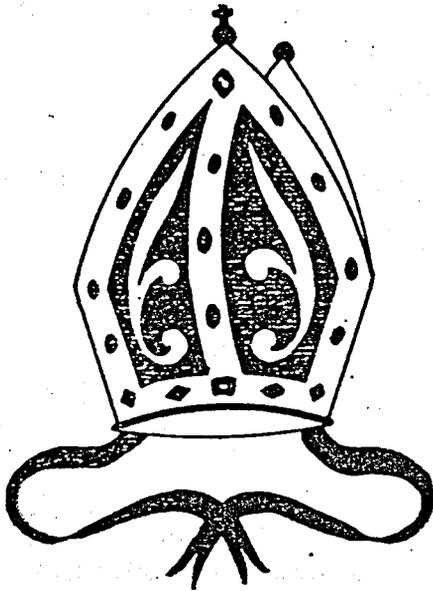


The Mitre

University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec.



"Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus."—Horace.

VOL. XVIII., No. 3.

February, 1911.

University of Bishop's College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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Trinity Term, from April 1 to June 20, 1911.



*The Rev. F. G. Vial, M.A., B.D.,
Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology and
Warden of the Divinity House.*

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FEBRUARY, 1911.

At the Foot of Mount St. Anne.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

We pitched our camp on the boulder-covered beach of the St. Anne River. Behind us rose a steep hill, at the top of which meadowlands sloped in gentle undulations to the actual base of the mountain. With the river on one side and the hill on the other, and a sharp cliff not far off, closing in our corner of the beach, we felt sure of our privacy. We had two tents, one a large one, that would hold four beds, and the other a single tent, which we could use as a pantry and storeroom. The situation, though so retired, was within easy reach of railway station and village store. A dry spot above the water level was chosen as the actual site of the encampment. The ground was sandy but firm. The boulders were rolled aside, and very soon two white tents nestled at the foot of the tree-clad hill, and a thin line of silvery smoke climbed up inquisitively through the cool branches of the overhanging trees.

In order to be perfectly comfortable we had brought a cartload of planks from the mill, and with these we made a flooring for the tents. The boards were of different lengths and rather rough. It required a certain amount of arrangement to make them fit into the floor-space. When this work was done the camp beds were put up, boxes were unpacked, hooks were screwed into the poles, a large wooden chest was made to serve both as table and locker, the beds were made and the camp was ready for occupation. The dining-room was to be the open space in front of the tent. Here, in a space between two high boulders, a fireplace was constructed, and this rude hearth was henceforth the centre of our woodland home.

Having now settled ourselves comfortably, we will leave the narration of dry details, and just see how nature appears to the camper. First of all, the thing that is most noteworthy about camping out is this—that the moment the work of settling is over, and the rough camp clothes have been donned, all the world seems to be changed. Life, with all its decorum and conventions, with all its fussy duties and narrow grooves, fades away, and here, out in the woods, with the blue sky and clean, white clouds overhead, is the great fact. Everything becomes of interest to us. A poor little ant trying to drag the body of some beetle twice its size up a steep incline of rock becomes an object of absorbing interest. We can sit all morning and watch it. It almost makes us gasp as, after a

prolonged struggle, down goes the beetle, and the ant has to begin his work all over again. Then the trees—what a delight they are! We lie on our backs and look up into the green leaves of the overhanging birch. The boughs are knotted and twisted. The bark upon them looks as if the white skin of the tree were peeling off. Against the sky the little leaves shake and dance, all out of time, as the breeze stirs them. Into their tiniest veins creeps up from root and stem the great mystery of life, and in the glad sunshine they sip the fresh air, and clap their little hands for joy.

