

be, the problem is an interesting one to those interested in college education.

Our old friend *The Trinity Review* has much in it that is noteworthy this month.

Its editorials contain practical observations on Athletics, The Tariff, The Sunday Car question, and the "referendum" as a final resort in politics. The articles on "The Educational Council" and "Matriculation" deal clearly and vigorously with matters of educational importance. It is however to the "College Chronicle" that we of *Bishop's* turn with most satisfaction, for here we see Trinity Life in aspects which connect it very closely with the spirit of our own institution. While still a mere handful numerically compared with our brethren at Trinity we can assure them that at Lennoxville we are pursuing much the same ideals as those which govern their residential life, and that furthermore we have much in common with them even in their affections. We have suffered and recovered from the same "baseball fever," our tennis court is eccentric enough to challenge comparison with any, and there are among us who have passed through the same grim wrestling with "Sup's."

We have lately received a copy of "*The Eagle*" published by members of St. John's College, Cambridge, England. *The Eagle* is a magazine of a remarkably tasteful exterior and, as might be expected, of a very high literary order. The number bearing the date of March, has besides other excellent contributions, some very interesting "Notes from The College Records" and some charming verses entitled "The Biter Bit" which we cannot forbear quoting:

Naughty little Love one day  
Robbed a hive and ran away,  
Out the angry bees did pour—  
Love was stung till he was sore.

Sped he to his mother's side,  
'Mother, make it well,' he cried:  
'How can such a little bee  
Cause such grievous pain to me?'

Spake his mother (and she smiled),  
'Like the bee art thou, my child,—  
Though a puny boy thou art,  
Grievous is thine arrow's smart.

We have also received *The Windsorian* an excellent little magazine reflecting great credit on the Collegiate School of Windsor, N. S.

We are glad to see again the *St. John's College Magazine*, which is certainly too good a periodical to be allowed to curtail its size for want of financial support. In the March number a meditation entitled "The Ocean of Life," is thoughtful and suggestive.

The *Edinburgh Student* is before us, excellent as always. Without attempting to be literary in char-

acter the *Student* always contain much that is readable to outsiders, and as a record of University events and a reflection of student-life it deserves high praise.

The *Quebec Diocesan Gazette* though not of the same class as the periodicals above mentioned, is always welcome. We think the May number well up to the usual mark, in the interest and usefulness of its contents.



### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I have, of late, been considerably annoyed, when riding through the village on my wheel, by meeting people walking on the side-track; which, by the way, *certain* persons still persist in calling the side-walk.

As I think that mine is not an isolated grievance, but on the contrary, that this pernicious practice of walking on the side-track is fast becoming a public nuisance, I feel that it is my duty to call the attention of your readers to this alarming fact, with a view to remedying the evil.

I am sure that none of us wish to appear aggressive, but when we hear of steps being taken to keep us, that is the wheel people, off the side-track, it is time for us to take action; for, though I do not think we have any reason to fear that these malignant persons will carry their point against us, as such an outrage on public freedom could not be enacted in any enlightened community, yet any barrier in the way of kind feeling, which we may formerly have entertained towards our opponents, and which prevented us from claiming our rights, is now removed.

I am well aware that in most large cities that walking on the side-track is still permitted, yet I do not think that this is any reason why we should tolerate the nuisance; can we not, by stamping out this practice, set an example which larger corporations around us may be glad to follow.

It is absolutely useless to appeal to the nice feeling of these pedestrians, for in that quality they are sadly lacking; they are in fact as stubborn as mules, and will listen to no reasoning; we must, if we wish to gain our point, resort to coercion. We have long enough submitted to having valuable wheels smashed by their wretched anatomies, we will suffer it no longer.

ANTI-PEDESTRIAN.



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Bishop's College.

It is to be hoped that Goddess of Harmony will move Mr. Carroll to publish further emanations from his musical soul.

G. H. Montgomery, Esq., B.A., ('93) a distinguished classmate of the above-mentioned gentleman, has just completed his Law Course at the University of McGill, graduating with first-class honours, seventh in rank amid a large number of competitors who succeeded in gaining a degree. Mr. Montgomery is also an old boy of the College School—a worthy representative of that noble fraternity.

W. G. Thornloe, Esq., B. A. ('96) has also been very successful in the examinations of the Law School at McGill, taking a good position in the I year class. This gentleman is, like the subject of the preceding paragraph, an old boy of the College School.

The Rev. M. O. Smith, M. A., one of our most distinguished graduates, is at present Professor of Greek in the Nachotah Divinity School, Wisconsin, U. S. This appointment was made some time ago but has only recently come to our knowledge.

F. J. D. A. Bacon, B. A., ('92) paid the University a fleeting visit on the Queen's Birthday. He made his appearance in company with the inevitable bicycle—a vehicle the possession of which seems to encourage the owner to indulge his roving proclivities.

#### SCHOOL.

Mr. Dennis Donahoe, B. C. S. 1876-79, is practising law in San Francisco and is a member of the firm of Cormac & Donahoe, with offices at 207 Battery Street.

Mr. G. H. L. Bossange, B. C. S. 1878-80, is one of the prominent business men of Edmonton, Alta, as is also Mr. Harrison Young, B. C. S. 1863-65.

Mr. J. A. Hoerner, B. C. S. 1863-65, is now a banker in Buenos Ayres.

Mr. Geo. N. Cory, B. C. S. 1889-91, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, is at present stationed at Ahmedabad, India.

Mr. H. L. Bingay, B. C. S. 1895-6, who entered the Royal Military College last September, came out head of his class in the Xmas examinations.

Mr. Wm. T. Cameron, B. C. S. 1892-6, has sailed for England. He is a candidate for entrance to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

Mr. Charles R. Hamilton, B. C. S. 1878-85, is a Barrister and Solicitor at Rosslund, B. C.

Mr. Cecil Fletcher, B. C. S. 1877-79—famous in those days as the leading drummer in the fife and drum band—is in business in Victoria, B. C.

Of old boys in Chicago—there are not a few in that city—Mr. Edward G. Garden, B. C. S. 1883-85,

and Mr. Hugh M. G. Garden, B. C. S. 1883-87, are coming to the front as successful architects, at 362 Ontario—while Mr. G. Herbert Parker, B. C. S., represents the Canada Life Ins. Co.

