

THE MITRE

VOL. X.

LENNOXVILLE, P. Q. MAY, 1903.

No. 7

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

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

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The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que. Printed by Geo. Gale & Sons, Waterville, Que.

Editorials.

Apparently the building of the new central tower of the Arts Building will soon be commenced, indeed, has already commenced, if the daily increasing accumulation of building material is to be regarded as the beginning. From the plans and illustrations of the building, as it will appear when completed, it is quite evident that the new tower will vastly improve the appearance of the whole fabric, but the design would be far more complete and the improvement greatly increased if a clock and suitable chimes were added to the tower. A properly constructed clock tower surmounting the whole would be truly "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever"

The competition for the prize which is given annually by our gifted graduate and alumnus Dr. Frederick George Scott, for

the best poem, is over for another year. This year the candidates were allowed to choose their own subject, which is an improvement on the conditions of last year. Would it not be advisable to go a step farther and remove the restrictions as to the number of lines required, or at least to reduce the minimum now laid down? Were this done it is probable that not only would a greater number compete, but also that the quality of the work submitted in most cases would compensate for any reduction in the number of lines.

VOLUNTARY SELF-SURRENDER.

Sermon by the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith, Rector of St. Thomas, Washington, D. C., at the ordination of the Rev. J. Henning Nelms, B. L., of Bishop's College.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I: send me." (Isa. vii 8.)

In a few clear sentences as by a master of human language, one of the grandest scenes which ever passed before mortal eyes is here portrayed. Very simply but very vividly the fleeting phantoms of earth are set in sharp juxtaposition beside the eternal verities of heaven.

In the year that King Uzziah died—in the year when he who for a little while had worn the insignia of earthly royalty, exchanged the light and warmth of a palace for the darkness and coldness of a chamber among the dead, and a place where courtiers bent the knee in lowly homage for a place where none would do him reverence—I saw another King, even the Eternal God sitting upon His throne and his train filled the temple, that temple which Uzziah in his sinful folly had profaned, and which was now so transfigured that it seemed the court of heaven in its celestial splendor and the body of heaven in its transparent clearness. But how changed was it all! The veil had been drawn aside and instead of the Shekinah enthroned above the seraphim, the King, eternal, immortal, was there in majesty so resplendent that the angels who ministered in His presence could not look upon him, as with veiled faces they sang the antiphon of Heaven, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.

One witnessing that scene could never forget it though he witnessed it afar off, as Moses viewed the promised land from Nebo's lonely heights, or John in Patmos saw Heaven. To such an one's awestruck gaze it would seem as if heaven itself had come down to earth, or as if Sinai with all the glorious manifestations of God upon its summit "like unto devouring fire" had come into the sanctuary. That scene would remain forever in the chambers of his memory, vivid, real, life-like, but as yesterday.

And if this were so with one who had no appointed place of personal interest or official connection in all the wondrous drama passing before him, much more would it be so with one who was no spectator only but a living, interested participant in it all and who was bearing throughout it no unimportant or insignificant part. That was Isaiah's position. After God, he filled the chief place there. Of all created beings his was the central figure. That scene was for him the turning point of his life, the beginning of a new era in his personal history. Old things were passing away: all things were becoming new. From henceforth he was to be a prophet clothed with a prophet's power and a prophet's authority. To him there had come as there came to St. Paul in after days a personal revelation and a personal call, and he had said: "Here am I: send me." The deed done that day could never be undone. Henceforth separating him from his old life was a mighty chasm which could not be crossed. Henceforth new thoughts, new goals, new ambitions would be his. That day had changed everything.

Yet intensely personal and absolutely individual in its first application and meaning, as the incident was in Isaiah's life it was no unique, extraordinary or isolated instance of God's dealing with a man. Far otherwise was it, and the whole value of the incident for us lies in the fact that it was otherwise and not anything which happened once for all. From our point of view God has been repeating the scene in all essential features from that day to this and will repeat it in generations yet to come. See such a repetition of it in the ordination services which are being held all over Christendom to-day in dioceses which girdle the earth

in their completeness. Vastly different are the conditions under which those services are held. Some in ancient parish Churches, such as this, where a loving and devout congregation gathers week by week to hear the words of the great commission which will transfer the layman from the ranks of the laity to those of the appointed messengers of God, or lay upon him who is already a messenger a greater burden of honor and responsibility; some in poor and bare mission Churches no better outwardly than the mud and wattle church, which centuries ago Columba builded at Iona; some in cathedrals of such exquisite beauty that it seems as if earth herself blossoming had brought forth a beautiful flower in stone. Other differences too will be seen. Some amid snow and ice will hear the word, others in land of tropical heat and amid tropical scenery. Some in one language and some in another. But for all alike the King sits on His throne of glory and asks as in that vision of old: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and every man will answer for himself—must answer: "Here am I send me." And then out from that service he goes forth with a new life before him and a new responsibility upon him. He too like Isaiah has seen the vision and heard the voice and old things have passed away.

From this point of view an Ordination service is one of the sublimest and one of the most inspiring of earthly spectacles. Talk if you will about the inauguration of Presidents or the enthroning and crowning of Kings and Emperors: wax eloquent if you can over imposing ceremonies of state and the proudest national pageants with all their pomp and glitter. What comes of it all? They are of earth earthy.

"Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

It is written upon them all: Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

They all shall perish in the using. They are like the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Therefore rightly do we cry:

"Judge of the Nations, spare us yet
Lest we forget! Lest we forget."

