

"Nec est aut nusquam
quod quærimus."

Horace.

The Mitre

University of Bishop's College,

Lennoxville, P. Q.

Vol. XVII. No. 1.

October, 1909.

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✧ " THE MITRE." ✧

VOL. XVII.

LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

No. 1.

OCTOBER, 1909.

The Emmanuel Movement.

Every age produces leaders who, standing on the elevation of fame—whether socalled or rightly attributed—fall athwart the clouds of hopelessness and despair. These individuals shed a ray of encouragement over the aimlessly groping crowd and in time record their names on the annals of human existence as benefactors to mankind. The prevailing conditions call forth the leaders. The many streams trickling down the mountain side eventually produce a river, all bringing their wealth and power to one source, till one mighty current flows on, pushed and fed by the smaller streams. So with man, many contributing a little of a kindred feeling converging—at one point make a leader who is driven on and sustained in his work by those who are adding their mite to the particular trend of thought or sphere of work. Who is there that arose and gave to the world a fully developed theory or art without having acquired something of momentum or thought from predecessors or contemporaries. In other words, name a river that has no stream or spring as its source. Thus when we come to the study of the Emmanuel Movement we must not expect to find a magnificent chandelier, with a wonderful illuminating power, suspended in mid-air. It is attached to a powerful motor that is generating all the required light and brilliance. This motor is the great religious movement of thousands who are seriously seeking for a better life. The idea that health and happiness follow upon spiritual exercises is characteristic of twentieth century thought. Behind the leader of this movement there has been and is to-day more than ever, the earnest desire of faithful and devout people to treat the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost. I must be brief and as so much has already been said and written on this subject, I beg to be excused if I tread a known path before I leave the reader.

Elwood Worcester, now forty-seven years of age, graduated from the General Theological Seminary, New York, in 1887 and obtained the degree of Ph. D. from Leipzig University after three

years of study in philosophy and psychology. In 1904 he became the Rector of the Emmanuel Church, Boston, which has the largest communicant list in that city as well as a wealthy congregation. This is stated to disperse any notion that the work was launched by an obscurist or a seeker of notoriety. The colleague of Dr. Worcester is Samuel McComb, an Irishman by birth, a graduate of Oxford, D.D. of Glasgow University, sometime student in philosophy and psychology at Berlin and once professor of Ecclesiastical History at Queen's University, Canada. "To these men so singularly prepared fell the responsibility of proving to the world that the healing ministry of Jesus can be restored to the world without injury either to intelligent Christianity or to scientific medicine."

The origin of the work is to be found in the Tuberculosis Class of the Emmanuel Church. This work was begun in 1905 under the supervision of a medical director and had for its object the cure of the poorest consumptives of the slums without removing them from their homes. "The treatment consisted of the approved modern method of combating consumption, *plus* discipline, friendship, encouragement and hope." This beneficent work accomplished great results and though carried on under unfavorable environment "the records will bear comparison with those of the best sanatoria."

At the end of a year so many tuberculosis patients had been brought to cry with Jacob of old, "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved," it was determined to branch out among those suffering from insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, morbid ideas and kindred diseases. As before the wisdom and direction of scientific medicine worked hand in hand with the Church. This one fact alone makes an impassable gulf between Dr. Worcester's methods and those of Christian Science. "This movement bears no relation to Christian Science, either by way of protest or imitation, but it would be what it is had the latter never existed."

The manner of treatment is the most interesting feature of this work. The members of all churches and of none have been welcomed and treated without any charge. There has been no proselytizing, but rather persuasion to each patient not to lose interest in the church or denomination of which he is a member. There has generally been an increase of faith because by means of the treatment the patient has found the Healing Christ. "No case is treated except after diagnosis and approval by a reputable doctor, and to

make the diagnosis possible a staff of medical experts is ever in attendance at Emmanuel Church." If the disease appears to be simply functional the applicant is registered for treatment and passed on into the Rector's study. There he finds himself in an environment in which the very appointments of the room conduce to the disclosure of every fact, physical, mental, social, moral, spiritual which bears in any way upon the situation. "To the frankness which the family doctor can evoke is added the confidence which the confessional inspires." These conditions unlock the subconscious life and the patient is led to complete recovery. The applicant seated in a reclining chair is taught to relax himself and by soothing words is soon in a state of mental quiet. The unwholesome thoughts and "untoward symptoms" are dislodged from the consciousness and in their place are sown the seeds of more health-giving thoughts and nobler actions. Prayer and godly counsel succeed the self-revelation. The patient has his share to perform in applying the treatment. The barriers of the disease may be broken down by one application of the movement's method but there are many steps of "self-reeducation" to be made before the promised goal of good health is reached. The relaxed will is to be re-energised ; conscience aroused and kept awake and the patient himself must for many a day "go alone into the silence of suggestibility, drive out the morbid and evil from his mind" and fill it with better thoughts.

