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SOME CANADIAN POETS

[The substance of a paper read before the Church Warden Club.]

From the very nature of things Canadian literature is a plant of recent growth. So recent that Canada herself is scarcely conscious of its existence. We need not wonder then that friends of other countries tolerantly smile when an enthusiast here and there proclaims the fact that we have a literature. For my own part I consider that the output, viewed in relation to our youthful nationhood, is exceedingly rich in quantity and quality and, viewed absolutely, I do not know any branch of the Anglo-Saxon family which ought not to esteem it very highly as a notable contribution to the race's literary heritage.

It is not so long ago that the native of Nova Scotia would be indignant if any one were to call him a Canadian, and the English-speaking resident of Quebec would resent the same appellation. Under these circumstances we need not wonder that there was no national literature. No doubt verse-writing was indulged in and some of it might fairly be called poetry, but very little of it was racy of the soil. It was the product of those who regarded themselves as transients and pilgrims. If men touched Canadian themes it was only as visitors interested in what they found picturesque during their sojourn. Moore's Canadian Boat Song is an example of this. There is however one verse-writer, a native Canadian of pre-Confederation days, whose work certainly had poetic merit. Though I cannot quote any of them the swing and vigour of Charles Sangster's lines remain in the memory. As a boy I was very fond of the few fugitive poems with which I formed acquaintance. I felt that they were true to life and nature. Perhaps the subject matter and its treatment would seem common-place and crude to one in maturer years but I do not know. Boyish predilections have their value because though a boy has no critical discrimination, he feels a good thing without being able to justify the faith that is in him. Some of the favourites of boyhood are among the master-pieces of literature.

But one must not grow discursive ! In the attempt to avoid this pitfall I have voluntarily limited myself to Some Canadian Poets, and I shall take three as typical of all — Roberts of the Maritime Provinces, Scott of Quebec, and Lampman of Ontario.

Archibald Lampman died a few years ago. Consumption carried him off at a comparatively early age, perhaps before his poetic powers had reached their full maturity. His father had been a priest of the Anglican Church in Ontario. Young Lampman completed his training at Trinity University, Toronto, where, despite his fitful energy, he was regarded as a student of great ability. While his slight physique prevented him from attaining distinction as an athlete, he was a great favourite with his fellows who had an affectionate admiration for the quiet dreamy youth who would occasionally flash out with playful fancies and whose capacity for writing lampoons was held in high esteem.

Much, if not all, of his later life was spent as a clerk in the civil service at Ottawa. Probably the one attraction such a career presented to the young poet was the leisure it afforded him for cultivating his talent. He married and, judging from his verses, married happily. Internal evidence leads us on a step further: the pretty poem entitled "The Child's music Lesson" is suggestive of the juvenile distresses of one of his own children.

Like most poets of the lyrical school he lays bare his inner emotions and we are thus enabled to gather much knowledge of his tastes and character. His life possessed no dark secret. He never makes the reader feel that he is concealing an actual emotion with a fictitious one. He is ashamed of nothing — heart and mind are pure and sincere. He could have had nothing else but a tender chivalrous soul, an imagination now and then gleaming bright but usually filled with a sort of luminous haze, a heart replete of music, an eye quick to discern beauty, shrinking with a kind of petulance from the ugly and the sordid. There is a tone of sadness through all his verse — the sadness of an idealist who has lost his way. He loves nature almost passionately and turns to the fields and the woods and the streams and the living things therein that they may furnish him an answer to all that perplexes and shadows his thoughts and imaginings.

The chief defect of his work seems to be a certain aimlessness. All sweet and true but—whither leading ? Possibly he has not the strength of conviction to gather up and strike home his thought. He is like a musical genius who pours forth sweet sad harmonies without a great central theme. One feels him groping for it and loves his elusive reveries though tantalized by their shifting charm. He is religious without

having definite belief. But he loves the good and abhors the evil and that counts for so much. The tone of sadness grows deeper and the hope of youth gives way to the pensive melancholy of a body worn out by insidious disease.

Nearly all Lampman's poems are Canadian in subject and original in treatment. But he never forces himself; he simply sings of what he knows best and what he loves, and he knows so thoroughly and loves so earnestly that the sweet or sombre scenes he dwells upon we see spread out before our eyes. There is hardly a phase of nature as it is known to Canada which he has not touched and made more beautiful in the touching. Is not this true to the life of an Indian Summer day?