What a delightful world must a tree-top be for a bird! Fancy how nice to camp out amid the topmost branches. The newly-mated pair of birds look round for a suitable place for their nest. On a strong, forked branch a neat little site for a home is found. Then building operations begin. Overhead and beneath the leaves dance and sing. They are so glad of the coming of the musical visitors. Day after day the building goes on. At last the nest is finished, and softly lined with grass and moss, and the happy mother sits proudly on a family of eggs. As we look up into the tree from below we think of this. Our hearts practically thrill with delight as we mount up in imagination among the leaves and boughs and make friends with the young couple who are waiting for the day to come when a gentle tapping inside each egg will announce the fact that a little stranger is waiting to be let out, and wants to see the sun and the trees and the sky, and to learn to fly from tree to tree. Out in the open air, with the river rushing or stealing by, and the kettle, like a contented cat purring contentedly on the hearth, these thoughts come to one. They may be childlike, but they are very sweet.

At the foot of the camping-ground is the river, and it is a perpetual delight. Here in the early morning, when the dewdrops sparkle in the sunshine, the cool, creamy tones of the rapid invite a plunge, but not until a dole from the beautiful stream has been taken for the requirements of the breakfast, and the kettle sings and puffs to the tune of the crackling logs underneath. Very rightly does St. Francis in his "Canticle of the Sun," speak of water as a living thing. "Praised be the Lord for my sister Water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble, and precious, and clean." But it is only when one is out in the woods, living day by day a natural life in the society of a little river that one fully takes in the fact that it is alive.

Our little river comes down from the deep, clear lakes far up among the Laurentian Hills. Its bed, if that indeed can be called its bed whereon it never rests, is formed of the red granite of the earth's crust, worn smooth by the passing of the ice in early spring. The poor little river has a hard time of it. No wonder it rushes on with what speed it can across the meadowlands, longing to meet its friend, the great St. Lawrence, where it will sink softly and restfully into the creeping tide. As one sits by its side daily, and looks into its eddying waters, every now and then bringing down some broken branch or fallen leaf,

one seems to hear the plaintive murmurs of the troubled spirit that has been tossed down the dark canyon only two miles away, or the Seven Falls of St. Feriole, only five miles further off. The face of the little river is always changing.

Just before our camp is an almost still pool, but above and below are rapids. The poor little river is torn into long white streamers by hidden rocks beneath the surface. These stormy spots the merry sunbeams specially love to play on, and from morn till eve, unless grey clouds come and spoil the fun, up and down the sparkles go, and little flies with golden wings are apparently trying to catch the gleams, as children sometimes try to catch the reflections from a piece of looking-glass.

But the river has its solemn times, too, and although it never stops its talking all night—(and very many and very strange are the voices one hears in it)—yet the darkness gives it a wrapt air of mystery. It still talks, but it seems to be talking now of its dark secrets, of its deep pools, of the lonely star-lit lakes among the hills, or perhaps of some human tragedy in the far-off wilds.

Though we do not climb up into the mountain solitudes, it is a joy to know that they are there. Yes, behind those quiet and dignified mountain-tops it is wild to the north pole. No human step save that of the Indian and the trapper and of a few woodsmen, has ever penetrated the great solemnity of forest and mountain which lie beyond these foothills of the ancient range.

As the storms and clouds come up from behind the shoulders of Mount St. Anne they gaze for the first time on the haunts of man. The strangeness of that unknown mountain region, so close to us and yet so far, is a perpetual delight, and spreads an air of dignity and mystery over the life of our camp. And when the thunder rolls in savage fury around the aged crests of timber-covered stone, it is as though the sleeping Laurentians told once again the story of the newborn world and the great shrinkage of the earth's crust which pushed them upwards to meet the overhanging clouds.

But it is at night that the strangeness and wonder of nature thrill one most. When the camp-fire has sunk down into the glowing coals, when the light in the tent has been extinguished, and the others are asleep, then is the time to steal out on to the boulders and listen at nature's heart. Across the sky stretches the Milky Way. There is the Great Bear, there the great Square of Pegasus. Behind the trees, on the other side of the river, Mars peeps, rose-red, as if stained with the gore of battle. The whole heavens are palpitating with light, and yet so silent. The tree-clad hill yonder is dark and forbidding. The voices in the river sound ever stranger and stranger. A bat is hovering somewhere near, and now and then as I look up makes a fluttering and rapid darkness across the sky. I sit and dream of earthquakes and the birth and death of worlds, and then the dread tension of mystery softens, for behind the pulsing stars is the pulsing, loving heart of God, and in thankfulness and peace I crawl back into my bed, and listening to the river singing softly 'neath the stars, I fall asleep.

