerable.”
“But I must discover why. There is no direction without purpose.”
“What do the scriptures say?”
“To serve God in this world and to be happy with him hereafter.”
“Are you not satisfied?”
“No.”
“Are you prepared to find a purpose?”
“Yes.” The young man looked intently into the old man’s eyes and then looked out across the river to the green dark forest on the other side and the blue sky above and the dark blue river flowing swiftly past the bank. “I must know,” he said.

“If you find the true answer in this life, you will have found the very secret of life. Death will bring me the answer.”

“You mean that the spirit will survive the body after death?”

“I would have no reason to live if I did not believe it.” A small cloud passed beneath the sun obliterating the shadow of the tree which had concealed them from the heat. A gust of cold wind made the young man shiver.

“I cannot believe that life shall follow death.”

“Idealism and skepticism of the young,” the old man muttered.

The young man replied angrily, “You are a foolish old man to think that you will live after you die.”

“I must believe in it, my son.” The old man’s face was withered and dry and his hands were wrinkled and worn. The breath of life was slowly leaving him.

They looked out over the river from the sandy bluff that rose steeply away from the water. A canoe appeared upstream small and red in the sun and it was carried swiftly past the rock and sand by the current. The water was frothy white and turbulent and jagged rocks hid beneath the surface. Two men fought the river armed with a red canoe and two paddles. The man in the stern was strong and he had a powerful sweep stroke. He yelled to the bowman, “Right rudder.” The bowman thrust his paddle into the water and the canoe swerved sharply right avoiding a sharp rock over which the water swirled. The sternman instructed the bowman to paddle hard. They both paddled hard and the canoe veered to the left where the riverbed was deepest and passed out of sight around a bend in the river.

The young man watched the point where the canoe had disappeared for a long time and then turned and walked away.


In the fullness of his youth he ran down the hot, dusty road towards the river and the sandy bluff, his heart bursting with the desire to tell the old man what he had discovered. He came to the place where the old man would be, but now there was nobody lying under the shadow of the tree. He cried loudly with an unbroken voice over the turbulent rush of the water and the symphony of the birds, “Old man! Old man!” The old man was not there.

He went into the village and asked, “Where is he?”

Many voices answered him. “He has left us to join his Creator.” The young man walked slowly back to the bank and sat quietly in the shade of a great pine.

“I am sorry that I did not get to tell him,” he thought. “I wanted to tell him,” he told the river, “that the search for the purpose is the very essence of life and that the struggle to find the purpose must always exist.”

An old man stood on the bank of the river where he had once stood as a young man. A great bridge spanned the river now and many cars streamed steadily across the turbulent waters, and the green forest on the other side had been replaced by a bustling town. The honking of the cars threading their way through the streets of the village reached his ears.

A young man sitting beside him on the grass asked, “Why has God placed me on this earth?”

The old man looked out upon the river and the gleaming bridge and the town on the other side. In the wisdom of his old age he told the young man, “unanswerable.”
**Escape**

Ian Pemberton

A FEW more seconds, just a few more seconds, and he knew that he would be under the murderous electric wire. His brain whirled and reeled at the prospect of being free from this despicable death house. Free and yet, for how long would he be able to maintain his freedom? If he could only reach the coast, he might be able to stow away in one of those little Baltic steamers to Sweden. With excitement rising in his scrappy body, he slithered forward. A moment later found him crouching behind a mud parapet, his deadly little dagger gripped in his right hand. The German guard uttered nothing more than a muffled groan as the weapon sank home, cutting his spinal cord like butter. He ran now, ran as he never imagined his abused body could ever run. The night closed about him, protecting him from his enemies. He ran until finally his heart told him that he could run no further. Tears of joy at his deliverance from Hell mingled with perspiration on his thin face. He collapsed behind a shrub to rest.

Suddenly, they were upon him; German voices—everywhere in the darkness. The baying of hounds mingled with the shouts of men. Here and there, lights broke through the gloom; brutal, unfeeling lights which would search him out and destroy him. Complete horror froze him on the spot where he lay. He was absolutely helpless. The voices came nearer; he could feel the saliva of the hounds dripping on his neck. They would kill him now—why not? He was only a lowly Pole and he had murdered a Nazi guard. Seconds passed, and still the enemy did not touch him. "Shoot," he screamed, "Kill me now, damn your souls. Why don't you shoot?"