With loitering step and quiet eye,
Beneath the low November sky,
I wandered in the woods, and found
A clearing, where the broken ground
Was scattered with black stumps and briers,
And the old wreck of forest fires.
It was a bleak and sandy spot,
And, all about, the vacant plot
Was peopled and inhabited
By scores of mulleins long since dead.
A silent and forsaken brood
In that mute opening of the wood,
So shrivelled and so thin they were,
So gray, so haggard, and austere,
Not plants at all they seemed to me,
But rather some spare company
Of hermit folk, who long ago,
Wandering in bodies to and fro,
Had chanced upon this lovely way,
And rested thus, till death one day
Surprised them at their compline prayer,
And left them standing lifeless there.

There was no sound about the wood
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood
Among the mullein-stalks as still
As if myself had grown to be
One of their sombre company,
A body without wish or will.
And as I stood, quite suddenly,

Down from a furrow in the sky
 The sun shone out a little space
 Across that silent sober place,
 Over the sand heaps and brown sod,
 The mulleins and dead goldenrod,
 And passed beyond the thickets gray,
 And lit the fallen leaves that lay,
 Level and deep within the wood,
 A rustling yellow multitude.

And all around me the thin light,
 So sere, so melancholy bright,
 Fell like the half-reflected gleam
 Or shadow of some former dream ;
 A moment's golden revery
 Poured out on every plant and tree
 A semblance of weird joy, or less,
 A sort of spectral happiness ;
 And I, too, standing there,
 With muffled hands in the chill air,
 Felt the warm glow about my feet,
 And shuddering betwixt cold and heat,
 Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,
 While something in my blood awoke,
 A nameless and unnatural cheer,
 A pleasure secret and austere.

Space will not permit me to make further quotation but to those attracted by the verses above I would recommend the perusal of "At the Ferry" (1), "The Song of the Stream Drops" (2), "A ballade of Waiting" (3), the sonnet entitled "Knowledge" (4) and an exquisite picture of a winter scene called "Snow" (5). These are all typical of Lampman in his varying moods. Anyone who has read so much will wish to read all the poet has ever written. He is never dull and his work has always a note of distinction.

Roberts is one of several vigorous verse-writers who have been born and bred near the Atlantic coast. He is of stronger fibre than the sweet Ontario poet. There is more of the gladness of life, more of

optimism about him, more passion. He can be tender but it is an occasional tenderness — sometimes he is grand. To the writer, who however claims no critical acumen, his work seems of a more fluctuating excellence than that of Lampman. He has a larger vocabulary but less mastery over it; his vision is wider but he has not the same delicate accuracy. He loves nature but it is as a setting to life not as a refuge from it. Perhaps Roberts is at his best in such a poem as "An Epitaph for a Husbandman" (6) :

He who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks, —
No more he lifts his eyes
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home, —
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy and blithe, and bold,
He laboured for the morrow, —
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim;
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

But the green growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep, —
White roots and wandering strings,
Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long
And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
About his heart.

Other characteristic poems are "Beyond the tops of Time" (7), "An Ode to the Canadian Confederacy" (8) and "The Ballad of Crossing the Brook" (9) is delightfully pretty and amusingly playful.

So much for Roberts. Scott is so well known to all Lennoxville men that he requires no introduction. In re-reading our author's three volumes of poems as a preparation for my paper, I was struck by this characteristic — the persistent religious tone. It is never obtrusive but it is always there. Lampman's religion is instinctive and half-unconscious and quite untutored but Scott's is alike rich and strong and definite. Definiteness of view is supposed by some people to dwarf poetic genius. This is I am sure quite a mistake. The chances are that to an imaginative person decided convictions fan the spirit of poesy. The man's soul blazes with enthusiasm and without enthusiasm of some sort no one can be a poet. Religion is the chief of Scott's many enthusiasms. It is religion with glamour and mystic colouring about it — the religion of a poet. For our author, the facts and verities of the faith illuminate the mysteries of life and explain the travail of nature.

The following poem, I think, admirably reveals its maker's point of view :

IN THE WOODS

This is God's house — the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft green carpet for his feet,
Those hills his stairs, down which the brooks come stealing,
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing,
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.

