

# "THE MITRE."

VOL. XVII.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.

No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1910.

## THE VOICES

To-day all Europe is divided into two armed camps, waiting breathlessly for the morrow  
E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., in Everybody's Magazine for November.

Do you know the meaning of it, why the nations anxious pause?  
Pause to listen to the voices muttering near?  
Why the aching eyes are watching for the shifting of the flaws,  
As the hovering clouds upon them drift and veer?  
Yea, we know the meaning of it, but the issue no man knoweth.  
For the darkness hides our faces from the day;  
And the fever in our bosoms like a smouldering fire gloweth,  
While the mothers of the nations wait and pray.  
Spare our sons, O Lord, and grant us peace.  
Thus the mothers of the nations silent pray.

Can we know the reason for it, why the nations anxious wait?  
Why they choose to drink the wormwood and the gall?  
Why the vengeful souls are burning, swelling cankered with their hate?  
Why they cannot read the writing on the wall?  
Yea, we know the reason for it, 'tis the pent-up brute within us  
Grinds our faces in the darkness and the dust.  
And we waver in the blackness as the brutish voices with us,  
Whispering,—Strike for stripe, and thrust for thrust.  
And the echo never dies, but answers ever,—  
Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, and thrust for thrust.

Will the voices always call us? Will they cease their hunting cry?  
Has our tribute ever been of blood and tears?  
Did Jehovah's chosen people see the greed of glory die,  
Or their plow-shares beaten from their swords and spears?  
Though they longed to hear the voices in the distance die away,  
Though they saw a wondrous gleam across the night,  
Yet they groped and grovelled blindly with their faces from the day,  
For they spurned the clearer vision from their sight.  
And we never turn our faces to the dawn  
For we hear the voices calling from the night.



Oh, the dread, the pity of it ! Oh, the victims of the strife !  
 Oh, the sentinels of death that guard the main !  
 Though the voices whisper louder,—Thrust for thrust and life for life,  
 Let us pause and count the richness of our gain.  
 Though our hearts grow faint and weary, as the nations war together,  
 Let us pause and try to pierce the dusky veil.  
 Though the years are forward fleeting, and we cannot grasp the tether  
 Let us ask why stained and bloody is the trail,  
 And we ask our souls the question, though we wait in vain the answer,  
 Like the prophets of a deaf and sleeping Baal.

F. O. CALL.

### UNWRITTEN POETRY

(Read to the Churchwarden Club, October 29th, 1903)

Political Economy has a great deal to say about the exchange of wealth. All writers of Economics when dealing with Exchange have something to say of the part played by money in the industrial life of a nation. They have taught us to look on the coins in our purses as worthless apart from the power which they have of procuring for us the necessities and luxuries of life when it is our will so to dispose of them. They tell us too that a change has taken place in the purchasing power of a shilling since the days of the last of the Henries.

But we must not suppose that articles of value—the products of land, labor and capital—are the only objects of exchange among men. Far more important than these, because without them the others would be impossible, are the products of the heart, the mind and the soul, and in the exchange of these products the medium used, the money so to speak, is Human Expression. Now just as paper money is far more common in the exchange of wealth than coins of gold or silver, so in the exchange of thoughts the paper money of Language is most in use. Language is not the only means of exchanging thoughts any more than bank notes are the only medium of exchange in commerce but it is by words that we most often convey to our neighbor the products of our minds.

The Philologist has much to tell us about the coining of words but let us pause for only a minute to say that words have changed in their purchasing power even as the money of material wealth. Certain words when passed on to a listener some two or three hundred years ago produced for him a different idea than they do for you or me to-day. And there is no doubt that many of the words we exchange with each other every time we meet call up a very different mental picture than they were intended to when they came into use. To take but one instance, the word Atlantic with our grandfathers meant three or four months of



battling with wind and waves but for us it means only as many days of comfort and ease on an Empress liner.

Now one idea which has suffered greatly by this tyrannical compression of words is that which we try to express by the word "poetry". We can only know the meaning of a word by getting together a number of instances in which it is used and gathering from the several contexts the mental picture it is meant to convey. It is too late to go to the maker of words and find out what the true dimensions of the idea are. If you take the meaning which poetry has in our ordinary conversation and in our most read periodicals, you must conclude that poetry is composition in metrical language having for its subject-matter anything from the lamb which followed Mary to the most exalted ideas that occupy the minds of men. But if it is to be popular just now it is advisable that the intending poet should embody in his poem (so called) thoughts more or less superficial concerning the delights of being intoxicated with road dust and gasoline, or perhaps the charming manner in which Miss Out-for-Show pets her Teddy Bear. If he write of these highly delightful subjects and is careful to always have a "breeze" in one line produce a "sneeze" in the other, and sees to it that "Moses" always comes in the right order after "roses", he is sure to wear an ivy wreath upon his learned brow and will be classed some day with William Shakespeare and Bobby Burns and the rest of them.

I say that this disgusting, degrading imitation is most popular because I believe that more than ten newspapers are read for every magazine and perhaps three cheap magazines for every one book of real worth and it is this sort of stuff one finds most common in the newspapers and cheap periodicals of to-day.

Now this is wrong, all wrong. In the first place poetry is not language any more than so much flesh and bone molded after a certain pattern is a man. The man is the living, thinking something made visible to our finite, mortal minds by a clothing of flesh. If philosophy and theology be true the man lives after the body has decayed and is still a man. In fact theology goes so far as to say the man cannot be perfect until this expressive part has suffered corruption.

Just so with poetry. The poetry is the product of the poet's mind and it finds expression in many ways for poetry is not at all confined to language. Ages ago a certain poet had a vision of the Infinite Beauty. Because he saw it and saw it clearly, he was forced by the love of the Beautiful, together with another tendency we will mention later, to make that vision known to men. The result was the Venus of Milo. That was poetry, Michael Angelo was a poet too. Beethoven was another. He got outside of the narrow confines of ordinary experience.



and found himself in that divine atmosphere where the very air is harmony. He could understand "the morning stars singing together" and like the Sons of God he "shouted for joy". This that he heard first in his very soul, while in communion with the Infinite of the Universe he expressed for us as well as he could in his symphonies and sonatas.

Mr. Turner, R. A. saw the divine in another phase and he expressed his ideas with his brush showing us in his landscapes something of those peaceful meadows in that happy land where Time with his oughting touch has never come and where youth and health and beauty always prevail. I do not know for certainty but I dare say you could nowhere find a landscape exactly corresponding to any of Turner's paintings for the simple reason that he was not imitating Nature. He saw farther than Nature and saw with an eye that was more than ordinary vision as John Ruskin often tell us. For Turner had the eye of the poet, the genius of the true poet and his poetic ideas, which are nothing less than glimpses of the Infinite Beauty, he expressed for his brother men with his brush rather than with his pen. In the same way a portrait painter does not simply do the model who poses for him but rather the character which that model suggests. You remember the Prior said to Fra Lippo :

" Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.  
Give us no more of body than shows soul ! "

This is the distinction between the mere dauber of colors and the true artist.