Mr. Walter Blue, B. C. S. 1888-90, is mining Superintendent at the San Pedro Mines, Corralitos, Mexico.

Mr. Alured A. Cunningham, B. C. S. 1887-92, is engaged in tea-planting at Buerdookmara, Cactar, India.

Capt. Alain Joly de Lotbinière, B. C. S. 1873-78 is not only one of the best shots in India but he has taught Mrs. de Lotbinière to shoot well too. Mrs. de Lotbinière won the South of India Diana Plate at Bangalore on Sept. 15th, 1896, making a possible 35 and on Nov. 22nd she won the All India Diana Plate with a score of 68 out of a possible 70.

Lieut. Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, B. C. S., has lately been hunting big game in Somali Land and has been very successful. Mr. de Lotbinière had the good fortune to kill at the first shot a magnificent lion, hitting him in the throat with an explosive bullet.

The MITRE extends hearty congratulations to those old boys who have so successfully upheld the good name of the School at McGill University during the past year, and in the recent examinations.

In the Science Faculty Messrs. R. H. Balfour, Frank White, Jack Ross and Charles F. Sise have graduated, while Mr. D. C. Atkinson has come out head of the mining class in the 3rd year, and Mr. S. G. Blaylock 2nd in the 2nd year. Mr. Paul Sise was successful in passing the 1st year exams in the same faculty.

In Arts Messrs. J. W. Thomas, C. G. Mackinnon and F. Napier Smith have passed in their respective years, and in medicine Messrs. Gordon, Alley and Cecil Townshend.

It was a graceful act on the part of graduates in Science to send their graduating photographs to the Headmaster. In the letter from Mr. Reginald Balfour which accompanied the photograph, he says: "There were nearly 25 old B. C. S. Boys at McGill last session and I can assure you that they have upheld the name of the School not only in class work but.....in every branch of athletics, being represented on nearly every committee, and not a few holding various offices in the classes and societies. We have always held together and we often talk over old times at School." The half holiday asked for by the graduates in Science was most willingly granted and greatly enjoyed.

Quite a number of old boys presented themselves on the Queen's Birthday to play for McGill against the School. The McGill College Cricket Club seems to rely largely on the skill of men who acquired their talents when boys of B. C. S.

Subscribers would be doing a great favour to the MITRE by sending all items of interest connected with graduates and old boys which come to their knowledge to the Editor.—ED.



#### ATHLETIC NOTES.

Nothing of moment has transpired in the University world of sport since the last issue of the MITRE—that is to say no matches or contests have occurred, though the air has been full of legislation and the wind has sighed many a rumour, disquieting or otherwise, into the sporting Editor's ear.

There can be no doubt that the Cricket Club did the best thing to be done when it elected Mr. Boyle Captain of the Cricket Team for the Season of '97.

There is a pleasing prospect of getting on a tennis match with McGill during Convocation week. It is to be hoped the idea will not fall to the ground.



#### EXCHANGES.

THE MITRE is pleased this month to be able to devote a few words of appreciation and greeting to the many excellent periodicals which reach it from our sister institutions, whether of our own land or from outside her borders.

In order of merit we are inclined this month to accord first place to the *McMaster University Monthly*, which, though it seems to lay but little stress on the department of college news, more than atones for this by the merit of its more weighty contributions. In the article bearing the title "Worship a condition of the highest morality," we have a deeply reasoned plea for worship, or, in other words, Religion, as the expression of what must be the result of our carrying the psychological enquiry into the origin of the moral sentiment to its ultimate source. The writer endeavours to show that, as in the enquiry into natural laws we come at last to the Supreme Being, so in our search for the basis of ethics we must ground our moral law upon the same Supreme Being, the Personal God. Among other contributions we note a very interesting and instructive comparison between the "Southern Elective System" of University Education, and our own year system, whether joined to a fixed curriculum, or as for example, at Harvard to a large number of optional courses. The points for and against each are clearly stated, and the writer's

implied preference of the former system has in our opinion much to support it.

From the atmosphere of high seriousness which we have left, we turn to the pages of *The Owl*, which as usual comes to us distinctly alive with the spirit of Ottawa College. The April number contains a number of interesting contributions, among which an article on "Edmund Burke's Oratory" is perhaps the most pleasing. The writer has fresh in his mind the charm of the great speaker's style and personality and is naturally warm in praise. We venture to think though that at times his admiration makes him lacking in discrimination as a critic. A continuation of "Our football history" strikes a note of patriotism not to be wondered at, considering the place held by Ottawa College in the history of the game in Canada.

The *King's College Record* is always very welcome on our Reading Room Table, coming as it does from a University of a character in many respects similar to our own. The April number, as usual, is bright and readable. The article on "King's College in the early Sixties" deals 'in lighter vein' with the student life of that period, and presents some interesting reminiscences.

The March number of the *McGill Fortnightly* is full of college news as usual but rather lacking in literary matter. The Editorial Valedictory contains an appeal to the students to contribute more generally to the pages of the *Fortnightly*, which we trust will produce the desired result. "By Sluggish Cam" is the title of an interesting description, by a feminine contributor, of a visit to Cambridge—the Cambridge—in term-time. The writer records her impressions and the experiences of the days' outing in a very pleasant style.

*The Harvard Monthly* is a remarkably well printed magazine of more than ordinary merit. It is ably edited, and the general tone is worthy of the College which claims to have the highest standard in Arts to be found on the continent. In the April number prominence is given to the discussion of "The three year plan," a proposal to shorten the course for the A. B. degree to three years, in order to meet the needs of those who are unable or unwilling to devote a longer time to the ideal of a liberal education. Under the present system it is possible, by special application, to obtain the degree by three years work, but an additional year of residence is required, which may however be spent in one of Harvards professional schools by those who are anxious to begin their special preparation for active life. The question is discussed from all sides by different contributors, but the opinion most frequently expressed is that the change would tend either to lower the standard of the degree or to shut out students of the "slow and sure" variety, often those who do ultimately most credit to the University! Whatever the decision of the Faculty may

With very few exceptions Mr. Scott's verse is characterized by a melody of speech admirably suited to the thoughts. In a latter poem not included in these volumes he has created a metre of striking power. Here is an example of it:

Ye tempests that sweep from the deep,  
which the night and the light overspan,  
Assemble in splendor and render the praise  
of magnificent man.

