## \* "THE MITRE."

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## The Song of "the Little Stranger."

Down from the Upper Silence A message sweet I bring, The song of all the Ages, The song the Angels Sing.

And this my mystic meaning, Tre joy I bring to Earth: Midst pain and tribulation I sing the joy of Birth.

As once the mighty chorus
Proclaimed in Heaven above
The rapture of creation.
The primal joy of Love,

So, born of Earthly travail,
I swell the grand refrain.
The child of Love and Sorrow,
I sing the joy of Pain.

When Love with Auguish blending In Him, who came to Save, Once purchased man's redemption And triumphed o'er the grave,

Then was revealed the message
Which now with joy I bring
To all who meekly foliow
The foot-steps of the King.

And this my mystic meaning,
My song from Heaven above:
Midst pain and death and Sorrow,
I sing that "God is Love."

# The Mitre.

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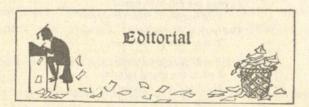
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We appreciate highly the series of public lectures being given this term in the Bishop William's Hall. Something of this nature might profitably be arranged every winter. Overloooking altogether the opportunity it gives to those outside the College we cannot estimate too highly its good influence. In this the University is giving her members something more than an acquaintance with the list of subjects on her Calendar. The programme of these lectures given elsewhere in this issue shows how well chosen the speakers have been and reflects great credit on those who have had the matter in hand.

A new Library! Of course you don't believe it, we have talked about it so often but at last the plans are made and tenders are being asked for. It will stand in the Quod and will probably be attached to the Arts Building. A year ago the new Lodge seemed

almost impossible but it has been completed now more than four months and we hope before another February The MITRE will be congratulating the University on having at last attained to the Library it has needed so long.

THE MITRE congratulates Dr. Bidwell on his appointment as Rector of St. George's Cathedral and Dean of Ontario. When we rejoiced a few weeks ago with our sister Diocese of Montreal in her election of the new Bishop we little dreamed her excellent choice would cost us so dear. Dr. Bidwell's services to Bishop's during his connection with the University and B.C. School would be hard to estimate. We sincerely hope that as successor to Dean Farthing he will soon find as many friends as he will leave in Lennoxville and the Diocese of Quebec.

At Convocation in June next the University preacher will be the Right Reverend J. C. Farthing, D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal. Bishop's will welcome Bishop Farthing not only as the new Bishop of Montreal but as Vice-President of our Corporation and Visitor of the College.

We would remind those interested in the Leroy Prize Story competition that all MSS are to be submitted before March 31st. The distinction of having been the first to win this prize which Mr. Leroy has promised to continue from year to year is worth making an honest effort to obtain.

Few things have been more grossly misrepresented than the Canadian winter. Our neighbours to the south postpone their northern visit until the summer season and in the mother country perhaps the popular idea is no more correct. No amount of writing to the contrary can quite blot out a rooted impression however false nor remove a cherished prejudice. All we can reply is, Come and see! We at Lennoxville have greatly enjoyed the snowshoeing, tobogganing, skating, ski-ing, sleighing and all those other healthy out. door sports that only winter gives. The exhilarating glow which never fails to come from an hour in the frosty air and the increased vigour of both body and mind, to say nothing of the consciousness that our lungs are filled with the purest air that blows, make us glad to spend our winter here.

"Keep on Smiling" is an excellent motto for everyone except the Editor. How can the Editor smile when copy is so hard to obtain and the most sincere promises of half his contributors are thoughtlessly ignored or carelessly postponed. We are sorry this issue is late but rather than ask why, please pardon those who are to blame and—Keep on Smiling.

#### Natal

The Colony of Natal fills but a tiny corner of our mighty Empire but she is doing her share in helping to maintain the integrity of that Empire and is making her influence felt by her answerving loyalty to the Imperial crown. A comprehensive survey is impossible with the space at my command. Indeed it will not permit me to do more than endeavor to remove one or two popular misconceptions that are prevalent in regard to the Colony, and to touch upon two of the problems that face the Government in regard to the colored population.

There is apparently a great deal of misconception about the climate of South Africa in the minds of those who have never visited that country. Most people seem to imagine that it is a country of intense heat all the year around while as a matter of fact it is nothing of the sort. The writer has experienced (what is of course a novelty in the country) a snowstorm while living on the high tableland of the Orange River Colony. In Natal itself every sort of climate is to be met with due to the great difference of altitudes. Along the coast belt, which extends inland for about twenty miles the climate is distinctly sub-tropical where frosts are never experienced. It is owing to this absence of frost that tropical fruits of all kinds, such as bananas, oranges, naatjes, and pineapples can be, and are, grown in enormous quantities. Within this belt the climate in summer is extremely hot, but far from being unbearably so, while during the winter months it is ideal. One cannot imagine a more perfect spot in the world in which to spend the winter (May to October) than any one of the beautiful little seaside places that are within easy reach of Duban. The heat of the summer is frequently being tempered by thunderstorms and heavy rains, while the absence of sudden changes of temperature make it possible to wear in perfect

safety the lightest of freshly laundered linen suits. During the winter months one can wear light tweeds for it is rarely the thermometer climbs above 70 degrees or drops below 50 degrees, and as for an umbrella or a mackintosh such things would be superfluous for never a spot of rain will fall from May to the end of October. A case of sunstroke is rare in the extreme and when cases do occur the cause is undoubtedly great carelessness. An ordinary soft felt or tweed hat, or straw boater, provides all the protection that is necessary and is the usual headgear of the country.

