

THE MITRE

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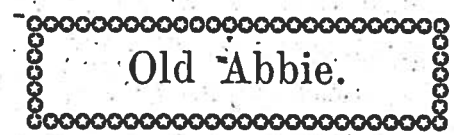
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Old Abbie.

BY

EBENEZER HUCKINS, POSTMASTER.

I've studied politics a good deal in my time, and I don't think I'll lose my reputation among the folks round here when I say I've profited some in following up the business practically. You see, it's this way with us people near the Line, if we don't hustle ourselves, we can't count on no one to do it for us. It's French all the way from St. John's right up along through to Montreal, it's French straight through from Garthby to Quebec, from there right on to Hudson's Bay, I guess, and if we folks down here want to make ourselves heard we've got to shout, that's all. I've nothing against the French. I like 'em (except

the Factory-town kind) but if they've got their fish to fry, we have too, and we want them done brown.

Well, I've studied politics a good deal, as I've just said, and studied them to some advantage though I say it myself. There's other folks as have't done so well, but then, they either belonged to the wrong party or else expected something for nothing, and that won't work in politics just the same as you can't figure on running a feed-store prosperous-like by leaving the hired man to tend things while you go fishing bull-pouts. Both is against common-sense.

However, this isn't going to be a treatise on what they call political science. I have sound views on the subject, but must hold them over till I tell you about old Abbie (Abigail her right given-name was, a good one straight from the Bible too,) old Abbie Clark. The reason I brought in politics was that through always being a good party man and possessed of considerable influence, which I wouldn't speak of only it might be forgotten, Alexander MacKenzie, the old-time Liberal boss here in Canada got me made Postmaster of Lonesome Corners, P. Q. Then just last year, because Laurier knew about how I stood, though I never said a word because Government Officials isn't allowed to speak loud the way they think, I got appointed Justice of the Peace for the township of Appleton. But, as Rudyard says "that's another story."

Well, you see, as Postmaster I was kind of priveleged to know old Abbie more intimate than most, for she wasn't habituated to reckon strangers and folks you pass the time of day with like real friends, and friendship Abbie found hard to measure out to more than one or two. Fact is only two folks as I know of ever saw the tin-type she got from Tin Pan City, Nevada. more than twenty years ago, and that was the preacher and me.

Abbie wasn't much to look at, that is there was nothing conspicuous about her. She was a bit of a woman weighing, I calculate, about 95 pounds, so you see she wasn't over fleshy. Towards the last, she had to walk with a stick by reason of the Rheumaticks. She was some backward in her style and didn't

tell all the folks how she slept last night and what a powerful lot of worry the hens gave her. She was part Scotch and I guess that kept the Yankee Canadian half of her bottled up so to speak. Anyway, she never let herself out except to me and Elder Perkins. But it always worked me up uncommon to see her stepping timid-like into the office and waiting while the noisy ones got served, and then moving up to the counter saying 'most in a whisper "Good mornin', Eb, does there happen to be a line for me this mornin'?" And I'd always answer up brisk and cheery-like (for I knew without looking there was nothing) "Nothin' to-day, Abbie, but here's the *Boundary-town Express* I've laid by for yer." And sometimes "Elder Perkins left the *Christian Herald* thinkin' mebbe you'd find it kind o' rousin." She'd look a bit wishful and then gather herself up and say "Thank yer Eb, p'raps there'll be some Nevady news, guess Levi'll write when he's done prospectin'."

Sometimes, she wouldn't come for a week, and then show up again with the same wishful face and ask the same question in the same way, and when she'd get the same answer I had to make her, though I hated awful bad to do it, she'd screw up her courage and her loyalty and bristle up in her half-timid way to save Levi's reputation knowing instinctive-like what a low-down mean chap I thought he was to treat his widowed mother so.

This business went on for most twenty-five years, Abbie coming to look for letters. She only wanted one letter from one person and she never got it. It went on for twenty-five years for it was somewheres in the seventies she got the tin-type, and it was February 5th, 1902, the end came, guess I won't forget that last date, 't isn't marked in the almanack neither. It went on for twenty-five years only stopped by asthma, rheumaticks and heavy roads, for it was quite a piece for a thin poor body to come.

The years rolled by and Abbie's hair turned from brown to gray, and from gray to white. I seen all for was'nt I right there? Her face once mildish and harmless looking like a girl's grew gentler and sweeter like a angel's, though I guess there's no wrinkles on *them*, but there was on Abbie and plenty of 'em.

But they didn't spoil her for my eyes, because I knew they was the marks of God's chastisements taken right. I'm not much hand at high talk but I always like to see grit, and humbleness, and patience perhaps because I ain't got them affections myself. But about Abbie; her eyes became dim and plaintive with years and tears. At least, I guess it was tears but I never seen her give way and no one did, unless it was the preacher (and he'd never tell) for she prided herself and Levi too much to show the awful loneliness a' gnawing at her heart.

Abbie lived on the top of the hill just out of the village and her place always looked slick and pretty though she did all the chores herself. You see it was this way, her husband died leaving her a young thing, not more than twenty two, with a little chap to work for and pray for. That was Levi.

Human nature needs a deal of breaking in and because Levi didn't get it, is I suppose, the reason how he turned out bad. I've never seen the folks yet whom it paid to do all the work and let the children stand round. Anyway, it didn't suit Levi, and it came so that after a while, Galusha Stead, the mayor of the town that year, hinted kind of strong to Levi he should leave the country for a bit till time smoothed over a little mess he'd got into. Well, nothing was heard of him till his poor Ma got the tin-type from Tin Pan City, and from then till now nothing more. Perhaps he's dead, hope he is, though the preacher says that isn't Christian.

But poor Abbie - though she allowed Galusha done right in advising Levi to move on - most broke her heart. Levi might have come back any time after a year and nothing said. He ought to have shown up or wrote or something. He didn't do it not even a word with the tin-type. All the same his mother was always expecting him to turn up without notice and if she didn't have a fatted calf to kill for the Prodigal's home-coming it was'n't her fault. She had substitutes for it. Every day she cooked a fresh pie according to season and turned out a pile of fresh doughnuts. On Saturdays riding past you could smell the pork and beans a' cooking. This was all for Levi - for she didn't herself eat more

than to keep a chipmonk alive and she didn't encourage visitors because she had'n't heart but for one person and one thing and they were Levi and his home-coming.

Folks used to wonder why there was always light shining from Abbie's windows no matter what hour of the night they passed by. But I knew and the preacher knew it was for Levi. "He might come unexpected like you see, just to surprise me" she explained to Mister Perkins once, "an' it 'ud never do for him to s'pose I'd forgot him or given up watchin' for him. That 'ud spoil the home-comin' for him and for me."

She wouldn't have any one live with her though her husband's sister's niece offered to time and again, but "Thank ye kindly" she would say "I've grown 'customed to bein' by myself and would'nt know how to use a nice young girl like you just right. Folks is good and always help me out when the asthmy's bad." Once Joe Peters sent his hired man over to spend the winter with the old woman and do her chores but she would'nt stand it—said it made her lonesome having a great lump of a man like that about the place.

So all the neighbour's could do was to watch and hope. I used to go up when business was quiet and visit with Abbie. A talk with her did me a powerful lot of good. It was some saddening but it was kind of sanctifying too. Always when I left I'd say "Well Abbie take care of yourself" and she'd say "Yes Eb I'll try to." That was always her answer.

The last time I went was February 4th 1902. I had to hitch up because the roads was awful heavy and when I got to the house I found Abbie looking worn and thin more than common but extra cheerful. It looked as though she expected Levi that night sure. The fire was burning bright the red cloth was spread out with all the supper things on and in the buttery I saw a double dose of doughnuts and two pies fresh steaming. When I said I must be going back and stood there talking the usual twenty minutes that good manners call for, I said customary like "Well Abbie take care of yourself" she said more spunky than usual "Thank ye

Eh, I'll try to" and I went off feeling particular up-lifted.

Next morning Elder Perkins came into the store solemn like and said:—"I found Abbie this morn'ing dead in her chair with Levi's tin-type in her hands and the candle guttered in its socket."

So passed Abbie Clark from pain and sorrow and anxious waiting. She'd have no care of human hands but now I guess she's gone where she'll be cared for right along.