The poet is one who creates ideas, some one will tell you. This is certainly a higher conception than the supposition that he is a melancholic individual with very long hair, suffering from a mania for making words jingle. It is a great deal higher than that, for the creations, (so-called) of this latter person are seldom worthy of the term ideas. Even though the word does come from the Greek verb *poeëo*, the poet is no creator. No man ever yet created an idea any more than a photographer created a picture. Ideas are mental pictures and they can come only from without because they are simply the combinations of sensations enlivened by a tinge of the observer's own personality. The poet has been called a creator probably because he has presented to his brother men ideas that they never noticed before. Because these ideas were so entirely new to these men and sometimes so incomprehensible they said, "Our friend, Mr. Poet, is supernatural; he is a god, for he can, and does, create new things". The fact is the poet is simply one who sees farther than other men, sees more accurately and deeper. While the ordinary person notes only the outward semblance of things the poet penetrates that semblance and gets at the reality and having got that



he is able to determine the relations of different things to each other ; or to put the same thing in different words he looks into the Infinite — the Infinite all around him ; in the tiny dewdrop that sparkles in its purity, in the great mountain that holds up the firmament, in the lovely lily that rejoices in its innocence, in the singing of the birds and the falling of the snowflakes as well as in the majesty and awe of the rolling thunder and the glory of the departing day. Because this faculty of the deeper vision is so hard to acquire, men have said that poets were born, not made and were very nearly correct in the statement.

Now there is something in man that compels him to make known every new idea that gains admission to his mind. Just as the animals were taken into the Ark and afterwards sent out to replenish the earth so the ideas which come to our mind we must send out again to be reproduced in the minds of others. You couldn't imagine Copernicus, nor Newton, nor Darwin keeping their ideas to themselves. The same tendency which made the barber in Ovid breathe to Mother Earth his secret about the long ears of his royal patron ; the same which produces the gossip and the busybody, compels the artist to paint a picture and the sculptor to do a statue. There is something he has seen that other people do not know. He sees it so plainly that he feels it to be a part of himself and with his own heart's blood, if it be necessary, he will make it known to the world. According to his clearness of vision and refinement of taste will his expression of it be beautiful. The first drawings of the primeval man were probably made in the sand with his finger for a pencil. Conception of the Beautiful came later (if indeed it has yet come) but the love of the Beautiful is as old as the human race.

We must remember however that every new idea given expression is not poetry. Edison's gramophone nor Marconi's transmitter are not poems. The distinction is this : Edison and Marconi gave mankind something to use—their ideas were practical. The ideas of Burne-Jones or Robert Browning are of a different nature. The poet does not aim to teach men to act but rather to see, taking "see" of course in its broadest, truest sense. Poetry is not didactic and lends itself but badly to such use. The rhymed couplets by which you remember the kings of England or the adjectives in Latin are neither poetry nor poetical.

But what is it the poets would have men to perceive ? What does Beethoven mean by his music and Turner by his paintings and Angelo by his statues and Tennyson by his poems ? This of course is a question that only a poet can answer. Men like you and I can only guess or conjecture. My own idea is that all around us is another world, and yet not another world but rather the very essence of this world that we think we know—a world of beauty, a world of music and of splen-



dor, and of song, that we because of our round shoulders do not see. We look too much at the soil under our feet and at the tiny bit of work with which we are directly engaged and though we have a vague idea that there is something better just outside our reach we do not make the effort to rend aside the veil. The poet is the man who overcomes this restraint and in that other world, as we call it, he sees the fabric of the universe. His poetry in his attempt to reveal the beauty of what he sees. Browning makes his faultless painter, Andrea del Sarto, say :

"I do what many dream of all their lives.  
— Dream ! Strive to do, and agonize to do,  
And fail in doing."

And then he goes on to tell of other "painters" less successful than himself who,

"Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,  
Enter and take their place there sure enough.  
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

Carlyle was convinced that the Beautiful is not far away. "All in-most things," he says, "are melodies—naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Poetry therefore we will call musical thought, (i.e. very deep thought). See deep enough and you see musically (i.e. poetically) the heart of Nature being everywhere Music if you can but reach it."

Emerson has a like idea. "Poetry" he says, "was all written before time was and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music we hear those primeval warblings and attempt to write them down but we lose ever and anon a word or a verse and substitute something of our own and thus miswrite the poem... The signs and credentials of the poet are that he announces that which no man ever fore told. He is a beholder of ideas and an utterer of the necessary and casual."

And again in the same essay :

"Poets are liberating gods—they are free and they make free."

His idea, I think, is that the sculptor liberates the angel hid in the block of stone and the musician lets loose the music that is all around him. As the Abbe Vogler puts it,

"Each tone of our scale in itself is naught.  
It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft and all is said.  
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in my thought  
And there ! Ye have heard and seen: consider and how the head."



And so it is with all the musicians and painters and dramatists, and artists and poets. Their productions are simply combinations of the inmost of the things which are all around us. These men are living in closer communion with that inmost than we are. The nearer we are to the great Soul of the Universe the more we appreciate fine art—the expression of that soul. No doubt the sweetest music we can conceive of is the harmony that runs through and sustains all created things and is as necessary to all existence as the air is to the animal or plant. Probably the only discord in that harmony is due to the blunders and fumbling-around-in-the-dark of us mortals whose ears are only clay and not sensitive to such delicate sweetness.

And without doubt the absolute ideal of the Beautiful in Form is the human body in its perfection. We have lost a great deal of its grace and of our love for it by our bondage to the habits of our so-called civilization. The Divine Sculptor who modelled the first man made him in a different creature than we have made ourselves. For that sculptor, as we shall see by and by, was a poet—a mighty poet.

The most exquisite painting is not far from any one of us. We notice it particularly in Autumn, for Nature forces it upon us then but the softened tints of the afternoon sky in June when but one tiny cloud-nymph timidly feels its way across the azure sea; and again at that joyful time in the winter season when the new day is born and,

“The morn in russet mantle clad  
Walks o’er the tip of you high eastern hill”

and every icicle on the eaves of your dwelling revels in a wealth of color that would make the strutting peacock envious; are not these paintings? Have we not a gallery of art always just outside our windows?

And as for the poetry of language—the highest of all the fine arts and the only one to which man now attributes the name—where shall we find it in its perfection? We may not find it at all. But if we could hear the voice of that great Soul of the Universe whose creatures we are, if we could hear his voice as he continually speaks to all his creatures, his every word would be a poem and doubtless we would be so enraptured that, like St. Francis, when the angel played for him on the viol, we would stand in awe lest the next word should bear us away to another world—a heaven of purity and poetry and peace.

Everyone will admit that the music, painting, and sculpture which are within our reach do appeal to us quite as much as the beauty of rhythmical language. They each alike move us in the same manner and quite as effectively stimulate in us reflection and aspiration. And since these are otherwise expressed than with the pen I have termed them unwritten poetry.



But I will weary you my worthy brothers of the long pipe. Let me have your attention but a minute more and then my paper will have ended.

Have you ever thought that the first poetry was unwritten poetry? Even if you give the term that narrow meaning the vulgar do it is true. For poetry, without doubt, preceded the art of writing and the first human poems were either ballads or religious lyrics. But take the term in a wider sense and ask yourselves what was the first poem. And as you go back step by step <sup>step</sup> through the ages that are gone you must admit at last that the first poem was that which we call the Universe. It existed first as an idea in the mind of a great Poet and in giving that idea expression he created the heavens and the earth. His poem is not by any means finished yet. The story of mankind, call it History if you like, is but one stanza—a very short stanza compared with the one we call Geology and shorter still than the other stanza we have not learned to read yet—the one we call Astronomy!