Within ten miles north of the coast belt the altitude rises to over 3.000 feet above sea-level, and this altitude is practically maintained over the remainder of Natal, and indeed over a large proportion of the continent of Africa itself. In the summer time the climate varies considerably according to location but on the whole it is hot and dry, while in the the winter the days are cool and the nights are cold and frosty. With the exception of an infrequent hot wind the heat of summer is little, if at all, greater than that of Canada. Grain crops and fruits of all kinds, such as are grown in Canada, ripen thoroughly, but as a matter of fact small grains are usually cut green and fed to horses and cattle in that state. The staple crop is Indian corn (known locally as 'mealies') of which thousands of acres are planted and harvested each year. The bulk of the country is devoted to the raising of cattle, sheep, and goats, excellent pasturage being available everywhere. There are certain parts of Natal that possess extremely high altitudes (5,000 feet and over) and the climate in these portions is distinctly temperate, great heat in summer being not known. In fact the summers are often chilly and wet especially during January and February. The hardiest of English fruits thrive and grow to perfection. I have seen within half a mile of one another an apple tree and an orange tree and yet each was in a place where the other would not thrive at all, least of all bear fruit. The former was on the edge of a table-land and the latter in a little sheltered valley immediately below the lip of the table-land.

Another question that is frequently asked about South Africa is. "Is not living very expensive out there?" After all the expense of living is comparative, that is to say, it depends upon the earning capacity. As a matter of fact the cost of living is not expensive except in one or two portions of the country such as Johannes-

burg or Pretoria. In Natal monthly board will average from £5.10 to £7 (\$26.50 to \$35.00), while in the Transvaal it will be about £8 to £11 (\$40 to \$55). It must be remembered though that wages in Natal are rarely less than £12 (\$60) and in the Transvaal £17.10 (\$84) a month, so that it will be readily seen that wages have a larger saving value than in many other countries where living is cheaper.

The population of Natal shews a curious condition of things which really speaks very well indeed for the system and care of the Government of the Colony. The whites, (English, Scotch, Irish and Colonial, with a small number of foreigners, usually called 'Europeans' to distinguish them from the natives) number about 90,000 while the native races number no less than 1,200,000. These figures include the Zulus who are under the protection of the Natal Government. It will be readily seen that 'The Native Question' is the one subject that requires all the best brains the country can produce. When the fact is borne in mind that since the Zulu war in '79 there has not been any very serious outbreak on the part of the natives one cannot but honor the men who have guided the affairs of the country. There was an outbreak in 1906 that threatened at one time to assume tremendous proportions, but the Government threw away the 'kid glove' and dealt with the matter with an iron hand. Martial law was proclaimed at once. Everyman in the Colony that was considered necessary was called out for service in the militia, and in a very short time the outbreak was suppressed after severe punishment had been inflicted on the rebels. Those ringleaders who, at the subsequent trials, were found guilty of murder were executed publicly by being shot. A salutary lesson was given the natives which will have a good and lasting effect for many years to come. The Natal Government handled the affair without any assistance from the Imperial Government, though naturally the latter watched affairs very closely and was prepared to lend a hand at a moment's notice if necessary.

Among many other hard problems peculiar to the Colony that the Natal Government has to handle is the Asiatic competition. The Asiatic population is slightly larger than the white population and consists of Indians, Arabs, Chinese and Japanese. The conditions under which these Asiatics live make it possible for them to enter into competition with the white traders in the latter's own commodities.

Their supply of labor is apparently inexhaustible and cheap, store clerks working for the experience and their 'keep' until they too feel able to open up for themselves, while on the other hand one white store-clerk's wages will ofter exceed the rent and the 'keep' of the whole establishment of an Indian trader. There are many Arab (the local comprehensive name for all Asiatics) traders, of course, who run their establishments on European lines, and a few Arab merchants in the larger cities even employ some white clerks, but even then their expenses are proportionately smaller than those of the white trader or merchant. The Government has taken up the control of the Asiatic traders in the only possible way. by controlling the issue of trading licences; by a strict supervision of their methods of trading and their books; and by limiting the hours in which they shall be allowed to keep their establishments open. If the Asiatics spent their money in the country there might not be so much need for checking their enterprise, but large sums of money are annually sent out and are thus lost to the country, It has been estimated that no less then ten lakhs of rupees (about \$400,000) go to India alone each year through the Post Office; never to come back. Much money also goes elsewhere besides large sums finding their way to India through other channels.

Space and the Editor forbid me doing more than to touch on the fringe of this subject so I will conclude by relating an amusing occurrence that will serve to illustrate what a powerful factor the

Asiatics are in Natal.

The owner of the largest departmental stores in South Africa desired to extend his premises in Durban and with this object in view called upon his next door neighbor who was an Indian. He informed the Indian that if he would name his price for his building and it was within reason he would write out a cheque for the amount on the spot. In perfect English came the reply—"I won't sell, but if you will name your price for your own place I will write out a cheque for the amount now." This for a business worth well over the million dollar mark.

'MLUNGU

A. W. Darnill, B.A., late assistant master of B. C. School has been succeeded by R. W. Allan, B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford.