But in an ordination service there is nothing ephemeral. That is the beginning of a new ministry, the final acceptance of the prophetic office with all that that means of duty and responsibility. To take part in the beginning of such a ministry we are here to-day. Our brother now present is about to be sent into the midst of the unseen spiritual forces, principalities and powers, to wrestle in deadly strife in defense of all good, against all evil. The words of commission soon to be spoken to him by a successor of the Apostles will touch chords which will vibrate in heaven and even eternity itself will echo with the long sweep of their music. It must be thus. If the launching of a vessel into the waters which wash the nearer shores sends quivering sensations through the depths of the great ocean beyond so that the farthest shores feel the motion and the influence so must it be when a new life given to God's work, is launched on the broad ocean of eternal realities and spiritual forces. Manifestly for the working out of all the influences now set in motion time is inadequate. Beyond the furthest horizon of human life those influences reach. Beginning here they roll on and on until in the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness they mingle in the volume of the river whose streams make glad the City of God.

Consider now the question? "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

This is not the question of one who is perplexed. Rather is it a call for volunteers—a call which comes only to man for God has put His treasure into earthen vessels. He has planned it that only from man shall man hear all the words of this life. Not to the heavenly Hosts has he entrusted this work: not even to the celestial hierarchy of crowned elders and victor angels. Upon those shining ones which stand around the throne of God other responsibilities have been laid and to them other duties have been assigned. For us men and for our salvation man himself must toil. So when God asks: "Whom shall He send?" He addresses that inquiry to a man. And as if it could be addressed to none other St. Paul asks: "How shall they hear without a preacher, how shall they preach except they be sent, as it is written, etc."

O mystery divine. O thrice blessed privilege! O wonderful condescension! Man God's appointed messenger to his fellow man and that on all the deepest, most vital, and most momentous issues that can affect him, even those that have to do with his eternal welfare, the welfare of his soul.

Mindful of this, easy is that part of the preacher's duty on an occasion like the present wherein it is laid upon him that he must declare how necessary the office of the deacon is in the Church of God

Necessity created the office. The Apostles did not found the order of deacons to add dignity or to relieve them of burdensome duties but because they saw the great tide of humanity rolling by, because they saw the great problems of humanity all around needing solution and because they heard everywhere the voice of men crying by day and by night, "Come over and help us." They themselves had but one voice one pair of hands, and but twelve hours in the day—Then sprang into life and being the diaconate and God so set His seal and approval upon their action that He signally honored one of the new chosen by giving him a chief place among the most successful of the teachers and evangelists of any age and the reaper when the Lord Himself had been the sower and to another He gave the unique honor of having his name emblazoned first of all—before that of any of the Apostles of the Lamb, upon the martyrologies of the Church. Surely this office is necessary for the Church's, well being today.

Who is sufficient for these things? Who is qualified to be the Lord's messenger? Who is worthy to stand before men as God's representative? Who can adequately perform the duties of such an office? Is this what is meant? Promptly we answer no one is sufficient for these things. Methinks that man does not live of whom it could be said. The Lord's messengers need more gifts methinks than mortal man possesseth.

Certainly he needs more than he who labours in any earthly calling.

What spiritual gifts must be his! The grace of God in his heart, an abundant faith in God, blameless in character, vigilant in watchfulness, earnest in piety, faithful in all things.

What social qualities must be his! Knowledge of men, tact, the wisdom of the serpent united with the harmlessness of the dove, refined in mind, cultured in manner, equally able to be at home in the homes of the poor and the mansions of the rich, discreet, sober, given to hospitality.

What gifts of mind and intellect. Executive and financial ability, musical knowledge, oratorical power, aptness to teach, possessed of information, exact, accurate, wide spread.

Of what earthly calling or profession can it be said that all these things are necessary and yet, let one be missing in the character of the minister of Christ, and he is as a soldier with a perfect suit of armour save for one gaping rent which threatens dire disaster.

But we have not as yet mentioned one gift without which all others would be possessed in vain to him, and his ministry a dismal failure. He must have been where Isaiah was and when he found his life's work—in the presence of the Eternal God. God must have spoken to him as he did to Isaiah and as he did to Moses and Ezekiel, St. Paul, St. John, and as He is always doing to His own chosen ones.

And when the word is spoken power is there. He can say, I saw I heard I know. No man can speak with authority until he can say that and yet to that personal knowledge—that personal revelation and that personal call we must add another thing as part of the armour of him who will be the Lord's ordained servant. He must as the result of that call have accepted it in all its fullness. He must keep nothing back. His must be an absolute self surrender. Once Christ called a man and he came but it was to lay down a condition before he followed. He must first bury his father. What more natural, what more commendable? What more filial? Yet Christ would not have it so. Let the dead bury their dead but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God. Then Christ lifted up the standard of an entire and perfect surrender.

What a spiritual personalty should lie behind such work and such an office as that of Christ's messenger. How holy should

he be? How lovely in life and conversation. How absolutely does the Master require him to place himself at His disposal without qualification and without reserve. Self effacement, self forgetfulness, self crucifixion are daily duties. He must have paid full price. All things to him must be loss to win Christ. Sorrows and trials and stripes and imprisonments should make him rejoice that he has only one wish—that God's will should be done. As with the ox standing between altar and plough with the legend written below: "Ready for either," so with him. To live is Christ: to die is gain. (He has set his affections on things above not on things below: he is dead and his life is hid with Christ in God) Ready for work: ready for death. Has he not said "Here am I send me?"

This is the ideal. I do not say men reach it. I do not say that they can reach it in all its perfections. It would not be an ideal if it could be reached. But it should be the mark at which the messenger is aiming—the goal to which he is journeying. As a traveller sees afar off the mountains he would seek with its lofty peaks covered with their dazzling crown of eternal snow in all its spotless purity. Woe if he does not. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord or who shall rise up in His holy place. Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from God of his salvation."

Alas there are evidences that the ideal has been lost sight of.