Review.

POEMS : Frederick George Scott. (Constable & Company, London, 1910.)

Truly the excellencies of poetry are various and appeal to different strains in the human temperament! How can the same man be affected by Gray's semi-pagan, wholly time-worn "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard" and "Chevy Chase"; Aytoun's "Dundee" and Browning's "An Epistle"? Yet so it is.

Canon Scott attacks our susceptibility on many sides. He fires our patriotism; expresses for us the beauty of mountain and lake and stream; more than all, he impresses the heart with the mystery of God's love. It is this element, the religious one, which is the most constant. Of course there are poets who devote themselves exclusively to sacred subjects. Scott is not one of these, and the comparatively wide scope of the author's interests and the catholicity of his sympathies make this persistent religious factor the more noteworthy. A most encouraging symptom is it that in a generation and a country that are mainly absorbed in materialistic projects such work should be wrought and should possess a certain vogue.

What are the essentials of genuine poetry? What is it which distinguishes it from mere versification? *Quot homines, tot sententiae.* To the reviewer, however, the test is—worthy thought expressed in musical language. This canon would exclude much brilliant word-play as well as a great deal of fantastic and ingenious thought. It is not necessary that everything we enjoy in the form of poetry should be called poetry. Exceedingly clever versification, weird and curious ideas, elaborate punning, startling rhymes, these certainly amuse the fancy and tickle the intellect. They do not necessarily stimulate and educate the imagination, nor make an appeal to the deeper emotions. These effects can only be produced by themes which strike a chord somewhat below the surface.

On the other hand the possession of poetic thought is not sufficient to make a poet. He must possess the gift of expression, a musical ear and the power of selecting the appropriate medium for his ideas. It were absurd to sing the praises of "My Lady's Hair" in the form of an epic. One of Horace's best claims to be regarded as a true poet is his nice discrimination in adjusting his form to his matter.

How does the subject of this review answer to our hastily devised, and perhaps arbitrary, canon? First of all—Is the thought worthy? Of course this does not mean that everything a man writes must be grand, heroic and mysterious. "My Lady's Hair" in its appropriate form may be quite worthy. If the author is sincere; if those tresses connote the beauty, grace and vivacity of his mistress; if the theme is unfolded with taste as well as enthusiasm, he will be a strength and inspiration to swains in a like situation, not an uncommon one. and

thus will be discharging his functions as a poet. In this volume we find a great variety of subjects none of them bad, many of them manifesting gifts of perception and intuition, many others rising into an atmosphere of pure self-abandonment and devotion. The ideas are sometimes simple, sometimes lofty, always genuine, always true—true to the poet's mind and heart; not borrowed from another nor evolved by a process of mental jugglery. They are fresh, spontaneous and individualistic.

Then as to expression and form—whether we take the tender, semi-playful lines to a favorite dog, "A Hymn of Empire," or a religious drama like "The Key of Life," modelled on the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, we find as much change of setting and diction as of substance. Subject and style are in accord.

Many are the scenes of nature which this author paints; nature in varying phases and alternate moods. Please read "The River," "The Storm" and "My Garden" to illustrate this wide sympathy with the created thing. I cannot refrain from quoting the two closing stanzas of "Poetae Silvarum":

O singing birds, O singing birds, who pipe in shade and sun
Ye fill the world with gladness still, ye bind us all in one;
Your songs are of untroubled days, of mornings glad and free,
And merry rivers leaping down the mountains to the sea.