## The Great Fight.

Poems and sketches by William Henry Drummond, edited, with a Biographical sketch, by May Harvey Drummond. Nine illustrations in Photogravure by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Popular Edition: \$1.25. Photogravure Edition: \$2.50. Memorial Edition in Antique Calf: \$5.00 G.P. Putman's Sons, New York.

Canadian literature receives a contribution that will be most fondly treasured in this volume, The Great Fight, made up by a brief sketch of the late Dr. William Henry Drummond, written by his gifted wife, a few tributes to his memory from the pen of his poetfriends and the poems and sketches which had remained unpublised at the time of Dr. Drummond's death. The book comes into our hands hallowed by the deep and sincere love in which Dr. Drummond will ever be held by his host of sorrowing friends, and we welcome it as ministering to the persistent longing for the grip of his manly hand and the sound of the voice of this sturdy 'Northland singer' whose all too early silencing stirred the great heart of this wide continent less then two years ago.

There is little in this volume that will increase the reputation of Dr. Drummond as an interpreter of a great phase of Canadian life, but there is much to interpret the mind of the beloved author to the wide circle in which his books are held in such high esteem. There are a few flashes of his genius, a few characteristic touches, a few intensely sweet and truly poetic portions and, when one has said this, no reader of Dr. Drummond will ask a fuller apology for the appearance of the book or a further recommendation to become possessed of it. But this is by no means all. Mrs. Drummond has contributed a sketch of the life of the poet that is in itself a simple and beautiful piece of work. Added to this is the fact that Mr. F. S. Coburn, whose illustrations of Dr. Drumond's earlier books has contributed in no small degree to their great popularity, has excelled himself in the beautiful work he has put into this volume. His sketches are most faithful and most elaborately done. In short, we cannot see how the book could be improved upon and we are thankful for it as a worthy piece of book-making and a fine completing of the poet's works.

As we hold the beautiful Memorial Edition in our hands we cannot escape the inrush of a multitude of feelings. Here we have Dr. Drummond's last word! The work done by him will last; his sweet words will live as long as Canada has life. And now the public

may learn what his friends have known so well-the secret power of his great life. Two characteristic features of his life are so well known to his friends that one hardly needs mention them-essential virility and manifest sincerity. He was so true to the facts of life as he saw them, he has depicted these with such fidelity that he is often exquisitely humorous, but there is an intensity even about his humor. It is so spontaneous and so warm from his great and loving heart that there is ever the undertone of pathos that pertains to real life. He is never humorous for the sake of beng funny and he never forgets the living character who fills his heart as he writes. His was an essentially strong personality. That magnificent physique was the outward and visible sign of strong affections, strong grip of moral truth, strong decision of character and the sterling strength of faith in God. He could and did thrash the cruel carter for brutally beating his horse. If a call for professional services came simultaneously from a wealthy patient and a poor labourer he would in. variably give first attention to the poor man, he could love "Little Bateese" with all the fervor of his Celtic nature and he knew experimentally what was of real worth in the Country Doctor and the Curé of Calumette- He was the truest sportsman and his intense fondness for life in the open has so coloured his entire work and he has so truly voiced the beauty of that life in Canada that all who may in future travel this path in our literature must seem to be his disciples.

We could ill afford to lose him from young national life but, now, that we shall have no further message from him, we may well treasure his memory and remember the lesson he has taught us. Bishop's University has already written his name high up on her honour roll. From the time of his student days in our Medical Faculty right down through his career as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in that Faculty he was an ardent son of his Alma Mater. He treasured highly the D.C.L. conferred upon him in 1905 and, who that was present at the Alumni Banquet or at Convocation that year will ever forget the way in which he quite captured the hearts of all? It was the writer's good privilege to be in close touch with Dr. Drummond at that time and, as we walked around the campus, he recited his favourite poem: Newbolts "Vitai Lampada", and expressed the fond wish that the University and School might ever be rich in the spirit of that poem in the breasts of all her sons.

#### One of Life's Worries.

There are who wish to help you on Life's way,

(You've met the same yourself just once ortwice?)

Would cast their wings around you (so to say)

And such familiarity's not nice.

The cap I fear will many fit;

They like to give the benefit
Of their silly unsolicited advice.

Advice is freely given, but its use
Is very, very doubtful as a rule,
The wise man doesn't need it—too obtuse
To understand its benefit, the fool,
To anger I've been driven
By advice too freely given,

And it's hard to get your temperature to cool.

It's not as though I minded their affairs,
These people that take interest in me.

There is, believe me, nobody who cares
Less of them now or what they're going to be:
Why they should be so silly as

To play paterfamilias When there isn't any call I fail to see.

How should I steel myself to their attack

And still as well preserve my self-respect?
I couldn't counsel them—I've not the knack;

Nor would I so outrage my intellect:

A cure too rough-and-ready's in

A dose of their own medicine;
But were it tried it might have some effect.

It might (with luck) do something to prevent
Their trying on their trying airs with me;
It's possible they'd have the sense to scent
That all was not just as it ought to be;
But there! I couldn't do it,
So I must worry through it
Till Fate sees fit to alter her decree.

RETA.

## Some Impressions of a Mitre.

Let not the above title lead you for a moment to suppose that the impressions of any common or Episcopal Mitre are signified. Not at all. But what is intended is a presentation of some ideas on the experiences of a copy of The Mitre, which, as all the world knows, is published at spasmodic intervals by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q. Very well.