And here come sunbeams through the green leaves straying,
And shadows from the storm-clouds over drawn,
And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth is praying
So late that her moon-candle burns till dawn.

Sweet house of God, sweet earth so full of pleasure,
I enter at thy gates in storm or calm ;
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,
And every cloud a solace and a balm.

Each poet would let his imagination loose on the subject in his own way — this is Scott's way. Please read also "The two Mistresses" (10), "A Reverie" (11) and a tender little tribute to a faithful dog, bright with humour and sympathy, entitled "Jack" (12).

REFERENCES:—(1) Lyrics of the earth, p. 33; (2) Among the Millet p. 39; (3) Among the Millet p. 52; (4) Among the Millet p. 132; (5) Lyrics of the earth p. 45; (6) Roberts' Poems p. 30; (7) Roberts' Poems p. 189; [8] Roberts' Poems p. 127; [9] Roberts' Poems p. 81; [10] My Lattice p. 88; [11] The Unnamed Lake, p. 16; [12] The Soul's Quest p. 88.
F. V. G.

THE RHODES SCHOLAR

It is no new thing for our graduates to continue their studies at Oxford or Cambridge. We have sent men like Mr. C. W. Mitchell, who have distinguished themselves by the highest success in the schools and others who have been attracted rather by the social advantages of the older Universities. But this year is the first time that Bishop's has herself sent a Rhodes Scholar to Oxford, though we have a share which we are proud to claim, in Mr. L. K. Sherman, who entered Oxford last year as the Scholar from New Brunswick. This year there were five candidates from Bishop's and after a careful consideration of the votes of fellows-students and an exhaustive comparison of qualifications along the lines laid down by the Rhodes Trustees, the choice of the Committee of Selection finally fell on Mr. A. A. Sturley, B. A. of the Class of '09.

Mr. Sturley was born in Warwickshire, England, and entered Bishop's College in September, 1906, with the purpose of fitting himself for clerical work in Canada. After completing his matriculation he qualified for Mathematical Honours and has had a most brilliant Scholastic Career, winning the General Nicolls Scholarship no less than three times, a distinction, we believe, never before obtained in the University, and gaining a high first class standing in all three Grades of Mathematical Honours. He has twice won the prize for Greek Testament and has further shown his versatility by coming out at the head of the L.S.T. class last December with an average of over 80 p.c.

In his Freshman year, Mr. Sturley took part in most games except hockey and played with the second Football Team in 1907-8, but was subsequently prevented by an injury to his knee from continuing in the game. He was Captain of the Cricket Team, and also of the second team Basket Ball, Secretary Treasurer of the Boat Club and of the Missionary Association.

In 1908-9, Mr. Sturley was again captain of Cricket. He was also a most successful Secretary Treasurer of the Athletic Association as well as of the Common Room, and Football Club and President of the

Missionary Union. At present he is Vice-President of the Football Club, President of the Missionary Union, Director of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and Editor-in-chief of the "Mitre".

Mr. Sturley's moral qualities are of the highest order and from the first he has fully identified himself with the interests of his adopted country.

"The Mitre" heartily congratulates its Editor-in-chief and wishes him every success amid the stress of Oxford life and work. His career will be followed with the greatest interest by his old friends at Bishop's.

AT WHAT?

What are the wild waves saying
As they rush on the sullen shore,
Lashing the rocks with foam-flecks
Breaking in angry roar?

What are the wild birds screaming
As they wheel in the storm-tossed air,
Circling around the nests they build
On the cliffs so barren and drear?

What is the west wind calling
As it sweeps o'er the standing corn,
Bending its golden fruitage
At the first red streak of dawn?

What are the green trees whispering
As they rustle their thousand leaves,
Swaying their patient branches,
Answering the evening breeze?

What is the golfer saying
As on the tee he stands
Looking with saddened features
At the broken club in his hand?

Is he quoting from Shakespeare or Bacon
As the ball lies there at his toes?
Go to the man who plays golf himself,
Ask him, he knows, he knows!