O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass away,
The world is growing old, and we grow older day by day;
Pour out your deathless songs again to men of every tongue,
And wake the music in man's heart that keeps the old world young.

Moreover, in these poems nature is not simply sea and sky, mountain and wood, it is a sacrament, and without effort and without artifice, I might almost say instinctively, the poet emphasizes the inward meaning of the outward sign. No doubt this power of spiritual perception accounts for the sensitiveness to different moods in nature which is everywhere discernible. As an example I shall quote the little lament called "Estrangement."

Do you remember how, one autumn night,
We sat upon the rocks and watched the sea
In dream-like silence, while the moonlight fell
On you and me?

How, as we lingered musing, side by side,
A cold, white mist came down and hid the sea
And dimmed the moon, and how the air grew chill
Round you and me?

The mist and chill of that drear autumn night,
When we sat silent looking at the sea,
I often think has never passed away
From you and me.

They are a wonderful three stanzas; they contain so much in little. Here

are the natural conditions, the apparent effect, the pathos, the regret. "The mist and chill of that drear autumn night" are the symbol of the chilling of sympathy, the dampening of affection between two friends.

A fine tribute to John Milton is not to be quoted ; it must be read as a whole. Here is a grand subject treated as it should be in the grand style. At first sight one would expect but little attraction between the poet of Puritanism and the poet of rejuvenated Catholicism ; between the upholder of regicides and the enthusiastic disciple of Imperialism, the champion of the Crown. No doubt courage, sincerity and manliness, these attract the person ; nobility of thought and diction, the poet. More than this, a consciousness of underlying identity of principle, irrespective of contradiction in immediate purpose and aim would tend to unite souls that are battling for the right according to their convictions, even when those convictions drive them into opposing ranks. Milton is removed from the strife and one who probably as a contemporary would have been an opponent becomes a worshipper.

Towards womanhood the attitude is high and chivalrous. Though perfectly human, Scott is not a poet of the passions. He idealizes the sex relation, and and this after all is the true point of view. Everything else debases rather than uplifts mankind. As illustrating the subject and also bringing this little appreciation of the work of one of our most distinguished graduates to an appropriate end I beg the editor to allow me to transcribe the following graceful and touching Dedication :

TO MY WIFE.

Sweet Lady, queen-star of my life and thought
 Whose honour, heart and name are one with mine,
 Who dost above life's troubled currents shine
 With such clear beam as oftentimes hath brought
 The storm-tossed spirit into harbours wrought
 By love and peace on life's rough margin-line ;
 I wish no wish that is not wholly thine,
 I hope no hope but what thyself hast sought
 Thou lovest not, my Lady, in the wife,
 The golden love-light of our earlier days ;
 Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,
 Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life
 Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,
 Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won.

"It is the law of Heaven that the world is given to the hardy and to the self-denying, whilst he who would escape the duties of manhood will soon be stripped of the pride, the wealth, and the power which are the prizes manhood brings." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—"The Last Galley."

Alice at Bishop's.

WITH ALL DUE APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROL.

"Clang, clang," went the bell monotonously.

Alice awoke with a start and rubbed her eyes hard.

"Glorious morning," drawled a lazy voice close beside her. Alice turned her eyes in the direction from whence the voice came and beheld the figure of a lanky youth stretched out on the grass beside her. He wore a gray pair of flannel trousers, a coat that did not match them, and a purple woolen waistcoat with big white buttons; the dilapidated remnants of a college gown were draped artistically over his shoulders and a pile of text books lay beside him. He had also a couple open in his hand but he seemed to have forgotten they were there for he was gazing up into the sky.

"Good morning," said Alice politely.

"I said a glorious morning," corrected the youth. "It is very rude to contradict."

"I beg your pardon," replied Alice. "But what I meant was I wish you a good morning."

"My child such a wish is entirely unnecessary; if it is a glorious morning it must of necessity be a good morning, you should learn not to waste your breath in giving utterance to obvious truisms."