Minister's Island, St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

Lovely art thou sweet isle of blessed peace,
A dreamland far from ocean's wild uproar,
Soft mists and lapping tides float 'round thy shore,
And world's unrest and hateful noises cease.
Here from life's burdens do we find release,
The solitude we crave for evermore,
Not that drear waste that human souls abhor,
But life's unrippled calm, the golden fleece
Of age. Now ended youth's long discontent
How gently time in this beloved spot
Would crown our days, and gentle the descent
Into the vale of years, the world forgot.
With many tranquil joys the while between
Our sun like that of day would set serene.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Thomas Adams, M.A., D.C.L.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. Adams, on the evening of Christmas Day, the University, College, and School lost one of

their most enthusiastic supporters and greatest benefactors. He gave the best years of his life's work to the promotion and development of the different departments of our educational work at Lennoxville. His early death will be mourned by all true friends of the Institution, and by hundreds of Old Boys and Old Students who owe much of their success to his untiring energy and unfailing kindness and sympathy.

The Rev. Thomas Adams was the son of a Missionary Clergyman who was the second brother of the late Dr. Adams, the great Cambridge mathematician and discoverer of the planet Neptune. His Mother was a Somersetshire lady, a native of Taunton, and he was born at Parramatta N. S. W. on Sept.-14, 1847, while his father was on his way to the Friendly Islands. He obtained his early education at Queen's College Taunton, and thence proceeded to University College, London, where he studied under Professors De Morgan and Seely. Leaving there in 1867 he was engaged upon the Geological Survey of England for some time under the direction of Sir. A. C. Ramsay. In 1869 he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, and after a brilliant University career he graduated as 19th Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1873. He was ordained deacon in 1874 and priest in 1875, and after holding some minor educational positions was appointed to the senior Mathematical Mastership at St. Peter's School York. In 1878 Dr. Adams married Annie Stanley, the younger daughter of the late T. Barnes Esq, of London, who with two children survives him.

It was while at York that Dr. Adams acted as one of the local Secretaries of the British Association at the Jubilee Meeting of that body. After eight years of successful work at York, Dr. Adams was appointed to the Headmastership of the new High School for boys at Gateshead. In 1884 he paid his first visit to Canada, coming out to Montreal to attend the meeting of the British Association in that city. The next year he was appointed out of several strong candidates Principal of Bishop's College, Professor of Mathematics and Rector of Bishop's College School in succession to the late Dr. Loble. For six years he faithfully performed the

arduous duties of these important positions, and both College and School flourished under his able direction. It was not merely that he was a good teacher and excellent examiner, but he was also a man of the world, able to enlist the support and interest of prominent men outside the institution. He had a marvellous faculty for attracting young men and boys and it may be said of him truly that, in term and out of term, in session and during vacation alike, he never ceased, wherever he might be, to press the claims of Lennoxville and the educational advantages it offers on all whom he met.

In 1871 it became obvious to all that the work which Dr. Adams was doing in his dual capacity was too much even for his great strength. His anxieties were increased by the disastrous fire which in the February of that year destroyed the School and Chapel. It was decided to relieve him of the main part of the School work by the appointment of a Head Master, but though his chief duties were now in connexion with the college only, he still retained the Chaplaincy of the School and continued to show an unflagging interest in its welfare and progress. He threw himself with enthusiasm into the work of rebuilding the School and Chapel and repairing the losses caused by the fire and his efforts were crowned with success. A grant of \$10,000 was obtained from the Provincial Government, and with the co-operation of Dr. Petry a further sum of \$15,000 was raised to supplement the insurance money, the College Chapel was re-opened for service in January 1893 and was completed in 1898.

The Convocation of 1895, (the Jubilee year of the College) was perhaps the most brilliant function with which Dr. Adams' name was connected at Lennoxville. The Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen were present, the Principal giving up the Lodge for their accommodation, and the Lieutenant Governor and many of the leading men of the Dominion took part in the proceedings. Dr. Adams followed up this remarkable event with a determined effort to make the College and University more widely known, and within two years there was the unprecedented

number of 69 students on the book. It was a matter of extreme difficulty to push accommodation for such a large increase and not only was the College building filled to its utmost capacity, but many was also lodged in the Village, and the Principal gave up his own study for use as a student's room. The convocation of 1898, the last at which Dr. Adams was present, was a scarcely less brilliant function, three Bishops and other distinguished visitors being present, the Convocation Service with sermon by Bishop Potter, and the afternoon speeches being especially noteworthy. It is a remarkable coincidence that at the close of this Convocation Dr. Adams said: "I shall never believe in the ill luck of numbers again: this is my *thirteenth* Convocation and it is the most brilliant one in which I have taken part."

The late Principal had been working beyond his strength for many months, but he did not give himself the rest he needed during the summer vacation. He was full of schemes for the benefit of the Institution. He took charge of the Cathedral at Quebec during the month of July, and at the close of that month hurried down to Halifax to attend a meeting of the Dominion Educational Association of which he was a Director and prominent supporter. From there he returned to take charge of the Church at Beaconsfield in the Diocese of Montreal and while there suffered from a paralytic seizure—this necessitated his removal to the hospital in Montreal, and from it he never fully recovered. He spent some months of the following winter quietly at Lennoxville, and in the spring went with Mrs. Adams and their little daughter Grace to reside at Paignton near Torquay. It was hoped that there he might recover his health, but this hope was not fulfilled and he was never again able to undertake any serious work. At the end of last year he went on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Hyett-Warner, at Almeley Vicarage, Herefordshire, and just before Christmas his strength began to fail. He suffered some severe spasms of pain, and his heart was evidently very weak. He felt better on Christmas morning and persuaded his sister to go to Church, but in the evening passed quietly and peacefully away.

The funeral took place on the following Tuesday, December 30th. Canon Palmer of Eardisley conducted the service, and Rev. H. H. Phelps of Titley read the lesson. The body was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard at Almeley, and on the coffin was a beautiful wreath of white flowers and violets, the Bishop's College colours he loved so well, sent by his sorrowing wife and daughter.

"Pacem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei."

At the hour of the funeral an impressive memorial service was held in Bishop's College Chapel, which was attended by many friends of the late Principal. A portion of the Office for the Burial of the Dead was said and this was followed by a Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion Dr. Whitney being Celebrant, assisted by Dr. Allnatt and Dr. Parrock, Dr. Petry acted as organist.

As an educationist, Dr. Adams' sympathies and attainments covered a wide field. The direction of his mind was naturally towards Mathematics and Science, but he also had a fair knowledge of the Classics and was well read in Theology, History and English Subjects. In College work, he undertook many subjects outside his own department and taught them well. The individual interest he took in everyone under his care was frequently noticed, and he has been often known to spend the best part of an evening helping a backward student. As an examiner, he was indefatigable, often in addition to his College work, examining the School in Mathematics and Divinity, and taking a considerable share of the A. A. examination work.

As an organiser, Dr. Adams showed marked ability, his love for solving difficult problems standing him in good stead. He got through an extraordinary amount of work with apparently little system. He was a good chairman, though just before a meeting a casual observer might suppose that his papers and notes were in hopeless confusion. He used to say that although every day he mislaid important memoranda, yet he never lost anything and could generally find what he wanted at the right moment.

In difficulties, he was a born diplomatist and he was ever most considerate for his colleagues and subordinates. His proverbial kindness of heart, if at times it was detrimental to strict discipline, yet always won for him affection and esteem.

As a churchman, Dr. Adams belonged to the broad school of thought. His sermons were original and impressive, and as Principal and Chaplain, he naturally always took a prominent part in the Chapel Services. He was also keenly interested in Mission work, frequently on Sunday afternoon making himself responsible for a School House Service, and always glad, if possible, to assist the Clergy of the District in their work. He was a delegate both to the Provincial and General Synod, and in 1897 was appointed a Canon of Quebec Cathedral. For many years, he was Secretary of the Deanery Board of the District of St. Francis.

The late Principal was instrumental in securing a very large sum of money for the needs of the College and School. In 1886, at his suggestion, \$6000 were raised for building the Bishop Williams' wing of the School. In 1888 and following years, he raised \$15,000 to build the Divinity House. His efforts in connection with the rebuilding after the fire in 1891, have been already mentioned. In 1895-6, he suggested raising a sum of \$50,000 principally for endowments as a Jubilee Fund, and he succeeded in securing this in a marvellously short period.

Dr. Adams has left his mark on every branch of our work at Lennoxville; we are richer materially, we are richer intellectually for his years of devoted service, but above all, we are richer in an inspiring example of disinterested devotion to duty, of boundless enthusiasm for the welfare and progress of our Alma Mater.

R. A. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MITRE"

DEAR SIR,

I had gone to Lennoxville in the hope of attending the meeting of the Alumni Association which was called for Jan. 14th. I was then prepared to speak about the subject, to which, on

account of the postponement of that meeting, I should be glad, now, through "The Mitre" to draw attention. This I am still the rather moved to do owing to the Reverend Secretary's invitation to send suggestions in regard to the celebration of the Jubilee of the University next June.