The Mitre,

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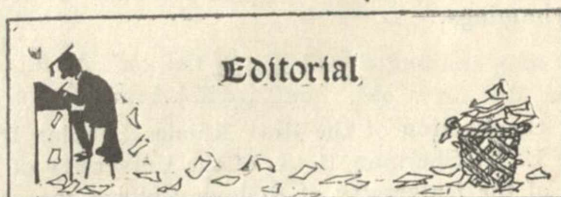
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1910 is with us. 1909 has gone forever, but its memory must remain.

The past year has been in many ways epoch-making.

In the first term of 1909, by the institution of a series of University Lectures to which the outside public were invited, a great forward step was made.

The lectures were excellent and well attended, and were the means of extending the influence and usefulness of the University.

If this policy is continued there is no doubt that Bishop's is going to assert more forcibly her position as the educational centre of the Eastern Townships, and be, as a University should, an uplifting intellectual influence in the community in which it is placed. ...

A University should be more than a mere seat of learning where a number of students congregate to receive a certain kind of education.

It should aim at being a live aggressive intellectual force, making its power felt near and far.

So it is with great pleasure we note that the public lectures are being resumed during this Lent term.

Also early in the year was formed the Parergon Society which has done and we hope will continue to do most valuable work. At the meetings we were privileged to attend last year, papers of a very high standard were read, and the discussion which followed was always serious and scholarly.

The Dramatic Club took a new departure, when, instead of presenting a classic, as in former years, they staged a modern comedy "The Magistrate", and scored such a signal success that rehearsals are now in full swing for another of Pinero's comedies "The Schoolmistress" for this year.

The Churchwarden Club had a most successful year in every way, and for the first year adopted distinctive blazers of white flannel with purple silk trimmings.

1909 saw the election of the first Rhodes Scholar from these Halls. In February, L. R. Sherman B. A. of the University of New Brunswick, and L. S. T. of the University of Bishops College, was elected as Rhodes Scholar by the University of New Brunswick.

The close of the year saw the election of the first Rhodes Scholar to represent our own University at Oxford.

The following is the list of Free Public Lectures arranged for the Lent Term.

Thursday, January 27th : — English (illustrated). — Prof. F. P. Walton, L. L. D., Dean of the Law Faculty, McGill University.

Thursday, February 10th : — Oxford (illustrated). — Prof. F. P. Walton, L. L. D., Dean of the Law Faculty, McGill University.

Thursday, February 24th : — French and Italian Music before 1750 (illustrated). — Dr. H. C. Perrin, Director of McGill Conservatorium of Music.

Thursday, March 10th : — The Poetry of To-day and To-morrow. — Prof. J. A. Dale, M. A., McGill University.



We extend our hearty congratulations and good wishes to H. A. Harding B. A. upon his recent marriage. May all joy and happiness be his for the future.

A. J. De Lotbinière B. A. represented "Bishop's" at the "Conversazione" of Trinity College, Toronto, recently.

"Phil" Gregory also represented us at the "Alma Mater" Dance at McGill.

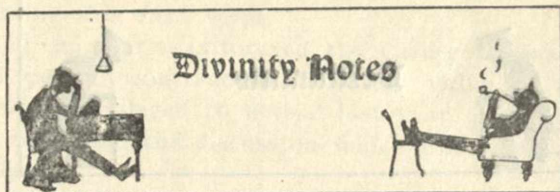
Rev. P. Callis M. A. has left Maple Grove and has gone to take charge of the parish at Thetford Mines, Que. We wish him success in his new field of work.

Rev. R. L. Carson M. A. has left Bathurst N. B. and has accepted the position of assistant at S. Jude's parish, Montreal, Que.

We deeply regret recording the sudden death of Senator Baker of Sweetsburg, Que. He was a distinguished graduate of "Bishop's" and was a veteran parliamentarian.

Rev. Frank Plaskett M. A. has left Ways Mills, Que. to take charge of the mission at Jonquière, Que.

We are very pleased to hear that L. R. Sherman B. A. is doing excellent work at Christ Church, Oxford.



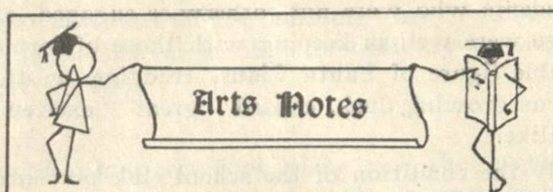
We are glad to report that our respected Dean of Divinity is now able to resume his lectures in the usual way. We rejoice to see Dr. Alnatt with us again in Chapel and Lecture Room ; and we sincerely trust that his health will steadily continue to improve. Our earnest prayer is that he may long be spared to guide us in things pertaining to our vocation.