We have already seen many later poems from the same pen which we hope soon to welcome in a companion volume to the ones with which we have been holding sweet communion. For the present we must close our good friends and put them aside.

Nature endowed their author with the vision and the faculty divine. He has already done considerable work that is sure to live. Let us trust, as we look with pleasure at the growth of our Canadian poetic literature, that he may be able, notwithstanding the engrossing duties of a large town parish, to give the world the ripe fruit of his matured and perfected powers.

M.

#### DIVINITY NOTES.

The Divinity Scribe again finds himself with abundant labour on his hands, for in addition to other multifarious duties he most search *and find* the wherewithal to fill his "page." So like "The Gallant Roman" who would "find a way or make it," he must in some way or other find 'notes' or make them.

First, there is the same old story of approaching examinations. On the 7th of June the Hall will again be opened for the ruthless combat between Paper and Brains. What will be the victory—who can tell? Since the warfare is not between the combined forces of the various Orders of Brains on the one hand, and on the other the complete Lists of Papers, but rather a hand-to-hand encounter, each by and for himself, the results will probably be very varied. Victories, complete and by a hair-breadth,—defeats, by a span and most crushing, may be expected. But we will not be too 'previous' The Divinity Scribe wishes success and glorious victories, to all who engage in the contest (that is on the side of Brains.)

During the absence of the Principal and Professors at the Diocesan Synod, held in Quebec, May 5th.-7th, the Chapel Services were taken by the Rev. Thomas L. Ball, who is at present residing in Lennoxville. Mr. Ball is a graduate of Bishop's College and took his degree of Master of Arts in 1862.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese sails for England on the 16th. His Lordship will preach the

University Sermon at Cambridge, on May 30th, and latter attend the Lambeth Conference in July and return to Quebec about the middle of August.

On account of this visit, the ordination of Deacons which usually takes place in June, will be deferred until the fifth of September. It is expected that four of the Students, Messrs. Watson, B.A., Vial, B.A., Pye, B.A., and Gustin, B.A., who are completing the course in this Faculty, will then be admitted to Holy Orders.

We are informed that Mr. Watson has been appointed Assistant Master in Bishop's College School. We congratulate Mr. Watson upon getting this position, and also the School upon getting Mr. Watson as a Master.

Of the other gentlemen who will be admitted to the Diaconate, Mr. Vial will be given the vacant mission of Beebe Plain. Mr. Pye will go to Labrador, and Mr. Gustin will take duty for the winter in the parish of New Ireland, during the absence of the rector, the Rev. W. G. Falconer.

The Rev. C. E. Bishop who has been in Labrador for the past two years has been appointed to the Mission of Hereford; and the Rev. J. S. B. Dickson will go to Agnes from the Magdalen Islands, his place there being filled by a lay reader.

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of Readers held Friday, May 14th, Mr. Holah read a very interesting paper on the American Church.

Mr. Holah outlined the history of the Church, tracing its growth and development from the time of the discovery of America by the Cabots 1497 to the present day. Owing to the nearness of examinations it was decided not to ask anyone to read a paper at the next meeting, which will be the last one this year.

Mr. B. Watson, B. A., has been elected to the position of Editor-in-Chief of "The Mitre" for next year (1897-98) Messrs. W. R. Hibbard, B. A., and G. F. C. Caffin (Arts '97) were also elected as Associate-Editors for the Divinity Faculty, and Mr. J. L. Holah (Div. '98) as Assistant Business Manager.

The Rev. C. E. Bishop has returned to civilization from the rugged coasts of Labrador, partly we understand, to enjoy a few days of well-deserved respite from arduous missionary labours, but especially to make an appeal on behalf of a mission church which is in process of building upon that storm-worn shore. The reverend gentleman intends to return to Labrador for a month or two before proceeding to his new charge at Hereford.

Rumour has given it out that the College Chapel is to be further renovated during the long vacation. It is said that the Sanctuary is to be panelled and the electric lamps placed more suitably. Perhaps too, the remainder of the Chapel will be floored with

hardwood. Altogether we have reason to expect that the interior will be immensely improved before the beginning of the Michaelmas Term.

The year of the Diamond Jubilee will be a memorable one in the annals of the Anglican Church since it is the year of the Pan-Anglican Conference.

A full attendance of Colonial and American Bishops is confidently and reasonably looked forward to and, judging by the programme drawn up, the questions brought up for discussion will be of vital moment to the English Church in particular and the Catholic Church in general.

Now the Divinity Scribe's stock of Notes is transferred to paper and he finds that the page is not filled up. But there is nothing more to write about so here endeth.

#### ARTS NOTES.

The advent of spring has produced many changes in the routine of our college life. Both indoors and without its effects may be noted. The season always serves to remind us of the nearness of the June examinations. Good resolutions are made, and although at no period of the year are temptations to idleness from without so strong it is probable that more work is done in the Trinity Term than in any other. The Racquet Court, which has afforded so much pleasurable exercise during the winter months, is now almost deserted, athletic interest seeming to centre in the game of base ball which has recently been introduced. The boats and canoe also come in for a large share of attention and picnics up the river are of frequent occurrence. The College Tennis court, which suffered so severely from last year's flood, is at present being re-sodded, but, owing to the kindness of Mrs. Adams in placing her private Court at their disposal, lovers of this game have already enjoyed some excellent practice. The cricket ground will soon be in good condition and the prospects for the coming season are encouraging.

The appointment of Mr. F. W. Frith, B. A., as Bursar of the University is a most popular one. Mr. Frith, who is a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, was for some time a master in the Grammar School and is well remembered by many of our present students. Whilst in the school Mr. Frith took a leading part in the foundation of the MITRE and interested himself generally in the amusements of the students. No more suitable gentleman could have been selected for the vacant office.

The Bicycle craze seems to have taken a strong hold upon both College and School. The number of "wheels" to be seen about the premises is unprecedented. We regret to hear of one of our men

meeting with a very serious accident whilst engaged in this recreation. Mr. John Mills (Arts '99), was coasting down a hill in the neighbourhood of North Hatley when his foot became entangled so as to throw him from his machine with great force. The accident might easily have proved fatal; as it was, Mr. Mills escaped with some severe bruises.