Will you and can you, therefore, kindly give place in your next issue to the following briefly collated biographical sketch, and a suggestion or two connected therewith?

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. WILLOUGHBY KING.

Windsor Mills, Feb. 17, 1903.

QUINTILIAN.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, born about A. D. 40 probably, of Spanish parents, settled in Rome, and was a famous teacher of eloquence in the reigns of the Emperor Galba and his successors.

He had for his pupils Pliny the younger, and two grand-nephews of the Emperor Domitian, who invested Quintilian with the insignia and title of consul.

He was the first public teacher benefited by the endowment of Vespasian, and he received a salary from the imperial exchequer.

After retirement into private life Quintilian wrote his great work "De Institutione Oratoria," a complete system of rhetoric, which has been translated into English and other languages.

In this treatise of twelve books Quintilian gives an elaborate outline of the preliminary training of youth destined to be orators, also of the principles of rhetoric, and the essential nature of the art. He speaks of invention, arrangement and composition, also of figures of speech and delivery, or elocution, with the various requisites for the formation of a finished orator; e. g. his manners, moral character, mode of undertaking, preparing and conducting cases, and of the style of eloquence most advantageous to adopt.

The whole work is remarkable for sound critical judgment, purity of taste, and familiarity with the literature of oratory. His survey of Greek and Roman literature in the Tenth Book has always been admired for its correctness and animation.

For his celebrated work on rhetoric, Quintilian probably digested and arranged the materials, which he had already accumulated in his professional career as a lecturer.

His book is said to be superior in fulness, clearness, and accuracy to the essay upon the same subject ascribed to the celebrated orator Cicero, although each possesses its own peculiar merits.

Cicero founds an orator's success upon a liberal education a knowledge of all important things of all sorts saying, in fact, that out of *knowledge* oratory must blossom and expand.

Quintilian's treatise on the education of an orator has been called the most complete and methodical work upon rhetoric that has come down to us from antiquity. His style is clear, elegant, and highly polished. His practical ideas are good. He gives judicious precepts for students with interesting details of the education and the classic studies of the ancients. His merit consists in sound judgment, propriety and good taste. Indeed, Quintilian's name is associated even to a proverb with pre-eminence in the art of teaching eloquence. His contemporary, the famous Latin epigrammatist, Martial, pays a tribute to the fame of Quintilian in the couplet:

"Quintiliane, vagæ moderator summe juventæ,
Gloria Romanæ, Quintiliane, togæ"
O Quintilian! the foremost tutor of giddy youth,
Quintilian, the glory of the Roman gown!

Such was the man from whose inspiration, and in whose honour, the original Debating Society of Bishop's College was worthily and wisely named. Should not that Society be wisely and worthily revived? That is the important suggestion, which I would venture to make in connection with other ways of celebrating and commemorating our University's Jubilee.

I happen to know from more than one conversation upon

the subject with the late Principal, the Rev. Dr. Adams, that he was anxiously enthusiastic about having something done, if possible, at B. C. L. for the cultivation of voice, gesture, observation, imitation of good models, memory and naturalness amongst the students themselves under a competent leader or teacher, and in such actual practice as should encourage open, frank criticism of one another, and the cultivation of accurate and graphic vividness in all kinds of description with a command or control of voice-power consistent with the space to be filled thereby, and not out of all proportion thereto.

It may be worthy of consideration whether the name of the late Principal Adams might not with appropriateness and advantage be associated with any new venture in this direction; unless, indeed, some other form of memorial be already determined upon.

P. S. Since this was written. I was glad to see by a report in your last issue that "On the suggestion of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, a committee has been appointed to approach the Council and see whether an Instructor in Elocution cannot be appointed."

E. A. W. K.

The Allied Colonial Universities' Dinner.

A Committee has been formed in England for the purpose of carrying out an idea suggested by Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., D. C. L., at a Dinner of Trinity University, Toronto, held in London in November, 1902, for an Allied Colonial Universities Dinner. This first gathering of graduates of Trinity outside Canada proved a great success, and it is hoped that the wider proposal of an Imperial gathering for June next may prove acceptable in all parts of the King's Dominions.

As is well known, there are a great many graduates and undergraduates of Colonial Universities temporarily living in Great Britain, pursuing their studies and walking the hospitals, while others are engaged permanently in professional life. In

these days when Imperial ideas are taking many practical forms it is believed that this meeting, bringing together so many men of similar, though not identical academical training, may prove the nucleus for something more permanent, and contribute, though perhaps indirectly, to the educational advancement of the Empire.

The University of Bishop's College will be represented by the Rev. B. G. Wilkinson, M. A., a former Professor in this institution, and there is a possibility that the Chancellor, Dr. John Hamilton, will also be present.

It is further proposed to invite to this Allied Colonial Universities' Dinner representatives from the Universities of Great Britain and Ireland; and there is every reason to believe that among the guests of the evening will be included some of the most distinguished men in the public life of Great Britain and the Empire.

Alumni Notes.

Dr. J. A. Johnston, B. A. '98, who graduated in Medicine from McGill University last Spring, visited the College a short time ago. Those of us who were here in his time gave him a hearty welcome. Dr. Johnston has since sailed for London, England, where he will take a hospital course which will be followed by post-graduate courses at Edinburgh and Vienna. We wish him every success in his work. The honours which are in store for him will also be honours for our Alma Mater. After his return we trust that we may see him often at Lennoxville.

It seems a great pity that our graduates do not pay us more frequent visits. By doing so they would be able to keep in closer touch with events at Lennoxville and would have their interest strengthened in all that concerns the welfare of their Alma Mater. We feel that special effort should be made on the part of our graduates to be present during the Convocation exercises next June, when the Jubilee of the University will be celebrated. We shall dwell on this subject at greater length in our next issue.

but we feel that it is time for us to speak of one event which will take place during Convocation week. We refer to the Cricket Match, Graduates vs. Undergraduates. Those who were present at the match last year know how enjoyable an event it was, and we are going to try to have a better one this year. In order to defeat the Undergraduates this year our Alumni will need to send us their best men. If they are present in large numbers the success of the match is assured. The proposed date for the match is Wednesday June 17 th. We should very much like to hear from our Alumni on this subject.

The Rev. F. C. Taylor, B. A. '98, is engaged in mission work at Valdez, Alaska. We quote the following from a recent letter of his to the Rev. F. Lewis Whitley, M. A. (Arts '99.)

"I cannot explain to you how greatly I miss fraternal association in this isolated part of the Globe. My nearest brother Priest is an eight days journey from this place. However you must not imagine that this is a cold climate. On the contrary it is not as cold here as in Montreal, for the lowest we have had it here this Winter is about eight degrees below zero, although we have had a great deal of snow, about twenty feet, but what with the drifts from the glacier and a warm rain for five continuous days during the early part of this month we have now but six feet on the level." "This town is purely a mining town with all the prevailing conditions of a Pioneer Town, and consists of people from all parts of the Globe, of "all sorts and conditions of men." Here vice seems to throw off all veils. There are all kinds of "dives" to entice the unwary and drag him down . . . and few places with the tendency to uplift. And so many young men, away from the restraints of more settled conditions and the softening influences of home, become drunken sots and gamblers."

"I am striving to raise enough funds to erect a social hall to counteract these pernicious influences, for at present, the saloons are about the only places where men can meet one another."

We wish Mr. Taylor all success in his heroic and difficult work in extending the influence of the Church.

The Rev. L. N. Tucker, who has recently been appointed General Travelling Missionary of the Church of England in Canada, is an Alumnus of Bishop's University. He took his M. A. degree (in course) here in 1886.

The Rev. A. H. Moore, M. A. (Arts '93) and L. R. Holme, Esq. M. A. were present at a special convocation held at Lennoxville in February. While they were here a meeting of the Executive of the Alumni Association was held. The Rev. Mr. Moore, was not long ago elected Grand Chaplain for the St. Francis District of the A. F. and A. M.

Divinity Notes.

On Friday evening, February 20th, an interesting and impressive service was held in the oratory of the Divinity House, the occasion being the dedication of this room, set apart for the daily devotions of the divinity students.

The Oratory had recently been improved and restored, being now nicely fitted up as a Chapel, having all needful appointments and altar ornaments, and is arranged—nave, chancel and sanctuary—according to the three-fold division of a church.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec took the dedication service, assisted by the Rev. Prof. Dunn. The little Chapel was thus formally and devoutly set apart for its particular purposes to the glory of God. The service was choral, with Mr. F. W. Carroll, as organist.

The Lord Bishop first explained the meaning and history of dedicating places of worship, and afterwards gave a most helpful, clear and impressive address commending the example of the venerable Bede (after whom the oratory is named) in sacred study, faith, and devotion.