The members of the Divinity class wish to express their appreciation of the new library of Devotional works, which has recently been installed in the Divinity Common Room. We wish to tender our sincerest thanks to the donor, Mrs. William McKenzie, of Carleton Hill, New Jersey, U. S. A., to whom we are already so deeply indebted for the founding of the Oratory of the Venerable Bede. We are confident that these books, of a specially devotional nature will prove very helpful, especially to those of our members who are proceeding to Orders in the near future.

One of our members recently attained some notoriety as a "pierhead-jumper". To the un-initiated this phrase needs explanation. A "pierhead-jumper" is, in nautical language, a sailor who remains at home until the last minute, and then rushes to the pierhead, and jumps aboard his ship as she passes out to sea. One of our number recently essayed this feat, with somewhat varying details ; but he managed to scramble aboard the good ship "Divinity 1910" before she had sailed out into the unknown waters of the Lent Term.

Is it not a significant fact that, simultaneously with the issue of the Challenge to the Hockey Veterans by Divinity, '10, '11 ; there has been a big entry for Dr. E. A. Robertson's First Aid Lectures ? This may indicate a spirit of self-preservation on the part of the Divinity Men ; but we rather think it arises from a more laudible spirit of consideration for wounded foes. As embryo divines, we, of course, must not be ig-

norant of the duty of binding up the wounds of even our sternest enemies !



The University Ball took place on the evening of Thursday, November the eleventh.

The ball room which comprised the Council Chamber and the boys' dining hall was prettily decorated with College Bunting, and profusely adorned with pennants both varied and numerous. At one end of the room was the appropriate motto artistically worked. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined".

Professor Bourgeaults' Orchestra furnished most delightful music.

Dancing commenced at half past eight, and continued until twelve, when the dancers repaired to the Dining Hall where a very excellent supper was enjoyed. Dancing continued until about two o'clock when all were reminded by the charming strains of "Home Sweet Home" played as a waltz, that the memorable University Ball of 1909 was fast drawing to a close and would soon be looked upon as a cherished memory of the part.

It is almost unnecessary to say that it was one of the most successful that has ever been held in the College, and the greatest praise is due to the committee in their efforts for making it such a marked success.

The College examinations began on the 13th of December, (thereby proving conclusively the unlucky properties of the number "thirteen"), and finished on the 21st, following which Christmas vacation was welcomed by all after the strenuous work of writing examinations during the day, and studying far into the small hours of the morning in preparation.

We may be sure that those men who spent their Christmas vacation within the walls of the Alma Mater by no means regretted having done so. There was plenty going on and the weeks speed by all too fast.

There were about ten men in residence including two of the professors.

On Christmas Day the Principal and Mrs Parrock very kindly entertained those students who were not otherwise engaged, and the festivities at the Lodge were well in keeping with those of former years. The bent and venerable figure of Santa Claus, trudging up the snow laden hill just as it was growing dusk, caused great excitement amongst young and old alike.

Unfortunately the condition of the school rink prevented hockey, so the exciting matches of last Christmas "vac" could not be repeated. Snowshoeing and sliding however were excellent and various friends of the College gave most successful parties. On January 13th the students gave a small and very successful dance in the Council Chamber. The fact that there were only about thirty two people present insured the dancers of plenty of room, and both music and floor left nothing to be desired. Dancing continued into the early hours of the morning, and a supper which reflected much credit upon Mrs. Poole was served in the New Common Room. Mrs. Parrock who very kindly acted as hostess was costumed in a very charming gown, but it is quite beyond the skill of mere male to describe it in detail (we do but mention the fact as it seems to be the professional thing to do in reporting social functions).

A skating party given by the men on the following day brought the yule-tide festivities to a close much to our regret, though it was good to get the rest of the men back and not altogether disagreeable to dig once more into the year's work.