In a recent pastoral letter of the American House of Bishops amid many expressions for which we should be devoutly thankful, was this one which might fill us with alarm: missionary zeal is waning. Alas if that be true. Being true has the gold become dim and the fine gold changed. How are the might fallen and the weapons of war perished.

That the statement was no pessimistic utterance of those who could not see the brightness of the sky, the Council Chamber of the Convention whence that letter came, provided abundant proof of the need of sending a Bishop to Alaska. Among the friends of the measure was the Rector of an exceedingly wealthy and fashion-

able Church. It might have been said in a bantering way, but if so it was woefully out of place and wrong in spirit, but one of the opponents of the measure threatened him by way of punishment to put him in nomination for the Bishopric of Alaska if he did not take care. Now think what that implied. It meant that to turn his back upon wealth and influence to go out as a missionary Bishop: to become a standard bearer in a position of exceeding hardship and peculiar difficulty was something dreadful. Is it so? Yes, if spiritual ideals be forgotten and wordly maxims adopted—that and much more—it was to become an exile—to endure a living martyrdom—to live a life not worth living, but if Christ's ideal is chosen instead of the world's and Christ's service unreservedly accepted then far otherwise—an additional honor, brighter promises and multiplied rewards.

Again. We are apt to speak of wealth and position and numbers as constituting the strength of a Church, a parish, a Diocese. A rich and influential Church is a strong church. Well, I marvel greatly at such a standard. There was one such strong Church in scripture—a Church that could say I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.

These things constitute not the strength of a Church. Show me one where the spirit of God dwells where souls are being helped and afflicted cheered, where tears are being staunched and the weakened in will and habit are being encouraged to fight for the mastery of self and for faithfulness to God and I will show to you a place strong for God with the true strength which is God's not man's.

Once more in our day we have seen the sword raised to punish heathen nations for the persecution of Christian missionaries and their converts. All wrong. When was it true that swords of steel and cries of vengeance were the seeds of the Church. All honor to the men who go abroad to China or Japan, or the darkened parts of Africa, but let them go with their lives in their hand and if they fall let them fall as the Lord's standard bearers emulating the Lord's spirit and crying with the first martyr, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." To do aught else

is to lay themselves open to Christ's rebuke. "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." And let the nations whence they come learn by their spirit not to slay but to pray for their murderers.

When Isaiah said: Here am I, send me, he made no conditions and he suggested no restrictions. The absolute necessity of this standard for the life and the welfare of the church let me lift up in this presence today. Having this we have all things. Given the spirit of self sacrifice, the willingness to suffer, the readiness to consider all things loss for Christ's sake and the Church will rejoice in herself and the pastors which God has given her. Not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.

My brother to the making this ideal your own I summon you. Fail not to set it before you. It is necessary to your usefulness, your efficiency, your peace of mind, and the quieting of your conscience. You possess many of those gifts without which no effective work is possible. You have tact and judgment the gift of mind and memory, the talent of a rare and rich imagination and oratorical power, you have seen I believe the vision and heard the voice.

But assure yourself of this one thing that in offering yourself you are annexing no conditions. Head the subscription list for the Lord's work with yourself, say:

"I dare not choose my lot
I would not if I might
Choose thou for me my God
So shall I work aright."

Then if it be but to the saving of one soul that God calls you all will be well. You will have fulfilled your part. And that may be greater than you think it be. Heaven for yourself may be the outcome, and tomorrow God may give you another soul and yet another. But be this as it may even one soul saved by us is great and glorious gain.

"For me to have made one soul
The better for my birth
To have added but one flower
To the garden of the earth."

To have struck one blow for truth
In the daily fight with lies
To have done one deed of right
In the midst of calumnies.

To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die
To have been a link in the chain of life
Shall be immortality.

Away down in Maryland when you and I met together and when we had the conversation of which this service today is the legitimate and inevitable outcome, lived the artist's preacher Johannes Adam Dertie once at Munich and Nuremberg. His was the brain that conceived the picture of a woman clinging to the cross. With both hands she grasped the cross and with all her might for the waters raged tumultuously as if they would any moment tear her from her strong tower of refuge. Then out of the raging, seething caldron, came a dark hand of some hideous friend. You have seen the picture often. Later he drew another and the conception was wholly different. The cross was there: the woman was there too but the hand of the hideous darkness was gone and in place another woman sinking in the waters but she who had hold of the cross had let go her hold with one hand in order to help her sister. Ah that was the better thought. Cling to the cross: save your neighbor's soul. Are you ready for this? To this you are called: to this serve: you consent when you say: Here am I send me.

Life.

As rosy morn kissed shades of night away,
The castle Spain of fairy opulence,
Loomed through the mist of fragrant frankincense,
And Faith dropped down the drawbridge for the day:
Then Hope, the shadow that holds earthly sway,
Leads struggling crowd, all youthful innocence
O'er moat, through tangled wastes both dark and dense.
Bleeding and torn all cry out in dismay:
"Is there no end to this hard road we've come,
The weary wastes we've struggled with since dawn?
This castle of youth's dreams must be afar,
The night is here yet may we turn not home,
By fate controlled still onward are we drawn.
Have pity God, do Thou Thy gates unbar."

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

On Preaching and Reading the Gospel.

An Address by SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT spoken, in response to an invitation from the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, at the Diocesan Conference held at Leeds on the Evening of Thursday, October 23rd, 1902.

IT is customary for a clergyman to preface his sermon from the pulpit by a text from the Bible. I, as an actor, will begin my address from the platform with a quotation from Shakespeare, to be found in the comedy of 'Much Ado about Nothing': 'Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.'