All of the Professors were present at the Synod which was recently held in Quebec. The government of the College was thus, for the first time, left entirely in the hands of the students themselves, whose behaviour showed that they fully appreciated the trust reposed in them. The Chapel services were conducted in a most acceptable manner by Rev. T. L. Ball, M. A.

#### HERE AND THERE.

##### COLLEGE.

Apparently in answer to the Editor's touching appeal which appeared as a foot-note to the *Here and There* of the April issue, we are in receipt of a notice of the Maine Musical Festival Association in which Mr. Marcus H. Carroll, B. A., ('93) figures most conspicuously. Those who remember the remarkable musical ability which Mr. Carroll displayed when in residence will not be surprised at his taking a prominent place among musicians wherever he may be. Again, the subscribers to the MITRE cannot forget the able articles he has contributed from time to time since his departure to the pages of the College Magazine—articles which handled musical subjects with great skill and manifest knowledge, e. g. "The Genius of Wagner" and "Music and Drama."

As we should expect from such antecedents we find Mr. Carroll as Conductor of a Grand Benefit Concert given by the above-named Association at Norway, Maine. The Programme is naturally composed of noble selections from various eminent composers, among whom we notice Mozart, Wagner, and Handel.

Furthermore Mr. Carroll appears to have been assisted by a large and, we must suppose, a most talented body of singers in both the choral and solo parts.

With this programme has been submitted to us a list of Mr. Carroll's compositions including one which that gentleman's old friends will recognize at once as familiar viz., "The Dance of the Gnomes." The other two pieces are at least new to the writer of this notice. "Les Murmures du Bois" (Waltz) and "Two Album Leaves:"—

- (a.) "Sighing,"
- (b.) "Longing."

tion as to whether the premises warrant the conclusion, we may take the quoted sentence and context as a fair specimen of the prose of the novel. There is in this short story a subtlety of intellectual analysis that in the eyes of many, is unpardonable. The philosophy is too abundant for real life. One cannot help asking if Elton is not a bit prodigious, talking essays and writing, theses on profound artistic topics to his friend. There is a well depicted pathos in the story. The lack of humor and of a realistic element may account for its not being better known. The tone of the book is wholesome and stimulating, the triumph of good is strongly brought out, and as one lays it down he cannot help wishing that the taste for this class of reading were more widely developed. There is almost a parallel scene in one of the short poems, to the touching death scene of Elton's little son, To Van Elsen.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled  
And in the sunshine slew his little child.  
This time he listened to the Voice and  
Praised Him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

What we have said of the prose applies to much of Mr. Scott's verse, especially the more ambitious. It is sometimes rendered a trifle heavy by the effort to reach a depth, or it may be a 'high that proved too high.' He soon finds as all must who try to voice 'the still sad music of humanity' that

Mortal utterance half conceals  
The deepest joy the bosom feels.

In Via Mortis is one of the strongest and most profound poems, but it is not without defects. It is at least unusual to say of the sinking sun that he "slopes down to rest." When Tennyson speaks of "Orion sloping slowly to the west" he doubtless refers to the inclining posture of the figure in the constellation. We cannot see why this line should be marred by introducing so forced a figure. Again the last line of the poem breaks down in regarding the soul apart from the personality. These lines suffice to show the confusion of the thought :

So would I live this life's brief span, great dead,  
\* \* \* \* \* Until

Well pleased ye set for me a royal throne  
And welcome as confederate with your own,  
'The soul gone from me on my dying bed.

There is a test of poetic value which when applied to Mr. Scott's works bring them out to advantage, we mean the possession or not of that quality of "earnestness" which Aristotle and Arnold after him insisted on. "Genuine poetry," according to Matthew Arnold, "is composed in the soul." The soul's quest is instinct with this quality :

She broods among the tangled fears,  
The undergrowth of perished years,  
That darken round the lake of tears.

And finding ultimately in the Cross the object of her quest it is henceforth "her solace and her balm" Justin confesses, after the beauty of Christianity has dawned upon him, other creeds but touch the edge of being. But this new life breathes life into our life. Again from the beautiful, reverent, hexameter lines on Calvary we take this instance :

O soul that art lost in immensity, craving for light and  
despairing,  
Here is the hand of the Crucified, pulses of love in its  
veins,  
Human as ours in its touch, \* \* \*

Some lines in an unpretentious metre have a genuine ring and are interesting as touching upon a subject of special interest in our day :

For though Death's Arm be strong, love,  
Our love, its light will shed,  
And like a glorious song, love,  
Will live when Death is dead.

This hints at what D. G. Rossetti has so well maintained, the endurance of an earthly union even under the changed conditions of a future existence. Not the least among Mr. Scott's efforts is a short, unique poem entitled Sorrow's Waking. The picture is the work of an impressionist, but the strokes of the brush are guided by a master hand and the combined effect reaches the heart. The last lines speak of

Where Death's reaping  
Leaves man sleeping  
In God's keeping.

He has created very little that will awaken a fuller response in the human soul than this poem ; and as an instance of how rhythmical language can become the art medium of the emotions we think Sorrow's Waking is a triumph. Of all these instances, and especially this last one, as Mr. Scott says elsewhere,

The roots  
Are down, far down, within the spirit's depths,  
Amid the voiceless shadows of the soul.

For, fascinating felicity, the palm is easily won by My Lattice, the exquisite short poem which gives the name to the second volume. In this poem the author has shown what he can do, one had almost said what can be done, in presenting a sparkling and beautifully transparent description of a soul-excursion through the universe.

Then as I dream with half shut eye,  
Without a sound or motion,  
To me that little square of sky  
Becomes a boundless ocean.

An straight my soul unfurls its sails  
That blue sky-sea to sever,  
My fancies are the noiseless gales  
That waft it on forever.

There are some brilliant flashes in Thor which is in different vein from its companions. These stanzas are seldom surpassed :

Madly his blood with a bound  
Leaped from his heart to his brain,  
Till his thought and his senses were drowned  
In the ache of a longing like pain,  
In a hush that was louder than sound.