He awoke, bathed in sweat, and feeling just a trifle foolish. It was only a bad dream, a nightmare, brought on, no doubt, by all the propaganda he had been hearing. He was sitting in his favorite chair in his comfortable Warsaw apartment—no dogs, no Huns, no one at all. He arose, stretched, and wandered out onto his verandah. The warm August air did little to clear his head. A bad taste still hung in his mouth from the nightmare, something which could easily be remedied by a glass of cold beer. As he strode toward the kitchen, he picked up a magazine from his desk. A few minutes later, he settled down once again, a frosty glass of Tubourg in one hand, his magazine in the other. The first article was one of international interest—twelve colourful pages of Flushing Meadow's latest exhibition—the World Fair in 1939.

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**The Coward**

Phyllis Parham

IT was definitely April when Neil closed the window. Too much April had blown about him, brushing his tense fingers, invading the precious seclusion of his room. The fertile air said too many things he did not want to hear. All at once he was at the window, passionately shutting out the earth smell and the loud ridiculous frogs.

But no one can shut out April. The wind still raced past his ears. It sang, a wind song louder than his thoughts. It laughed, the wind's laugh. No; a girl's laugh.

Anna was laughing in last night's moonlight, her face whitely alive close to his. "Oh Neil," she said, "Such a stupid thing to say!" Her fingers traced the outlines of his eyes. "You're not sure we love each other enough? When you know very well I'd explode if I loved you any more." Irrationally happy, she hid her face in his rough tweed.

But his rigid agony slowly froze through to her.

"My God, Neil, you're not serious!"

They stood apart, seeing each other very clearly in the darkness.

"What's the matter, Neil? What's happened to you?"

Neil's words came slowly, straining to drag themselves out from his tight heart.

"I can't explain it, darling." A spring night can be terrible.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't work, Anna. I'm afraid..."

One hand stumbled towards her, hesitated, returned to hang stupidly at his side.

"...you're afraid," Anna's voice was a stranger. "You're afraid."

The silence hardened between them until they could no longer see through it. She turned and ran from him and the silence. A half-sobbed, half-whispered taunt pierced through to him, "Afraid..."

The great maple came between them. He heard her get into the car and drive away.

There was no sympathy in the hard trunk he leaned against, in the crispness of bark or the whole remembering solidity of the tree.
It was by far the best trees two boys had ever found.

“When I climb up and sit grandly on that branch,” Ralph said to ten-years-ago Neil, “I shall be like a great king above the world. And then I shall swing from it and feel the air rush through me, and then drop to the ground like a mighty bird lighting.”

Neil saw it too. He longed for a new world in the thick leaves, so breathlessly, dangerously near to the sky.

If I put out my hand, he thought, what might I touch? The air must be different up there, without so many people trying to breathe it. It should be purer than ordinary air, just as the water in the spring we found on the hill seems purer than ordinary water.

Even then Ralph was grasping the important branch. His feet dangled free, far out of Neil’s reach.

Neil clutched the trunk, beginning to climb.

But the leaves were very high. What could he do when he was among them? What could he feel that would make up for the risk he took in abandoning the safe, practical known earth?

There is no sense in climbing trees.

“No,” said Neil. “I don’t want to. It’s silly.”

“You’re afraid,” said Ralph, and dropped to the soft, leaf-piled earth. They ran through the field to supper.

Now there was too much silence in Neil’s room. The wind had stopped singing past him.

Outside the window it was still April.

I See Through The Darkness

Tanya Garmaise

“O ver on the other side, right near a huge oak tree, there’s a little squirrel, I believe; or is it a chipmunk. No, it’s a squirrel, Maria.” Jeremy was speaking softly to her as they sat together on the cool, green bank with the hot sun beaming down on them. Maria listened intently.

“What is it doing, Jeremy? Does it see us?”

“I don’t think so. It’s so small... it keeps... it keeps...” Jeremy hesitated and glanced quickly at Maria’s expectant face. He looked away.