The weekly Health Conference has been an essential factor of the Movement from the beginning. It began in the Rector's study by his bringing a few friends together for prayer and the cultivation of the spiritual life. They are now held in the church on Wednesday evenings from October to May and the average attendance during the past year has been eight hundred. Many travel hundreds of miles to attend, not only from parts of New England but from the West and South. This service begins by singing four or more familiar hymns with a certain uplift and power attached to them. Though the singing is led by a small trained choir yet all are invited to join in. Then the requests for prayer are read, one may be from a sufferer asking God to give strength and patience, another from one who feels the need of God's pardon and peace, and so on. These requests are woven into an extemporaneous prayer by Dr. Worcester or his assistant. A Lesson follows, a selection from the

Gospels bearing on the healing works of Jesus. The Apostles' Creed is recited by all, a special invitation to do so being given. The address is then delivered. It is short and earnest, dealing with matters pertaining to right thought and conduct of life. The service lasts for exactly an hour and is followed by a social gathering in the Guild room. Music is dispensed, supper served and a social hour passed. There is only one restriction, no part of the conversation must touch on sickness or disease.

Let us now consider some of the cases treated. During the year 1908, six hundred and sixty-one cases were treated, including alcoholism, hysteria, insomnia, morphinism, kidney trouble and depressive insanity, not to mention thirty others. "Ills so diverse require an almost equally diverse treatment." It has been found that mere change of environment and the cessation of domestic responsibilities work wonders, especially among women who have been enfeebled by the functions of wifehood and motherhood. Men and women in all walks of life, clergymen (a bishop included) lawyers and business men have been among the Emmanuel clients. Dr. Worcester felt at the beginning of the work that the Church of Christ cannot be upheld permanently or propagate itself by anything less spiritual, less comprehensive and tremendous than the Christian religion and the whole truth is, that the Church is not bringing the whole force of the Christian religion to bear upon the lives of the people. There is a psychical movement which speaks in the name of Christ to the soul. He and his assistants, together with the medical practitioners allied with them, are bringing souls to feel in this century the healing power and benign influence of the presence of Christ.

No matter however much we may be in sympathy with this mighty work, there is one thing to be deplored—the absence of the sacramental aspect of our religion. This, I fear, will remain in abeyance, generally speaking, until the Church declares itself heartily in favor of the Apostolic and early practice of anointing the sick. In closing this brief epitome of the beneficent mission of the Emmanuel Church, may I recommend two books to the reader, "Religion and Medicine" by Worcester and McComb, which gives a full account of this work, and "The Anointing of the Sick" by F.W. Puller S.S.J.E., a history of the practice and its results. Both of these are unbiased yet bearers of conviction.

A. M. DUNSTAN.

The Mitre.



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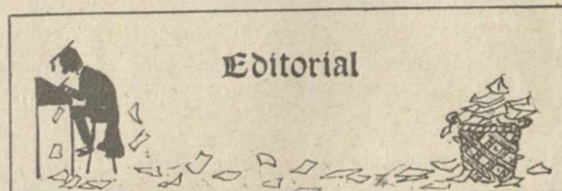
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With the first number of a new magazine in a new academic year it is usual for the editorial staff to plead for contributions from far and near, and to urge all to unite with them in making their publication a true and worthy exponent of the life and feeling of the University. It is our call again this year.

Let every man find his task, realise his responsibility, and contribute his share to the MITRE; for only then can this magazine be a real and true exponent of the college, and of those high principles of manhood for which it stands. If this spirit is carried into all our work and sports, we shall be playing our part thoroughly and learning here, in a very real sense, all that one of the best Universities in Canada can teach us; we shall be absorbing into our lives that most valuable asset a man can possess, a true college spirit.

Canada has need of men of honour, of integrity, of real solid worth.

Such men should a University produce if its members are true to its traditions.

Such men Bishops has produced in the past, and should continue to produce.

The spirit of such men should be reflected in the pages of the Mitre, and should be its life.

Here then is our task. Make the MITRE throb with the life of Bishop's.

We would impress upon the new men entering Bishop's this year, the absolute necessity of cultivating above all a healthy college spirit.

A freshman, if he intends to be a true son of Bishops,—and may none but such ever enter these Halls—must come ready to learn the customs and traditions of the University, and fall in with his new surroundings as quickly as he can.

He should attend every meeting of students and listen with attention to matters discussed and business done, that on attaining to the dignity of a senior, he may understand thoroughly how the various Clubs and Associations are run, and do his part in the management of all that is incidental to residential college life.

We heartily congratulate Mr. C. L. Mortimer on his election as Waitt Scholar, and wish him every success.

It is with great pleasure that we notice the New Library nearing completion. The fact that we have looked for it long and anxiously makes it all the more welcome.

All the inhabitants of the "Shed" will greatly appreciate the very fine verandah which is replacing the old Steps and porch on the east end of their building. Besides being an adornment to the "Shed" it will be quite an improvement to the approach to the Lodge.

The Spirit of progress is everywhere evident, not only outward and visible progress, in the form of bricks and mortar, but also the greater progress in the intellectual life. Last year's MITRE was a striking example. One would only have to attend a meeting of either the church warden Club or Parergon Society to realise what is being done in this direction.

Great things have been accomplished during the last few years, but much lies ahead. Let a live progressive spirit lead us on.

The Lesson of the Lake.

CHANNING GORDON LAWRENCE, B.A.