Not a mere shadow is sin,  
Clinging like wine to the lip,  
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin  
After man taketh a sip ;  
But a poison that lurketh within.

Among the brightest gems with which these little books are well adorned stands the poem, In the Woods. For all poetic souls the forests have a language of secret and enchanted life. Millet painted his masterpieces in or near the imposing forest of Barbijou and stoutly refused to exchange its dreamy beauty and mysterious influence of healing and peace for the din of artistic Paris.

To catch and voice Nature's message is a prominent phase of the poet's work. This little poem is a most successful effort along this line. Here is a graphic picture from *Natura Victrix* :

Now behold the links of lightning,  
Round the neck of storm-god tightening,  
Madden him with rage and shame,  
Till he smites the earth with flame,  
In the darkening and the brightening  
Of the clouds on which he came.

Here is the burden of this admirable but somewhat lengthy poem :

Tempest hands the forests rending,  
Placid stars the night attending,  
Mountains, storm clouds, land and sea,  
Nature ! make me one with thee ;  
From my soul its pinions rending,  
Chain me to thy liberty.

In Calvary there is a beautiful expression of spiritual truth by means of a natural figure which is skilfully stated with scientific fulness and accuracy.

Lo, as we wonder and worship, the night  
of the doubts that conceal Him,  
Rolls from the face of the dawn till  
His rays through the cloud-fissures slope ;  
Vapours that hid are condensed to the  
dews of His grace that reveal him,  
And shine with His light on the hills  
as we mount in the splendour of hope.

It is a rapid transition to turn from these rich, melodious lines to blank verse, but there is considerable in this line which deserves notice.

Blank verse is a truer test of the poet's power than that which is adorned with the music of rhyme. Justin is a commendable effort, but much the best is Dion. There are two passages near the end in which the language is especially happy.

This about Dion's meeting :

His wife, his long lost Arete. \* \*  
Panting and quivering like a hunted fawn,  
She downward bent her face in guileless shame  
And told him, with her cheek against his breast,  
How through those years of captive misery  
She, like a priestess, had in secret shrine  
Of wedded heart kept ever bright and pure  
The vestal flame of her great love for him.

Again when the young men had failed to overpower him by muscular force and a sword is brought to finish their treacherous design Dion greets it thus.

Ha ! ye have found a sword ; 'tis well, for now  
I shall lie down to sleep as soldiers should,  
Wounded in front and by a soldier's blade.  
O Syracuse, I thought to carve a rock  
Rough and unhewn into a perfect shape ;  
But lo ! 'twas only clay wherewith I wrought,  
And every wind and rain did melt you down  
Into the common mud which tyrants love  
To smooth into an easy path to power.

There are many sonnets in these volumes which call for more than the passing notice which we can give them. Mr. Scott is at home with the sonnet and some of his most finished work has taken this form. The one on Shakspeare is well known and pretty well unequalled. Those on Idols and Cypress Wreath would adorn any volume. We noticed a dangerous nearness to repetition in the sonnet on Idols to an idea expressed in Te Judice.

Fool, take up thy light,  
And descend the stair steep,  
To thy heart's dungeons deep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Take now thy torch, descend the winding years,  
The silent stairway to thy secret shrine.

The metre and versification of these poems are always good. In *Natura Victrix* one line is rather abrupt and rugged :

With a full and powerful breath,

Again in A Nocturne this line is not especially happy in metre or rhyme :

While the rafters that creaked were a choir whose  
laudations.

lege, Lennoxville, preached a sermon from the text "In my father's house are many mansions." The concluding portion of this discourse, which refers at some length to the Cathedral idea in the Anglican Church, is so interesting, that we give it as follows: One marked example of the Father's House, using the expression in the verse of a sacred place dedicated to the worship of God and one that is characteristic of our Anglican system—is the Cathedral system. It may be an exaggeration to say that as the Temple was amongst Jewish places of worship, so is a Cathedral amongst other churches—for in all true churches the most sacred religious worship is offered; and daily worship is a habit that should be in the ideal state of things offered up in parish churches as in Cathedrals. I remember well hearing Bishop Williams from this spot speaking of the importance of this very thing at the Synod of 1888—at which Synod the Constitution of the Cathedral was promulgated. But as the Ely statutes say it should be a daily service with singing and great joy; and as the architecture of the Cathedral should be noble, so should every art used be of the best that can be procured—perfect music wedded to noble words—the highest worship, the ablest teaching. Bishop Stillington says:—"Every Cathedral in its first institution was as the temple to the whole Diocese," and some have called the Cathedral the Parish Church of the whole Diocese, so that a Diocese is sometimes called a Parish in this connection. The point I wish to urge is that there may be one spirit and object of worship; but that organization suggests that a higher effect will be obtained if one church be a Cathedral than if all churches be exactly alike. The Cathedral is not an ornamental addition to a Diocese; it is part of the essential working of a Diocese. No doubt, in England, Cathedrals are not, as a rule, Parish Churches, though in two cases I know, from personal observation, this is not so; as in the new Cathedral of Truro, raised in great part by the noble efforts of Bishop Benson while at Truro, and now to be completed in his memory. In that Cathedral, the south aisle is the former Church of St. Mary, and parochial work is still done under its auspices, the Vicar of the church being, I believe, a Canon of the Cathedral. Again, when in Newcastle-on-Tyne, St. Nicholas Church, in 1882, became a Cathedral, it retained its Vicar and Curates and carried on all its parochial activities. It is not the daily worship which makes the difference. This should, whenever possible, be common, because daily worship is the highest duty and sanctifies daily life. The Cathedral is not only the Church of the Cathedral, Bishop's seat,—like the flagship of the Admiral,—but it is also, in some sort, meant to be the Diocesan workshop—essential to a Diocese for Diocesan purposes. You are accustomed to the corporate service held in the Cathedral upon the occasion of the meeting of the Synod, the prayers of the faithful are ask-