The rythmatic clanking of the up-to-date printing press belonging to the firm of —& Co., finally ceased and I awoke to find myself in company with hundreds of my fellows upon an ink-bespattered deal table. As I happened to be the last copy printed and my brother MITRES were lying all around I was able to contemplate with pardonable pride our spotless and chaste appearance.

Presently we were tied up into large bundles and put on board an electric car bound for Lennoxville. It was an exceedingly jolty journey and we were all thankful when it was over. To avoid wasting time on uninteresting details I shall merely say that in due course we arrived at Bishop's College and were piled in a heap upon the floor of an empty room. Here we passed our first night and very strange it was indeed. Hoarse cries were continually resounding, doors banged, and heavy feet passed to and fro, so that altogether we felt decidedly uncomfortable. Once there was a particularly prolonged roar, which, I can remember quite distinctly, began with the words "Duo Potamo." Afterwards came a lusty chorus about a certain chariot which was to be rolled over some unfortunate individual—apparently some one high in authority.

However, we were not touched until next day when three men entered the room. After untying us the greater number were enclosed, each one separately, in stamped and addressed wrappers; those who were so dealt with were taken away in large bags and I saw them no more. Fortunately I was not destined to be sent on another journey but was assigned to one of the men who had just parcelled up my companions. I say "fortunately" because I wished to obtain some knowledge of the institution I represented

When the work was finished, my owner, whose name was Vaughn, took me up two flights of well-worn stairs and turning down a long corridor entered a room on the left. Tossing me on top of a table covered with a red cloth, he went out again almost immediately, and so I had an opportunity to gather some idea of my surroundings.

Upon the walls hung several pictures of hockey, foot-ball and cricket teams, together with various cheap prints, college pennants, a tennis racquet and a pipe-rack. After noticing a couple of easy chairs and a broad settee, I decided to open a conversation with a paper-covered book lying beside me and marked "Key." So having with some difficulty attracted his attention I introduced myself and we had an interesting chat on the weather, printing presses, and the students of Bishop's College. He said that he had already belonged to four men and consequently was begining to feel very old and shabby. As a rule he was seldom looked at with the exception of two periods in each year when he was used at all hours of the day and night. Upon these occasions life was not worth living and he greatly envied the easy lot of some books on the shelf, for example a certain "Plato's Republic," which had been but once taken down—and then only when Vaughn was expecting a visit from his father.

Well nothing worthy of particular mention occurred until that evening when half a dozen men entered the room in a body and straightway made for the bed, chairs, etc. I noticed especially one thin fellow who darted to the bed, upon which-with the assistance ot three cushions-he settled himself to his entire satisfaction. Probably he felt that being so skinny he required all the artificial padding obtainable in order to make up for nature's stinginess in this respect. At any rate he seemed perfectly contented, saying but little himself while closely observing all that went on. The others ranged themselves around the room and proceeded almost simultaneously to fill and light their dark-stained pipes. From these pipes my friend Mr. Key, (or rather Quill, for this i have since learned is his colloquial name,) informed me, the men seldom care to part, and if a student has not a miniature 'furnace' in his mouth it will nearly always be in his most convenient pocket. As soon as any man lighted his pipe he was able to puff out thick clouds of a blue smoke which may have looked very pretty but certainly had a very disagreeable smell to one like myself who was not accustomed to their use. There was, however, a general spirit of goodwill and contentment which reminded me of the motto printed at the top of my cover, "Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus."

In a dilapidated leather arm chair, next to the table on which I was lying, sat a sandy-haired individual who seemed to be of an extremely high strung disposition. Presently his eyes fell upon me and next instant a nervous right hand had scrunched my beautiful, smooth sheets in a way that was positively shocking. Turning over my pages with a moist forefinger he finally paused, and taking advantage of a general lull in the conversation began to read as follows:

Beside the tinkling stream they sat, And gazed upon the bubbles, With bashful hands he pawed his hat, And told her of his troubles,

"Oh Jess, I know I am not rich,"
He sighed and looked quite blue,
But that's the one and only hitch
That separates us two.

"So if you-"

"Cut it out," broke in a disgusted voice from a handsome chap who was sitting on a trunk. "Smith," he continued, addressing the man who was reading me, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for writing such bally rot; if I were a copy of the MITRE, which I am thankful to say I'm not. I'd hate to have such doggerel amongst my pages."

Thoroughly agreeing with him I tried to nod a vigorous approval but no one took any notice. For excited words were now flying to and fro between 'Jonsie,' who had made the criticism, and the unfortunate Smith. Each moment the remarks became more and more personal till at length stung to madness by the sarcasm of his brother student, Smith seized a cushion and hurled it at 'Jonsie's' head. He ducked and at once returned it, and then before I could say 'lynotype', I was skimming through the air straight for 'Jonsie's' face. Biff! I had struck him, corner first, just below the eye. Though the concussion jarred me considerably I am sure it hurt him more, because he clapped his hand to the spot and uttered some words which I know are not to be found anywhere in my columns.