My boat had drifted far into the lake,
There was no wind to stir the quiet air;
Deep in the crystal waters I could see
All that for ages had been hidden there.

The fishes lying as though half asleep,
And tiny minnows darting to and fro,
But far beneath them all the sandy bed
With stones that shone and pebbles white as snow.

And when again I stepped upon the shore
I humbly knelt and breathed this simple prayer,
That He who sees through all my years of life
May find but white and gold reflected there.

My Alarm Clock.

Brrr ! Brrr ! Brrr !

I spring out of bed, cross the room with two nervous strides, clutch the quivering instrument with both hands and shut off the hateful bell as quickly as any half awakened person can. Two seconds later I am once more between the warm sheets trying to snatch some sixty additional seconds—more or less—from that foe of the human race—Time.

The momentary respite is delicious, but after all it is only momentary. For there is something fascinating in the persistent 'tick, tick' of my table centrepiece, something which intrudes upon my subconscious self in a manner that admits of no denial and I find myself staring wide-eyed at that innocent cause of my anxiety. Let me make a momentary digression and ask the reader whether he, (or possibly she, for, 'No one knows where the MITRE goes,' or does not go) can suggest anything costing only 99 cents which causes more worry and annoyance. I certainly cannot.

But to continue. Will that confounded minute hand *never* stop creeping onwards ? No, not till some of the numberless wheels, and the wheels within wheels, which are relentlessly turning round behind that placid exterior, run down or get out of order. But hadn't I better leave my little Trumpeter to labour unwound and thus save myself this daily worry ? No, comes the inexorable reply, not as long as the office opens punctually at nine o'clock and my chief is

there to see that everyone starts work sharp on time. But do I really need to plod away at that hateful desk week in and week out? Yes, most assuredly, as long as I require that \$15 every Saturday. Yes, if I hope to make it \$20 by the first of January. Yes, if I'm going to take Gracie to King Dodo to-morrow night. Yes, by Jove! if I'm to get bacon and eggs for breakfast this morning.

So it's settled that I really must get up. After all only a slug-gard and a good-for-nothing clings to his bed like this. But—still another *but*, do you know I feel so absolutely comfortable that I don't in the least envy John D. Rockefeller, or any man that ever breathed.

The sunlight floods the room; two sparrows are spluttering away on the window sill, the early morning breeze is rustling through the leaves of the willow tree just outside. Here I could just lie—and lie—and lie—

Hello! I must have dosed then. Heavens! a quarter past eight! just time to make it. So here goes if I'm to get any bacon and eggs. SUFFERER.

God, what a world!—if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart,
Which makes them, in face of flame and flood,
Rise to the meaning of true Brotherhood.

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Reflection.

I sometimes wonder why I'm here at all,
I wasn't asked if life I would begin it ;
Or if I was, the fact I don't recall
This minute.

But, being here, it's just as well to stay,
And pluck, like others, every day its profit.
Quite soon enough old Time will touch the clay
To doff it.

Quite soon enough! We *cling* to life until
There really isn't any more to follow;
But life is often quite a bitter pill
To swallow.

Such is the lot of every mother's son ;
Job said that man was born to meet with trouble,
He had as much again as anyone
(Or double).

Job didn't bless the day he saw the light,
And I, for one, would never hint a censure;
You would have done the same in such a plight
I venture.

At times, it's true, the cup of life to quaff
Might be considered really rather pleasant,
And that is why I'm half inclined to laugh
At present.

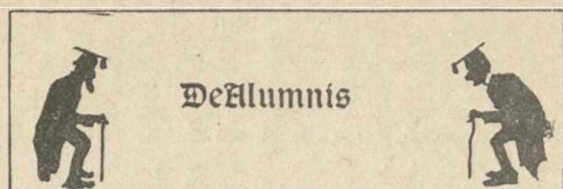
But I have known, alas, when I could say
That which one shouldn't say in decent hearing,
When life appeared to be, day after day,
Not cheering.

At times like these one has a perfect right
To say without the fear of contradiction
That Fate must take rather a strange delight
In friction.

No doubt the process benefits in time ;
The fruits we'll gather in their proper season,
Knowing that nought occurs without a rhyme
Or reason.

But be that as it may, I count the thing
A most unwelcome source of weary worry;
It makes one wish, if time is on the wing,
'Twould hurry.

I wonder why I wonder as I do !
(My friends, it seems, have had the same reflection)
On second thoughts I will ascribe it to
Dejection. RETA. .



We congratulate Rev. F. G. LeGallais, M. A., upon his recent marriage and wish him all joy and happiness.

T. L. T. Adams, M.A., has gone to Bishop's Hospital, Lincoln, England, to continue his theological studies before being ordained.

Homer Mitchell, B.A., has just returned from his visit abroad. He has some very interesting stories to relate about his experiences across the water.

H. P. Wright, B.A., has entered the faculty of medicine at McGill.

Rev. A. M. Dunstan, M.A., is soon leaving for a visit to the Bermudas. We wish him a very pleasant holiday.

Carl Von Stridsberg, B.A., has entered the General Theological Seminary, New York. Our best wishes are extended to him in his new sphere of study.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from the Hughes brothers—Colin '07 and Graydon '08 at the beginning of term.