The address was based on St. John v. 39. "Search the Scriptures;" Jude 3. "Earnestly contend for the faith;" 1 Thes. v, 17. "Pray without ceasing."

The hymns used were 395, 582 and 454, the last being in special commemoration of the venerable Bede. It is intended that the dedication Festival shall be kept every year on May 27th that being the day appointed in the calendar for the commemoration of the Patron Saint.

Next morning at 7 o'clock the dedication service was completed by the celebration of the Holy Communion, the Lord Bishop being the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Prof. Dunn. The offerings were for the restoration fund, and the whole closed with the Doxology. At both services the Oratory was filled with the Divinity students and others most closely interested.

The appearance of the oratory is most attractive: this having been accomplished by gifts from various persons. The cross, vases, and candlesticks were given by Mrs. H. W. Dalton of England, the fine linen cloth for the Altar, by Mrs. Whitney, and the two stained-glass windows by the Rev. Principal Whitney and Rev. B. G. Wilkinson. The windows are of a very pretty pattern of plain tinted Cathedral glass, with sacred symbols as central devices. The four beautiful and appropriate frontals, the pews, prayer-desk, and other furnishings were purchased by money gifts made by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Chancellor, Dr. John Hamilton, Miss Hamilton of Quebec, Rev. J. Henning Nelms and an anonymous donor. The organ was donated by Rev. Prof. Dunn, who has taken such deep interest in the work of restoration and fitting up of the oratory.

Immediately after the close of the morning service the Divinity students and those most closely interested enjoyed a delightful breakfast with the Rev. Prof. Dunn, at which his sister, Miss Dunn, was the gracious hostess.

Arts Notes.

A Dramatic Entertainment and Concert was given by the students in the Church Hall, Lennoxville, on the evening of February 19th. Everything passed off very successfully, and although the hall was not as crowded as it should have been, still

the proceeds netted a considerable amount towards reducing the debt on the Mitre.

The first part of the programme was musical. The first number, a Military March by Schubert, was pleasingly rendered by Mrs. Whitney, Mr. R. N. Hudspeth, M. A., and Mr. H. A. Collins. The B. C. Lyric Club, consisting of Mr. Hudspeth, Mr. F. W. Carroll, Mr. J. J. Seaman and Mr. Collins, then sang "the Boys of the Old Brigade" in fine form, and were heartily applauded for an encore. Mr. Carroll followed with the song "Queen of the Earth." It was remarked by many that Mr. Carroll's voice was never heard to better advantage, and those who have heard him in the past will know what that means. He responded to an encore. Mr. Collins next, in a violin solo entitled "Mazurka" by Mlynarski, delighted the audience. Mrs. Whitney, as usual, pleased everyone by her sweet rendering of the song "When the heart is young." She was heartily encored. The "Stein Song" by Mr. G. W. Findlay and the Glee Club followed next. Mr. Findlay has a powerful voice, and one that with training and cultivation would turn out well. The chorus, however, showed lack of practice. The next number "Asleep on the Deep" sung by Mr. R. B. Speer, was undoubtedly the best number on the programme. His voice is certainly marvellous, and is capable of taking the lowest notes with the greatest ease. In response to the hearty applause, he sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." It is due to Mr. Speer to say that he was far from well when he sang. The musical part of the programme ended with the "Students Parting Song" by the Lyric Club, sung very effectively.

The Second part of the entertainment consisted of the amusing Farce. "Turn Him Out." The characters were:

NICODEMUS NOBBS, itinerant vender of juvenile toys,	Mr. A. T. Speid
MR. MACKINTOSH MOKE,	Mr. G. W. Findlay
MR. EGLANTINE ROSELEAF,	Mr. H. S. Breckinridge
JULIA, Moke's wife,	Mrs. Earnshaw
SUSAN, a maid-of-all-work,	Miss Gill
PORTERS,	Messrs. Read and Walters

Scene: The interior of Sunflower Lodge

Time: Present day.

Stage Manager, Mr. T. H. Iveson.

The plot is briefly as follows:—Mr. Moke is away on a visit leaving Mrs. Moke and Susan in charge of Sunflower Lodge. Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf has been annoying Mrs. Moke, and has followed her into the house. Susan calls in Nicodemus Nobbs an old acquaintance of hers, to expel Roseleaf. Roseleaf meanwhile secretes himself, and Moke, returning unexpectedly, is thrown out of his own house by Nobbs, who thinks he is the man who has been persecuting Mrs. Moke. Moke presently returns and discovers Roseleaf. They then plot together to eject Nobbs. Nobbs comes in, Roseleaf makes himself scarce, and Moke is again pitched out. Nobbs is then rewarded by Mrs. Moke and Julia. Moke becomes suspicious of his wife's conduct, and returns concealed in his trunk. Nobbs discovers him, and still thinking that it is Roseleaf, locks the trunk, and has it removed to Roseleaf's address. Roseleaf turns up again, and Mrs. Moke begins to suspect that all is not right. Moke comes back disguised, the mistake is discovered, Roseleaf is ejected, and a general reconciliation effected.

The different actors performed their parts admirably, and the play proceeded without a hitch.

Mrs. Earnshaw as Julia, Moke's wife, acted the part of a persecuted woman and distracted wife to perfection. Miss Gill, as Susan, the maid-of-all-work sustained the reputation she has made in former plays, and her acting was natural and vivacious. Mr. A. T. Speid, as Nicodemus Nobbs, was the comical character of the play, and well did he act the part. His inimitable manners and gestures always provoked much laughter. The difficult role of Mackintosh Moke was well taken by Mr. G. W. Findlay. The asides were perhaps a little loud, but Mr. Findlay erred on the safe side, and unlike many amateur actors, every word was distinctly heard. Mr. H. S. Breckinridge, as Eglantine Roseleaf, successfully imitated the fop whose sole aim was to attract the attention of pretty women. He carried the characteristic vacant stare throughout his whole part. The porters performed their difficult task with zeal.

At a subsequent meeting of the students, a hearty vote of

thanks was unanimously passed to Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Earnshaw and Miss Gill, for their kind assistance in the Concert and Play. It was also decided to give another Concert after Easter, and the Committee, who had so successfully carried through this Concert, were re-elected. They are, Rev. H. F. Hamilton, M.A; F. W. Carroll, B. A; A. J. Vibert, A. T. Spied, G. W. Findlay, T. H. Iveson and H. A. Collins.

The first meeting for this Term of the Debating Society was held on February 2nd. The subject was, "Resolved that the barbarian is happier than the civilized man". The speakers on the affirmative were, Messrs. Rollitt 1, Iveson and Bonelli. Their opponents were, Messrs. Bourne, Findlay, Rollitt 11. The subject was thoroughly discussed, and the speeches were above the average. Mr. P. G. Rollitt by his humorous remarks and happy manner, in the opening speech, put his hearers in good humour. A great many side speeches were also made. The Judges rendered their verdict in favour of the barbarian. Mr. Nelms, who acted as critic very ably criticised the different speakers, pointing out their defects, and suggesting remedies. The criticism was a help to all, and the Debating society is fortunate in having among its members so helpful a critic as Mr. Nelms.

Another Debate was held on Feb. 23, on "Resolved that England, and Germany, were justified in coercing Venezuela." Those who upheld the affirmative were Messrs. Miall, Kennedy and Hepburn 1. On the Negative side were, Rev. M. C. Shewen, Messrs. Sykes and Fletcher. The speeches were very good, and showed careful preparation and a knowledge of the subject. The Judges Dr. Petry, Messrs. Seaman 1 and Rollitt 1, decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Nelms, again kindly acted as critic, and gave a very searching and helpful criticism of the different speakers.

Our space this month is limited by the Editor, but we would ask you to watch this space next month for our new spring poem.

"That's all there is gents!"

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TO THE OLD BOYS OF B. C. S.

Dr. Petry is anxious to complete his collection of Old Boys' photographs, and has expressed a wish that every Old Boy whose photograph he has not received would kindly send him one as soon as convenient.

We are quite confident that it is only necessary to make Dr. Pètry's wish known in order to obtain the desired result.

Every member of the "Old Boys Association," who has not already done so, is respectfully urged to send in his name and address to the secretary, Dr. H. D. Hamilton

141 Crescent Street,
Montreal, Que.

Athletics.

The subject of Hockey which generally forms the chief topic of discussion in the athletic circles of the University during Lent Term, is, we are sorry to say at a low ebb. The prospects at the opening of the season were bright indeed and it was expected that a team worthy of the University could be placed on the ice, but the fates were against us and owing to sickness and inability on the part of some coupled with disinterestedness on the part of others we have been obliged to withdraw our teams from the league and consequently exhibition games have been played in order to keep the club in existence and in order that an athletic season minus the services of a hockey club should not be recorded in our athletic history.