Seeing the cloudless sky and bright sunshine it was on the tip of Alice's tongue to retort—practise what you preach—but her good manners prevented her.

Instead she asked, "What is the bell ringing for?"

"Chapel," briefly explained the youth.

"Oh, hadn't you better go?"

"I've kept four this week already," yawned her companion, "and it is only Friday." In his voice were mingled pride and resignation. "How many have you kept?"

"I," said Alice, surprised, "I haven't been to any."

"Whew," whistled the youth, "you'd better look out or Bobby will be on your tracks."

"Bobby?" asked Alice, but the young man had turned his attention to his books and was muttering to himself "*Est, ubi Troia juit, Phrygiae contraria tellus . . .*"

Alice noticed that one was entitled "*Kelley's Key to Ovid.*" Left to herself she looked around her. She was sitting on the edge of a grass embankment, trimly cut. Before her, on the other side of a hedge, a river flowed. At her right it turned sharply and wound away, a silver ribbon, towards the smoke and towers of a distant town. Turning round she saw behind her a large red brick building

with many windows and surmounted by a tower. . . A flight of stone steps led up to the main entrance.

"Beautiful country," remarked the student, squinting at her over the top of his books. "By the way, who are you, a new co-ed.?"

"Co-ed.?" echoed Alice, puzzled.

"Yes, a lady student," he explained.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I'm Alice."

"Oh, Lewis Carról's kid, eh? I thought I'd seen your face somewhere before."

"Where am I?" asked Alice.

He closed his books and sat up.

"You are at this moment," he said impressively, "sitting in the grounds of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Province of Quebec, in His Most Gracious Majesty's Dominion of Canada. You are also," he added, modestly tapping his chest, "enjoying the honor of conversing with one of her most intelligent and popular students."

Alice appeared duly impressed.

"If you like," he continued, "I will show you round. I assure you the College is well worth seeing."

"It is very kind of you," began Alice, but her companion had jumped up quickly, and interrupted her with, "Come along then, I've only a few moments before first lecture, but we may as well begin now." He gathered up his books and hurried across the grass and up the steps, Alice, feeling a little nervous, close at his heels. The students were evidently just out of chapel and in the hallway there was much rushing to and fro and shouting. Alice was surprised to see quite a number of girls with big black bows in their hair and wearing gowns similar to that of her companion, only in a better state of preservation. They must be the co-eds. he spoke of she thought; they must be very clever to be here.

Gradually the hall grew emptier, doors slammed, and in a short time silence reigned.

"Well, I must be off to my lecture," said Alice's friend. They had walked down a passage leading out of the main hall. "S'long, see you later," and nodding to her in a friendly manner, he opened a door on his right. Alice caught a glimpse of a number of men seated at two long tables, which were piled with books. Most of them were busy writing. A voice at the other end of the room was saying, "Yes, yes, just so, such is doubtless the case, Mr. Cr—; let me see, we were—ah, yes, arabic three, subdivision alpha. The Codex Siniatic—" Here the door was closed and Alice was left to herself. She hesitated for a moment wondering where she should go. A double door with glass panels was directly opposite her and hearing no voices within she ventured to turn the handle and look in. It was a large room hung round with oil paintings in gilt frames. The chief articles of furniture were two long tables set T wise and a number of chairs

ranged against the wall. At first she thought the room was empty, but venturing a little further she suddenly perceived that she was not alone. Two people were sitting at the end of one of the tables; one was a man wearing a gown and glasses. He was reading out of a very untidy note book; his companion was a lady student with dark hair and a large black bow in the nape of her neck. She was very busy scribbling away in another note book. Both looked up as Alice's head appeared round the door.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Alice, and retreated in confusion.

There must be a lot of professors, she thought, if they have one for each co-ed.

A door stood open close by leading into a room, against the walls of which were long desks, upon which lay open a number of illustrated papers. Alice climbed up into one of the high stools, which were scattered about, and amused herself for some time looking at pictures. Someone entered by another door at the end of the room.

"Marnin', Miss, good marnin'."