'Jonsie' jumped to his feet and the men grappled fiercely with one another; the others eagerly joined in and the whole room was soon in an uproar. The original pair proved themselves the centre of attraction round which everyone pushed and shoved until in a surging body they one and all fell forward upon the bed. While the latter creaked and groaned beneath their weight the door suddenly opened and in bounced two finely built chaps, each wearing a white sweater whereon was inscribed a large purple 'B'. Sizing up the situation at a glance they rushed to the bed. To pull it by the legs a few inches from the wall and turn it over on its side took less time than the telling, and to an accompaniment of horrible exclamations the writhing mass of men crashed to the floor. The two perpetrators of the deed then stood off and laughed heartily, but to me the whole scene appeared absolutely brutal.

Slowly the combatants picked themselves up, brushed the dust off their clothes and relit their pipes and Vaughn, after ruefully surveying his disjointed resting place, began to put it together again. This was a lengthy operation for it seemed necessary for him to pause every now and then to make some violent remarks upon the ill-natured characters of his guests. At every word I trembled lest the disturbance should break out afresh for in such an event I should probably have been knocked to pieces, since these young barbarians were clearly no respectors of persons. However, the trouble did not come to a head and, when shortly afterwards the gathering broke up, peace and quiet reigned supreme.

Vaughn, on being left alone, first put in order the rest of his furniture and then seated himself at his table with an unusually determined expression on his face. Having put on a green shade he seized a red crayon and opened a note-book labelled 'Pol. Econ.' For about half an hour he studiously went through page after page, every here and there drawing a thick line beside some passage. At last yawning wearily he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one and closed the book with a bang, next, lifting me off the trunk, he turned up the Athletic page whose contents he read diligently and when he proceeded to the other pages, over which he lightly skimmed, I really felt that I was quite entertaining and instructive.

One might perhaps suppose that there is nothing more to relate in connection with that evening but, on the contrary, I had the privelege of witnessing another convivial gathering.

A huried knock sounded and the door opened just enough to admit the head of 'Jonsie,' who called out "cocoa 'll be ready in a minute in my room" and disappeared. Taking me with him Vaughn strolled out into the hall lighting another cigarette as he went.

The first idea which struck me on entering 'Jonsie's' room was

the extremely comfortable manner in which it had been fitted up; I also noticed that everything was in good taste, from the dark-green wall paper to the sofa filled high with cushions. From a cupboard in one corner came the cheerful sound of boiling water and, on glancing again in that direction, I saw a kettle merrily singing over a hard-working spirit lamp. Upon a table in the centre of the room a space had been cleared and here stood a tin of cocoa, six cups and saucers, and the necessary milk and sugar, while close by a half-consumed chocolate cake rested upon a formidable volume of Statics and Dynamics.

We had apparently arrived just at the right moment for our amiable host at once started to make the cocoa, and but a few moments elapsed before his five visitors were leisurely discussing the steaming contents of their cups together with generous slices of cake. From an excellent position for observation on a little table beside the bed, I was enjoying myself as much as any body and already felt perfectly at home.

Soon the conversation turned from college affairs in general to the slack conduct of some of the freshmen in particular. "Do you know" said Vaughn speaking with great vigor, "that half of the freshmen were absent from the Students' meeting this afternoon? How the dence can they expect to run things next year if they don't come regularly? By Jove! they make me tired." His words met with a ready assent from his companions and it was evident that they too felt very strongly upon the subject. From this the talk drifted off into various topics, the whole being interspersed with an equally varied selection of Bishopian anecdotes.

At length Vaughn, after glancing at his watch, called out, "A quarter past eleven, time for the hockey team to be in bed. Good night Jonsie, hate to leave you but you know how it is. By the way do you mind giving me a call in the morning?" he added as he picked me up and moved towards the door, "I never by any chance hear that bell." His movement started the others and after a general 'goodnight all' everyone took himself off to his own quarters. Ten minutes later the even monotony of my master's snores drove me also off to sleep.

Months have passed since that night and here I am at the bottom shelf of Vaughn's book-case. I have grown grey through the thick coating of dust that has gradually accumulated on my cover. For no one has read me or taken any notice of me for more weeks than I care to remember. Some time ago Vaughn was cleaning up his room and amongst other things put me in my present unenviable position, right between a tattered Latin Dictionary and a manual of Ancient Philosophy! My chief interest of course lies in the students themselves. Indeed connected as I am with an institution which has moulded the lives of so many former generations, I take as it were a fatherly interest in them all.

But hark! There is Vaughn's step coming down the hall and it would never do to let him find me using his best foolscap.

Au Revoir.

Vol. XIV. No. 3.

#### Two Points of View.

With the arrival of a new term Bishop's again put's on a more sober dress, and in the case of the "oldest inhabitants", a tattered one.

Now why should a gown far removed from its first glory, full of rents and signs of much use and abuse, be such a treasure to its owner? How wistfully does the freshman, conscious of an unusual substance about his shoulders, gaze on the veteran gown!

How gracefully its ragged tails sweep the floor, how lightly it sits upon the shoulders of the fortunate one who has progressed far along Learnings rugged paths. Pangs of jealousy are apt to rise in the breast of a new comer, who sees through a half opened door the haze of blue smoke, hears the clatter of cups and the merry quip and jesting retort. He feels that in that den is one in a condition of bliss which he will never attain. The fortunate one, secure of academic honours, spreads himself luxuriantly over the furniture, and waxes merry over the foibles of his friends; while reminiscences rise on tobacco smoke, and happiness seems to pervade the room like the odour of the coffee. How far removed the freshman feels from all this.