A. C. M. Thomson, B.A., won the tennis championship at St. Patrick's this summer. Well played 'Doc'.

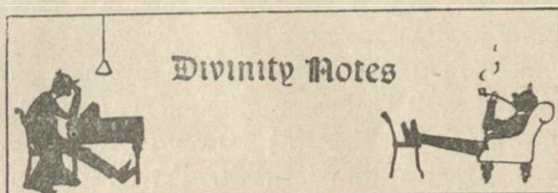
W. T. Hooper, B.A., also won game for himself and Bishop's by winning the double paddle war canoe race at Lake Asquam, N.H. at the St. Paul's School regatta held there this summer.

W. O. Clifford, B.A., has accepted the position of principal at St. John's High School and has lately entered upon his new duties.

F. R. Robinson, B.A., '08 has entered the real estate business in one of the firms at Montreal.

W. B. Scott, B.A., has resumed his position at the Diocesan College, Montreal.

Rev. Arthur Cowling, B.A., received a very handsome present from his parishoners on his leaving Haileybury for Parry Sound.



The beginning of each academic year brings many changes ; and nowhere is this fact more noticeable than in the Divinity House. Many old faces are missed ; many new ones are seen. Some of our men have gone forth into the battlefield as commissioned officers of the King of Kings. To those who are left behind remains the duty of remembering our comrades in thought and prayer.

Some again have left us for other seats of learning, where we are confident they will earn fresh laurels. These also will not be forgotten ; and we shall watch their careers with affectionate interest.

Though the recruits to the Divinity ranks are few in number thus far, we believe they will prove themselves to be good men and true, and, as such, we extend to them a hearty welcome.

This year the Ordination was held in St. Peter's, Sherbrooke. It took place on Sept. 12th, the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity ; when the Lord Bishop of Quebec admitted two candidates to the Diaconate, and five to the Priesthood.

The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. W. S. G. Burbury, M.A., of Quebec Cathedral ; and the candidates were presented by the Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of the Divinity Faculty of Bishop's College.

The following were ordained :

Deacons—Harold Stewart Laws, B.A.

Sydney Radley Walters, L.S.T.

Priests—Hollis Hamilton Corey, B.A.; Archibald Thomas Love, B.A.; Owen Gurney Lewis, B.A.; Cecil Allen, B.A.; Henry Wilton Ievers, L.S.T.

At the celebration of the Holy Communion the Lord Bishop was the celebrant; the Rev. Canon Shreve, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's, the Epistoller; and the Rev. H. S. Laws, B.A., the Gospeller.

Of the newly ordained Deacons, Mr. Laws goes to the Canadian Labrador; whilst Mr. Walters will assist his father, Rev. Canon Walters, at Mal-Baie, P.Q.

Those advanced to the priesthood are stationed as follows:—The Rev. H. H. Corey, B.A., Senior Missionary, Labrador Coast. A. T. Love, B.A., Port Daniel, P.Q. Owen G. Lewis, B.A., Shawinigan Fall, P.Q. Cecil Allen, B.A., St. Peters, Sherbrooke, P.Q. H. W. Ievers, L.S.T., Kinneear's Mills, P.Q.

L. R. Sherman, B.A., L.S.T. '09 leaves Fredericton shortly to proceed to Oxford as Rhodes' Scholar for New Brunswick. We hear he is to be at Christ Church, and so that grand old college will have an additional interest for "Bishop's" men. Already two of our Faculty, Professor Hamilton and Prof. Gummer, are distinguished graduates of that college. We shall follow Mr. Sherman's career with interest; and feel confident that he will win renown at Oxford as he already has done at U. N. B. and "Bishop's." We may add that Mr. Sherman is the first man to go from these Halls to Oxford as Rhodes' scholar.

Quite a number of men have been engaged in Lay Reading during the long vacation. They were divided up among the various dioceses, as follows;—Quebec 9, Montreal 3, Fredericton 5, Ottawa 1, Algoma 1, New Hampshire 2, Maine 1.

The students working as Lay Readers in Quebec and Montreal Dioceses were as follows:—Mr. Adams, Maple Grove; Mr. Hepburn, Richmond; Mr. Warren, Matapedia Valley; Mr. Harding, Bromptonville; Mr. Moorhead, Bolton; Mr. Clifford, Thetford Mines; Mr. Critchley, Kirkdale; Mr. Hobart, Way's Mills; Mr. Andrewes, E. Sherbrooke; Mr. Melrose, Leeds; Mr. Ford, Montreal; Mr. Wintle, Mansonville.

We regret having to chronicle the illness of Mrs. Allnatt, the wife of our revered Dean of Divinity. So grave was Mrs. Allnatt's

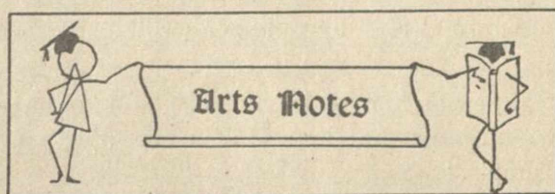
condition, on one occasion, that Dr. Allnatt was hurriedly recalled to Cap à l'Aigle, soon after the commencement of term. We are very glad to know that there is a decided improvement in Mrs. Allnatt's condition; and we sincerely trust this will continue. Meanwhile, our sincere sympathy is extended to Dr. Allnatt in his trouble. Both he and Mrs. Allnatt are endeared to all of us.