Alice turned round to see a little old man in a peaked cap and shabby brown coat. He wore spectacles and carried a couple of empty bags over his arm.

"Good morning," returned Alice, politely.

"We're havin' some nice weather, Miss, for this time o' the year."

"We are indeed," said Alice, "but"—as the old man gave way to a fit of coughing, "you don't seem to be very well."

"No, Miss, no. This here cold I got do be troublesome; I can't seem to be able to shake it off—it sticks on me chest it does, an' wot with werritin' over my coins an' such like, I don't feel the same as I used to."

"Dear me," said Alice, sympathetically, "have you lost some money?"

"Well, Miss, not really, but it is my collection of coins." He lowered his voice and glanced over his shoulder towards the door. "This place, Miss, is a den o' thieves, that's wot it is, a den o' thieves. Only last week, Miss, they broke in an' took one of my most valuable coins."

"How terrible," gasped Alice. "Was it very old?"

"It was an English penny, Miss, an English penny dated 1887, an' there it is stolen by them theivin' villains, an' I'll never set eyes on it again."

The old man's voice trembled pitifully, and his little gray goatee trembled with emotion. Suddenly he straightened himself, and raising a bony fist shook it in the air, crying, "But I'll 'ave em! I'll 'ave em! I'll catch 'em one of these days, an' I'll 'ave the law on 'em, see if I don't! They shall be taught not to steal honest men's valuables."

Alice was silent, and the old man, his anger spent, turned away and took a bag, which was hanging on the wall. "Well, Miss, I must be off, good marnin', good marnin'."

THE MITRE.

As he went down the passage Alice heard his voice, raised in a quavering wail, as he sang the following verses :

“He thought he saw a Grand Trunk train
 Upon the C. P. R.
 He looked again and found it was—
 The wife of Potiphar.
 If this goes on he cried aloud.
 My coins will not go far.
 He went to ring the chapel bell
 And thought he saw the rope.
 But when he looked again it was—
 His Holiness the Pope.
 ‘Good land!’ he cried, and settled down
 To mope, and mope, and mope.”

Why, thought Alice, clapping her hands in her excitement, it must have been the mad gardener Sylvie and Bruno told me about; he had a beard and sang funny songs like that. She waited a moment and then walked out by the door at the other end of the room and found herself in the main hall again. It was empty but for a figure in cap and gown coming in her direction. He was a middle aged man, with a neatly trimmed beard and a pile of paper tucked under his arm. He was walking very fast, and his gown bellowed out behind him, like the sails of a ship.

He stopped when he saw Alice, and said to her, “Where is your gown Miss —?” Here he hesitated, with a puzzled look on his face, as he noticed Alice’s old-fashioned dress and long hair. “Let me see,” he said, “I don’t think I know your name; are you one of our lady students?”

“Oh no,” said Alice, nervously. “Please sir, I’m just looking round, do you mind?”

“Well,” he replied, regarding her with a slight frown, “it’s a very serious matter. Personally I have no objection; but we must consider the good of the College. You see we have no precedent to go upon.” He paused and stroked his beard. “Perhaps,” he said, “you had better see the bursar about it. Go out of that door behind the staircase and through the cloisters, and you will find a door on the right, and then some one will show you his office.”

He turned away and hurried off down a passage, consulting his watch as he went. Alice, looking after his retiring figure, was surprised to find herself saying “White rabbit! white rabbit!” There certainly was a little resemblance to her bustling little friend of Wonderland. She turned at last and took her way as directed. Passing through the cloisters she entered another building, and presently found another door marked “Bursar’s Office.” Alice knocked and a man’s voice cried “Come in.”

It was a large room well lighted. In one corner sat a girl playing on a type-

writer, and a large clean-shaven man sat at a table, which was covered with papers and ledgers, in the centre of the room.

"Good morning," said the clean-shaven man in a voice singularly quiet and slow. "What may I do for you?"