When I was honoured by an invitation to take part in this conference, I, at first, in very fright, declined it; later on I began to calmly reflect upon the compliment which was paid to me, and, through me, the honour which the Church showed to the Stage. My thoughts turned also towards the great prelate, the rare orator, to whom I owed the invitation, for whom my admiration is as lofty as my respect is profound, and in whose debt I shall all my life remain; for his perfect mastery of the art of preaching has for years entranced me. I reflected that the Lord Bishop would not have asked me to do this thing had he not believed it ought to be within my province to say some word or two which, from my point of view—might possibly be useful on even so grave a subject as Preaching and Reading the Gospel. That is why I am here, though still with earnest doubts if it lies in my power to be of any service.

I must ask you to bear in mind that I make but small pretence to literary skill—none to theological knowledge—that the best of my life has been passed in the thoughts of others; so that now, thrown upon my own resources, I am very conscious of not dealing amply with my subject, having merely to offer you a few reflections, jotted down—I might say thrown together—while travelling abroad.

The first thought that came into my mind was of a certain resemblance which, at least, exists between the great preacher and the famous player, not only for the mighty sermons each can

preach, but because when his work is done, when he has for ever left the pulpit or the stage, the 'divine spark' is extinguished; his voice, his manner, his fascination, his originality are soon but memories; while his renown too often rests upon the imperfect records of tradition. What would you not give to hear Martin Luther preach! What would I not give to see David Garrick act!

My position this evening is both difficult and delicate. I regret that I have but a superficial knowledge of the Word of God, and I would rather say so to the audience I now have the honour to address than accept a false character on that or any subject, here or anywhere. I can, however, truly say that as a humble member of many and varied congregations I have for years sought comfort, pleasure, and instruction in sermons. Let me tell you of my first sermon. 'My first sermon!' How the words recall the undying name of Millais, whose canvas often preached so eloquently. As a tiny child I was taken by my father to hear the celebrated Dr. Croly. I was too young to recollect more than the fact which was impressed upon me that the preacher was once a friend of the immortal Byron. It may be there was another reason for my subsequent remembrance of Dr. Croly—he wrote plays. Since that first sermon was preached to me I have listened to many hundreds. Most of them I entirely forget; a few of them I shall remember until I die. Among the great divines whom it has fallen to my lot to hear—the commanding purpose of whose careers has been fulfilled, so far as in them lay, for their short lease of life has expired, their voices are hushed in the lasting silence—I could linger on the names of Magee, Wilberforce, Liddon, Maurice, Phillips-Brooks, Manning, Spurgeon, Punshon, Beecher. They all possessed that indescribable something which often waits so closely upon genius and may be bluntly called a strong way of their own. Such tongues had an allurements hard indeed to resist when they spoke of Faith and Hope and taught the helpful lessons of self-denial and self-sacrifice.

For a moment my thoughts turn to three living and eminent preachers, as I have at different times listened to their

widely different views. The first is a gifted bigot, who dwelt upon eternal punishment with such tragic force, who painted the awful picture of everlasting fire with such lurid strength, that I wondered some terrified children who were among the congregation did not stand up in the church and scream: for my body shuddered while my soul revolted. The second is a distinguished and highly-cultured minister, who has boldly pronounced from the pulpit that could he associate such horrors with the conception of a merciful God no further word of prayer should ever pass his lips. I take it the best of you must hope that Mercy shall stand nearer to the Throne than Justice, and I admit that such broad and tolerant sentiments appeal far more to the train of thought I dare to wish for when the hour shall strike for me to pass 'from Shadows and Fancies to the Truth.' The third is a man of great learning, but who revealed that his shaken faith was barely hidden behind a thin, transparent veil of orthodoxy, and soon made me believe, if I judged him truly, that he regarded his surplice as a mockery, and looked upon his exalted mission as a waste of time. The bewildered layman must be forgiven should these conflicts sometimes turn his mind to simple lines like these:—

'So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.'

But the point with me this evening is rather why have such numbers of the sermons I have listened to been quite forgotten? Why? Because they were badly delivered. I make no doubt that many of them were masterpieces of theology—were marvels of erudition—but they who spoke them were devoid of gifts which so adorn their holy calling, so aid their great responsibility. Their words very likely reached the heads of the learned, but would never have touched the hearts of the ignorant. The first duty of a preacher, there can be no question, is to make himself heard; the second to be impressive and convincing. As, of necessity, my opinions must be swayed by thoughts and ideas pertaining to the stage, it will be well to at once say, lest I be

misunderstood, that in pleading for a sermon to be dramatic I do not in the least wish the preacher to be theatrical. Although the two words often convey the same meaning, they have a widely different sense as well. To be heard, implies management of voice, which reminds me of advice—to be laid to heart—given to a public speaker by my wife, who said, 'Don't be afraid of opening your mouth, and don't forget that the roof of it is nature's sounding-board.' I once heard a profound judge of such matters say that 'the two most telling stage voices he knew of belonged to two gifted women, Mrs. Keeley and Lady Bancroft, whose lowest notes always reached the furthest end of the largest theatre.' I seem now to hear the vibrating, penetrating tones of the one, which lasted even until she reached her ninety-odd years, while the beautiful voice of the other always strikes upon my ear as the music of silver bells. Many preachers speak so entirely from the head or throat, instead of from the chest, that they often fall victims to a complaint which, I believe, is generally known as 'clergyman's sore throat.' I never heard of actors' sore throat—as a chronic complaint.