College opened on Saturday, January 15th, and lectures began on the 18th with the addition of three freshmen viz. Wood, Henson and David. We are at present awaiting the arrival of a Goliath. Each one of the above mentioned gentlemen has succeeded in winning fame in some way or other since his arrival.—David by his remarkable fondness for an ice cold bath while indulging in the harmless pastime of skating on the river. Wood as a daring and intrepid rescuer of the aforesaid David when he decided to return to terra firma, being prevented from so doing by the ice which failed to keep him from getting in, and last but not least Henson who has proved himself a "brilliant" orator on all ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the West, having, spent sixteen months" in that part of our Dominion.

It is hoped (for the sake of his auditors) that he will write a book on the subject.

The new College Library is now open and we had the privilege of hearing a most interesting and instructive lecture on "English Architecture" given in the new building by Professor Nobbs of McGill University.

The acoustic properties of the building are excellent as Professor Nobbs did not speak any louder than in ordinary conversation and he was easily heard by all.

The Annual Skating party took place on the evening of February 1st. The night was clear and cold and the ice was in splendid condition.

The Waterville Band was in attendance and left nothing to be desired.

Skating began at eight o'clock and continued until eleven, then lunch was served in the Dining Hall, followed by dancing which continued until the time for the arrival of the train for Sherbrooke, as many of the guests were returning then and the Skating Party came to a close.

During the vacation, Mr. Haig had the misfortune to injure his head while tobogganing. As a result he spent a couple of weeks in the hospital, where according to rumor, the trouble localized in the region of his left side, but as he is able to be back with us again, we are rather inclined to discredit the account in "his" case, though judging from the frequent visits of certain other students to the hospital, we are not in a position to speak of their condition with the same amount of assurance.

The Christmas vacation has come and gone. Some of our members were fortunate enough to be able to spend it at home or with friends; others stayed with their "Alma Mater", and others again were engaged in Mission duty. Among the latter — Mr. Hepburn B. A. supplied the mission of Melbourne, whilst at home: Mr. Moorhead, B. A., was busy in his old mission at Bolton Parish; Mr. Durrant B. A. was in charge at Bromptonville; Mr. Booth took several Sunday's duty at Maple Grove; and Mr. Melrose in the Leeds District.

MISSIONARY UNION

On November 16th 1909, the Rev. Canon Scott, D. C. L., of Quebec City, gave an inspiring address on "Missions and the Modern World". The speaker sought an answer to the question "Does the Modern World need Christ?" ; and showed that whilst external conditions may no longer drive men to Christ, as in the 1st century, yet the experience and need of the each human soul will do so. The danger is of the individuality of men being lost in the mass of society. On looking within we see the need of a Saviour and Deliverer, as much as Christians ever did in the darkest period of the Roman Empire. The beauty of God is always a "peak of holiness" yet to be reached. Only when the civilization of the world is built on a regeneration of sinful hearts, will Christianity have reached its goal.

These are only a few points of Canon Scott's earnest and heart-searching address, which was greatly appreciated by all present.

On November 30th, the address was given by the Rev. J. W. Belford B. A. of Windsor Mills. Mr. Belford's address was on the subject of "Parish organization", and was intended chiefly for the benefit of candidates for Holy Orders, and especially for those preparing for missionary work in the western dioceses. Among the points mentioned in the address were the following. The need for definite purpose in the Priest's life. All being done to the greater glory of God. The need of self-examination on the part of the Priest. The necessity of evincing infinite patience in dealing with the flock ; and of the advisability of leading and not driving them.

Besides these things, the speaker gave some practical advice re the actual work of parish machinery and concluded by urging the young missionary not to get discouraged as Christ's cause must triumph ; and not to get into a "rut" in his work, but to put life and "vim" into it. The Priest in him must not obscure the man ; nor the man obscure the Priest.

Such an address as Mr. Belford gave, cannot fail to be productive of real and lasting good to those who are preparing for the ministry of the Church.

C.-L. MORTIMER,
Sec'y.

GUILD OF THE VENERABLE BEDE

On September 21th 1909, at a special meeting of the Guild, a circular

letter was read from the Rev. H. W. Sykes B. A. of the Bassano Mission, Calgary Diocese. This letter gave us a good insight into the missionary work of the West.