"Please, sir," replied Alice, in a voice almost drowned by the continuous click, click of the typewriter, "I want to look over the College, may I?"

"Let me see," said the clean-shaven man, sitting well forward in his revolving chair and clasping his hands over his waistcoat, "How long will you be staying here? We charge visitors one dollar a day, which includes meals and a room. Were you thinking of staying the night?"

"Oh no," began Alice and then corrected herself. "At least not if I wake up in time. I mean—" seeing the puzzled look on his face, "I—I don't know," she finished lamely.

The clean-shaven gentleman pulled his upper lip and frowned.

"That makes it rather a difficult question," said he, ponderously. "If you don't stay here you are hardly a visitor." He was silent a minute and jabbed at a large sheet of pink blotting paper with the point of his pen. Suddenly his face brightened.

"There will be a meeting of the committee at the end of next week. Perhaps you could send in a written petition, which I shall have much pleasure of placing before it."

"Oh but," cried Alice, "I shall have wok'—I shant be here then."

"Well," said he a trifle impatiently, "I tell you what you had better do, you go and see Miss Jeffery. You will probably find her in the culinary department."

He turned to a pile of papers and began checking them with a blue pencil.

Alice, feeling herself dismissed, turned and went out retracing her steps through the cloisters.

Suddenly a pungent smell of cooking assailed her nostrils, and looking down she saw a window close to the ground, affording light to a room in the basement, which was evidently the kitchen. Seeing some steps leading down to a door, Alice went down them and found herself in a large low room so full of smoke and steam that she could barely see across it. A long cooking range stood down one side of the room, and bending over it were three ancient dames, stirring some black stuff in large pots, which smelt very much like steam pudding.

Why, thought Alice, this place reminds me very much of the duchess's kitchen. I do hope the cooks wont start throwing plates about. I wonder if I shall see the duchess. At this moment the figure of a lady, not unlike her friend, the duchess, but dressed less fantastically and lacking the sharp little point to her chin, made its way towards Alice through the steam.

"Well, my dear, what can I do for you?" said she not unkindly.

"Please ma'am, I should like to look over the College, may I?"

Alice was getting a little tired of this formula. People seemed to make a great deal of fuss over a very little thing.

"I think, my dear, you had better see the Principal about that," said the duchess. (Alice called her by that name.)

"I saw a gentlemen in a gown who was in a great hurry, and he sent me to the bursar and the bursar sent me to see you."

"Well, well," said she, "I'm glad he showed so much sense. I think that will be alright, my dear. Would you care to see over the kitchen offices?" She turned without waiting for Alice to answer, and led the way down a number of very dark passages. There were doors opening into these at intervals, some of which, standing open, Alice peeped in. Most of them appeared to be store rooms filled with shelves, on which stood rows and rows of jam pots, most of which were labelled "Prunes." One room was devoted solely to jellies—pink jellies, yellow jellies and green jellies. Rows of them, regiments of them, battalions of them; they stood two deep on the shelves, reaching right up to the ceiling and overflowing on to the floor. Alice drew a deep breath. "Dear me," she said, "the students must be very fond of jelly."

"Well, no, my dear," answered the duchess, complacently surveying the shaking comestible, "they aren't very, but they are easy to make and very economical, for they often come down from the table untouched, so we can use them again and again. It's the same with our eggs; if we gave them nice fresh eggs there would be so many eaten that the College would be put to great expense supplying them. As it is, we buy them by the carload, and they last us quite a number of years. Of course we keep them in a cool place so that they will not hatch out."

She opened the door of another room and bade Alice enter. "This is our toast room," said the duchess, with great pride. "Here we have an entirely new, and, I venture to think, a unique system. You see, it would be a great bother for the servants to get up early in the morning and make toast for eight o'clock breakfast, so once every month we have a 'toasting bee.' A whole day is spent in making toast, which is put by in this room, and a certain number of slices sent up each morning. It is a most satisfactory arrangement."

Far away in the distance came the muffled sounds of a bell.