All that we with our earth-blinded eyes can see or in our pride-spoiled minds can conceive is but one tiny bit of a great unwritten poem. Poetry—we know nothing of poetry. Poetry is the word of God.

C. G. LAWRENCE.

### The Conventional Element in Poetry

It is a common saying that "Nature is better than Art," by which it is usually meant that Man's instinctive judgment is a safer guide than the dictates of convention or custom. The maxim is true enough in so far that no man can do himself justice who allows his individuality to be a slave to form or method; but it is nevertheless quite futile to seek any field of thought or activity which shall be entirely free from the control of established notions. In fact most of us will agree that the most aggressive form of conventionality is unconventionality.

Be this as it may, the poet's art is of all arts that which most surely rests upon a basis of convention and structural formality; and to maintain the worthlessness of all artificial ideals would be to put that unoffending mortal in the ranks of the unemployed. But, whereas no artificial object can in itself be worthy of pursuit, it is plainly our task to enquire what part this formal element plays in the higher function of poetry, and to what extent it is necessary.

Let us consider the more prominent characteristics of modern poetry, and let us then trace the stages through which it was evolved, and we may then be in a position to see how far the various secondary features minister to the primary end. And let it be premised that in this short



discussion no attempt will be made to analyse the subject-matter of which poetry takes account, but it will be assumed that in his desire to infuse into his verses the spirit of love or war, or the suggestion of the humorous the bard is only following a natural and creditable instinct. It is only in the mode of presentation that we will recognise a formal element.

In criticising a piece of poetry, the points that we observe are the literary style or mode of expression, the metre, the rhyme (or non-existence thereof), and the phonetic qualities or purely musical side of the verse. And these we not only consider separately, but with regard to their power of blending into a harmonious whole, a delicate instrument for the transmission of delicate thoughts.

The rhyme, the metre and such phonetic usages as are proper to verse are of a purely conventional nature, while even in the style of phraseology and literary treatment there is a strong formal element, as anyone can convince himself by trying to paraphrase an average piece of poetry into average prose. By the conventional must be understood something deriving its necessity from secondary circumstances, and not something entirely without its uses; else this discussion would be without a purpose. There is indeed no doubt that each of these device plays a very useful part in making poetry what it is; and yet we can not only imagine its existence without several of these distinguishing marks, but can trace its development continuously back to an era when it lacked every one of them.

It is a remarkable fact that every race in an early stage of civilization appears to have had its epic poetry, or popular verse in which the legendary history of the nation is transmitted to posterity, in which the names of heroes are immortalised for the deeds they did, and for many that they left undone, and in which is merged much of religious myth, such as is usually found in close connection with primitive hero-worship. So general is the use of verse in the connection that we may speak of the mere existence of poetry as something quite independent of custom and convention, but springing from spontaneous human nature. Even in the Epic Age, however, a large amount of growth has often taken place in poetic style, and still more is this case where verse has been made subsidiary to religious purposes, since all early worship is inseparable from formality and conservatism. It was generally at this stage that the rhythmic form was first assumed, though there are many exceptions, as Hebrew poetry, which in the Psalm period had acquired only the very rudiments of metre. In Greek verse, on the other hand, we find in the earliest times a metrical system more accurately observed than any at the present day. The Epic Age is then, one of the great



formative periods in a nation's poetic evolution, and in it we first see a conscious working after effect.

It may be that the earliest composers of metrical verse had in view the need of singing it to a rhythmical melody. But it is certain that neither the poet, the musician nor the inventor of the dance really discovered the charm exercised by rhythmical repetition over the human mind. The affair rests on a physical basis. Man is a rhythmical machine, just as a steam engine is. He lives only by a rhythmical internal motion, and all his ordinary actions are performed most efficiently on the same principle. The instinct which renders a metrical verse agreeable is the instinct to which our nurses appealed when they charmed us to sleep through the oscillations of a cradle.

Equally easy of interpretation are the devices by which euphony is obtained, namely those of alliteration and vowel harmony. Alliteration is used in two very different ways in poetry. Its commonest use is to render the verse smooth to the tongue and to the ear, to avoid harsh combinations of consonants, and to enable the listener to dwell on one sound at a time. The final consonants of words are as important in this respect as the initial, since smoothness is only to be gained when each word leads on naturally to the rest. Let anyone examine some of our traditional nursery rhymes, and he will see that in many cases their alliterative construction and the corresponding ease with which they may be repeated.

The other use of alliteration is for dramatic effect, the object being to force into prominence some sound suggesting the subject under discussion, or the emotion of the moment. It need hardly be added that alliteration is generally quite unconscious, and that its use dates from very early days in the history of verse.

But though we can so easily account for these tricks of the pen it is only a few out of many which have been handed down to the bards of our day. The well-known Parallelism of Semitic poetry has no equivalent in modern verse, neither do our contemporaries make it a rule to introduce puns into their serious poetry, as did the Hindus of a particular period. An extreme example for artificiality is a Sanskrit poem unearthed by Dr. Yates in which every couplet contains but one consonant. One of them runs thus :—

“ Dadado duddaduddadi dadado dudadidadoh.  
Dudada dadade dudde dadadadadodadado,”

which the editor translates into quite a stirring piece of English. It is probable that poetry after this model could be composed in no other language.



Rhyme, on the other hand, is apparently an innovation of the middle ages, and indeed the ancient classical tongues were totally unsuited to rhyming verse, as the sameness of their terminations would have made it ridiculous. The pleasure derived from a rhyme is hard to analyse. Perhaps it stimulates the wits of the hearer to have some previous suggestion of what is to come, and it certainly furnishes a new means of throwing emphasis on a word. In modern verse it is the fashion to make the syntactical construction overlap the metre, so that this is an acquired style, and distinct from the original use of rhyme, since it generally rings untrue to the untrained ear, and is not found often in older verse.

The above suggestions as to the function of a few formal elements are not only far from exhaustive, but even fail to touch the real question of how the "tout ensemble" of a piece of poetry exercises its fascination over us. As stated, it is not our purpose to treat of the poetic material; yet it would be leaving a totally false impression to suggest that the poet's task was the mere presentation of literary matter decked out in a poetic garb by means of the devices referred to. Two facts prove the contrary: the one is that we seldom extract from a prose translation of a foreign poem more than a suggestion of the spirit of the original; the other that the reading of verse, however perfect phonetically, in an unknown tongue is productive of very little pleasure. The value then of the component parts of poetry lies in their mutual relations, in some peculiar harmony between form and material.

There is little doubt that the original purpose of poetry was to record facts in a form which could be easily memorised when written documents were not. On the principle previously stated the introduction of metre would materially assist in this, and the primitive bard to whose memory a few lines of prose were a trial would sing cheerfully through his native epic with the regularity of clockwork, and add a few more lines of his own, before running down. Again set phrases and effective figures would rapidly come into fashion, and the poet would soon learn to affect the language of a past age. Some professional mannerisms would indeed be expected of him, just as we might judge him a poor lawyer who employed needless monosyllables. Such causes, however trivial, are responsible for the substance of modern poetic convention.