ed for God's blessing on these deliberations in no perfunctory spirit. Such a service as that where as representatives of the many parishes of a Diocese we meet together to report progress, to devise and modify rules, to encourage one another to good works, to appoint Governors for our important educational institutions, such as Lennoxville and Compton, is only one example which may be given out of many the Diocesan works and Diocesan gatherings in which a Cathedral may help—may find its special functions. Dean Stanley speaks of the great need of those many offices of worship, of administration, of reward, of dignity and of learning which our Cathedrals are intended to furnish. Many admirable thoughts on this subject by various devout thinkers of varied Church opinions but of approved loyalty to our Church will be found in a book published in 1872, "Essays on Cathedrals." Dean Howson edits the work and writes the introduction. He says his experience at Chester has convinced him of the immense opportunities possessed by the Cathedral system if it were fully developed to do useful work for the Church and the country. He looks on the Cathedral Chapter—Dean and Canons—as a strong and continuous Diocesan organization forming an intermediate machinery to give to the whole Diocese by bringing more into touch the Episcopate and the parochial clergy. The Chapter being regarded by another writer as the Council of the Bishop and a safeguard of constitutional Episcopacy. This writer, a layman, Mr. Beresford Hope, second founder of St. Augustine's Missionary College, regards Cathedrals as essentially missionary centres. He regards Cathedrals as influencing the laity as well as the clergy—and those who have seen the crowds under the dome of St. Paul's, or in the nave of York Minster, will feel that Cathedrals may well provide for the Democracy—"the Church for the people." Looking from this point of view it has been urged that one of the Canons should be a Canon Missioner, should "go the progress" as it used to be styled, and under the Bishop's authority and at the Rector's invitation be the recognized conductor of parochial missions in the Diocese; being chosen with a view to his fitness for this special and aggressive but very difficult and delicate work. Cathedral is a place where corporate reunions such as choral festivals should be held, and special missionary services where corporate responsibility for mission work should be urged, and special news from the seat of missionary war announced. Ordinations should as a rule be held in Cathedrals, though in districts where the work of the Church is unknown or misunderstood, such solemn services may well take place in other churches—as in a place where youths are being trained for the ministry. Several of the writers in this volume—such men as Bishop Benson, Bishop Westcott, Bishop Perowne, Bishop Goodwin, Canon Norris, Freeman the historian,—contribute their sound judgment and weighty thought to

the great subject of Cathedrals in their relation to Church Life. One thought crops up quite frequently in the book—the educational work of the Cathedral. A Theological College is regarded as part of the Cathedral system; this has been carried out in many cases—especially at Lincoln, at Truro—where the manifold work of Archbishop Benson remains as a grand object lesson—at Wells, at Lichfield, at Bristol the Cathedral close is called College Green—referring to an ancient College on that spot; perhaps you will forgive the personal allusion on this one occasion—to me so interesting:—In striving to do my duty as Principal of the Church University—which is a Theological College and something more—a College and a School—I shall, in influencing those under me, especially those who are preparing for Holy Orders, be doing work which many authorities think is one of the truly special works of the Canon of a Cathedral. The thought that one is connected with this Cathedral—so full of nearly a century of sacred memories—and of the record of a century of self-sacrificing work in the apostolic succession of those whose official seat has been here, but their work in manifold places—(and it fills us with thankfulness to note that at the present moment the work of the Diocese as a whole under Bishop Dunn is more hopeful perhaps than at any point of its whole history) this thought should be an incentive to any one who has the honor to be connected with it. "Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy Palaces—for my brethren and companions' sake I will wish thee Prosperity." Remember that all organization in the sphere of the Church is meant to increase spiritual efficiency. The worship, the recognition of the Divine presence, the arraying of the forces of the Church, the Synods, the teaching is all meant to promote *spiritual* efficiency. All this is meant to edify the members of the body of Christ. Will this thought not help us? *A recognition of the Father's House*—a Palace with many rooms—all of which have not the same special use, but the use of all conduces each in its own way to the Father's glory:

Many members but one body—  
One pure harp—divers tones—  
One Love of God—many homes of it—  
One Father's House—many mansions,  
Many dwelling places in it!

—*Quebec Chronicle*, May 3rd, 1897.



#### FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

The three tastily bound volumes (\*) before us represent thus far the fruits of the labours of one of Canada's most promising writers. When visiting

\* The Soul's Quest and other Poems. Kegan Paul, French & Co., London, 1888. Elton Hazlewood. T. Whitaker, New York, 1892. My Lattice and other Poems. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, 1894.

Boston a few years ago, the writer was asked if he knew of a Mr. Scott who had written some exceedingly sweet verses. The ones cited were, On the Cliff, A Sonnet on Shakespeare, Under the Pines, and A Wayside Cross. The reply being in the affirmative the questioner expressed a hope to get better acquainted with the works of one who could sound such liquid notes.

About the same time Mr. Scott's admirers at home were delighted to find themselves in company with so renowned a critic as Mr. Gladstone, who expressed his pleasure at hearing in the earliest volume the voice of a truly poetic spirit. Many felt at that time that Mr. Scott had only laid a good foundation upon which greater successes would be reared. The last volume of poems has fully justified such expectation. Readers of the *Mitre* will remember how the *London Speaker* welcomed Samson, one of the poems in this volume, as probably the best American poem published for years. Only those who know the *Speaker* can fully value this expression of its deliberate opinion. In this powerful poem a height of dramatic presentation is reached which is seldom attained.

The monologue forms so complete a unit that it does not lend itself easily to quotations. These lines are characteristic:

Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,  
But the soul within is proud  
Dungeon fetters cannot still  
Forces of the tameless will.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Give me back for one blind hour,  
Half my former rage and power,  
And some giant crisis send,  
Meet to prove a hero's end.

As we would naturally expect of one whose work has won so flattering a recognition, Mr. Scott is a firm believer in the dignity of his art.

In his short but beautifully written novel, Elton Hazlewood, the hero comes to this conclusion: "Acting is the lowest form of art, then comes music, then painting and sculpture and then poetry." There may be some who would be loth to accept this order and who would fain give "The tides of music's golden sea setting towards eternity" a different place in the scale of the arts. Let us hear Elton's defence of his position. He goes on: "I take it that that form of art must be the highest the enjoyment of which depends least upon the sensuous nature of the percipient, because intellectual pleasures are the only ones that grow intenser as life goes on and the bodily powers decay."