“Keeps doing what, Jeremy?” she questioned. “Tell me quick before it runs away!”

Jeremy shifted uneasily. “Nothing... it’s just playing... gathering nuts I guess.”

Maria sensed that something was wrong. She wanted to cry out, “it’s not fair! I want to know! I want to be able to see it!” She said nothing for a while and then quietly asked, “what is the little squirrel doing that you won’t tell me?”

Jeremy blurted out finally, “it was rubbing its eyes, Maria.” He waited for her to speak.

“Oh! Can it see?”

“Oh yes! Oh yes!” Jeremy answered, giving a sigh of relief. The lilt in her voice gave him comfort.

Maria was saying, “Thank God, thank...” She was interrupted by Jeremy’s hearty laughter. Eagerly she clutched his arm. “What, what, what, Jeremy?”

“Two little doves playing with one another. The bigger one walked backwards right into the pond, and the small one’s blocking his way back now,” Jeremy laughed.

Maria cried, “I hope he doesn’t hurt him... they’re only playing, aren’t they? They won’t quarrel?”

He searched around for something to say. “Maria, you worry so, and you’re far too sensitive. The world isn’t made of milk and honey, you know. There is evil, and...”

“Not in my world, Jeremy,” she interrupted. “My world is rosy and sweet and filled with music, and all kinds of sounds.” Her voice caught. “My world is a wonderful place, Jeremy.”
"I... I suppose it is, Maria. I'm glad you're happy in it." He stumbled for a moment, and then thought of something he could say. "Who knows, maybe your world is better than mine." But maybe it is not, he thought silently.

"I know it is, Jeremy. I know because... because it's got to be... It just has to be!" A little tear drop glistened on his pale cheek. "It's all I have... all I know. And so I... I..."

"Don't cry, Maria. You just finished saying you loved your world. Are you not happy in it?"

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "But I want to see creatures as God made them; not as I think they are. I want to see colours and people, and faces, and...

"But you see them, Maria. You have your own colours, and your own faces."

She laid her hand on his arm and assured him, "I know, but sometimes, every now and then, I wonder if... if..." No, she thought to herself. He wouldn't understand. No one really understands. Why should they?

Jeremy looked at her and gently urged, "If what, Maria?"

All right. She'd tell him. Perhaps it will make me feel better, she thought. She said, "Jeremy, sometimes I feel that I'm missing out on something; I feel that I've been cheated... because, because I'm BLIND." There! she had said it, and it was over. And she did feel a little better... really she did. Suddenly Jeremy was talking, trying to comfort her. She thought, poor Jeremy; he feels so sorry for me, and he shouldn't. She wanted to stop him, to change the subject. Everything was so wonderful before. She leaned back to sink in the cool, sweet-smelling grass. "What's happening now, Jeremy? What do you see over on the other side?"

He took a deep breath and sighed. The sigh was a mixture of relief and summing up enough courage to say, "Well, you know that huge rose bush that you always loved so much? the one that reminded you of..."

"Yes! Yes!"

"It's in full bloom now. Red roses, white ones, and now there's another one beside it. A little one." He looked over at Maria. There was a bright smile on her face; a sort of peaceful smile, and he smiled too and then the sun came out from behind the cloud.

"Go on, Jeremy. I'm listening."
**Heresy**

Phyllis Parham

We will build you a beautiful prison, they told him. We will drape your cell with gold and lay a soft carpet beneath your feet. You will drink red wine from a silver cup. Visitors of the best character will come to see you at appropriate times; they will say to you what we think you would like to hear.

They put him in the beautiful prison. They played music for him and read poetry to him. They dressed in exotic costumes and sang for him. They imprisoned other men and taught them to say special words to him at special times.

Outside a great wind was blowing and spring came.

They were kind to him and brought him food three times a day. For years no one noticed the prisoner had escaped.

---

**Poetry**

**The Falcon**

Peter Blaikie

Rolling with the sliding under
Plunging through the clouds.
A speck of brown against a screen of white,
Then blue,
Now lost to view.

Oh, still courageous bird, the falcon
With his mate. They meet, then part,
But passions surging in those noble breasts
They clasp again. Two beaks entwined
Like links of fettered steel — locked.