But how is the mysterious influence of poetry compounded of this strange material? The glib answer awaits us: "The spirit of poetry is in its intrinsic beauty of thought and form." And yet this is but begging the question. Who can seek perfection, unless he first choose his ideal? There are things in nature beautiful by all the canons of thinking humanity; but in the realms of literature the tastes of dif-



ferent civilizations have been so radically at variance that no such abstract ideal of poetic beauty can be defined. Let us picture the primitive versifier struggling with his myths and hero-stories and squeezing them into the conventional mould. The rules of his art, so far from barring his progress, lead him into fresh paths of fancy, give him a material in sharp contrast with that of ordinary life, fire him with a determination to overcome obstacles to show himself master of his art. In his enthusiasm he forgets the critical calculating spirit and giving free rein to his thoughts, weaves a web of fancy about his subject which in ordinary speech would be absurd. To the listener the regular structure and swing of the metre form a ready means of fixing the attention, of counting the progress of the narrative. In the clever artifice he admires the composer ; in his admiration of the poet he seizes the poet's ideal. He studies the verse as a picture. He does not stop to say, " This did not happen ; that is unscientific ; " he sees the events as in a dream, without criticism. This is the true poetic licence, to lead the reader whither he will, and to this end the conventions of art are subservient.

But poetry has often become a great deal too conventional, or the conventions have grown outworn. We have seen how the Hindu of a decadent age made ideas slaves to form, and composed mathematical puzzles in the guise of verse. In almost every nation too a highly artificial form of poetry is evolved which rapidly grows wearisome. Such periods are followed by reactions sometimes equally extreme. To-day, for example there is quite a prejudice against the use of the classical dictionary in versifying, whereas two hundred years ago it was essential. We live in a Bohemian age, which loves to cast away formality and roam fancy free ; but if our interpretation of the function of poetry is a true one, some measure of conventionality is absolutely necessary. Rhyme may be a luxury ; archaisms may not be to our taste ; but when a well-known poet of our age dispenses with metre in addition, we feel that we have no longer poetry at all. Prose and verse can never exchange functions. The one is ruled by logic, the other by the feelings. If a prose passage put into verse makes dull poetry, a poem bereft of all its distinguishing ornament makes ridiculous prose.

These are the days of the minor poet, and few attain to their poetic majority. We may feel that the outlook is discouraging, but blank periods have happened before in the history of literature, and latent genius may at any moment find scope for its activities. We may at least foster what talent may be available by the encouragement of purity of style, free at once from the servile worship of form and the lawless independence which scorns all conventional ornament. Let not our as-



pirants to fame give the magic number fourteen an occasional rest, but let them not despise elegance of construction. There must always be rules of good breeding in art as in life, and in their observance alone can we find the path to success.

---

### TWILIGHT

Swift on the wings of night  
Comes riding the heavenly host  
Dragged by the sun in its flight  
Each takes its accustomed post

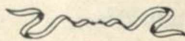
Silently night after night  
Each take its ordained stand  
Quietly fitting in aright  
Obeying a mighty hand.

Lingering violet hues  
Stay long in the twilight hour,  
Coaxing the glistening dew  
From out their secret bower.

Amid this vast array,  
Seeking to rend the pall,  
Man lives out his day.  
Making himself "the all,"

Far back in regions of space,  
Where thou hast never trod,  
'an'st thou say but there a race  
Lives daily nearer God?

R. H. HAYDEN.





# The Mitre,

A. AVERN STURLEY, B.A.	- - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
R. H. HAYDEN, '10	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER
C. G. Hepburn, B.A.	- - -	Alumni Editor
C. G. Lawrence, B.A.	- - -	Exchange Editor
J. S. Brown, '10	- - -	Athletic Editor
C. L. Mortimer, Div. '10	- - -	Associate Editor—Divinity
M. B. Johnson, '10	- - -	Associate Editor—Arts
C. C. Hinerth, '11	- - -	Associate Editor—Arts
C. H. Savage, '11	- - -	Assistant Business Manager

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

Terms \$1.00 per year in advance, single copy 15 cts.

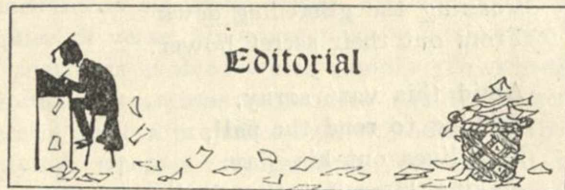
Contributors of Articles are entitled to receive three copies gratis of the number containing their articles.

Copyright will be secured on all articles sent to and accepted by the Editor-in-Chief accompanied by written request that they be copyrighted.

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

THE MITRE, Bishop's University. Lennoxville, Que.

Printed by THE COMMERCIAL PRINTING CO., 187 Wellington St., Sherbrooke, Que.



We wish to remind our readers of the opportunity afforded them again this year of cultivating their literary talent.

The *Mitre* is always anxious to receive contributions in verse or prose, and Mr. LeRoy is again offering a prize for the best original story not exceeding 1,500 words.

A second prize will be awarded this year if the number of entries is sufficiently great.

Full regulations governing the competition will be found in the *Mitre* for October 1908, or the Editor-in-Chief will be pleased to supply any further information.

We thank the *Corporation* for their grant of \$25 to the *Mitre*.



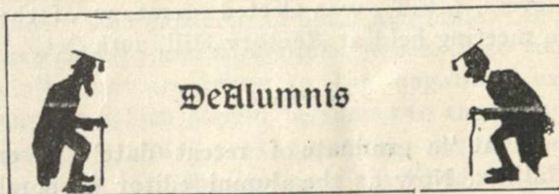
## B. U.D. S.

The Bishop University Dramatic Society held their annual meeting for the election of officers, with the following result :

Hon. Pres. ; Prof. C. F. GUMMER, M.A.  
 Pres. ; A. F. C. WHALLEY, B.A.  
 Sec, Treas. ; H. H. SCOTT.

Committee :  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{C. G. HEPBURN, B.A.} \\ \text{A. A. STURLEY, B.A.} \\ \text{A. P. DURRANT, B.A.} \\ \text{A. V. GRANT.} \\ \text{H. F. EDGE.} \end{array} \right.$

The cast has been chosen for "The Schoolmistress", a farce in three acts, by Arthur W. Pinero, autor of "The Magistrate", which was staged so successfully last year.



The many friends of Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D., were shocked to hear of his recent loss by fire in the early morning of October 10th. Deep regret at the incident is felt by all who know him. Oour sincerest sympathy is extended to him in his trouble.



We were pleased to receive a brief visit a short time ago from Rev. Frank Plaskett, M.A., who has been stationed on the Labrador coast for the past few years and is now at Ways Mills, Que.

---

We were also pleased to welcome Reg. Hepburn, B.A., who spent Thanksgiving day at Lennoxville.

---

It is our sad duty to note the death of the father of Rev. P. Callis, M.A., and the sister of Rev. R. C. Tambs, M.A., both deaths of recent occurrence. Our sincere and heart felt sympathy is extended to these two "alumni" in their sad bereavements.