One word as to being impressive and convincing. We all long since, made up our minds that Luther, Knox, and Wesley were very strongly both. Do you remember the answer David Garrick gave to the Bishop who asked him this question: 'Can you tell me, sir, why it is that you players, who deal with romance, can yet profoundly move an audience; while we preachers, who deal with reality, fail to do so?' 'Yes my lord, I can. It is because we players act fiction as if it were the truth, while you preachers too often speak of truth as though it were but fiction.' While on my recent travels I read an interesting and characteristic article, contributed to *The Times* by an eloquent and leading member of the Nonconformist Church; I will take the liberty to quote from the reverend doctor's words, as they are quite in accord with my own views: 'To-day the man who would preach with true and lasting effect must be sincere, intelligent, and sympathetic—in a word, he must be a man, a teacher, a friend. Preaching is the most impertinent of all impertinences,

if there be not behind it and round about it a sense of authority other and better than human.'

Neither now, nor here, could I presume to say how the faults I have ventured to refer to might be remedied, but when I call to mind the care and cost so abundantly lavished upon the splendid choral services in our cathedrals, the pains and practice so manifestly taken to acquire the skill to melodiously chant the Litany, I ask, in wonder, why is not the same labour, the like devotion, bestowed upon the teaching of young clergymen to speak audibly and to control a congregation. As things often are, forgive me for thinking some of them more fortunate than the bad actor—he can be hissed for his incompetence—the bad preacher must be, at the least, endured. May I have the courage to paraphrase the words of Shakespeare, and say: 'Oh, there be preachers that I have heard preach—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, who neither had the accent of Christian, pagan, nor man, they imitated humanity so abominably. O, reform it altogether.'

I fear I have spoken at too great length, but I wish to include in these imperfect remarks a few words on the Reading of the Gospel. They shall be brief. Although I make no claim to be a student of the Bible, I sometimes hear it read: now and then very beautifully, often very vilely. I have listened to such extracts as tell of the death of Absalom, and the death of Jezebel, of Daniel in the Den, or which relate the Return of the Prodigal Son, as though the moving stories were little more dramatic than so many stale problems in Euclid. Also, I have been struck with amazement at glaring instances of false emphasis in the dull recital of the Order for Morning Prayer; and have heard the death-chapter from the Corinthians so murdered, even in the warning presence of death itself, as to make the hallowed bones of the Apostle who bequeathed it to humanity, turn in their resting-place. Verily, one might almost think that, given such wondrous words, 'Preaching to stones would make them capable.'

But let the young divine, granted that he be earnest and devout, take comfort—let him not lose heart; I would ask him to remember that the little silver brook has to wind and bend upon its timid, struggling course for a long time before it spreads and flows as the stately river known by all men; and ere yet it shall be embraced by the remorseless, satirical sea. I would console him in saying that although he may not be gifted with such a priceless attribute as the charm, the magnetism—so akin to that in-born genius which in all public careers must be supreme—by study, by energy, by sincerity, by cultivating character and authority, by aiming faithfully at the highest models, above all by belief in himself, and in his calling, the light is bound to shine through his work, and he will find himself far upon the high road to Truth.

I have done. My first and last sermon is preached; I hope it has not been too long. If, as a critic, I have said one word to hurt, I am sorry; if, as an actor, I have said one word to help, I am glad. 'Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.' In final acknowledgment of the privilege I have enjoyed in speaking at this Conference, you will, I am sure, let me remind you of the remarkable, the glorified affinity which exists between the work of Shakespeare and the pages of Holy Writ. The same inspired truths so abound throughout them as to plainly prove that the divine poet was a passionate student of the Scriptures. There could be no firmer bond, no sweeter union, between Church and stage; it must, for all time, be the strongest link that ever yet was forged, for both books are eternal.

Alumni Notes.

It is learned that His Excellency the Governor-General has announced his intention of being present at Convocation on June, 18th. He will then receive in person the honorary degree of D. C. L., from our Alma Mater. We feel sure that this announcement will be a source of great gratification, to all our Alumni. The presence of the Earl of Minto, will be a fitting climax to the festivities connected with the Jubilee of Bishop's University.

It is hoped that a large number of our Alumni will be present at the coming Convocation. The date proposed for the Cricket Match Graduates vs Undergraduates is Wednesday June 17th. The great success of the match last year should induce many of the best cricketers among our Alumni, to make a special effort to be present this year. If this is done the success of the match is assured.

The Rev. A. H. Moore, M. A., (Arts '93) Vice-President of the Alumni Association, has undertaken at the request of the Jubilee Committee, to visit various centres in the Eastern Townships with the object of bringing before the friends of education the approaching Jubilee. The Jubilee Memorial, is to take the form of (a) a new library building and, (b) the provision of new entrance scholarships in Arts to enable students from local academies to receive the advantages of a University course.

Mr. W. E. Enright, B. A., (Arts '99) has resigned his position as Principal of Cookshire Academy. We quote the following from the *Sherbrooke Daily Record*:— "Mr. Enright has been instrumental in bringing the school up to the high standing it now holds, and the many improvements in the school grounds, and the equipment of the school are entirely due to his energy and zeal. It will be hard to replace him. The best wishes of the pupils and many friends of the school will follow him into whatever field of labour he may enter." Mr. Von Iffland, a graduate of Bishop's University, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Enright as principal.

It is interesting to note that the service at the funeral of Sir. Hector Macdonald in Paris, was conducted by the Rev. P. S. Mesny B. A., (Arts '84) who is assistant chaplain to the British Embassy Church.

The thanks of the *Mitre* are due to the Rev. T. Falconer Dowdell, B. A., (Arts '95) as much for a generous gift as for the kind words that accompanied it. We quote from his letter,— "As an Assistant Manager and Assistant Editor of the past I wish you every success in your endeavor to keep the *Mitre* up to its present high standard."

We offer our congratulations to Mr. H. W. Blaylock, B. A., (Arts' 97) to Mr. A. G. E. Rankin, B. A., (Arts' 00) and to Mr. J. B. Orr, B. A., (Arts' 00) who have recently received the degree of B. C. L., from McGill University. Mr. Blaylock in addition to being Class Orator for his year had the still greater distinction of winning one of the Travelling Scholarship in Law. Mr. Orr has also won one of these scholarships.