We hear that C. T. Wilmot, of Oromocto, N.B., has been much better in health lately, and has been visiting friends at the seaside. We trust he will soon be completely restored.

Two members of our Divinity class caused much anxiety and concern by not appearing at the opening of term. However we are glad to say they have now arrived; and so with a full complement, we can now sail forth into the Term's work.

Prof. Hamilton's old Lecture Room, adjoining the Oratory, is to be used as the Divinity Reading Room. The large numbers in the Divinity class this year having made it necessary that all lectures should be held in either Dr. Allnatt's Lecture Room, or the Council chamber.

We congratulate the Rev. Crompton Sowerbutts, Curate of St. Paul's Church, Oakland, on his appointment as Rector of the Church of the Holy Saviour, Santa Clara, California. He desires his old college friends to know of his change of address and will be pleased to hear from them in their spare time.



College opened on the 13th and lectures began on the 16th of Sept. with most of the old students back, and a large class of Freshmen, everything points to a very bright and prosperous year.

The Parergon Society held its first meeting of this term in Professor Hamilton's study on the 24th. of September.

Mr. M. B. Johnson read a paper on the "History of the Organ and piano," after which followed a very interesting discussion on the musical Instruments and music of the different nations both ancient and modern.

Mr. A.A. Sturley B.A. will read a paper on the "Nebular Theory," at the next meeting, which will be held on Oct. 8th.

The Debating Society held its 1st. meeting on the 21st of Sept. Prof. Boothroyd, M.A. was reelected President unanimously.

Mr. Warren was elected as Vice President, and Mr. Call, M.A. as Secretary. The following committee were also elected. Prof. C. F. Gummer, M.A. Mr. C. G. Lawrence, B.A. and R. A. Malden.

At this meeting it was decided to have the annual Mock Trial on the 11th. of October.

Mr. A. V. Grant who has been ill with Typhoid fever in Toronto, has so far recovered as to be able to return to College, we are all very glad to have him back with us once more.

The Churchwarden Club held a business meeting on the 23rd of Sept. The following men were elected to fill the five vacancies. Mr. A. P. Durrant, B.A. Mr. H. H. Dinning, Mr. R. H. Hayden, Mr. H. S. Chesshire, and Mr. C. L. Mortimer. The subject of the paper to be read at the next meeting is "Spanish accounts of Drake's Voyages" and the reader R. A. Malden.

Mr. Henry Lovell is taking a course in Science at McGill University this year.

Mr. Percy Mclean is also attending McGill.

Mr. C.G. Wintle has had to leave College for a time on account of ill health, we all hope that he will soon be able to resume his studies at "Bishop's."

C. K. Rhodes has left for England where we hear he is looking for a tutor to get him through "Smalls," when he hopes to enter Oxford, and take up rowing.

We hear that Mr. R. J. Meekren has decided to leave College for this year, we hope however that he will visit us frequently.

R. J. Shires '12 has been awarded the Jasper Nicholls Scholarship ; Philips the B.C.S. Scholarship ; Miss D. C. Wright the Eastern Townships Scholarship ;

Dr. E. A. Robertson M.D. has been appointed honorary lecturer in Surgery and will deliver a course of lectures to the Students during this session on First Aid.

The Fresher's Don't.

In one of the great English Universities there is a little book called "The Fresher's Don't" which has a wide circulation, and which exercises great educational influence over the budding youths who enter the portal of that ancient seat of learning, to whom it acts the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. And to an onlooker it has seemed that some such hints as are contained in that volume might prove useful and instructive to the promising freshmen whom we have just welcomed to our midst. Time and publishers lacking for the production of a volume, perhaps a few rough notes in the MITRE may in some degree satisfy this much felt want.

IA—Don't ask a member of the Faculty where he got his gown. Ten to one it is an M.A. gown for which you will have no use for several years to come. Moreover you have no means of knowing what are the gentlemen's financial relations with his tailor, and such a question may prove embarrassing.

B—Nor it is advisable to mistake the rooms of members of the Faculty for second hand clothes stores ;

II—Don't rush headlong into the room of the Dean of Residence and ask him whether he has a freshman concealed beneath his table or inside his piano. Such an accusation may well shock that dignified official and produce counter shocks likely to prove painful to the offending freshman.

III—Don't go up to unknown individuals whom you may encounter in the Reading Room and say : I don't think I have met you ; my name's Jones." If the unknown is a freshman like yourself you will make his acquaintance in due course. If a Senior etiquette demands that the advance should come from him. And if the unknown should turn out to be the Principal or some other important personage you are likely to make yourself a laughing stock.

IV—Don't imagine that because you have left school you can act entirely according to your own discretion. Such an idea will only prove your entire lack of that quality

V—Don't take any small hoaxes which may be played off upon you in bad part. Such hoaxes are in reality tests of your character and according to the way in which you take them will be the estimation in which you will be held by the Seniors; moreover the Seniors who arrange such hoaxes were once freshmen themselves, and underwent much the same tests.