For some time there has been a desire among the students and those intimately connected with the college to build a skating rink, but until this year nothing definite had been done towards it. However Mr. Hamilton at the opening of the College year broached the matter and at last a committee has been elected consisting of Mr. Hamilton, J. J. Seaman, G. W. Findlay, A. J. Vibert and A. Bonelli, and an effort is to be made to have the rink ready for the season of 1904.

The first exhibition match of the season was played at Richmond on Thursday evening, Jan. 29th, and as was expected our team suffered defeat. The trip and match together was anything but enjoyable and a detailed account might prove uncomplimentary to the Richmond sports. Our thanks however are due to the Reverend and Mrs. Hepburn for so kindly treating us after the match was over.

The annual meeting of the football club was held on Thursday, Feb. 19th, when the following officers were elected for the season '03-'04.

President—Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D. D.

Vice-President—J. A. Bousfield

Secretary—J. J. Seaman

Captain—E. S. Read

Committee—F. Plaskett, E. Miall, G. E. Fletcher.

What proved to be an interesting and well contested match, was witnessed by a large number of spectators on Saturday Feb. 7th, when the College team lined up against the Westmounts of Montreal. In the first half play was very even, and when the whistle blew for half time with the score 3-1 in favour of College enthusiasm was at its highest. The opening of the second half saw College distinctly on the aggressive and three more goals were scored in quick succession, but suddenly Westmount made a dash which was successful and then for a while College seemed at their mercy, while the visitors brought the score up 6-5. However Kennedy came to the rescue with a well-timed rush and up went the Umpire's hand just as time was called and College had won the fastest game in Lennoxville this season by a score of 7-5. For the College Read and Kennedy played fine games, while Patrick, Ross and Colsen were the stars of the visitors.

JOHN O. DUNCAN,

Merchant Tailor

Outfitter to men

Wellington St.

Sherbrooke, Que.

to choose from, and perhaps the competitor submitting the best essay might be invited to give a course of lectures at the College in his special subject, thus introducing, however modestly at first, a system like that of the famous Bampton Lectures.

If however it was thought that, by this scheme, the number of essays submitted would be so large as to make the examination of them impossible by the provided judges, the competition might at first be restricted to the clergy of the diocese who are graduates of this University.

Who can say what might not grow out of such a movement or how far reaching and important its results might not be? There can be little doubt that it would ultimately advance the interests both of the University and of her graduates. It would deepen the interest of the latter in their Alma Mater. It would stimulate and encourage systematic and profitable reading and research, and the most valuable results of the study and research of an army of scholars would be preserved for the good of others, and would at the same time reflect honour upon our Institution and upon all concerned. The prize essay of each year might well be copyrighted and printed in a special number of the Mitre, and a record of the prizemen kept in the College calendar. We hope that the Alumni Association will take up this matter and see what can be done with regard to it, at their next meeting.

The suggestions made the Rev. Mr. King, in his letter in the March number of the Mitre, are well worthy of consideration, and we trust will not be ineffectual in the important cause they advocate. We hope to say something further on the subject later, but in the meantime we have no doubt that the Debating Society will resume the time honoured name it formerly possessed, as he rightly advises.



THE UNIVERSITY PULPIT.

Sermon preached in the College Chapel by the
Rev. Harold F. Hamilton, M. A. (Oxon) Lecturer in Classics and Moral Philosophy.

"For their sakes, I sanctify myself." John XVII. 19.

When one reads the Life of Our Lord in the Gospels, one comes across a number of passages about giving. "Give and it shall be given unto thee." "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Give to him that asketh and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

In the face of exhortations such as these, it is with some surprise that one comes to realize that we never hear of Jesus Christ giving money to the poor.

The explanation seems to be this. There are, to put the matter briefly, two methods of charity. One is, to sit in an office and write out a cheque. The other is, to go out into the dusty street and offer one's own personal service. Our Lord gave no money to the poor, but He gave what was far higher and better, He gave Himself. Nothing was withheld, His whole Self, His life and death were given freely and entirely, for men.

"For their sakes, I sanctify myself."

It is of self-sanctification for the sake of others, that I propose to speak.

There is one great need in this country. It is of men who have some strength of character, some healthy moral backbone. We are far too familiar with the idea of corruption in politics; we are not surprised to hear of it in any sphere of government, municipal, provincial or federal. There is a great need of men who are prepared to stand up for what they know to be right, men who have the courage of their convictions and the force of character to carry them through.

Above all, we need men who are ready to educate and train themselves for this very purpose. We need as our political leaders, those who have purposely fitted themselves for the work from a motive of genuine patriotism, men who have sanctified their lives for the sake of their country.

After it has been stripped bare of all cant and hypocrisy, there is, and always will be, a patriotism which is both true and genuine. In days gone by, any man might be called upon to lay down his life for his country. Times have changed since then; few of us are today called upon to face death. Patriotism has taken a new form, I believe it is this, to serve one's country in the sphere of practical politics, and to see that the government is honestly and efficiently administered.

I wish I could impress upon some of you a sense of responsibility in this matter. A new nation is building itself up in this country. We, of the younger generation, born and bred on the soil, with the advantage of the highest education the land affords, have surely some responsibility for the public morality of the country. If there are not found those who are willing to sanctify their lives for the sake of this country, the national life must certainly suffer.

Of course, it is a grand and great thing to have high-flown sentiments; it is also a very common and a very easy thing. I don't suppose that there is a man, woman, or child who does not feel that he *could* do great acts of wonderful self-sacrifice, if *only* the chance would come his way.

Let us make no mistake. No man can rule others except he first rule himself; no man can exercise a wide influence, except he first prepare and educate himself. This thought opens up to us a vista of many years of quiet preparation and self sanctification. It is just here where all the difficulty and hardship come in. The really hard part is in the long daily round of careful education and self discipline. It is hard, because no one notices or appreciates one's struggles, and the fruits seem yet such a long way off.

Let me call your attention to what is, I think, a remarkable fact. Our Lord never seems to have noticed any of those great and brilliant flashes of heroism which, from time to time, awake the enthusiasm of the world. There occurs to my mind on the other hand, the story of a woman who poured a box of costly ointment upon His feet. To those who looked on without

understanding, it was an unseemly waste; but to Him, it told a tale of years of quiet devotion and sympathy. And over that woman there was pronounced a sentence,—better than which neither you nor I can hope for—"she hath done"—nothing very striking or heroic, but merely this—"she hath done what she *could*."

To do from day to day, the things one *can*, is the part of life's harder, and higher heroism. Do not wait for those great and grand chances which seldom or never come, take the opportunities of self improvement which are daily offering themselves and make the most of them.

I do not mean in the matter of book work alone, but in the purity of the thoughts of your hearts, in the honesty and cleanness of your lives, in the moral character which you are slowly building up. The rest will follow in due course. No man can influence others unless he can govern himself. The converse, I believe, is also true. No man can gain the mastery over himself without at the same time acquiring the power to influence others.

There is also another aspect of self-sanctification. It is a thing of which I would not say one word if I did not believe it to be a thousand times the most important of all. It is this; your personal relation to God; that life of which you alone and God Almighty are conscious; the most private and sacred phase of your existence, the life you live in the sight of God.

Consider this fact. God exists. Here is the ultimate fact of the universe. Any nation which does not take this fact into consideration is simply out of harmony with the universe, ill adapted to its environment and, therefore, ill fitted to survive. The backbone and main stay of every nation are the sober-minded God-fearing citizens. They are the salt of the earth. When the moral life of a country is not built up upon a sound religious basis, degeneration inevitably sets in.

And then, there are those of you who are preparing to be specialists in this line, the spiritual guides and leaders of the nation. How much must depend upon you! How much in the moral and spiritual life of the country must depend on your per-

sonal lives! If the specialists, the guides, do not know the way, what dire confusion must result!

Your sanctification is a matter of primary importance; Your personal life of daily prayer, meditation and communion with God are of the highest moment. It is your duty to have personal knowledge of the paths which lead the human soul to the presence of God Almighty. Here perhaps, more than any where is there a need for daily unostentatious self-sanctification.

All who try to live a life of deep devotion and constant communion have to face at least one great difficulty, it is the thought that perhaps, all one's struggles and efforts are unnecessary. Others get on very well on a lower spiritual level, and seem to be none the worse, why should I be singled out to tread a more difficult road?

Let me ask you to consider this fact. Religion always has been and always must be a matter of perpetual interest to the human race. This interest has not lost any of its force at the present day. But what men are utterly weary of in religion, is superficiality. They must have a religion which is real and genuine, or none at all. Anything in the nature of cant or hypocrisy, simply disgusts men with religion.