Notes.

Albury is a little village in the county of Surrey. Of Surrey it is said that it is the Garden of England. And its inhabitants account Albury the garden of Surrey. It lies in the valley of the Tillingbourne and is shut in by hills on every side. Here is Albury Park, a fair demesne that has passed through many hands: once the seat of Henry Drummond, M. P., the organizer if not the founder of the sect of the Irvingites, it has passed into the hands of the House of Percy, and is now one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland. Its gardens are famous, and it is said to have been partly laid out by John Evelyn, who at one time was very anxious to become its purchaser. Close to the Duke's house stands the old Parish Church of Albury, one of the oldest Churches in Surrey, now disused, and near by is the building erected, in no unworthy style, by Henry Drummond, where the people commonly called Irvingites assemble for their special form of worship. In this building it is claimed amongst other things that there has been a revival of the Gift of Tongues, so often referred to in the New Testament. Of course it is also claimed that there has been manifestations of the same nature in other buildings throughout the world where Irvingites have gathered together. The claims of this interesting sect composed as it is of men and women who are undoubtedly earnest and sincere Christians are extremely difficult for an outsider to understand. But like every other serious movement this awakens interest and draws attention to portions of the Scripture which might otherwise sink out of sight, as for example those portions that relate to the gift of tongues. It was this subject that drew

the writer's attention to a book by the Rev. Arthur Wright published by Messrs. Methuen and called "Some New Testament Problems," to which he now ventures to call the attention of the Divinity Students. It contains many other articles besides that on the Gift of Tongues amongst which is especially noticeable a short one on the Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Another book which the writer has lately come across, although it has been long published, is Franz Delitzsch's "Jewish Artisan Life in the Time of Christ," an admirable little work, which dealing thoroughly with its special subject, at the same time draws our attention to the wonderful contrast between the spirit of Judaism and the spirit of Christianity and helps us to see what a profound difference there is between the highest morality of the Jewish Rabbis and of Christ, and how infinitely we are the gainers by having been made partakers of His blessed Kingdom and so inheritors of His Teaching. This little volume is published by the Unit Library, Limited, Leicester Square, London at the small cost of three pence (6c).

Another book which those of the Mitre's readers who are going on to Holy Orders will surely enjoy and profit by is Savage's "Pastoral Visitation" a thoroughly spiritual and (*mutatis mutandis*) practical work for Canada as well as England. The publishers are Messrs Longmans, (price 2s. 6d.).

Will it be thought amiss if at the close of this short list a different sort of book altogether is mentioned and recommended? A novel by Seton Merriman—*The Vultures*—contains a stirring plot, good history and in the writer's opinion sound morality. It is not a novel with a purpose: and yet the characters of Cartoner and of the Russian Monarch, Alexander II, may be studied with real advantage.

B. G. W.

Arts Notes.

It is with pleasure to ourselves that we are able to record that the signs of beginning the New Tower, which were noted in the last issue of the Mitre, have now become an established

fact. And it would seem from the preparations, and the work now being carried on, as if the Tower would be completed in time for our Jubilee Convocation and the coming visit of the Governor-General. It would certainly be too bad, on such an occasion, if the front of the College was in an unfinished state. When so many visitors are present, as we trust will be on that occasion, the College should present as imposing an appearance as possible, and the new Tower will greatly improve the front view of the buildings, adding a completeness to the squat aspect. We trust, therefore, that an especial effort will be made to hurry forward the work. The old and historic Tower is now being demolished, the Tower which has beheld the entrance and exit of many generations of students. When the iron railing which surrounds the summit was cast down, many fragments were gathered by zealous students to be kept as relics of former days.

Easter Vacation has come and gone, and quite a number of the Students were reluctantly compelled to spend their holidays at the College where their only recreation appears to have been swat. Others who were more fortunate were enabled to spend their vacation at home or with friends, amid more pleasant surroundings. While some were taking duty in various missions. Rev. M. C. Shewen, (Arts '03) was stationed at Dixville. Mr. Frank Plaskett, (Arts '03) was at Agnes, assisting the Rev. J. S. Dickson, B. A. Mr. W. F. Seaman, (Arts '04) took the Dennistown Mission in Maine.

Mr. G. J. Bousfield, we regret to say, is not returning to College for this Term. During the summer months he will have charge of the Parish of Winchester in the Diocese of Ottawa.

Mr. J. J. Seaman was unexpectedly called home to Hamilton, Ont., during the Easter Vacation by the death of his sister. The sympathy of the students is with Mr. J. J. Seaman and Mr. W. F. Seaman and their family in this sad affliction.

The Annual Meeting of the Students for the election of the officers of the Mitre for the ensuing year was held in the Common Room on April, 27th. The following were elected:— Frank Plaskett, (Arts '03,) Editor-in-Chief, A. J. Vibert, (Div. '04,) Business Manager, E. Miall, (Arts '04,) Athletic Editor.

A Committee was also appointed, consisting of these officers, with the addition of the Rev. J. H. Nelms, to revise the constitution of the Mitre.

A hearty vote of thanks was then passed to the officers for the past year, particularly to Mr. Wheeler for the able manner in which he has conducted the Mitre, and to Mr. Vibert for his successful business management. At the beginning of this year there was a debt of \$127.00 on the Mitre. Mr. Vibert was able to report that all this debt had been paid off, and moreover that there was a small balance on hand. The thanks of all the friends of the Mitre are due to Mr. Vibert for thus successfully relieving the Magazine of the burden of debt it has carried for some years past, and thereby placing it in a position of independence.