VI—Don't be down cast if you should make the discovery that your heraldic devise is a lamb proper upon a field vert. Green is the colour of spring, and all that gives promise; and age and experience will come soon enough to paint in the reds and browns of autumnal existence.

VII—Don't ever forget that under all their air of superiority, the Seniors really envy you your freshness and enjoyment of the new life you are entering upon; and remember the truth of the old College Song:

The second year man has discovered
Life isn't all skittles and beer
And the third is oppressed by the knowledge
That his final's unpleasantly near;
While the dons they are most of them married
So plenty of worries they've got
The freshman alone has no troubles
Oh! Freshmen we envy your lot.

An Upland Adventure.

A PLAIN TALE FROM OUR OWN HILLS.

The art of telling a story is perhaps the most wonderful and delightful of all human inventions and if the "Duo Potamo" Story-Teller Club continues to flourish, it is possible that the banks of the Massawippi and St. Francis rivers may yet produce a Rudyard Kipling or a Walter Scott.

The circle of friends who form this interesting society meet together during the long winter evenings not only for happy social intercourse but also to hear old tales re-told with new charm or new tales woven round familiar spots near the dear little village which nestles at the foot of Belvidere Hill across the College Bridge.

It has been my good fortune to be present at several of these gatherings—the last occasion being on the third Friday in February this year. That night I heard much brilliant conversation and many strange stories, some quiet as a summer haze, others as thrilling as the yell of a red Indian. I can only relate one of these at present and my choice lies between "The Still Echo from the Salmon River Falls," and "An Upland Adventure." The calm restrained beauty of the first story fascinated me and haunts me still, but most people, I believe, would rather hear of the thrilling adventure described in the second. It was told in a simple and lively fashion by a girl still in her "teens," tall and pretty, whose calm features took on new attractiveness when her soul was deeply stirred by the spirited events of her story.

There was a pause for a few seconds while she seemed to be making up her mind how to begin. I heard the blizzard raging madly outside, the buildings snapped with the lightening frost, and through the pale moonlight the snow was being driven on with a fury that made one feel a special cosiness in being indoors and at a meeting of the Story-Tellers. She then began her story.

One beautiful morning last October I decided to go for a long ride. The weather had been fine for many days, and how inviting was the thought of a canter over the fields, all white with an early frost!

I never had any fear about riding alone, and as I had been long accustomed to the saddle, I grew daily more daring, and this morning I determined to go by a more lonesome road than ever before.

So when Kate my faithful steed was brought to the door. I quickly rode off. Little did I dream of the experience I was to undergo.

I had ridden for about two hours with most beautiful hill and valley scenery all around. The road had been level but was now becoming steeper and more uneven at every step and what was my anxiety, when I was about to ascend a long rugged hill to find that my horse had gone lame! I got down and raising her foot I found that a stone had become firmly wedged in between the hoof and the shoe, causing the poor animal the greatest agony. I put down her foot and walked up the long hill by her side.

Once on the height of land I stopped to rest and looked about me to see if possibly some friend in need might not be descried in

this wild solitude. But no sound was to be heard, except the rustling of the leaves and the little brooks which tumbled musically down the rugged slopes. Silence and peace reigned over the whole country.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a loud neigh from my horse and I saw a small wild-looking pony standing only a few yards away. At the same time, I noticed a small hut at no great distance before me, and leading my horse I went quickly across to it.

I had hardly reached the door, when a man who looked about thirty years old, met me. His face was tanned and hardened and there was a most sinister look of deceit in his dark eyes. I soon told him why I had come. After looking at the foot he said he would take off the shoe, but meantime he wished me to wait inside.

He led the way toward the door and I entered. In one corner crouched a wretched little woman, who eyed me suspiciously. She did not speak but after some time, she got up mumbling out some remarks about getting dinner ready.

Her absence gave me an opportunity of looking more closely at the squalid untidiness of that lonely human den.

On the wall opposite I noticed a brilliantly coloured moth entangled in the cobwebs. I was anxious to secure it for my collection and began to clear away the cobwebs with my whip. Suddenly I struck something more substantial and I drew out a small leather-case on the outside of which I read the initials N.Y.

My heart was almost paralyzed with terror as I realized that here was the solution of a mystery. Five years ago N—r Y—y had been killed and robbed at the very spot where my horse had gone lame. He was going, you will all remember, from his home with money to pay his men when he was brutally killed. A search-party was organized and his lifeless body was found by the roadside. But the most skilled detectives had failed to find any clue to the mystery.

Hardly had I recovered from the shock of the discovery, when the woman came in and crouched down in the corner opposite and stared at me. I felt certain she had seen me with the case and for some reason I began to feel more uncomfortable.

Fortunately in a few minutes the man appeared leading Kate. I thanked him very hurriedly, mounted and rode off.

I had gone for about a couple of miles and was approaching a lonely uphill stretch, when to my horror I saw before me the man, whom I had left, now mounted on the pony. I felt certain he was

bent on harm and that after he had heard I had seen the leather-case he had said to himself "Dead persons tell no tales." As I rode up to him he said in a hard piercing voice, "I have come to accompany you and see that you get safely home."