This is followed by an effort to show that the pleasure derived from poetry is purely intellectual and that form and metre only help out such pleasure because they harmonize with the thoughts in a 'divine fitness' of each to the other. Leaving out the ques-

ture ranged on the side of virtue, and it may be fair enough to assert that the works of such men as Juvenal and Tacitus warded off the final dismemberment of the Empire to a later generation.

But since a generation or two past, the patronage of letters has changed hands. There is now no cultured Prime Minister nor Court Favourite to act as Censor of the Press. The public is now the patron of literature, and a soft-hearted long-suffering patron she is! Any person who has the ability to clothe his thoughts in good English, and put them in an interesting way, arrests the public eye at once. If his language is but a mask for indecency, if he displays a contempt for existing institutions (even though they may have stood the test of ages and even though they are sealed by Divine Authority,) so much the better. Such defiance smacks of heroism and the defiant one though really the Bayard of social anarchy, is deemed by the public to be a courageous champion of social reform.

It may be said that this is a sweeping condemnation of public taste. If it is so, how is it that these things sell like wild-fire, while the wholesome literature of thirty years ago keeps but a small amount of public regard, and modern books of a healthy tone hardly maintain their standing-ground?

It evidently rests with the patron to make literature what it should be, for it has been seen that when the patrons' taste and interest both insist upon purity of motive in literary work, the moral tone of literature was high. Now the patronage, once dispensed by a few, has become a patronage well-nigh universal. There is no intellectual oligarchy in modern times distributing its favours to deserving clients, but it is a democracy which rules—scattering its honours indiscriminately—a wayward and fickle democracy as most democracies are. The democratic form of government is considered the ideal one by many sound thinkers who however believe that such a form of government, to be successful, must be in the hands of an educated and intelligent populace. So it should be with the patronage of authors. If this patronage is to be an ideal one the public must be educated, must be cultured, and must be pure. Yet this patronage has been handed over to a half-educated, uncultured public whose evil leanings too often appear to be kept in check by conventional respectability which decent covering several writers of distinction and a host of slavish imitators threaten to tear aside. It is therefore left for the twentieth century to truly educate and raise the tone of the public, or else reap the fruits of immorality and libertinism the seeds of which an immoral literature will surely sow.

### THE "SACRO SPECO."

We left Rome by the early train for Tivoli—the ancient Tibur—in order to get a glimpse of its classic and natural beauties before taking the train thence to Cineta Romana. Tivoli the beautiful was just waking up when we arrived—the sun shining through the mountain gorges on the many cascades of the Anio, turning the streams to molten gold and the sprays to rainbows where it rose from the valley on left—the donkeys lazily leaving the blue-grey olive covered slopes with their burdens—the temples of the Sibyl and Tibur standing clearly out against the bare grey ridges of the farther hills—and the bells of the cathedral ringing the sleepy Italians to their prayers. Here is the magnificent villa D'Este, the most stately and beautiful of the Italian country houses, smiling down, over its fountains and ilex-crowned hill on the ruined villa Adriana, built by Hadrian the Emperor, and, even in ruins, ten miles long! and far away rising out of the dreary blue campagna, on the immortal dome of S. Pietro. But there is no time to waste even at Tivoli. On the train there is an hour of tunnelled climbing when we can remember how the Latins loved old Tibur and sang of it—" *Mihi iam non regia Roma, sed vacuum Tibur placet.*" (Hor. Ep.: 1.) "*Vanit Herculeos colles: quid Tiburis alti aura valet?*" (Mart: vii,) and a host of other passages reminding us of the fame to which it had justly achieved on account of its beauty, situation and climate.

At Cineta Romana the diligence meets the train to take us to Subiaco. There is a good road winding through the mountains, but, unfortunately, infested with brigands. However, as we have an armed guard of Carabinieri, it is safe enough by day. We follow the aqueduct which brings the "Acqua Marcia" from its springs in the mountains to Rome. The valleys are carpeted with daisies, violets, periwinkles and tulips, in some places almost hiding the grass and brown "tufa" rock, which crops out everywhere, reminding one, at every step, of the volcanic origin and nature of the country. Every few miles we pass a town perched up on the top of a hill, a mere group of twenty or thirty houses with a church or so and a citadel or "ark," encircled with a wall. Were they but white instead of brown with age and covered with moss and ivy, they might serve for the original of Browning's "Yonder sparkle is the citadel's, circling its summit."

As night comes on the colors change in the mountains, the valleys darken, and the distant towns shine behind us, or, before, stand out in black silhouettes against the molten gold of the sunset. The mists begin to rise from the streams, like the sweet perfumes from a censer, wafted up at eventide by a tired world as a tribute to the dying sun. And night folds her gentle arms about all things and bids them rest, and draws her cloak close around them, and shuts out all fear. But we remember that these same

mists are dangerous, and are glad at last to see Subiaco straggling up its hillside to the palace of its Cardinal. After our bags are examined at the gate by the town customs, we have dinner and a roaring log fire at the old inn "La Pernice," then, with a very small boy—Giovannino—for guide, begin the ascent to the convent of S. Scholastica, where we are hospitably received by the good monks, given wine and bread, and—best of all after a fatiguing day—a bed. Yes, a bed at seven o'clock, for at five to-morrow we must begin the further ascent to the Sacro Speco—the holy holies of Subiaco—the cave to which the boy Benedict fled from Rome, in which he lived alone, and which afterwards became the birth-place and cradle of the Monks of the West.

Here, high upon a mountain, with the headlong Annino rushing by its base, he "the blessed one" lived, clothed in sheepskins, receiving daily a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water for his sustenance from Romanus, a good priest—who lowered them to Benedict by a cord. Now the cave has been protected from the cliff side by a building jutting out over the valley—and a more lonely—but, indeed, a more picturesque and beautiful spot, could hardly be imagined.

" *Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat  
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.*"

And here high up among the peaks of the eternal mountains was the first of the "colles Benedicti."

In the entrance corridor (which entrance is built against the cliff, or, arches over the abyss) are frescoes of four sainted popes, and in the chamber terminating the passage is an umbrian masterpiece of the Madonna and Divine child.