---

Rev. G. E. Weagent, M.A., has been appointed to a parish in California and has left Ontario to take up his new duties. We wish him all success in his new field of labor.

---

Rev. E. R. Roy, M.A., has accepted the position of Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop with the care of Montmorency Falls and Lake Beauport, and also the Editorship of Diocesan Gazette. He has for some time been stationed in an important town of the United States and will take up his new duties very shortly.

---

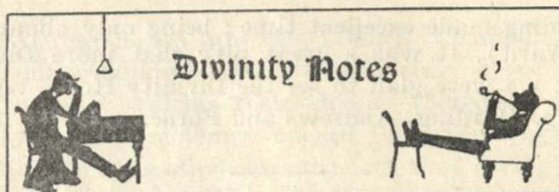
Rev. H. W. Ievers, L.S.T., was elected secretary of the Rural Deanery of Levis at a meeting held at Rectory Hill, 29th Oct.

---

It is reported that "a graduate of recent date" is engaged to a young lady in Halifax. Now as the alumni editor is sorely in need of material for the next issue of the "Mitre", and as everyone is anxious to know who the lucky man is, the plain duty of the party concerned to own up before he is found out.







In our last issue we chronicled the illness of Mrs. Allnatt, and although we are glad to report favourably concerning her progress towards recovery, yet we sincerely regret having to further record the illness of the Dean himself. A combination of ailments (amongst which was a poisoned foot) rendered Dr. Allnatt unable to attend to his duties with his usual vigour. However we are glad to see that he has so far recovered, as to be able to resume lectures again; which for the present are being given at his residence.

We can only repeat our remarks of last month, and assure Dr Allnatt of our most sincere sympathy in this two fold trial. At the same time we earnestly hope he and Mrs. Allnatt may speedily be restored to complete health and strength.

---

We are glad to welcome Norman H. Snow, B.A., '09, into Divinity. As it was uncertain whether "Norman" would join us this year, or not, we were agreeably surprised to see him enter "Bishop's" again — soon after the beginning of Term. We are especially pleased to see Mr. Snow, as an expert Hebraist is still a "rara avis" even among Divinity men. So we feel justly proud of this latest addition to our ranks.

---

The unusual size of the Divinity class this year calls for more than passing comment. The capacity of both available Lecture Rooms is taxed to the uttermost; and sometimes, when these rooms are inaccessible, the Divinity men are driven to the ungallant expedient of invading those quarters which should be sacred to the Lady Students. Here, amidst evidences of feminine pre-occupation, our respected Lecturer in Church History dives into the depths of the Gnostic Heresy, or discusses the influence of the Alexandrian School. Surely Theology, (which has been termed the "Queen of Sciences"), bids fair to become the pervading influence; even in feminine circles.

---

We congratulate Messrs. C. O. Harding, and R. Andrews on their plucky attempt to secure the "Dunn" challenge cup, in the College Road



Race. Mr. Harding made excellent time ; being only about 25 sec. behind the winner (Ward). It was a great pity that more Divinity men did not enter ; but we were glad to see the Divinity House represented, as it was, by Messrs. Harding, Andrews and Forde.

---

#### STUDENT'S MISSIONARY UNION

The first address of the session was delivered on Oct. 5th. by the Rev. W. D. Standfast, B.A., Headmaster of Bishop's College School.

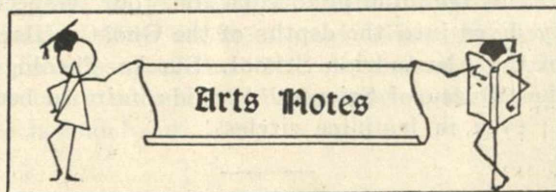
Mr. Standfast dealt with the question of "What Missionary effort should do ; and what it should aim at ?" In order to assure this it was first necessary to ask — "What is a Christian ?" as one must first be a true believer, before he can hope to be a successful missionary. The question of belief was then ably dealt with by the speaker, who illustrated his remarks from personal experience.

A second meeting of the Union was held in Oct. 26th. when an address was delivered by the Rev. A. J. Doull, M.A., of the Church of the Advent, Westmount, Montreal.

In the course of a very interesting address, Mr. Doull dealt with the "Life of S. Columba, and his work for the Scottish Church". He showed that S. Columba not only evangelized all Scotland, but also reached many distant lands, Iceland among the number. England also owes much to S. Columba, as his disciples S. Aiden and S. Chad, were largely instrumental in evangelizing the country. "Not Augustine but Aiden is the real apostle of England." The two great lessons to be drawn from S. Columba's life are : (1) The Need of proper organization on Mission Fields ; and (2) The Need for burning zeal for the souls of men.

---

Canon Scott is the speaker at the next meeting of the Missionary Union, on Nov. 10th.



The annual Freshmen's Concert was held on the evening of Sept. 30th in the Council Chamber at 7 p. m. The Freshmen attired in their



evening dress were marshalled into the Council Chamber by Mr. R. H. Hayden '10, the burly policeman who looked truly a we inspiring, and stood in a row meek ly waiting their doom, thereupon Mr. A. P. Dumont, B.A., Master of Ceremonies, opened the proceedings by delivering a masterly oration. In it he alluded to the fact that owing to pressure of business affairs the Pope and King wolud be unable to attend the august gathering, — this news was received by sincere expressions of regret from the student body. The King of the Cannibal Isles was also unable to be present, being incapacitated through illness. It was noticed that the Freshmen on the contrary received this news with much secret rejoicing.

Mr. Durrant having brought his address to a close with those telling words which have such a meaning of deep significance to the Freshman, viz. : "Pax Vobiscum", resumed his seat with dignity.

Mr. H. H. Scott, '11, as Hèrald, then assumed the chief role, and called upon each budding Caruso, severally and in turn to "Take his flight in song", for the edification of the seniors. Doubtless the nearest approach to that method of locomotion was reached in the song "Tit Willow", but the poor bird unfortunately committed suicide before the song was finished, and took its flight to the next world in company with the memory of the performer, who overcome either by stage fright, or the thought of the bird's sad end, retired to his seat covered with — glory.

Another verdant child of misfortune gave a most inspiring and graphic account of a football match with a certain other team, in which the above mentioned team was doomed to be "wiped off the map". We admire the spirit which prompted him to write it, but we must admit that the flesh which actually perpetrated the act was woefully weak.

At last to the sorrow (?) of all those present, the list of performing Freshmen was exhausted, after which followed the parade through the principal streets of the wondering village of Lennoxville. The results of the aforesaid parade were two boxes of choice cigars, which were much enjoyed.

After the parade the Students all congregated in the Council Chamber, and after singing "God Save the King", the long to be remembered Freshmen's Concert of 1909 come to a close.

---

The Mock Trial was held on the evening of Oct. 11th, and it was "sine dubio" the most brilliant and successful trial that has ever been held in the College. Rev. H. C. Burt, M.A., attired in his robes of office, acted as judge and, with his usual brilliancy of wit kept everybody in a



state of mirth. The Counsel for the Prosecution, Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, M. A., and the Counsel for the Defence, Mr. A. F. C. Whalley, B.A., by their keen cross-examination of the witness, and witty remarks, kept all those present in a state of intense interest.