And when, in the late evening, he sees the owner of a room in a comfortable chair, surrounded by all that is conducive to comfort, he thinks, as he goes to his own room, there to wrestle with the ancient sages in intellectual strife, how lucky a mortal is a Senior. But what if that particular Senior is one of those who are not so lucky? If he could enter into that room, that abode of calm contentment, that sun-bathed harbour, beyond and around which the world's storms rage, but are not nigh; if he could enter into that Senior's mind, and there behold the peaceful and uplifting thoughts which he is certain are reposing in unruffled majesty, what would he find? The calm self-contained mind, saying.—"Being a philosopher, I am in retreat from the world; or rather, from the world as it is man's, to the world as it is God's." Nay will he not rather find this happy man's breast heaving with leaping billows, which threaten to engulf him every moment?

"I must go to that skating party to-morrow, and next week I have so many calls I ought to pay. How can I finish my honour work! And if I don't, what a catastrophe! yet if I do, it only means the ending of my happy College days." The pathos of being engulfed in the Social life, to the exclusion of the Intellectual life!

"Well then; I now do plainly see
"This busy world and I shall ne'er agree."

Or, as Persuis puts it:-

"Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus, ecce aliud cras Egerit hos annos."

Let such a man as this fabled visitor return to his room with a light heart and a joyful feeling of youth, and let him Begin:—
"Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey" says Cowley. Put on your immaculate gown, it will become aged soon enough, probably too soon, and envy not that mythical Senior man, you thought so happy.

While others say,

"'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on",

Your cry must be

"You cannot now; you must be gone

"To court, or to the noisy hall;

"Besides, the rooms without are crowded all,

"The stream of business does begin,"

Rest not when the violet and fur graces your manly shoulders; that is but the begining of work, the first spurt of the athelete; but thank your Alma Mater for teaching you your first steps, and for the training which will enable you to run to the end.

B.-N.



## Deflumnis



Rev, H. Archer Collins B.A., '04 has left St. Botolph, Lincoln, England and has been appointed to the Church of the Advent Westmount.

We were very pleased to note that through the efforts of Rev. J. Almond the debt on Trinity Church, Montreal has been wiped off.

Rev. O. G. Lewis B.A., '07 paid us a short visit during the Xmas vacation.

Rev. W.S. Weary was ordained by the Bishop of Algoma shortly before Xmas.

Rev. H. C. Dunn, youngest son of Bishop Dunn, was ordained about the same time by Bishop of Ottawa.

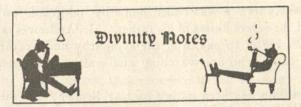
Rev. Ben Watson, M.A., has been blessed lately with a young son and heir.

R. W. Hepburn '07 is playing hockey for the E. T. Bank in the Bankers League Montreal this season.

A number of graduates are planning on bringing out a hockey team early next month to play our present team. F. R Robinson, A. C. Thomson, W. B. Scott and R. W. Hepburn, will probably be amongst them.

Rev. Wm. Sykes, B.A., '02 paid us a short visit at the beginning of this term. He has charge of a mission near Calgary 20 miles in breadth and about 120 in length.

E. Miall, L.L.B., has been lately married. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations.



Father Povey, one of the Boston Cowley Fathers, visited Professor Hamilton twice in November. While here on his second visit he gave an address at Compline on Monday, November 30th.

Father Povey took "The Love of God" for his subject. He spoke of the right which God's Love gives Him to use and direct our lives, and reminded us that those lives are meant to be treated as something better than mere driftwood; that we have not the right to do with them just what each interest or whim suggests.

One special thought which the speaker left with us to think of was this—'God cares much more for us than we do ourselves.'

## BISHOP'S COLLEGE MISSIONARY UNION.

At a Students' Missionary meeting held on Tuesday, December 31st. Canon Scott spoke on "The Philosophy of Prayer."

From the beginning man has been able to meet his Creator in prayer, and this is possible because it was God's aim that prayer should be the highest act of man's personality.

Prayer is itself a food, the great nourishing medium of the divine spirit that is in man. As a forceful wishing of the wishes of God it is the channel by which man knows God better, and through which the unstinted abundance of the good will of God flows into the lives of men.

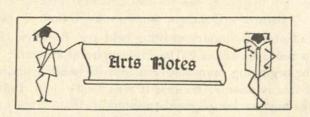
Prayer is needed in our present moral atmosphere as a power by which truth and right can be upheld, and evil discovered and overcome; it is meant to be for ever *present* in life, and indeed must be so if lives are to be truly successful before God, for it is the want of full prayer that is the cause of the want of full success.

God is everywhere and always present, but it is of the greatest help when kneeling to pray to seek the special realisation of His Presence before any words are uttered: by such an effort as this the will to pray is made more holy, the privilege of prayer is understood better, the fruits of prayer are increased, and the great power of true prayer, which no temptation can resist, is won. Raymond Andrewes was called home by telegram, on January 8th through the severe illness of his father. Mr. Andrewes is no better at present, we regret to say, and the sympathy and prayers of all of us are with those who are watching and waiting in anxiety.

C. O. Harding has been acting as Lay Reader with the Rcv. B. Rothera, Leeds, P. Q., during the Christmas vacation.

It is a great pleasure to welcome back Channel Hepburn, our Senior Man, and to know that he has made such a good recovery after his recent operation.