Then like a shaft of light,
Which from our burnished orb
Seeks out the earth, they fall.
A frenzied plunge, in which two spirits,
Strong and free
Are one.

As meteors which fall from vaulted heights
Are spent, so is their passion.
The link is broken, unity destroyed.
But now fierce warrior, swoop and wheel away
In proud disdain, and climb your spiral course
Toward the heavens.
The Third Existence

Anabelle Norton

Divided I exist
A part of time,
Like the swirling
Morning mist
That billows o'er a vacant sea
And softly disappears
Before a shifting careless breeze,
Only to reappear,
Forever unintended,
Ceaselessly pursuing
Its vain and empty course.
Cleft
and rent,
One part is as the tree in Eden stands,
Firmly rooted,
And steadfast
The sense that never leaves.
How clearly do I see
The forked path
That divides my destiny.
I own the golden apple,
Chains,
eternity,
and me!
Another part is also mine:
Silvered thoughts,
That on their soaring wings
Are heaven spent;

Aspiring,
and desiring
They join a thousand other whims,
Young ambition's vaulting hymns.
But their fretful flight
Is scattered,
and shattered,
Their mystic magic lost
As they diffuse throughout the night.
I have foundered in my faith!
I chose the middle path.
The insipid sphere
Of the unresolved —
A dusk of infinitude and emptiness.
So little time . . .
O, God!
Don't leave me thus bereft
To know,
Yet ever dream and drift:
But lift
My deadened spirit high,
And make me sing
Of laughter,
life,
and love!
The Arabian

Anabelle Norton

Over the burning desert sands he flies,
Spurning the empty waste with fleeting hoof
And easy grace, his noble head held high;
Scion of a lordly race, he stands aloof.

When darkness drowns the crimson rays of day,
And casts her tightly woven net upon
The wilderness, he seeks a place to stay
And wait the splendor of the coming day.

His piercing challenge rings across the plain,
A herald of this mighty king who stands
Majestically, amid his vast domain,
An endless solitude of sunlit sands.

Because

Anabelle Norton

I sat among them,
Another silent form, and watched the cloudless sky
Under a gnarled pine,
And drank the soft, impending rays of the May day sun.
Lost in random thought
I heard a flicker calling raucously to his mate,
And all the while,
I felt a quiet force engulf, and hold me still.
In the quiet solitude;
Troubles vanish there: alone, yet not alone;
For there I sensed
Your presence, among the company of still grey stones.

Sound Confusion

Elizabeth Corden

A holocaust of blazing sound,
Brahms, Dickens, Women's Dance all fly around;
"Defer to the Lord High Executioner"
Sings someone. Hear the trumpeter —
That's Anderson's, while Sigmund Freud with
Jung and Sartre is crudely toyed with.
Across the hall the voices rise,
The argument has reached the size
When points, opinions, shouted round
Could never mean that vicious sound.
    Hysterical, a holocaust . . .
The voices licking in and out,
The tongues of sound — the background shout
All mingle in a jagged flame;
The smouldering coals a fading game
Someone was playing, now died out.
Flames flicker on — sounds scream and shout
Or crackle, crash, and roar until
The fire has burnt itself quite still . . .
Still, but murmuring somewhere, there —
A feeling lost, but senseless — bare
Of former warmth and flicking flame.
The life is gone, just as it came.
The Mitre, Trinity 1958

Poetry

Realistically Surveying Idealism

Elizabeth Corden

The snow was soft and white —
Just yesterday:
The roofs and trees were white
Just yesterday; last night
A misty moon, a haloed one
Shone down
On blue-white night, and none
Could call it but a dream-world.
Soft as eiderdown,
The moon above, the misty moon.

Today the snow is soft and gray:
Not soft as eiderdown,
But like a fallen cheese soufflé.
A letdown, not a crown for all the roofs and trees —
These
Are black and stark,
While melted drips fall down
And sound like hollow drumming on a mad-man's skull.

Are you a madman? Do you see
The hazy blue-white snow,
Soft night and moon,
And then next moment, all too soon
A dirty mass of snow-banks —
Only slow sad day, and mad
Gray day — do you?