The prisoner, Mr. Bisson, a freshman, was accused of a most heinous crime, viz. : that of abducting the North Pole from its rightful position at the apex of the world, to the far equatorial town of Timbuctoo, and there exchanging it for the paltry compensation of six books of Euclid, a few cocoanuts, and six female slaves. The Pole was followed by Cyrus Griscome, (Prof. Gummer), the head of the Police Department of the United States, who, with keen and penetrating judgment finally succeeded in locating it in the above mentioned town, and bringing the thief to judgment. The witnesses were both varied and numerous, including two inhabitants from Timbuctoo, and two Esquimaux, the latter did not speak our harsh English tongue, but through the services of R. A. Malden, Esq., who proved conclusively that he had an intimate knowledge of the Esquimaux language they were able to express themselves freely.

After each Counsel had summed up his case the Jury were ordered to retire, and after a few minutes returned with the unanimous verdict of guilty. The Judge then summoned the prisoner, and placed before him the heinousness of his crime which had been unprecedented in the annals of past crime for its enormity, upsetting all navigation, utterly destroying all the learned calculations of scientists, and actually placing the North Pole within the equator.

For this enormous offence the prisoner was sentenced to be kept in close confinement for six months, and to be fed on bread and water, after which he must accompany Dr. Crook and Commander Beary to the Boreal centre, and there to plant the pole in the rightful position and from this pole to be hanged by the neck until he was able to repeat "ad verbatim et litteratum" the "Pons Asinorum" of the 1st Book of Euclid. Latest reports say that he is still hanging.

---

The Church warden Club has been meeting regularly. Mr. R. A. Malden, '10, read a paper on a Spanish account of Drake's voyages, showing that Drake's successes were due to the Spanish fear of him, his trifling encounters being magnified into great victories. Mr. Grant, '10, also read a paper at one of the subsequent meetings, on "The Early English Drama" explaining the rise of the drama under ecclesiastical supervision.

Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A.B.D., will read a paper on "Some Canadian Poets.



The Parergon Society continues to hold its meetings fortnightly and the large attendance at each meeting proves its increasing popularity.

On Oct. 15th, Mr. A. A. Sturley, B.A., read a most interesting paper on "The Nebular Theory", dealing with the discovery of the various nebulae, and tracing their development from nebulae to solar systems.

At the following meeting, Prof. Boothroyd, M.A., read a very interesting and instructive paper on "Talleyrand and the Congress of Vienna", dealing with the many sides of the great character, and showing the part he played in the history of Europe.

On Nov. 5th., Mr. R. A. Malden, '10, read a paper on "Shamanism and the Finnic Runes", the paper besides being most humorous, was both instructive and interesting.

---

Mr. H. H. Dinning, '10, who has been confined in the infirmary through illness, has so far recovered as to be able to return to his domicile on the top flat, and resume his studies. We all welcome him back, after his long separation.

---

A Glee Club has been formed in the College through the energetic efforts of Prof. Gummer, M.A.

The first meeting was held in Prof. Gummer's study on Nov. 10th. at which the constitution was drawn up, and following officers were elected :

President, M. B. Johnson, '10 ; Secretary, A. V. Grant, '10 ; it was decided at this meeting that the club should meet every Wednesday evening.



The college season opened on Wednesday, Sept. 29, with a practice game, against Sherbrooke, on the College Campus. The college team had no difficulty defeating the visitors, the final score being 17-6. The playing of both teams was very ragged and showed a lack of practice. The college halves got away for several long runs around both ends but



most of the gains were made by kicks and on Sherbrooke's fumbles of Stevens punts. Patterson scored two touchdowns on bucks through the line, and Savage scored one on an end run. Stevens converted two of the touchdowns. Sherbrooke scored one try which they converted.

The team representing Bishops was : Full Back, Stevens, R. Half. Brown, C. Half. Hayden (Capt.) L. Half. Savage, Quarter, Patterson, Shires, Hinerth, Alward, Reeves, Wings Ward, Walker, Hinchliffe, Shires, Ireland.

#### QUEBEC vs. BISHOPS.

On Saturday October 2th the team made a trip to Quebec to play the Quebec city team. The game was played in pouring rain which entirely prevented any good football being played. The ball was difficult to handle and fumbles were frequent especially by the Quebec team. The College halves were afforded very little protection by their wings and several times Stevens was tackled before he had a chance to kick. The Quebec team was slightly heavier than the Collège team and this gave them quite an advantage as the game was a succession of tricks, end runs being impossible owing to the state of the ground. The final score was 5-3 in favour of Quebec. The College team was handicapped by the loss of Capt. Hayden shortly after the commencement of the second half. While bucking through the line he wrenched his ankle and was forced to retire from the field. Bishops scored two rouges and a kick over the dead ball line by Stevens. Quebec scored a try which they failed to convert.

#### McGILL vs. BISHOPS.

Bishops lost all chance of getting into the semi-finals of the intermediate C. I. R. F. U. when they were defeated on their own grounds in the first game of their series with McGill by the score of 32-5. The game was not nearly as one sided as the score would indicate as several times Bishops had the ball a few yards from McGill's line only losing it on the third down. McGill had an exceptionally strong intermediate team this year and their line averaged much heavier than Bishops. On the whole, the game was a good exhibition of football; both sides played hard all the way through, and the tackling was good. Stevens did some splendid kicking and outpunted the McGill halves. Both teams made some bad fumbles. McGill took advantage of Bishops fumbles while the Bishops wings were too slow at following up to get the ball when McGill fumbled. The College wings played well at times while at other periods of the game they seemed to go to peices and allowed McGill to go through them for big gains. Very few end runs were tried as the outside wings of both teams, were tackling hard. McGill made most of their gains by kicking, Da-



kins being sent through the line for big gains. He was hurt early in the first half, and was replaced by Gartshore, who also made some big gains on kicks. In the first half the College, held the McGill down fairly well, but in the second half, Bishops seemed to go to pieces and McGill piled up the score. McGill got the ball on the kick off and in a short time crossed Bishop's line for a try which was converted. When the teams changed ends at quarter time, Bishops had the ball near centre field, but lost it to McGill. McGill rushed it down the field and went over for another try which was converted. Hayden was hurt in a scrimmage, and had to retire, his place being taken by Ireland. Just before half time Bishops made their only score in the game. Stevens caught the ball near centre field and returned it, McGill fumbled it on their own fifteen yard line, and Bishops fell on it. In three bucks Patterson shoved over the line for a try which Stevens failed to convert. A few minutes later, the whistle blew for half time. Score McGill 12, Bishops 5. Savage had his head cut in this half, but it was fixed up and he was able to stay in the game.

In the second half McGill started out with a rush, and securing the ball from Stevens, kicked into touch on bishop's twenty yard line went over for a touch down which they did not convert. Shortly afterwards Brown fumbled the ball behind the goal line and McGill fell on it for another touchdown, which was converted. Before the end of the quarter McGill scored another try, Douglas falling on Rose's punt behind Bishop's goal line. In the last quarter the game was much more even, the ball being worked up and down the field several times. McGill scored twice before the end of the game, a drop kick by Ross and a kick over the dead ball line. The game ended with Bishop's in possession of the ball on their own territory :—Final score, McGill 32 ; Bishops 5.