A. E. Rivard, (Arts '03,) who during this Academic year resumed charge of the school at St. Lamberts, has returned to take his final "Exams." We are glad to welcome Mr. Rivard back to the halls of Bishop's.

We do not know whether the Council, during the coming Jubilee Convocation, intend to return to the old custom of holding a *Conversazione* in the evening, with an informal dance, but we sincerely hope that they will do so. Last year, a departure was made in having a Social in the afternoon, and while this was very enjoyable it could not compare with the delights of an evening *Conversazione*. Therefore, we hope that a return will be made to the old custom, and thus a fitting end will be given to the events of that week, and one that will be a source of joy to the students and friends of the College.

Rev. M. C. M. Shewen, (Arts '03,) has been elected as Valedictorian of the class which will graduate in June. We feel sure that he will be equal to the occasion.

A Committee has been appointed to interview the Council with a view to making some slight alteration in the marking of our gowns. At present the rule reads "The gown shall be of black stuff with a distinctive mark of a cord of crimson." This distinctive mark is on but very few of the present gowns. It has been suggested that different coloured cords be worn to mark the different years. This, we think, would not only mark a distinction in the different years but would make it a badge of seniority. Each student would then be more eager to obtain his distinctive mark and to enforce the wearing of it on the others.

The Members of the Cricket Club have presented a petition to the Council asking that the time of Evening Chapel be changed, during Trinity Term, from 5.30 to 6.30 p. m. This has been done in order to give more time in the afternoons for Cricket and also to enable us to play a match up to time. It is to be hoped that the Council will see fit to grant this small request.

The thanks of the Reading Room are due to our old Professor, Rev. B. G. Wilkinson, M. A., who ever has us in his kindly remembrance. He has presented us with a publication in Mission Work, entitled "East and West."

Several changes have lately been made for the domestic welfare (?) of the Students. One of these was a new Janitor for the Arts Building, who was imported, at great expense, from Montreal, in fact, we understand that a special trip was made by an official in order to secure this treasure. After one month trial it was found that he pursued his duties with such zeal, evidences of his carefulness being seen in all the corners of the building, besides under beds, tables, etc, of the rooms, that the Authorities, fearing that he would break down under the strain, have granted him an indefinite holiday. It is to be hoped that his successor will not follow in his steps.

Our neighbours in the "Shed" have lately taken to exercising their beautiful voices in the stillness of the midnight hour. Their frantic efforts at last secured attention from a few late "swatters" in the Arts Building, and they were asked, in polite terms, if anybody was sick, and on being informed that they were "all right" they were requested to stop "braying".

"When the cat's away the mice will play"

There is one fault about our beautiful Chapel, and particularly is this to be noticed at the early services, and that is the lack of proper ventilation. With the Chapel shut up tightly day and night, the air is not of the purest in the mornings. And we venture to think that the devotions would be more earnest, not only at the early services but at all services, if a more abundant supply of pure air was admitted.

Book Review.

THE HEART OF JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL. With an Introduction by Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., and an appreciation of the Journal by Augustine Birrell, K. C., Edited by Percy Livingstone Parker. (Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto.) \$1.50 net.

The bicentary celebration of John Wesley's birthday, to be observed this year in every part of the world, makes it a fitting time for the publication of this valuable edition of a famous book. The Journal has till now been published in four volumes, in which form it was unwieldy, appealing chiefly to the specialist as a pre-eminent work of reference. In this edition the work is condensed by judicious selection into one good sized volume at a very reasonable price, in which form it is a book for the general reader, and as such will probably attain the popularity it so well deserves. He who would know the real history of England and the English people during the 18th century must read this Journal of him, who was the greatest force of that century in England. Lecky, the historian, to take one example in his

famous "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" uses the Journal as one of his chief authorities for the chapter on The Religious Revival (Vol. II.) Again he who would know John Wesley, must, to quote Canon Overton, "study him in that wonderfully life-like portrait of himself which he has given us in his own Journal, instead of being content to look at him through the spectacles of others. If ever a man poured forth the whole secrets of his soul, surely Wesley did in his Journal. It is, on the face of it, a real, not a conventional, account of his thoughts and doings, and deserves to be studied at first hand."

Mr. Parker has used excellent judgement in omitting and retaining, giving us a book which is profitably interesting throughout, from the first entry in 1735 till the last in 1790. A full index is given, also nineteen full-page illustrations taken from contemporary paintings and sketches. The happy appreciation by Augustine Birrell makes a fitting introduction, and is quite in keeping with the finished workmanship of the whole book.

Studies in Christian Character, Work, and Experience, by William L. Watkinson, (Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto,) in two volumes \$1.00 each.

A well written book, comprising a series of short, practical, and helpful studies in the higher life. These Studies are based on appropriate texts of Scripture, and illuminated by illustrations which really illustrate the important truths the writer seeks to enforce. Owing to the effectively bright and original manner in which the various subjects are treated and the clear, definite and logical arrangement of the whole, this book has a marked individuality of its own, keeping clear of conventional truisms, and possessing in a marked degree the faculty of being suggestive of thought to the careful reader of its pages. We have no hesitation in endorsing the estimate which calls this work "As philosophical as Emerson, as original as Beecher, as evangelical as Spurgeon." Mr. Watkinson has done his work well and we predict that his book will have a wide influence for good wherever it is read.

School Notes.

On the evening of May 1st, our late Head-Master, Dr. Petry, left us on the B. & M. South-bound train. The whole school was at the station to see him off and the bugle band was brought into use. He was given a very enthusiastic send off as well he might have as he had been connected with the school for no less than 30 years.

Quite a large crowd assembled at the station as soon as they heard our bugle band and joined in the cheering. At the station the boys sang songs and cheered the masters separately for some time.