S. R. Walters is said to be snowed up somewhere between Gaspé and Lennoxville; it is to be hoped he will get out in time for canoeing—and June examinations!



The students who remained in the College during the Christmas vacation, had no cause to complain of dullness. An endless round of enjoyment made the time fly quickly.

On Christmas Day Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parrock most kindly entertained the Men, with a large circle of guests. Santa Claus arrived in his usual startling fashion, and, after supper, a stirring tale of the early days of the College kept the party enlivened until mid-night.

It is an impossible task to express the gratitude felt by all those Men who had the honour of joining the party in the Lodge, and and of being entertained by such a kind Hostess and Host.

A great addition has been made to the old lodge, by the insertion of three new rooms for the better accommodation of the students.

List of free Public Lectures to be delivered in the Bishop Williams Hall:-

Among other enjoyable events which took place at the College last Vac. were two sliding parties arranged by the more energetic members. The first, owing to the fact that its two secretaries were hors decombat (one being on the bed of sickness and the other having been attracted to the theatre by some fair artiste,) was not quite up to the usual standard of College entertainment. However when again the energetic ones got busy, they produced a sliding party "par excellence."

The night was dark but this was remedied by the light from Japanese lanterns which were ranged down the slide and which besides shedding a light on the slide gave a fairy-like appearance to the Hill. After sliding for about an hour and a half supper was served in the Common Room where a blazing hearth and sumptuous fare set the most reserved tongues wagging.

Supper being over all retired to the Council Chamber where dancing took place till "the midnight bell tolled out its tale of hours" and a most enjoyable evening came to an end.

The letter box and mail shelf put up in the Common Room during the vac. are a great improvement on the old letter rack.

Conversation heard between Freshman and Examiner a few moments before Latin Prose exam;

R-D-S. Sir! I wonder if I could get some extra marks in Latin Prose this morning. I'm not feeling very well. I had a nerve pulled out yesterday.

Examiner. Well! My dear sir it seems to me that you have plenty of nerve.

1st. Divinity Student-Was'nt last year a great one?
2nd. Divinity Student-Yes! I had a proposal and several hints.

On January 27th, Dr. Parrock opened the first of the series of extension lectures. In introducing Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A., D.C.L. Dr. Parrock made mention of the high regard in which that gentleman is held by the University and laid stress on the fact that no one was more qualified to lecture on Milton than such a scholarly poet as Dr. Scott.

The lecture was listened to with great attention by a large number of persons from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. The life history of Milton and his development, as a poet of rare genius was unfolded with a sympathy and delicacy of expression difficult to surpass. The closing paragraph, containing lines from Dr. Scott's poem on Milton fittingly ended the lecture.

A most hearty vote of thanks was proposed by the Lord Bishop of Quebec and carried by acclamation.

Bishops boasts another club, the Par Ergon. Its object is to stimulate study and research in subjects outside those required for examination. Although it is not vet fully organized much interest is being showing in it. Meetings will likely be held weekly or fortnightly and in the afternoon instead of evening. The officers are President, Prof. Gummer; Vice President Prof. Hamilton; Secretary, A. A. Sturley, '09.

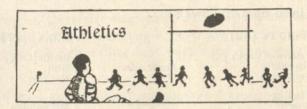
N. H. Snow, '09, has been elected Secretary of B. C. Missionary Union.

C. H. Savage, '11, is having an extended vacation because of illness.

THE MITRE congratulates E. G. Henry, B. A., M. D., on his engagement to Miss Ethel Ward of Lennoxville.

THE MITRE neither publishes nor answer anonymous letters.

There is a chance for some class to make itself immortal by arranging to have the flag fly every day over Bishop's.



On Saturday Nov. 28 the College was defeated by B. C. S. in a scheduled game of the E. T. Basketball league. The game took place in the college gymnasium and was witnessed by a large crowd. The game was a good clean one from start to finish, very few fouls being called on either side. The college played in hard luck their shots missing the basket frequently by fractions of an inch. Smith and Kay were the star performers for the school, the former shooting several baskets from what seemed almost impossible positions. Patterson and Savage played well for the college, Savage shooting the one basket that was scored from the field.

Teams and officials :-

B. C. S. (15)			BISHOP'S UNIVERVITY (6)  Savage Hinchiffe Patterson (Capt)	
	Smith (Capt ) FORWARDS			
Martin Price	}	DEFENCE	{ Brown Edge	
Scor	F-Patt	gt. Harney. erson I, I, I, I.	UMPIRE—J. E. Smith Sayage 2. Total 6 Porteous 1. Total 15	

## BISHOP'S VS. SHERBROOKE Y. M. C. A.

Bishop's was again defeated on Dec. 5th. by the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. Y.M.C.A. started out at a fast clip and before the college had awakened to the fact that they were on the floor to play basket ball twelve points were scored against them. Before the end of the first half however the College managed to score five, Y.M.C.A. adding three more to their score. In the second half the college settled down to hard work and by some neat play added seven more points to their score, their opponents scoring two. Towards the end of the game the play became very fast and the spectators were kept in a continual state of excitement up to the last minute of play. The final score stood 17-12 in favour of Y.M.C.A.

## Teams lined up as follows :-

Візно'рѕ (12)		Y.M, C.A. (17)	
Patterson(Capt.) Hinchliffe Cameron	Forwards	Smith (Capt) Holt Norcross	
Dinning Brown }	DEFENDE	{ Tate McCutcheon	
Referee-Mr. Irving	Umpire-C. G.	Stevens, B.A.	