Pessimistic Fancy

Elizabeth Corden

Down on the lake-side,
Where the children play,
Are sand-castles, sail-boats,
Glad laughter in the bay.

Yet storm clouds, not fleecy,
Lie out across the hill
To move slowly over us, and
Breathe darkness on our will.

Gone will be, tomorrow,
All the laughter, shouts, and song;
The warm brown sand, the lapping waves,
That all should now belong.

It's there, we're there, yet not at all,
For we can always feel
The menace of the cave-in,
Betrayal of what is real.

But is this real, or is that real,
Or will that be to come?
We live and laugh in that sunny bay:
Till clouds obscure our sun.
The Mitre, Trinity 1958

The Wall

Peter Wilson

A straw,
I need a straw to grasp,
A cornerstone to thaw
The heart, to break the hasp
And let the author, lost in temporal mist
Exist.

Starting blocks are stumbling blocks
The next time round.
By argument we lose the race.

Euclid, when man at a new portal knocks,
The very basis of your mound
Erects a wall before his face.

How many blocks to build a world?
How sound are they, philosopher?
Reject whichever stones you care,
The faulty ones will still be there.

Hi-Fi

Phyllis Parham

Loud and clear to me now
Is the beat of generation,
Counterpointed myriad-mingled life.
Charged with reality, you bring
To the empty calm of the heart stiff with waiting
Loud and clear love.

Fires of Spring

Phyllis Parham

The earth caught fire, and trees like flames
Leapt green — fire can be green in spring —
The vivid coals of grass glowed warm,
And flower smoke drifted like crystal.
Water was sword cold; strangely sharp
as fire, it seared an April pain,
a burn, soul deep, unhealable.

Party

Judy LeBaron

Hard, smooth, stolid rocks . . .
Barriers impenetrable
Throwing back and back again
Never-ending, always-ringing echoes.
Echoes . . .
Rebounding, singing, springing, hitting lightly
As hailstones on the pavement
Only to bounce and melt.

“Good-night” and gone
But a pool of water
And rocks . . .
Unmoved, unchanged,
Waiting for more voices and another
Game of Party.
Alumni Contributions

Neil Tracy

Neil Tracy graduated from Bishop's arts in 1929 and has since become well known as a poet in Canada. Three of his poems were published in an anthology of Canadian poetry. Mr. Tracy won further distinction at the Ninth International Braille Competition where his sonnets divided first prize for poems in English. The Mitre is proud to include among its contributors for the Trinity issue this distinguished Canadian poet.

Non Nobis

The rest is silence when the day has done
With broken bottles, sticky, dented cans;
With spinning wheels; with stresses, struts and spans;
With wills and bills; with rag and hank and bone:
The miser's pittance, which cannot atone
The curses, crosses, cads and Calibans,
The handful of small kernels that is man's,
And just divides The Other from The One.

This is your fee from Life, your bread and cheese,
A pot of porter at the evening's height,
A wayward kiss beside the willow trees,
A dwelling place you hold by squatters' right,
The windy wasteland where the senses freeze:
The rest is silence, and the empty night.

Andrew Little

Andrew Little, a former editor of The Mitre, is presently engaged with Canadian Press as a financial editor where he is reported to be making enough money to "keep him in beer". Andrew recently announced that he had started writing a novel, but this will come as no surprise to his friends who knew that Andy always felt very strongly about expressing himself. He says that his illusions of grandeur have been dispelled and that he is "Trying to adopt to a less hazardous form of iconoclasm which looks very much like conservatism if viewed from a distance."

The Not So Gentle Slope

This is your mountain so very high
With cold crisp air
Against a clear blue sky
And snow everywhere.

Now, go down the not so gentle slope —

Through greened estates
And hewn-stone homes
Here wealth dictates
And cousins write poems.

— he is very good,
an artist, you know

And down the not so gentle slope —

Where ancient estates are now divided
And houses of bricks
Sit lop-sided
And the people live for "kicks".