"Thank you, I said trembling with angry terror, I am accustomed to ride alone, and you need not come with me."

But my words had no effect and he would persist in riding behind.

"If you refuse to leave me," I said with as much assurance as possible, "will you kindly ride at my side not behind me."

No sooner had I uttered these words than I heard a shot and a whizz past my head, I dared not look back.

This alarming turn of events had almost crazed me with excitement, but now sheer desperation seemed to make me once more calm and cool. I remembered that I had heard of a gorge near here which had only been crossed once, and that the road on the other side was smooth and even and led straight to my home.

As I galloped on I determined to try to leap the gorge.

With my extra-hazardous plan in view, I rode to the edge of the cliff and I thought my horse seemed to hesitate. A touch from my whip put new life into her and I said between my teeth with a low scream "now Katie girl." Every sinew in her tightened and she darted through the air and we landed safely on the other side.

The rascal's pony was too small to risk the leap without certain death. I remember hearing him break forth in sullen words of vengeance. But I was safe. Within three miles of home, I met my father, he had become anxious and had started out to see if I had met with a mishap.

I told him of my serious adventure and of my discovery. Men were sent to capture the villain, but when they got to the hut they found no one there—even the leather-case was gone. The uncanny pair had made a hurried departure as soon as the man returned with the news of my escape.

Such was the girls' story. There were no interruptions as members are not allowed to ask questions till the Story-Teller has reached the end. But many interesting remarks were made before we came to the next story.

Again there was a short pause. The storm outside was wilder than before. Lucy Grey was making the most of her opportunities.

Jack Frost was snapping his whip with great glee, and there was a shrill humming amid the telephone wires, higher than I have ever heard before. It was a specially fitting night to hear the girls' story, and so when I got home I wrote it down, but after thinking it over, I must say it was scarcely as good as "A Still Echo the Salmon River Falls.

A. M. MITCHELL.



From present appearances it seems as though the College would turn out a good football team this year. Practices were commenced immediately and although not very well attended, the material looks promising, Captain Hayden with the valuable assistance of the Rev. Wright, is getting the men into shape rapidly. The first league game is scheduled for October 9th on the College grounds and the men will have to work hard to get in condition for the match. It is very disappointing that so few men turn out to the practices. Although the men who do attend practices work hard all the time they are on the field it is almost impossible to have a really good practice without two full teams and so far there have never been more than twenty men at any one practice. There are several men in the college who have no good reason for not playing football and if these men would show a little more spirit and turn out and help at the game we would stand a better chance of winning the championship.

Eight of last years first team will be in the game again this year and will form a good foundation for this years team. Stevens will again hold down his old position of Full Back and will do all the kicking, His long punts ought to count for big gains if the wings follow up hard. Capt. Hayden has vacated his position at middle wing and is playing centre half where his weight will be useful for bucking. Savage and Brown are being tried out as wing halves. Patterson will probably make good at quarter which

position he played two years ago. Dinning, although now on the sick list, will probably be out in time to occupy his old position at inside wing. Shires will likely be moved to middle wing and his place at inside filled by Ward or Walker, a freshman. Whalley, who is out of the game for a time with an injured hand, will play at outside wing when doctor's orders permit. Hinertb looks good for the other outside wing. Of the new men Alward, Ireland Hamilton and Phillips are showing up well. Alward is playing a good game at centre scrim and Ireland, on the form he has shown in practices should catch a place on the team. The remaining positions will be filled from the following; Cameron, Reeves, Baker, Edge and Norcross.

CRICKET.

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

On May 12th the College defeated the School in a one innings match by thirty-eight runs. For the College, Professor Hamilton made top score with the good total of 18 runs. Mr. Burt and "Gipe" Walters did most of the bowling, the former being responsible for three wickets and the latter disposing of four. For the School Price made the excellent score of twenty not out. Cope, the School professional, did most of their bowling and retired six of the college men. Mr. Allen took three wickets and Porteous was responsible for the other one.

U. B. C.

Mr. Boothroyd, b. Cope.....	8
Prof. Hamilton run out, b. Cope.....	18
Andrewes, c. Robr., b. Cope.....	1
Stevens, c. Fortune, b. Porteous.....	3
Walters, b. Cope.....	9
Rev. Burt, b. Allan.....	7
Sturley, b. Cope.....	0
Cheshire, b. Cope.....	2
Brown, c. Smith, b. Allan.....	7
Hobart, b. Allan.....	3
Hinchliffe not out.....	4
Extras.....	10

Total 72

B. C. S.

Mr. Wanstall, 1.b.w.b. Burt.....	4
Greenwood, b. Burt.....	0
Mr. Allan, b. Burt.....	0
Price, not out.....	20
Green, b. Walters.....	0
Cope, b. Walters.....	3
Porteous, c. Boothroyd, b. Brown.....	0
Valpy run out, b. Brown.....	0
Robr. run out, b. Brown.....	0
Fortune, b. Walters.....	1
Smith, b. Walters.....	0
Extras.....	6

Total 34

U. B. C. vs. MAGOG.

On Saturday June 5th, the College defeated the Magog Cricket

Club on their own grounds by thirty-nine runs. Andrewes made top score for the College batting excellently for 19 not out. Stevens was a close second with fifteen runs. Walters again distinguished himself in the bowling line taking six wickets for two runs in six overs. Mr. Boothroyd also bowled well being responsible for four wickets at a cost of eleven runs.