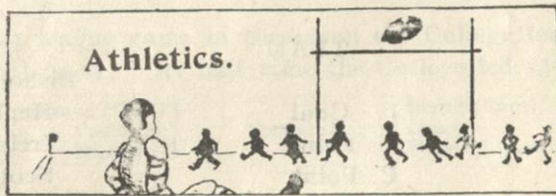
On October 2nd 1910, the regular meeting for the election of new members took place, the Warden presiding.

The following were elected: Messrs. A. F. C. Whalley B. A., A. A. Sturley B. A., W. H. Moorhead B. A., A. P. Durrant B. A., and C. L. Mortimer.

The service of admission to the Guild was held in the Oratory, on Monday February 7th 1910, at the hour of Compline, when the above named were admitted by the Warden.

Henceforward all news respecting the Guild will be regularly recorded in this section of the "Mitre".

R. ANDREWES,
Sec'y and Treas.



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

The College hockey team started the season well by winning its first game, with Stanstead College, by a score of 9-5. The match was played in the Minto Rink, Lennoxville, on Saturday January 29th, and although our team had had very little practice they showed good form and in the first half of the game outplayed their opponents completely. For the first few minutes the play was very even but then Bishops broke loose and before the halftime period had scored six to Stanstead's nil. In the beginning of the second half Stanstead started out with a rush which seemed to rattle our men who allowed Stanstead to score three times before they got down to business again. The remainder of the half was very close and exciting and at periods first class hockey was played. Before the end of the game Stanstead netted two more goals, while Bishops only managed to add three more to their score. Final score Bishops 9, Stanstead College 5. For Bishops, every man on the team played a good hard game. The forwards checked back well and

at times got in some pretty combination. The defence played a steady game all the way through and stopped Stansteads rushes in good style. For the visitors Leonard at cover point played a star game and it was mainly due to his spectacular rushing that they made their scores.

Bishops team was :

Goal, Hepburn (capt.) ; Point, Ireland ; C. Point, Scott ; Rover, Cameron ; Centre, Murray ; R. Wing, Stevens ; L. Wing, Brown.

BISHOPS vs DARTMOUTH

On Monday, February 7th, the team travelled to Hanover to play Dartmouth University. An early start and a tiresome railway journey proved too much for the team and they were beaten 2-1. The game was very close all the way through and although Bishops had much the better of the play they seemed unable to score, shooting the puck every where but into the nets. The Dartmouth men played a hard game all the time, close heavy checking being the main feature of their play. The first half was very even, each side scoring one goal, and at times fairly fast hockey was played. In the second half Dartmouth added one to their score and Bishops failed to tally. Final score Dartmouth 2, Bishops 1.

TEAM

Dartmouth		Bishops
Lullard	Goal	Hepburn (capt.)
Fatton	Point	Ireland
Eaton	C. Point	Scott
Mareton (capt.)	Rover	Cameron
Stucklen	Centre	Murray
Bates	R. Wing	Stevens
Loe	L. Wing	Brown

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

The return game with Stanstead College was played in Stanstead on Tuesday, February 8th. The game was played in the afternoon and only five of the Bishops team were on hand as it had been arranged to play in the evening and several of the team did not come up from Hanover until the evening train. The match was played five men a side and resulted in a draw. The game was very fast and exciting and both teams excited themselves to the utmost to pull out a head. Bishops led to within a few minutes of time when Stanstead managed to tie the score. The final score stood ten all. The following played for Bi-

shops : Ireland Goal, Scott Point ; Cameron, Savage, Murray, forwards.

Y. M. C. A. vs Bishops

In a league game, played in the College Gymnasium November 18th, the College defeated Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A. by a score of 28-15. The College team played first class game and showed speed and good shooting ability. They out played their opponents at all stages of the game and fully deserved their victory.

R. Tate }	Defence	Brown
H. Tate }		Alward
Astle (Capt) }	Forwards	Murray
Holt }		Savage (Capt)
Parsons }		Cameron
Dick }		

TEAMS

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

In their last league game of theseason the College team was defeated by the school 24-21. At half time the College led 13-9.

Savage (Capt) }	Forwards	Smith (Capt)
Cameron }		Green
Murray }		Dumbeil (Gordon)
Brown }	Defence	Rohr
Alward }		Douglas

EXCHANGES

After discussing several reasons for the lack of college spirit in McGill the writer of an admirable article in a recent number of the "Martlet" continues. "But the chief causes to which we can attribute the low standard of college spirit at McGill may be expressed in one word, selfishness.