Dr. Petry was bounced three or four times at least. As the train drew out, the boys, assisted by the students, sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Dr. Petry was a fine man and was much beloved by the boys who were individually and collectively his great friends and companions, and we are sure he will be missed very much.

BASE-BALL.



A great game of Base-Ball was seen on Saturday, April 25th, between the two upper flats and the lower flat which resulted in a win for the lower flat boys in the tenth innings. There was great cheering for both sides. The runs by innings are as follows:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10.
Upper Flats	1	2	1	2	3	2	2	2	6	0—21
Lower Flat	3	5	5	1	2	1	3	0	1	1—22

Batteries, W. Bray and Carter, Williams and Robinson.
Umpire, G. Bray.

The curves on both sides were splendid. Shaw and Carter did most of the hard hitting for the Upper Flats.

The teams were as follows:

UPPER FLATS.

W. Bray
C. Carter
W. Carr
C. D. Vincent
E. Boswell
W. Fraser-Campbell
C. Shaw
G. Paddon
E. F. Buzzell

Pitcher
Catcher
1st Base
2nd Base
3rd Base
Short Stop
Right Field
Left Field
Centre Field.

LOWER FLAT.

J. Williams
R. Robinson
A. Raymur
E. Valpy
W. A. Irving
H. Strachan
W. Jephson
D. Vincent

Williams was taken sick shortly after the game, we hope he will soon be out of the Infirmary.

The return match was played on the morning of the whole holiday given for the new head-master.

It resulted in a decided Victory for the men of the lower flat.

The runs by innings are as follows:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Upper Flats	12	2	1	0	2	0	0	0	1—18
Lower Flat	8	8	0	2	1	0	0	7	5—31

Batteries, Bray and Carter, Strachan, Irving and Robinson.
Umpire, Beckett.

Shaw and Carter again did some heavy hitting, Shaw hitting what could almost be termed a home-run as he was only just put out as he was crossing home-plate. We saw how nobly Irving got knocked out of the box in the 1st innings, how well 'endless' caught on 2nd, how "Cousin Ikey" thought he was the whole thing at pitching although he did not want anybody to watch his curves, and last but not the least, we saw how well Jermy fanned the air.

The teams were practically the same as last time, with a few changes.

We see that a great many fellows are turning out of bed in the mornings now to run. We wish them every success in their efforts.

We have heard that the tennis courts will be ready for use on May 15th. Indeed a Tennis Club has been organised and has already sent for materials.

The officers of this club are:

Adams, Beckett, Bray, Committee.

We have learnt that "Sheepy" has been cut out by G. E. at U-t-s.

Sergeant; How does a column increase its own front?

Boy (quickly). Physical culture!

A chess tournament is now under way. The winners of the first Round are as follows:

SENIORS
Jephson II
McNaughton I
Richmond
Sykes
Gwyn I
Fraser-Campbell II

JUNIORS
Graham II
Neel
Jackson

At 9 o'clock sharp, on Saturday, began the Migets boxing match to the finish between D. Bray and D. Jackson. It came out a draw owing to the short space of time allowed, although Jackson seemed fuller in the face and round the eyes.

The gym. is hardly used at all now except by such enthusiasts as R. Ri-hm-d and R. Ro-in-on.

CRICKET

The cricket match on Saturday, May 2nd, ended in being our First Victory. It was the first match, of the season and in some way that accounted for the bad fielding, but it was the same with the college.

Bray won the toss and took the field. It was a fine day although rather warm. The school was very much elated when the score book showed four wickets for three runs for college, but soon quieted down when Walters and Kennedy got in together.

The teams in Batting order were as follows:

COLLEGE			
G. Findlay	b	Hale0
F. Plaskett	b	Bray0
Prof. Dunn	Hit wickets	Bowler	Hale.....1
E. Miall (Capt.)	b	Bray1
J. Collins	b	Hale0
E. Read	ct. Fraser-Campbell	Bowler	Marling.....6
S. Kennedy	ct. Beckett	Bowler	Hale.....17
S. Walters		Not out17
M. Shewen		Run out0
A. Bonelli	b	Bray3
G. Fletcher	ct. Fraser-Campbell	Bowler	Hale.....0
		Byes6
		Leg Byes3
		Wides1

Total 55

SCHOOL			
H. Strachan	ct. Bonelli	b	Miall.....0
Mr. Marling		b	Miall.....3
G. Bray (Capt.)		b	Walters.....9
A. Fraser-Campbell		b	Walters.....11
G. Peck		b	Walters.....5
W. Bray	ct. Bonelli	b	Miall.....6
E. Valpy		b	Kennedy.....9
A. Raymur		b	Miall.....10
R. Robinson		b	Miall.....2
M. Beckett		b	Miall.....1
C. Hale		Not Out10
		Byes13
		Leg Byes1

Total 80

We have already received a challenge from McGill University to play them in cricket out here on May 25th. We should have a good team as Mr. Bidwell is a splendid bat and will be a great addition to the Batting side of the team.

New Uniforms have been ordered for the Boys of the Cadet Corps in order that we may act as guard of honour to the Governor General when he comes here at convocation.

Our new Head-Master, Mr. Bidwell, arrived at Lennoxville on Saturday, May 2nd, after a very stormy voyage on the Dominion Line Steamship "Canada." It took him a few days to get his land legs again.

He is staying with the principal at the Lodge for the present, but he is having a room in the Head-Master's house fixed up as his study.

At last, the new library seems well under way now. They have torn down the partitions and are now laying down the hard-wood floor. The contract is out for June 10th, so it will be ready for convocation, which is a good thing.

The shooting competition for the Heneker cup will commence shortly.

School goes in at two o'clock now instead of four.

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