MAGOG C. C.

Radcliffe, l.b.w. b. Walters.....	0
Riley, c. & b. Walters.....	6
Cryer, b. Walters.....	0
Lees, b. Walters.....	0
Meek, b. Boothroyd.....	2
Nowell, b. Boothroyd.....	0
Williams, c. Stevens, b. Boothroyd....	3
Connor, b. Boothroyd.....	0
Marshall, b. Walters.....	0
Etherington, c. Boothroyd, b. Walters.	1
Extras.....	2
	—
Total	14

U. B. C. C. C.

Mr. Boothroyd, c. Connor, b. Riley...	0
Hepburn, l.b.w. b. Williams.....	0
Brown, b. Williams.....	6
Walters, c. & b. Williams.....	9
Stevens, b. Meek.....	15
Andrewes, not out.....	19
Sturley, c. Cryer, b. Meek.....	0
Wright, c. Etherington, b. Connor....	0
Chesshire, b. Connor.....	0
Scott, b. Meek.....	1
Edge, c. Williams, b. Meek.....	1
Extras.....	2
	—
Total	53

In the annual graduates vs. undergraduates cricket match played on Wednesday June 23rd, the undergraduates came out victorious.

GRADUATES.

Hibbard, run out, b. Sturley.....	2
Almond, b. Walters.....	0
Thomson, c. Brown, b. Walters.....	11
Robertson, c. Clifford, b. Sturley.....	9
Allan, run out, b. Sturley.....	0
McClea, run out, b. Walters.....	0
Stevens, b. Sturley.....	6
Robinson, c. Edge, b. Sturley.....	0
Scott, b. Walters.....	1
Hooper, not out.....	6
Hepburn, b. Walters.....	4
Extras.....	4
	—
Total	40

UNDERGRADUATES.

Andrewes, b. Thomson.....	19
Brown, b. Thomson.....	0
Wright, b. Hibbard.....	3
Walters, c. Almond, b. Hibbard.....	5
Sturley, c. Robinson, b. Robertson....	6
Edge, l.b.w. b. Robertson.....	1
Chesshire, c. Almond.....	13
Hinchliffe, b. Robertson.....	9
Murray, b. Robertson.....	3
Clifford, b. Thompson.....	0
Bernard, not out.....	4
Extras.....	10
	—
Total	73

Exchanges.

THE MITRE is anxious to exchange with all the college publications to whom this number is mailed.

The *University Monthly* of Toronto has been paid a compliment

by the Oxford *Isis*. "It is 'sound' enough to be worthy of Cambridge. The articles in it are full of interest even to us in England."

"It was once said of two preachers, one of whom was both a diligent student and a brilliant orator and yet did not really touch the heart, while the other in spite of many defects both of matter and style brought the truth home to his hearers, that the former prepared his sermons, but the latter prepared himself."—*The Bishop of Moray in Cambridge Review*.

You speak of the hours we have wasted ;
 Call them all waste if you can !
 Shall those hours be counted for nothing,
 That are spent in the study of man ? *From T.C.D.*

What kind of an *education* is it that excludes from its curriculum the elements of national defence ? And what kind of a *man* is he who shuts his ears to the claims of his own country ? The first step in the primitive's education is the search for self-protection—mere bodily protection—the last step in the finished system should be the recognition that the protection of the unit is included in the protection of the mass. We cannot afford to educate ourselves merely to make money. Our education must be broader. We are units in a great empire. But great empires must needs have great enemies, and therefore as such units, we have great responsibilities which are apt to be ignored by the man whose sole aim in life is to be successful inside his narrow profession.—*From the Student, Edinburgh*.

One can never become the equal of him in whose steps he is satisfied to walk, for the man that follows must always be behind.
From the Crozier.

"The pages of history tell us that the truly great were not in their own day and generation, to any marked degree, reckoned of the world's great at all. And some of the very greatest of the world's great were never in the lime-light of public applause. They made their great achievements quietly, and passed away from the scenes of time before the balance of the importance of their work became apparent. And yet, even though we feel that a due measure of praise was not their's while they lived, their life so conscientious

in aim, so persistent in effort appeals to us as the higher kind of life,"—*From Dalhousie Gazette.*

"Oily to bed, oily to rise,
The fate of a man when an auto he buys."

From the Megunticook.

To all our exchanges THE MITRE wishes a pleasant and prosperous year.

Officers of Associations and Clubs.

<p>Senior Man of University C. G. HEPBURN, B.A. Senior Man of Arts, H. H. DINNING. Senior of 2nd Year, Arts, J. R. C. MURRAY. Senior of 1st Year, Arts, D. Cameron Secretary of Students. H. H. SCOTT.</p>		
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Canoe 3—A. W. Reeves

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