When the way seems long and hard and progress in self sanctification very slow, remember that it is *for their sakes* you are sanctifying yourself. It is just that daily unseen struggle in your own heart, which will make your religion real to yourself. To go on day by day, wherever you may be and whatever you may be doing, trying to realize the existence of God and to live as in His presence, is to build the love of God into your character and make it a permanent force in your life. You will then be able to make it real to others. For when religion comes upon the world in its fresh genuine simplicity, backed by those to whom it is as the very breath they draw, the inspiration of all their life, men cannot help being drawn towards it. Hypocrisy will break the force of any argument no matter how well aimed, but earnest reality is itself an argument stronger than the thick

spun web of unbelief. No one can say how much you, with all of life before you, may effect if you give of yourselves to it. "For their sakes, I sanctify myself." It is the Christian ideal of life, self-education and self-sanctification for the benefit of others, to educate all one's powers and faculties to the highest pitch of efficiency, from a genuinely unselfish motive.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." I do not know why we always interpret this passage as meaning, "Give money." Why should it not mean 'give your life, your self.' Not your worthless self as it is at present, but that self which still lies in the future, that which you may make yourself to be, that which you may become, by self sanctification and consecration. It is your whole self sanctified, consecrated, and educated, to the highest point of efficiency which is wanted.

Begin each day, then, with this thought. "For their sakes, I sanctify myself" and live it in the very best way possible.

The Voice of Spring.

The voice of Spring comes softly from the field,
Among the flowers the hum of wand'ring bees,
And sighs of sweet contentment 'mong the trees,
The babble of the brook but late revealed,
The peep of distant newt in pond concealed,
And ploughman guiding horse with many "Gees,"
The vesper song of birds, sweet melodies,
As day sinks down beneath a crimson shield.
Then in the twilight dim from highest pine
Flutelike but low the benediction clear,
From feathered friend of ev'ry pioneer,
SWEET, SWEET, CANADA, CANADA! Divine
God's ways our hearts to love of land incline.
How full they beat in Spring-time of the year.

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

A Rabbit Hunt in the Blue-Grass.

The rabbit hunts given every fall by the Iroquois Riding and Hunting Club of Lexington, Ky., are as much a part of the social life of the Blue-Grass country as Kentucky burgoo, is a part of its political life; and I will add that the burgoo with the usual accompaniments, fails to arouse as much genuine, healthful enthusiasm as the long-eared "Molly-cotton" arouses in those men and women who are so fortunate as to belong to this Club or to receive invitations to its hunts.

One Autumn, when the October sun was glorious, a "meet" was arranged, and a goodly number, about two score men and women, splendidly mounted, banded themselves under a prince of leaders for such sport;—one who could direct without rudeness, command without discourtesy, and forbid without anger.

We went for an afternoon's sport in the stubble fields and woods of "God's country." It was a gay ride, because of the eager expectancy. The sport was new to many who were the guests of the Club. All had been told that a good horse was a necessity, because when "brer rabbit" is started no thought can be given to the steed: it is all on the game; and the game is up and going, and no man knoweth whither. So there was not a "plug" in the lot. 'Twas a gallant party of men and women who could ride, and of horses that could go, and *would* go by the slack of the rein. The experience of the company in the first field somewhat dampened their ardor. Nothing bigger than a lark was frightened from its hiding place.

A short restful ride through these glorious central Kentucky groves, which they proudly call woods, brought us to a field of about two hundred acres, from which a fine wheat crop had been lately harvested. The hunters, riding abreast, taking their position about twenty feet apart, formed a solid front and made quite an imposing spectacle to the country farm hands, who rarely go beyond the limits of a large plantation.

Just after beginning to "hunt" the first "course" of the field through which we rode, we came to a hedge where an old

ante-bellum darkey was grubbing briers. One of us said, "Uncle, are there any rabbits in this field?" "I dunno boss; but dey won't neber be no mo' here arter tuh-day, ef dey sees dis crowd."

No excitement can be greater than that aroused by the cry which was now first heard along the centre of the line and then echoed from every throat—"Here he is! Here he is! Here he goes! Here he goes!" There is no drilling any longer; no command any more; no care or prudence; no thought of the danger of ditch or hidden quarry; no fear of accident to self or others. Every energy is bent, and every eye watches with intensity, and every heart beats with but one hope—to be in at the death. Scamper; scamper; go the steeds, as wild and enthused as the riders, running the rabbit with the instinct and intelligence of a good dog;—curving; darting or doubling with the manœuvres of the game.

Of course, no dogs or guns are taken;—that idea is tabooed and ridiculed by the blue-grass rabbit hunter. He depends upon the speed of his horse and his own activity; and there were many of the girls present whose steeds were fleetest and took them in first, and whose activity caused them to dismount and catch the rabbit before he had fairly started from his hiding place.

Rabbits are as different as people in their methods of getting out of a close place. I have frequently seen them make one jump from their nest and stop, perfectly paralyzed with fear at the yell of the hunters. Again I have seen them double for every twenty feet still bearing in one general direction, however, which usually ended in a cave or swamp where they were safe. No true sportsman is much sorry when the games evades him after a fair chase.

Another rabbit trusts entirely to his heels for safety. I remember a gallant chase a big buck rabbit gave us. He started from the edge of a thicket, in an open field of blue-grass,—nearly a mile stretch was before him; thirty horsemen were immediately behind him and he saw but one hope, and played that for all it was worth. In a straight line for three-quarters of a mile he beat every horse in the crowd; then doubling repeat-

ed the course, nor stopped when several horsemen passed him, but dashed on under their feet and won his freedom at the entrance to the swamp. It was accorded him with a "hurrah." He had shown a gallant race between himself and the field of steeds, and had caused a race between the riders against each other. Every one was after the rabbit, but the Kentucky idea of getting in first in the race was predominant, and was never for a moment forgotten.

Some amusing incidents are noted as they always are in a party out for sport. I recall once jumping the game and joining the crowd in the yell, "Here he goes! Here he goes! Here he goes!" until it seemed as if it echoed from a thousand throats, when one of the brightest, prettiest young girls dashed to the front on a splendid thorough-bred. Just as there was a lull in the noise and the rabbit had disappeared in the bushes, she asked in the sweetest, most excited but disappointed tone, "Where he goes?" The fact was, there was a cave hid under the bushes and the rabbit had known it,— the hunters had not.

We succeeded in bagging forty-nine rabbits by sundown; and then set out for home. It is curious to notice the difference in the ride *toward* the hunting field when the game was rabbits, and the ride homeward in the twilight, under the stars, when Kentucky beauty suggested thoughts of other game. The trip *out* for hunting was all spirit and dash and vigor— each rider for himself, the men however, always careful of those courtesies toward the fair, which is instinctive; and the woman thoroughly imbued with the idea that she rode best who rode fastest;—but on the ride home the game to be hunted is caught after a different fashion. The same road over which ten riders had ridden abreast in the morning was now only wide enough for two.

The horses needed a rest, and they got it in the leisurly walk the riders permitted. Nobody thought of going home in a gallop, though every one knew a late arrival would cause a frown on parental brows. But then there is always the satisfactory explanation. "We came home late on purpose because, after nine o'clock, you know, the toll-gate keeper is asleep and so we had the benefit of a free ride over the homeward route."

J. Henning Nelms.

Alumni Notes.

The death of the Rev. Philip Read, M. A., formerly Head master of Bishop's College School and Professor of Classics in Bishop's College, will cause deep regret to those Alumni who were at Lennoxville in his time. Mr. Read was one of the most brilliant classical scholars Canada has ever known, and by his teaching at Lennoxville he has left his impress upon the learning of this country to-day. He became Head master of Bishop's College School in 1877 and Professor of Classics in Bishop's College in 1880. Dr. Petry, was senior prefect under him, when in the School and subsequently studied classics under him upon entering the College. Mr. Read was a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford. He entered into rest on January 22nd at Dunscar, Bolton, England.

Bishop's University was well represented at the meeting of the Teachers' Association held in Sherbrooke on Friday, March 20th. Principal Whitney gave an extremely interesting address on the "Historical Geography of Germany," for which he was warmly thanked.

Mr. W. E. Enright, B. A., (Arts '99) the Principal of Cookshire Academy, read a paper on "Centralization of Schools" and Mr. J. H. Keller, B. A. (Arts '97) Principal of Sherbrooke Academy, also addressed the meeting.

Mr. Keller, we regret to note, has resigned from the position of Principal of the Sherbrooke Academy, which he has held for the past nine years. He has decided to enter the insurance business, and may possibly go to China in the fall. "His departure will not only be a loss to Sherbrooke but to the province as well, Mr. Keller being recognized as one of the most efficient principals of high schools of the province." He took a keen interest in our Alumni Association and frequently attended its meetings.