#### STANDING OF E. T. LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	To play
Bishop's College School	3	0	3
University of Bishop's College	1	2	3
Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A.	1	2	3
Stanstead College	1	2	3

#### HOCKEY.

The prospects for the coming season do not at present appear very bright. Of last year senior seven there remains only Stevens. Channell Hepburn, who played centre last year, will be unable to play this season and his loss will be greatly felt. As yet no games have been arranged but matches will probably be played with the surrounding towns. A match is also being arranged with the graduates and there is talk of a league being formed so the club will probably have a pretty full schedule.

## Exchanges.

The Editors of Acta Victoriana have surpassed themselves in the production of their Xmas Number. The Magazine is always interesting and tastefully got up, but it has reached this time a standard far above that of the average College Magazine.

To attempt to make a review of the contents would be impossible as we could not possibly do justice to their high value. We can only recommend our Students to read it carefully not only because of the pleasure they will derive from such reading, but also because we are sure it will stir up in them the spirit of emulation, and make them feel that they must do all in their power to make of the "Mitre" a worthy companion of "Acta Victoriana."

We are glad to receive once more a Magazine from McGill. The Martlet shows signs of becoming a good and interesting Magazine. We extend to the Editors our best wishes for a successful career.

Queen's University Journal contains an interesting article. "The four Cornerstones of Modern thought, and how we came by them." There is also a feature of this Magazine, which very few College Magazines have, and which is of great interest and usefulness, that is the Section devoted to Comments on Current Events. Events of the greatest importance are happoning every day, the consequences of which may be very far reaching such as the Balkan Crisis, the political revolution in Germany, etc.

A few words of comment on such events by some one who takes interest in them would, I am sure, be both useful and interesting.

We strongly recommend the careful perusal of the article entitled College Myopia—a plea for study which appears in the November No. of the Argosy. We picked out a few sentences which convey truth.

"The habits formed at College will be the habits of a decade or quarter century hence.

"To hold that the majority of College men are prone at least during part of their undergraduate days to look at life from an angle of forty five degrees rather than from one of ninety is not hitting all wide of the mark.

"Study is supposedly the immediate object for which men attend an instit tion of higher learning, yet how many deligently apply themselves to its pursuit!

We are glad to receive the O-A-C. Review, the organ of the Ontorio agricultural College. It contains matter of interest not only to those who have a direct interest in agriculture but all lovers of Country and natural scenery.

We also welcome several additions to our Exchanges. The Sun of Oxford, the Oakuan of Honolulu, and the Hya Yaka from the Royal College of Dental Surgeon.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EXCHANGES.

Student-(After College Thanks-giving dinner)-Say Bill, did you have a good square meal?

Other Student-I guess I did; I can feel the four corners in my stomach yet.

Man is like a sausage Very smooth upon the skin, But you cannot tell exactly. How much hog there is within.

Young Lady-(at Hallow'en dance)-I love waltzing. Why! I could waltz right into Heaven.

Partner-Then reverse at once, please.

Lodger-I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?

Landlady-I am very sorry but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry.

Professor—(explaning some deep subject in apologetics)—Is that clear Mr. H.?

H.-It is rather vague.

Professor-Which, my explanation or your mind?

Who wish to succeed should have comfortable furnishings for their study room.

The hardest grin ling is generally quiet of ours own room.

We furnish every responsible student with everything they require in Fine Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, etc.

EDWARDS FURNITURE CO.

VOL. XVI.

LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

No. 4.

APRIL, 1909.

## Fidelity

An Alpine tarn hid in the Laurentide
A flawless gem amid the hills deep-set
Of purest water;—gleam of diamond, yet
With softer opal hues at eventide,
And pearl at dawn, when shroud of mist doth hide
The source of all earth's beauty; spangled jet
When midnight's pall doth earth and heaven beset,
And Erebus doth o'er the world preside,
A Mirror faithful to a fickle sky,
Roused by her wrath, calmed by her winsome smile,
Dark with her frown, sad when her clear blue eye
With tears is clouded, yielding to'every wile,
Emblem of faithfulness and truth sublime
Which iciest coldness chills but for a time!

REV. H. C. BURT, M.A.

## The Magistrate.

The Bishop's University Dramatic Club achieved another triumph in the production of Pinero's Comedy. The Magistrate, at the Clement Theatre on the evening of Thursday, February 18th. The audience, though perhaps not quite as large as last year, was most appreciative and the play sustained their attention throughout. The Committee had for this year departed from the traditional choice of a classic play like "The Rivals" or "She Stoops to Conquer" and had selected a modern farce consisting principally of a succession of ludicrous incidents all depending on Mrs. Agatha Posket's innocent fraud in concealing her real age from her second husband. This involved much harder work on the part of the actors, for the success of the piece depended almost entirely on the vigor with which the incidents were presented and consequently the greatest credit is due to those who by months of careful practice brought the representation to an eminently successful issue.

The Dramatic Club are again under the greatest obligation to the Sherbrooke Ladies who most willingly gave up a great part of their spare time to assist in the Play. Miss White and Miss Shreve took the leading parts with that grace of manner associated in our minds with former dramatic efforts. The former as Agatha Posket sustained her role with charming dignity while Miss Shreve gave a