— we're getting our new Buick next week
And on again down the not so gentle slope —

To older buildings
With rooms to rent
And yellowed guildings
Many years spent.
— you'll like the view,
you can see the cross from here

And down the not so gentle slope —
To stores of goods
Shiny and bright
The business woods
Of concrete might.
— Algoma was down
four points today

And then fast finally down
The not so gentle slope —

To a street so simply called
No hope
Where beer
Is life
And abroad
Is your wife
And a dollar is
A dollar
And that is
Life.

Mere Mortal Men

Since man first materialized
In the prehistoric swamps of before,
Men have made mere mortal men
Everlastingly something more.

Men have made mere mortal men
Gods and idols,
Heroes, legends
And supermen encore.

Christ and Caesar and Constantine.....
Babe Ruth,
But,
What for?

Because a man is a man
Wherever he may flee,
And to be a mere mortal man
Is the last thing man really wants to be.
Hugh Doherty

Hugh was one of the more active members of the Bishop's literary circle in his undergraduate days. A consistent contributor and two-year holder of The Mitre editorship, Hugh has now shifted his writing talent to the newspaper field and is presently employed as a reporter with The Montreal Gazette. Hugh writes poetry because he is too lazy to try prose. He was recently married and likes it. His wife, the former Jean Whitteman, is a Maritimer who studied nursing at Sherbrooke and who used to write some beautiful poetry. His work is mostly night shift.

The Church In The Middle of The City

This is their church in the middle of the city,
In the jumbled, hold-like bowels of the city
Where the screams and sobs of neon nights
Rend the dusty air.
This is their church, the pride of the downtown dwellers
Who pried pennies and nickels and dimes and dollars
From their pockets;
Who fervently filed with panting hearts
Down the aisles between yellow wood benches
To give because they were thirsty.
They gave, and were saved;
Gave again, and were saved again,
Washed and re-washed like so many rags.
And in the end, they were still rags, but much worn.
This is their church across the cracked street
From the bus terminus turbulence,
From the fetid tavern,
From the El's glitter.

This is their church, and they are proud of it.
See, the two big 1000-watt floodlights that bathe
The brick and stone front
So that all may see and admire the excellence,
The costliness of the work!
See, the big-40-foot cross of burnished imported mahogany in the
Front window!
And see, how the purple neon tubes concealed behind

Outline it!
See, too, that the window panes are yellow glaze, so that when Illuminated from behind
A most striking effect is produced with the purple neon.
And see, especially, the hanging sign.
"JESUS SAVES" in red neon,
The whole outlined in lovely blue!

This is their church,
Jesus' downtown theatre.
First run and last run, all one big feature;
A perpetual run, with free trips to heaven included.
No admission, friends.
But to pay for God's precious and everlasting mission
We beg of you to dig down to sacrifice what little you can
(For we know that your material wealth is small
And that your wants are many and pressing), but dig down friends.
Every little bit counts . . . many drops make a mighty sea!
And clink, clink, clink go the pried pennies.

Ah, yes.
The electricity bill is high
When one uses neon.
But the business man knows
The Drawing Power of a neon sign
Is second to no other come-hither media.

Isaac Rabinowitch died
Far from the merry jangle of neon fanfare.
His death stopped trams as he could never have stopped them
In his living.
Twelve of them lined up, waiting
For the sleek black morgue wagon to come
And remove his dusty, rag-like body
From the tram tracks.
No one removed the tears in the blood on the cobblestones;
A wild hysterical splash from Mrs. Rabinowitch, and then
A slow gurgle in the gutter of lead-heavy grief.
And the quicksilver tears of the frightened cab driver whose taxi
Hit Isaac.
The fat blond cabbie, blubbering:
"I din' see him, I din', I din', I din' have a chance!"
Stoney, long-nosed faces
Perch about him in a ring
Like carvings inside an ancient tomb
Froze his words.
"You lie," they thought savagely, and were silent.
"My fares saw it, two of 'em, a man and a woman, picked up at
"Park and Bernard!"
There were no fares to speak for him. His tongue panicked.
"The yellowsonsofbitches, they ranawaywhenithappened, din'
Leavenoname, nonothin'!"
The untidy bundle of clothes that was Isaac
Looked shabby and gray under the yellow light from the sign
On the tram front:
BUVEZ CINQUANTE — DRINK FIFTY.