The Rev. A. H. Wurtele, B. A. (Arts '97) is taking a post-graduate course in Divinity at the General Theological Seminary, New York. He is also taking lectures in Columbia University, and expects to take his M. A. degree there this Spring.

The *Mitre* recently received a letter from Mr. R. D. Thompson, B. A. (Arts '00) who is engaged in literary work on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. We quote from his letter—"I hope enough of us can manage to accept your cricket challenge and put it all over you for old time's sake. Wishing the *Mitre* and dear old Bishop's every success——". We hope that many of our alumni may be fired with some of Mr. Thompson's enthusiasm, and that a large number, may be present in June, from which a winning team may be picked.

Another of our graduates residing in England has again brought up the question of the M. A. hood; which unfortunately so closely resembles the Oxford M. A. hood that it is quite impossible to distinguish between them!— This state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. At present no Master of Arts of Bishop's Collège can wear his hood in England without appearing (to the eyes of Englishmen) to be wearing an Oxford M. A. hood under false pretences. And yet this goes on year after year uncorrected. We trust that this year the matter will receive from Convocation the attention it deserves.

If we may be permitted to make a suggestion, might not a hood of the same shape lined with purple silk and with a border of white silk, be authorized as an *alternative* for the present M. A. hood? But a change to any colour of the rainbow or combination of colours would be a relief from the present state of affairs.

The Rev. H. F. Hamilton, M. A., has been giving a most interesting series of Lenten Lectures on "The Acts of the Apostles" in the Church of the Advent, East Sherbrooke.

Mr. R. A. Cowling, B. A., (Arts '00) who is at present engaged in mission work on the Magdalen Islands returns to Len.

noxville for his ordination to the Diaconate in May. His friends at Lennoxville will all be glad to welcome him back.

The Rev. J. G. Ward, B. A., (Arts' 00) writes that he is greatly interested in his work on the Labrador coast. We hope that he also may be here for Convocation.

The Rev. E. H. Croly, B. A., (Arts' 99) is Incumbent of Mansonville, Que., where he has recently completed the building of a new church.

Divinity Notes.

On Thursday night, March 12th, the Rev. W. B. Heeney, B. A., travelling Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in Canada, visited Bishop's College and delivered a most interesting and impressive address on brotherhood work, to the students and Professors.

Rev. Mr. Heeney has a most attractive and winning manner in his personal contact with men, and his address was a clean cut outline of the work for which St. Andrew's Brotherhood stands, delivered in an eloquent and persuasive manner.

The men will always gladly welcome Mr. Heeney, whenever he can come to us.

The College enjoyed a visit, last month from the Rev. Archdeacon Seymour of Portland, Me., who was the guest of the Principal at the Lodge.

On the evening of March 20th. at Compline, in the Chapel, he delivered a very helpful and scholarly address on the danger of exalting individualism at the expense of individuality. His text was Gallations II—20.

Why the invidious distinction between the rooms of the Arts Building and the Divinity House? The walls of the former have just been made attractive by new paper—why does not some good Samaritan come over and do likewise to the rooms of the Divinity house?

One of the main features of the College is the library. At present it is only an apartment of the Arts Building, and the steadily increasing number of books renders the accomodation there less and less adequate. The present excellent system of cataloguing the books has rendered them more accessible, and for this great improvement we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Parrock, the Deputy Librarian. While the situation for the proposed new Library is not yet settled, a suggestion will not be amiss. We feel that the buildings of the College are rather crowded together, and consequently they do not show to the best advantage. If the new Library were built upon the rising ground beyond the Divinity House, it would not only occupy a commanding position, but the appearance of the whole group of buildings would be greatly enhanced. Another great advantage in thus separating the Library by some little distance from the main building, would be the reduction to a minimum of the danger of loss by fire.

In a letter recently received from the Rev. F. G. LeGallais, B. A., he states that in delivery of mail in January, he received forty letters, while his confrere, the Rev. J. G. Ward, B. A., received fifty! The V. P. usually comes out on top! Letters to the above named gentlemen should be addressed to Mutton Bay, Labrador, for in spite of the fact that it took them six hours to wade through the last assortment, they are still, like Oliver Twist, asking for more!

Brave Love.

Mary Kyle Dallas.

He'd nothing but his violin
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue,
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

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We sometimes supped on dewberries
Or slept among the hay;
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play.

The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear.

Saturday Evening Post.

Not Declined for Lack of Merit.

China is the only country in the world where editors give a thoroughly satisfactory reason for the return of Manuscript. Here is a sample letter, sent by a Peking editor to a would-be contributor to his journal:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon!" Look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

"We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we have read it and we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion

and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See—my hand is at my feet and I am the slave of thy servant. The Editor."

Saturday Evening Post.

Athletics.

Winter is past, and with it fades away the remembrances of hockey. Spring is with us and the lover of sport turns his mind to the cricket nets, the baseball diamond and the tennis court. It is not wise probably to predict what is going to be done this term, but nevertheless for the benefit of our readers a word must be said. Last year it was found necessary to drop baseball owing to a scarcity of playres, but S. C. Kennedy our energetic captain, is putting forward every effort and if enthusiasm counts for anything we may be able to place a very creditable team on the diamond.

The choice of captain for the cricket team has been a wise one and there is no doubt but that Mr. Miall,— with the good material at his disposal, will be able to place a winning team on the field. Of last year's team, Prof. Dunn, Messers Carroll, Plaskett, Findlay, Read, Kennedy, Iveson, Fletcher and Miall, are back and with the addition of Mr. Hamilton, who played on the College team several years ago and S. R. Walters, captain of last years school team, along with A. Bonelli and several other promising candidates competition for positions will be keen, and it is to be hoped that all will do their best and endeavor to make the season as successful as possible.

School Notes.

THE NEW HEADMASTER.

QUEBEC DIOCESAN GAZETTE.

On Tuesday, the 20th ultimo, the Corporation of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, with the advice of the

Bishop's College School Association, elected to the position of Headmaster of Bishop's College School, the Rev. Edward John Bidwell, M. A. ; Oxon, Headmaster of the King's School, Peterboro, England, *i. e.*, the Cathedral Grammar School.

There were more than forty applications, six from men in Canada, the remainder from England. Of the English applications a great many were investigated by two Public School Headmasters of high reputation and seven were interviewed by them. Of these seven each of these two Headmasters wrote down, apart from the other, the three he preferred, placing them in their order, and when they compared notes, the results were identical! Hence these three were highly recommended to the Committee appointed to investigate the matter, and after very careful consideration, and after comparing the English reports with the Canadian lists, the Corporation with the advice of the Directors of the School appointed Mr. Bidwell.

The Rev. E. J. Bidwell was educated at Bradfield College, Berks, England, where he held an open Foundation Scholarship, became Senior Prefect and Head of the School. In 1885 he was elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and in due course he obtained a second class in classical honors both in Mods and Greats. Since taking his degree in 1889 and being ordained he has been entirely engaged in public school work, first at Leamington College as Second Master, and afterwards and until the present day as Headmaster of his present school. At Leamington he taught the classics of the sixth form, and at the same time organized and took charge of a new preparatory Department, receiving the Junior Boys into his House. This Department, under his care, grew rapidly and was when he left to be Headmaster of Peterboro in a flourishing condition. At Peterboro, when he took charge of the school, there were only forty boys. In less than two years the school grew to ninety, and this number, which is a high one considering the scope of the locality, has been maintained ever since.

Mr. Bidwell took Holy Orders with a view to better fulfilling his duties towards his pupils, and at Leamington College he

had charge of the School Chapel Services. At Peterboro he is an acceptable preacher in the Cathedral and is represented as being a popular Preacher of the best kind, listened to by the educated and uneducated alike.

As a man he is a Christian gentleman, taking deep interest in the sports, as well as the learning and conduct of his pupils. He possesses an attractive and influential personality, gaining the sympathy of boys and inducing a high moral tone, and he is also gifted with that special power of organization and general administration, which is so necessary to the real progress and success of a public school, and in addition to all this he is personally a marvellously good teacher.

Mr. Bidwell is 35 years of age, married, and has three children.

Strong testimony is borne to him by the Lord Bishop of Peterboro, the Headmaster of Bradfield College, the Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford, the Headmaster of S. Albans' School, England, and by the Vicar and two Cannons of Peterboro.

Mr. Bidwell is to come out soon, and take charge next term.

With such a head, who is to have a perfectly free hand, we may well hope and believe that Bishop's College School will do a great work in the future and will more than maintain the grand record which it has made for itself in the past.