## MCGILL, RH

## BISHOPS

Murray, (Capt.)	.....	Full Back	.....	Stevens,
Price	.....	Right Half	.....	Brown,
Ross	.....	C. Half	.....	Hayden, (Capt.) (Ireland)
Lindsay	.....	L. Half	.....	Savage,
Haultain	.....	Quarter	.....	Patterson,

Irwin,	}	Scrimmage.	{	Reeves.
Gladman,				Hinerth.
Fox,				Walker.
Johnson,	}	Inside wings.	{	Hincliffe.
McMurtric,				Ward.
Daikin (Gartshore)				Whalley.
Digby,	}	Middle wings.	{	Shires.
Douglas,				Alward.
Miller,				Murray.
	}	Outside wings.	{	

Referee, Dr. McCALLUM.

Umpire, Rev. WRIGHT.



The second game was played in Montreal, on the McGill Campus, on Saturday, Oct. 26, and resulted in another win for McGill. Bishops line again proved too weak to hold the McGill line, and were too slow to following up Stevens, kicks. The game was spoiled by rain which made the ball hard to handle, but on the whole it was good football. The McGill halves made several fumbles, but Bishops wings were not quick enough to take advantage of them. Bishops halves were not guilty of one fumble. Hayden who went into the game with a weak ankle got it wrenched again and have to leave the field early in the game. McGill dropped a man to even up. The final score was McGill 17, Bishops 0.

Bishops line up was : Full Back Stevens ; L. Half. Savage ; C. Half. Hayden (Capt.) ; R. Half Brown ; Quarter, Patterson ; Scrimmage, Reeves Alward, Cameron, Wings, Edge, Hinchliffe, Shires, Ward, Whalley.

### SOCCER.

A most exciting game of Association football was played on Thursday, Oct. 28, between a team picked from the Rugby fourteen and a team representing the rest of the College. Every one expected that the rest of the College would have an easy victory as they counted among their member several star players of the game, but the husky rugbyites showed that their knowledge of football was not limited to Rugby, by winning the game easily, the score being 4-1.

### BASKET BALL.

The basketball season, opened on Friday night October 22nd with a double header in the College Gymnasium. The first game was the opening game of the E. T. Basket Ball league between Stanstead Wesleyan College and Bishop's University. After a fast and exciting game Stanstead came out victorious, shooting the winning basket a few minutes before time was up. For the College, Savage and Patterson played well, the latter doing some excellent shooting. The final score was 11-9.

#### S. W. C. (11)

#### BISHOP'S (9)

Andrews .....	R. Foward.....	Patterson, (Capt.)
Richardson.....	L. Foward.....	Cameron,
Leonard .....	Centre.....	Hinchliffe,
Brown.....	L. Defence.....	Hinerth,
Astle .....	R. Defence.....	Savage,



The second game was between a team from Sherbrooke, Y. M. C. A. and Bishops (II) team. Bishops had an easy time defeating their opponents, the final score being 19-10, in their favour. Ireland played a splendid game for the second team shooting seven baskets out of the nine scored. Bishops VII lined up: Edge, L. Defence; Sherring, R. Defence; Murray, Centre; Ireland, R. Forward; Chesshire, L. Forward.

## BISHOP'S vs. Y. M. C. A.

In second game of the E. T. Basket Ball league played in the Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium on Saturday, October 30th, the Bishops basket ball team was defeated. The Y.M.C.A. team, played good combination and their shooting was very good while the shooting of the Bishops team was poor. The game was very close all the way through, and Y. M. C. A. only won by the small majority of one basket.

## Y. M. C. A. (15)

## BISHOPS (13)

Geo. Dick.....	L. Forward.....	Hinerth,
R. Tate.....	R. Forward.....	Ireland,
Astle.....	Centre.....	Murray,
Kerr.....	R. Defence.....	Frown,
H. Tate.....	L. Defence.....	Savage (Capt.)

## BISHOPS vs. STANSTEAD.

In the return game with Stanstead College played at Stanstead, on Nov. 5th, Bishops met their third defeat of the season. Stanstead played a fast game and their combination and good shooting gave them a victory. The final score was 26-12 in favor of S. W. C.

## U. B. C. (12)

## S. W. C. (26)

Hayden.....	L. Forward.....	Leonard,
Ireland.....	R. Forward.....	Astle,
Murray.....	Centre.....	Richardson, (Capt.)
Savage, (Capt.).....	R. Defence.....	Andrews,
Hinerth.....	L. Defence.....	Witcher,

## EXCHANGES

The article on The Heresy of Utilitarianism by Rev. C. W. Vernon, B.D. in the "Kings College Record" should have a much wider circulation than it is likely to get in a College Magazine. We regret our space permits only a few extracts. "Utilitarianism" is the wilful choice of



such things only as appear to tend to material benefit. Its God is the money-bag, its church the counting-house, its prayerbook the ledger, its motto "cui bono", its creed "Man should live by bread," its patron saint Judas Iscariot, and its song chanted with wearisome monotonousness 'This ointment might have been sold for 300 pence'."

"The modern parent is a worshipper of the great tin god, 'Success,' and the modern schoolmaster to please the modern parent has evolved a modern education which is to be above all and in all, practical first, last and all the time. Hence has arisen that modern horror, school book-keeping, and the mysterious reverence paid to the 30 cent text book on the sciences. Hence has come the tendency to eliminate the classics ("dead languages" the poor fools call them, as if anything we learn were more living or more life-giving.) The classics and the pure mathematics may not qualify us for a life-long seat at the book-keeper's desk, but they did teach men to think, and some how or other, they did teach men to think, and some how or other, they did make gentle — men."

---

"And now again we stay the welcome jest  
Which uninvited shines, when from our chin  
We scrape unearned nocturnal increment  
On drear unpleasant mornings when it rains."

From "The Cambridge Review".

---

A very excellent article, "On the Technique of the Modern Drama" appears in "The Trinity University Review". "Our drama is suburban: but so is our society. Tragedy is despoiled of all her gorgeous trappings; it is not in the marble halls nor King's palaces that the tragedies of today are enacted, but in the small room of the suburban house, around the table, before the fire; and by middle class people. There it is that lives are wrecked, hearts broken, and the inmost souls of men laid bare. And the inevitable result of all this is the degeneration of the hero. Indeed that name seems ridiculously inappropriate when applied to the protagonist of the modern drama; he is rather the "hero manqué".

"There are many artifices continually employed in the past which we cannot tolerate. 'Nowadays an actor cannot open a letter or toss off somebody else's glass of poison,' as Bernard Shaw bitterly complains. The aside and the soliloquy have also been relegated to the limbo of out of date stage machinery; and 'To be or not to be' could scarcely find a place in a modern drama."



"The object of education, speaking broadly, must be to fit the rising generation to do its work with vigour, earnestness and efficiency in the world, the work of which must be done by men and women side by side and in co-operation. In the home, in the community, in the nation, no less than in religious and social organisations, men and women must work together and must above all else learn to consider each other and to look at things each from the standpoint of the other. In the truest sense, no doubt, their interests are identical, but they do not always seem so, and it is because co-education in the University gives them an opportunity to realise each other's point of view, to respect each other's gifts, to learn to work together as comrades, with sympathy, the confidence, the respect and self respect of true companionship, that it is valued as the right system for the present needs of our country."