MacKenzie Country, New Zealand

Hark to the horn!
Lost, lost . . .

Away, oh far.
In the blue furrows of hills that
Wrinkle their silent yellow humps
And stretch in the russet tussock blare of
The sun's strident gong.

Hark to the cry!
Lost, lost . . .

Floating hollow away
Where the shark-skinned mountains
Draw back
From jade-milk lakes
And shrink up to snow.

Hark, oh, hark!
Can you not hear it stab the still distance?

There!
I heard it then . . .

The sharp porcelain crack
Of battling Merino horn against gnarled horn;
Shocks
Like tiny brittle bits
Of the noonday
Clattering down
From blue-spun
Wide silk sky.
John Heward

John wrote in the Lent issue of last year's Mitre, "I must feel, I want to think, therefore I want to express myself." This sums up well the feeling of most college writers who have within them a flow of creative energy which must find expression. John, who had considerable space devoted to his writing last year in The Mitre, is a graduate student at McGill University and is presently taking an M.A. in history there. Mr. Heward hopes to enter the external affairs department in Ottawa. He says he is leading a "quiet, contemplative life."

Revisiting A Childhood Scene

Golden deeds? I do not know.
Perhaps only the rust of
Iron flows abandoned in the snow.

Compose these dreams of myth-like
Gold. No I cannot breach
This thin and grey-swept dike.

I ask the land, "Tell me how
You reflect the mark which I
Have left on you before now?"

I await the answer, mind abated.
One comes, a show, a soft laugh,
"I am of your mind created.
I do not hold you, my benighted,
It is only that grey green door
Perception which you have slighted.

I am only the image of your mind.
Ask me not these wondrous questions;
Asking of your own strange kind."

Katharine Cantlie

Miss Cantlie is continually giving vent to her creative feelings and The Mitre is very pleased to be on the receiving end of such consistently good writing talent. Katharine was Assistant Editor last year under the "Little Regime". She spent the summer in Europe with her mother and is now in Montreal working at the McGill library.

Last Walk

Come for a walk, Napoleon, come today
Down the hill with me as far as the stream and back.
You are so old and weak that I fear it will be the last,
For they say the snow will start tomorrow,
And winter walks will be too much for you this year.
Come with me now, for the autumn wind is high
And the leaves are running wild,
And your chipmunk will dash across the path once more
To puff his cheeks with final winter nuts.
We shall go slowly, and on the way back,
If you tire, I can carry you up the hill;
And I shall be gentle tonight by the fire
When I pull the burrs from your ears and legs.

He will prick his ears, and perhaps some muffled sound
Will penetrate — the sound of the stream below,
Or the crows, or my voice beside him.
And his straining eyes, milk-tohorled with age,
Will perhaps perceive the browned dry grass
At his nose, or the looming trees by the fence.
And his coat that I brushed so smooth today
Will blow the wrong way in the wind,
The shouting, sobbing autumn wind.
I shall watch his movements, lest he fall,
Or breathe too hard;
I shall not let him run too far,
Or soak himself in the chilling stream.
I could not bear to see him die just now — not yet.
And yet I know that the wind will taunt my care,
Lashing Napoleon into ecstasy,
Circling about me when he runs across the field,
And crying “Coward!” at my apprehensive heart.

The sun will shine tomorrow.
I shall leave this house,
And walk into the brightness of morning;
I shall look up into the sky,
And if there are planes and jets
Crossing the blue in blinding streaks
I shall close my ears to their roars,
Laugh at their speed and importance,
And watch only the gentle clouds in the piercing blue.

I shall walk down the road all day,
And if the cars blast past me
I shall close my ears to their roars,
Laugh at their wanton speed,
And watch only the trees by the side of the road,
And the fences, and hills, and sheep.

At dusk I shall reach the sea,
And if there are ships going by, far out,
I shall close my eyes to their smoke,
Laugh at the labouring hulks and their crawling pace,
And sing with the drumming waves on the beach,
And pick up small pink stones for my pocket.

But if the sun is not shining tomorrow,
If it is cold and wet,
I shall not go.
Trudging down to the sea in the pouring rain
Could be disillusioning.
HILLCREST LODGE

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