Passing through a door we reach the church proper enclosing the cave of S. Benedict. It was built, as it now stands, in 1166, by the Abbot, John V, and in the XIII century was decorated with frescoes depicting the life of Our Lord; taking the events in order from the prophecies to the crucifixion. Under this last is a picture of S. Benedict and his disciples, behind which is the bare rock of the cave.

On every side are chapels hewn in the living rock, all decorated with frescoes of the best Umbrian Masters. Descending a staircase opening near the High Altar, we entered a perfect maze of chapels, resplendent with color and blazing with hanging silver lamps—for this is the ancient natural cave in which the saint lived.

In the principal one is a marble statue of Benedict in the attitude of prayer before a cross. Above is the fresco of Romanus lowering his bread. The most beautiful frescoes here are those of the death, resurrection assumption and coronation of the Madonna, by Giotto\* fresh as they left the hand of the master, glowing with life-like color, delicate and lovely. Probably

there is nowhere so fine a collection of uninjured frescoes. Descending still further by a 'scala santa' up which the monks make the 'via crucis' on their knees; we notice the walls on either side covered with frescoes, showing on the right, Death sparing the old but taking the young; on the left, the three states after death shown to a crowd of thoughtless youths. The roof is formed by the jagged mountain rock which overhangs, forming the cavern. The walls everywhere are masses of subdued coloring and gold, perfectly harmonious and in keeping with the strange scene. In a chapel at the foot of these stairs, through which we pass to the garden, is a fresco of the Madonna and child, before which Benedict was said to pray. It is certain that here he preached to the country folks, who came from all the hamlets for miles around to hear his teaching. In the garden are some rose trees planted by S. Francis of Assisi when he came to visit the monastery, and the cemetery of the monks, beside which is a vault. Through the wall of this is pierced a window—and we can see the bones and skulls of the countless brothers who have been buried there. Curiously enough, when St. Francis was at the 'Sacro Speco,' the artist who was then painting the chapels is said to have painted the only true picture of the saint. It fills the description given of him *facies hilaris, vultus benignus, facie utcumque oblonga et protensa, frons plana et parva, nasus, aequalis et rectus.*" It is remarkable for the absence of the stigmata, and therefore certainly was painted before his canonization, and more than probably during his visit.

But now, although we have not seen half of the famous 'Sacro Speco,' we must descend through the grove and chapels to S. Scholastica, to breakfast. One's enthusiasm in art—and other things—is wont to flag on an empty stomach. So at eight o'clock we sit down to black coffee and dry bread, in the monastery which boasts being to Italy what Westminster was to England,—the first publishing establishment! It is curious that both institutions were Benedictine. Having finished our coffee, and lit our pipes, we say good-bye to the kind old monks, and passing through the cloisters and huge postern gate, begin our twenty-four mile walk to Olivano and Genazzano, through the purple and golden hills of Latium.

A. POWELL AVELING,



### CATHEDRALS AND THEIR PLACE IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

*Part of a Sermon Preached by Rev. Principal Adams on the Occasion of His Installation as Canon of the Cathedral in Quebec, May 2nd, 1897.*

After his installation as Canon, at the Cathedral, on Sunday night, Rev. Dr. Adams, of Bishop's Col-

\* Possibly by Giotto, or at least by one of his famous school.

# THE MITRE.

VOL. IV.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q., MAY, 1897.

No. 7.

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THE MITRE is published monthly during the College year, by the Students of Bishop's College and the Boys of Bishop's College School.

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

Address all communications to THE MITRE,

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, Que.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. Contributors of articles are entitled to receive 3 copies gratis of the number containing their articles, which articles must be received by the Editor-in-Chief not later than the 31st of the month for the current month's issue.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**I**N the days of the Roman Empire's decadence the follies and vices of the age were portrayed in very lively colors by satirists like Juvenal and Persius, by historians like Tacitus, by philosophers like Seneca. Yet the evils of the time were only depicted to be ridiculed or condemned; they were displayed before the public in all their naked vileness in order to excite the popular abhorrence. Sad to say it has been reserved for authors of the refined and humane nineteenth century to pander to the bad taste of an eager multitude of vulgar and half-educated readers—to gauge the evil bias of the reading world and then supply it with what it wrongly craves for, seems to be the sole ambition of several authors of acknowledged talent who are now great favorites.

Literature naturally guides those who are devoted readers, and the larger the reading public becomes the greater becomes the responsibility of those who contribute to current literature. The authors of ancient times appear on the whole to have remained true to their trust—to have scouted vice and folly

with a zeal and earnestness that is surprising indeed when the depravity of that time is considered. On the other hand, the modern magazines and book-stalls are more or less stocked with unwholesome novels, short stories and articles written (so it appears to old-fashioned eyes) to wage war against some God-honoured custom, or to set up in the place of noble institutions some poor-spirited conception based on questionable morality and flimsy logic. There are many indeed who do not go so far as to propound any new scheme of social life but who do their best by insinuation and loose suggestion to undermine all that is good in the existing social system. Now this laxity of tone must have a pernicious effect upon the average individual who soaks himself, or herself, in that sort of literature; it fills the mind with false ideas in regard to the laws which regulate the conduct of man to his neighbor; it creates a dissatisfaction which it cannot remedy.

Thus in this respect the *morale* of the classical period, even at its worst, appears far in advance of that of many authors in Christian countries to-day.

It may now be asked what has produced this falling off among *literati* when one might reasonably have expected a distinct advance? It may perhaps be sought in the changed conditions which regulate the literary work of modern times. When Nero or Trajan were *in imperio* the patronage of men of letters was left to a select few—to a class of men whose education and refinement were all that the age could well produce—to a class of men, few in number and of high authority as officials of the then world Empire of Rome, to whose interest it would be to see that the writings of their able but needy clients were in accord with fair decency and proper respect for authority. In this way their good taste and best interests would harmonize; in regard to the former, they would appreciate work which resembled more ancient models, for in those days the moral air was comparatively pure; in regard to the latter they would feel the need of commending such work as would tend to bind a restraint upon the alarming moral looseness of the late Empire—the value of morality as a safeguard of the Empire must have been recognized by all true statesmen of the period. Accordingly, a stern love of virtue may be observed, as a leading characteristic of most of the great writers of this degenerate age, and a fierce invective against the vices of the same is equally marked in many of the works of that time. In this way was litera-