From "The University Monthly",

---

"But we must leave our bosky dell in the midst of this highland glen. We can carry away, however, memories from it that will be always our own. The indescribable yet fascinating music of the waters falling into the linn yonder is ours forever now; so is the rock there, cushioned with the tender green moss — that moss that comes in silence, and lays its gentle covering mantle over the mounds of our beloved dead. There, too, a few yards from us, is a still pool which might remain forever in one's memory. How the shadows are reflected from the flowers! Here we have the fable of Narcissus told us again in this Highland dell. But that flower near us droops — it is almost touching its shadow: they have been wooing each other long. By-and-by they will clasp each other, and wooed and wooed will float away. But it is autumn, and flowers must wither and die. When our autumn departure cometh, may our passing away be as calm!" — From "The Student".

---

The article on "Robert Burns" in "Assumption College review", that on "Goodly Pearls" in "Lux Columbiana" and the poem "A Song in October" in Queen's University Journal" are all excellent.

---

Besides these mentioned above "The Mitre" gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

Dalhousie Gazette, Stanstead College Magazine, Martlet, Varsity, O. A. C., Acta Victoriana, Western University Gazette, University of Ottawa Review, Idea, Crozier, Holy Cross, St. Andrews Cross, Hermonite, Hya Yaka, Gryphon, Argosy, Athenaeum, McMaster.



# Grand Trunk Railway System

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE

## THE WOODSTOCK INN

Montréal, Qué.

This comfortable and attractive resort that caters to winter guests is situated twelve miles from White River Junction, Vt., and is reached from Montreal by the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont Rys, to White River Jctf, thence by the Woodstock Railway to Woodstock. The distance from Montreal is 190 miles. The "Inn" is delightfully located in hilly surroundings. The interior arrangements are all that is to be desired for comfort and cheerfulness. It is 700 feet above sea level, and a sojourn here can be passed at any season of the year. The Grand Trunk agents will cheerfully give information as to how to reach the "Woodstock Inn", and rates at this resort can be secured by addressing Mr. Arthur B. Wilder, Manager, "Woodstock Inn", Woodstock.

## Second-Hand Books

— AT —

HALF PRICES !

New Books at 25 per cent Discount.

Books on Technical, Educational, Scientific, Literary, Medical, Law, all other subjects, and for all Examinations (Elementary and advanced). Sent on Approval. Catalogue No. 125 post free. State wants. Books bought : best prices given.

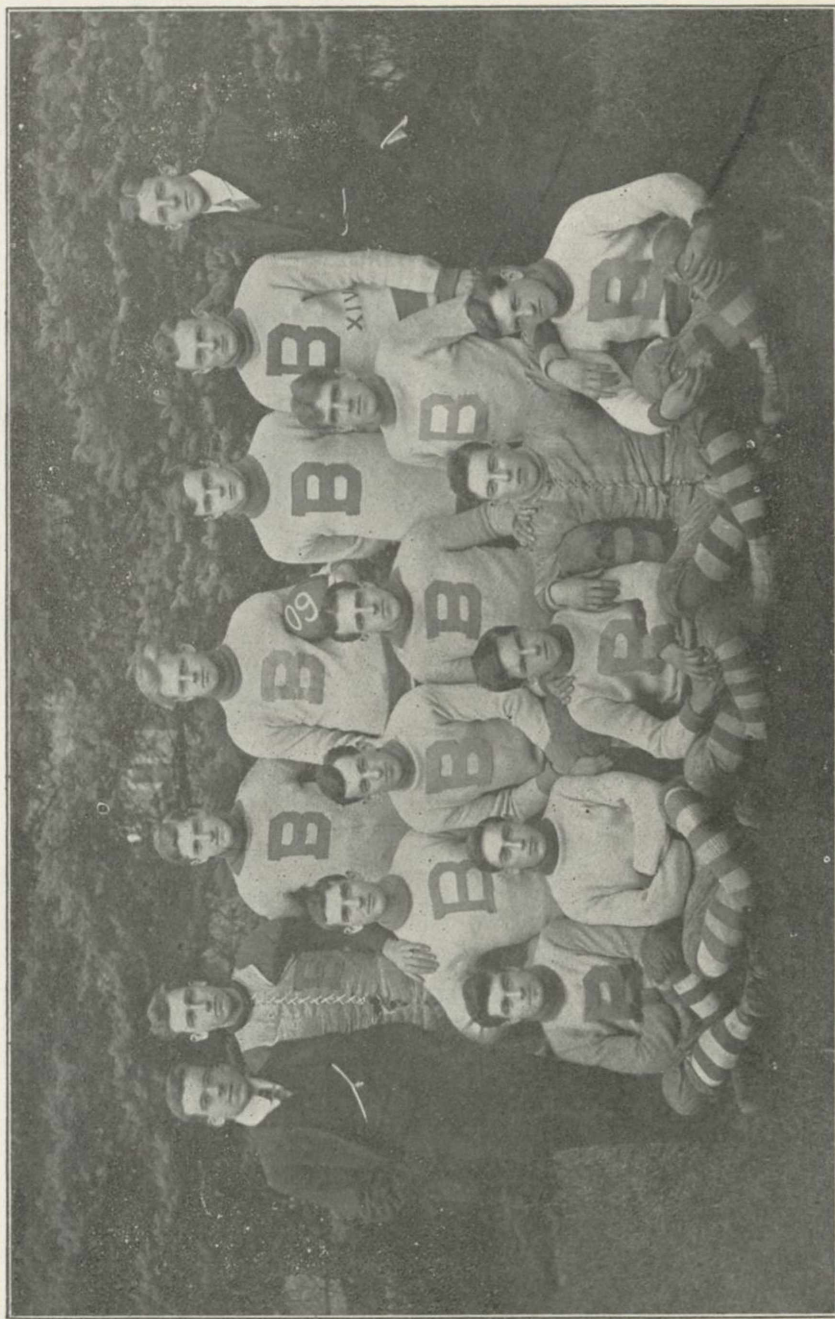
**W. & G. FOYLE,**

135 Charing Cross Road,  
London, England, W.C.

SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE PATRONISE ADVERTISERS



# BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY FOOT BALL TEAM 1909



Standing	A. A. S. Sturley,	Sec. A. F. C. Whalley	J. S. Brown	R. H. Hayden,	C. H. Savage	C. G. Stevens,	C. Hepburn, Pres.
		O. Wing	R. Half	C. Half	L. Half	Full Back	
	Kneeling	R. J. Shtros	C. Murray	H. J. Patterson	J. Hinchcliffe	Ins. Wing	
		M. Wing	O. Wing	Quarter Back			
	Sitting	A. W. Reeves	E. Ireland	W. Alward	D. Cameron	N. Ward	
		Scrimmage	Ins. Wing	C. Scrimmage	Scrimmage	M. Wing	
			Walker, Absent	C. C. Hinerth, Absent			



ALBANY UNIVERSITY