Arts Notes.

At 2. P. M., on the 8th, of March, loudly the gong in the old entrance rang. On the supposition that a fire had broken out, a crowd of students soon gathered, only to discover the authorities endeavouring to stem an outbreak of water from the ceiling of the Library. Further investigation disclosed the fact, that a pipe had burst in the room above. Willing hands soon protected with waterproofs, the volumes in the lower part of the Library, while the glass cases which contain the "Museum" were protected by boards from the plaster which threatened to fall. This catastrophe

seemed almost a "blessing" in disguise, for the volumes in that part of the Library where the water fell, are certainly very dry, and the College is also greatly in need of an Aquarium as well as a Museum. The leak, however, was discovered in time, and very little "blessing" resulted.

Signs have already been noticed of the approaching completion of the Tower. Men have been seen around the front entrance with plans, busily engaged in measuring and noting down results. This looks encouraging, and we sincerely trust that these signs will not fail to culminate. It is rumoured that the Tower is to be completed in time for Convocation, and we hope that whoever secures the contract will prove an exception to the usual dalliance of such gentlemen by finishing his work within the specified time. A glimpse at the plans was proof that the Tower when completed will be a great improvement to the external appearance of the College.

Talking about fires, leads us to remark that a very successful fire practice was held in the Arts Building recently, under the capable direction of the Sub-chief and his assistants. The hose was laid on every flat, and streams began to play from the upper windows, and out upon the lawn. As a result of the drill, it was discovered that the hose leaked in several places, and that one of the nozzles did not fit properly. At a subsequent meeting of the students, a vote of censure was passed on the Chief and his associates, their resignation was requested, and the following rules recommended:—In case of fire, each student, first to endeavor to rescue his own property; that then word be dispatched to the overseer in the Village to acquaint him about the fire. The meeting then dispersed having pushed the cry "long live that fire brigade," and having sung,—

"That always on account of rot
To wet the hose t' were better not."

Spring and "Asleep in the Deep," in coalition, have had a remarkably noticeable effect on the enterprise of aspiring song-

sters,—so noticeable, in fact, that, with the merging of Spring into Summer, we ardently hope that other strains may be found (if such recreation be *necessary*) to take the place of the other member of the partnership.

A dog once caused a person to spill some tea on his clothes. Concern was felt, not about the apparel, but about the chair on which he sat. (Adapted from Martial's Epigrams.)

Signs of Spring:—

Moustaches that are no "more".

Cricket on the Lawn.

Constant recital that only *blank* weeks remain until Exams.

Prevalence of "Laziosus."

The daily exercise of a certain one amongst us, consists in chasing freight trains up and down the various lines. Owing to frequent practice, he has become very *handy* in getting on and off moving trains. His most graceful method of landing is head first into a barb wire fence, or into the ditch.

His Highness the Maharajah accompanied by his Swift henchman "Youssof" took a flying trip on their special car recently, seated on a granite throne, and visible to the gaze of admiring hundreds who had gathered at the stations to see these notables on their through trip. It was their earnest wish that a stop should be made at the thriving city of "S——" where so many of their admirers reside, but owing to the difficulty of stopping the train, they were carried through, much to the disappointment of those assembled. They, however, noticed with glad feelings the great throng of those who had gathered to catch but a glimpse, and they bowed repeatedly to the acclaim of their acquaintances. The car was one specially made for the trip. It was a *flat* observation car, heavily decked with stone. We understand that His Highness and retinue are contemplating a trip further down the river. "Ye gods it doth amaze me!"

During Lent, several of our most ardent smokers have

denied themselves the pleasures of the fragrant weed. One, in particular, allows himself a relaxation for Sundays, but his Sundays run from six o'clock Saturday evening to twelve o'clock Sunday night. By careful computation of those competent to know, it has been reckoned that he consumes more tobacco in that period, than he formerly did during the whole week. Another one, whether it was from the usual sumptuous repast of Saturday evening, or from the excellence of the weed, found himself obliged suddenly to leave the room. Then:—

Leave the room said A to B.

Certainly said B.

Do you suppose I want to take

The room away with me?

The 102nd Semi-Annual Meeting of the Royal Hibernian Society of never sw(e)ats, was held on the back stoop, precisely at ten hours, on the 17th of Ireland. The order of procedure, as commanded by the auto-run-past-Grand Master, was as follows:—

— Amidst great jinglings of snow-balls and hand-clappings, the well beloved and carefully tended Mascotte "Minnie" (Ha. Ha!) appears exhibiting its recent illness.

At a safe distance, the deceased Fire-Captain, arising for the occasion, holding in one hand a "grubby" note-book, with detailed lithographs of Irish products.

Closely following are his musical contemporaries, wearing pale blue sashes of Paris Green, as a set off to the "spuds" which follow next, singing: "Please go way and let me sleep, in the good old Lenchten time."

Next, Isaacs strenuously controlling two headless Dachs.unds recently unearthed, one muzzled, the other loudly proclaiming its affinity of 50 years standing to the *ground* hog.

Next in review order; Latin Prose with its chums' smile.

Then follows in Swift succession, Moll Flanders and her admirers,

At no great distance, the Musical Genius and Bill Bolter, deep in the morass of Historical research. Blithely the blooming band of the body-swats, brays on a brass band, long; lank, loose; and lastly comes the kernel of the whole show, yelling in a drain pipe voice to the band.

Concerning Charles Dickens and His Work.

Three essayists have selected Charles Dickens, as their subject in recent magazines. Of these three, one is the younger daughter of the great novelist himself, who writes in the *Magazine of Art*, the others are Mr. Andrew Lang, whose article appears in the new "*Booklover's Magazine*, and Mrs. Alice Meynell who contributes her opinions to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The first writer comments on the fact that in all the numerous volumes which contain her father's writings, never once has he introduced an artist as one of his important leading characters. Henry Gowan in "*Little Dorrit*" the amateur artist, and Miss LaGreevy, the quaint little painter of miniatures in "*Nicholas Nickleby*," are not exceptions to this statement, because they occupy subordinate positions, and apart from them not another artist is presented to us in his novels.

And yet Dickens was an authority on art, and a lover both of art and of artists, who numbered many of the latter among his most intimate friends. Why then did he pass them over in this way? is a natural question to which a probable, and certainly an interesting explanation which may serve as the answer, is not far to seek. For while this immortal writer was truly enough both a lover of art and of artists, he was yet a far greater lover of Nature, against which he thought many artists had sinned, either from want of reverence for their art, or from want of knowledge. Again he condemned the extravagant praise lavished indiscriminately on pictures in Italy or Rome, simply because they happened to be in Italy or Rome, and which was often utterly regardless of their merits. But there is also another consideration. Dickens had an "excessive realism of mental vision" which often warped his judgement. He always *saw* what he heard, or read, or thought about, and when pictures of historical, or biblical, or romantic interest were shown to him in different forms from those in which they had presented themselves to his mind, painted by men dissimilar in nature and temperament from himself, they appeared to him as misrepresentations and offended him. This, for example, was the case with Millais' "*Carpenter's Shop*". The

subject had presented itself to the mind of the novelist altogether differently, and the picture pained and displeased him. So, without stopping to inquire of himself the real reason of his dislike, he wrote an exceedingly harsh and hasty criticism upon the picture, which he afterwards regretted having published. Millais however was magnanimous and this very incident brought about a life long friendship between the artist and his critic.

Mr. Lang tells us that one *practical* reason for reading Dickens is that, next to Shakespeare, Dickens supplies most of the current quotations, allusions, and illustrations in the language. His characters are all alive and we may hope all immortal, and not to know them is to be grossly ignorant and unfortunate. At the same time, Mr. Lang holds that Dickens is too fond of death-bed scenes, too fond of making us cry, defects which arose from hurry when the novelist was entangled in the meshes of unlucky literary engagements.

As for Mrs. Meynell, she considers Dickens to be a magnificent stylist, very much a craftsman with a love of his *metier* and a genius for words which the habitual indifference of his time could not quench, but she thinks that his splendid sense of word soften causes him to exaggerate, as for instance at little Paul's death where such phrases as "light about the head," "shining on me as I go" are phrases which no child ever uttered. At least, so Mrs. Meynell thinks, and she is quite shocked in consequence. Whether she has had such wide experience with children, that she is justified in including them all in "one fell swoop," is another question. One thing is certain. The vast majority of those who read the works of this immortal genius would not wish one word to be changed, and prefer his writings to be exactly as they are, rather than what any critic who fails to realize that the scenes and characters of Charles Dickens have a wisdom of their own, would make them. W. T. W.

JOHN O. DUNCAN,

Merchant Tailor

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