Behind nearly all the excuses which are advanced, this will be found to be the real reason. Each of us is so intent upon his own little round of life that we have no time to devote to the interests of others. If we can substitute some higher ideal for the spirit of self-interest, we shall have gone a long way towards producing a college spirit which will distinguish McGill and remove the present reproach."

A very different state of college life is implied in "The Characteristics of a Sophomore" in the "Athenaeum" of Acadia University. "Class loyalty above all else characterizes a Sophomore. He knows that in union lies strength, so the Sophomores are knit together with one aim, and that to uphold the glory of the class. The Sophomores brighten, amuse, strengthen, and enliven the whole College."

We congratulate "Acta Victoriana" on its Christmas number. Few of the current magazines are so interesting in their articles and so tasteful in their arrangement.

A healthful optimism shines through an article entitled "The Missionary Spirit" in University of Ottawa Review. "To-day the eyes of the world are centred upon Canada, the premier colony of the British Empire. If, fifty years ago, the United States held the attention of European nations as a model of material and commercial progress, we are the centre of that attention to-day, and our lot it appears to be, to relieve the congestion of population of those older European countries, whose poor especially gaze with longing eyes towards our far-off shores, knowing that here there is space to live and breathe, here there is work for willing hands, here the great boon of British-Canadian citizenship is extended to all alike. Canadians themselves realize their happy position, hence it is not surprising that statesmen and journalists, in fact all classes of people, should be inclined to discuss the future. However, if to-day we are happy and prosperous, with bright prospects of even greater things to come, we owe it to a beneficent Providence rather than to say great merits of our own. If the soil is surpassing fertile, the timber and mineral lands rich beyond comparison, then it is little thanks to us if we but turn to our own advantage the wealth so generously heaped upon us. Realizing our great possibilities, gratitude not pride, should fill our hearts, and the thought uppermost in our minds should be: let us as a nation do something for the glory of God, who has done so much for us. In our mad rush after dollars and cents we are in danger of losing sight of the main factor in nation-building — the fact that a people who hear and love God is to be preferred to a nation of millionaires."

The article "Education at Small Colleges" in "Kings College Record" is chiefly noticeable because of its sarcasm. "When we hear a

man who holds a degree from one of the world's greatest Universities extolling the educational advantages of the small college we are sometimes mystified by the fact that the speaker did not seize his opportunity and go to the smaller institution..... But what strikes one in particular with regard to the small college is the great emphasis which is laid on its educational advantages and then its acknowledgement of the fact that its standard is deficient, when it quietly turns down one of its own graduates when he is suggested for a position on the faculty."

In addition to the above mentioned exchanges, THE MITRE gratefully acknowledges, "The Student", "St. John's College's Magazine", "MacMaster Monthly", "Varsity", "Trinity University Review", "Hya Yaka", "Lux Columbian", "Dalhousie Gazette", "Cambridge Review", "Idea", "University Monthly", "New Era", "Spirit of Missions", "Holy Cross", "East and West", "Argosy", "Hermonite", "Western University Magazine", "University of Manitoba" and "Xaverian".

THE NEW YEAR.

I stood on the well-warm threshold
Of the old and dying year;
I watched the evening shadows fade,
And the rosy morn appear,
With radiant face it met my gaze,
And delight in the jovous birth
Of a glad and happy New Year,
Unstained by the sins of earth.

My eyes saw naught but the tender face
Of this new-born child of Time,
Bidding my heart its strength renew
Futur ty's hills to climb;
To leave the past with its shadows dark,
Its failures that sank so deep,
In the quiet vale of forgetfulness

Where shadows are lulled to sleep;

To seize on this unstained moment
So dear to the heart of Time,
To follow its tender suggestions
Till the souls best thoughts, are sublime,
That the bright glad flush of the morning
Might last till the day was done,
And the dying thoughts of the fading hours
Be bright as the setting sun.

From Emerson College Magazine.

CONFIDENCE.

Flow on, flow on, wild hurrying tide,
There waits for thee
Fulfilment of thy dream—the wide
Deep-bosomed sea

And thou, wild heart, press on, nor fear
But there shall be
In some wide sphere, afar or near
A home for thee.

From *O. A. C. Review*.