"Bless my soul," cried the duchess, "there's the bell, excuse me," and she disappeared down a passage.

Alice started after her and eventually found herself in the open air close by the steps leading up to the College.

Her old friend, the mad gardener, was walking up them with a loaded bag over his shoulders, so Alice followed him and they entered the room where he had talked with her about his coins.

The room was full of students, some of whom were madly waltzing round and round to the sound of a piano, which was being played by a lanky young man,

with an untidy crop of fair hair, and who gazed up at the ceiling with his mouth wide open—"for all the world as if he were catching flies" thought Alice.

But as soon as she and her companion arrived there was a mad rush for the bag he carried and its contents were tumbled on to a table, over which were a lot of lettered pigeon-holes. There was much pushing and shouting of "Any for me," when suddenly Alice heard her own name called, and a letter was handed to her. She took it and examined it with a beating heart. It was addressed to

Miss Alice,

B. C.

That was all. Alice broke the seal and found it to contain a printed sheet on which were marked various items. Against two of them were figures in ink.

Room and meals	\$2.50
Breakages	5.00

Poor Alice was dismayed. "What does this mean?" she said to herself. "I haven't broken anything."

"What's the trouble?" asked a familiar voice, and looking up Alice saw her long friend of the early morning looking down at her. Alice handed him the paper, but on seeing what it was gave it back to her with a laugh.

"Oh that's alright," he said. "Everyone here is charged for breakages whether they break anything or not. Come along up to the hall and get something to eat; perhaps you'll manage to smash something before the day is out."

Whilst he was speaking there was the clang, clang of a dinner bell sounding above, and Alice, conducted by her tall friend, made her way up the main staircase.

(To be Continued in the Next Issue.)

A Memory

We sat together by the restless ocean
 And thought of days that had been and would be;
 A storm was rising and the winds were blowing
 But free from care were we.

Against the rocks were hurled the mighty billows,
 But all their roar spoiled not our reverie;
 The beating of two loving hearts was making
 For us one melody.

And though a thousand leagues are now between us,
 And far am I from briny breeze or sea,
 Still in my fancy I can hear the promise
 You gave that day to me.

C. G. L.

The Mitre.

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W. H. Moorhead, B.A.	Alumni Editor.
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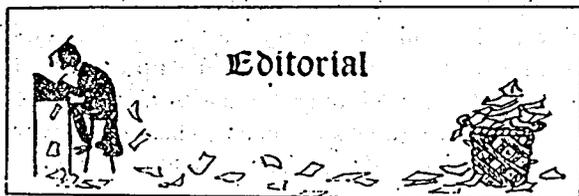
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Although two months of 1911 are already nearly past, we trust that it is not too late to wish all our readers a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Christmas has come and gone, and after a full month of more or less riotous living, the goodly company of Bishop's sons have returned to the natural roof-tree and entered with renewed zest upon the Lent term, which of all terms is perhaps the most enjoyable. Winter sports are in full swing, the duo potamo creep silently on their everlasting journey snugly tucked away under a good two feet of ice and there is plenty of snow for sliding, skiing and snowshoeing. No exams loom ahead menacingly and the morning routine of lectures does but bring additional zest to the hours of freedom.

The Editor feels that he owes a profound apology to his fellow members of the Mitre staff and its readers for having been inconsiderate enough to contract a fell disease towards the end of November last, and thereby neglected his journal-

istic duties for the space of many weeks. His only consolation was that his duties had been taken up by a person most capable of carrying them out, namely, Mr. C. G. Lawrence, a former editor of this paper. Much thanks is due to this gentleman for stepping into the breach at a time when Christmas exams were so imminent

Our thanks are also due to Mr. W. W. Alward '12 whose clever pen and ink sketches are doing much towards brightening up the pages of the Mitre.

A question which has been occupying the minds of members of our Alumni, and in fact all Bishop's graduates, for some years past is that of the desirability of changing the colour of our present M.A. hood. Whereas the B.A. hood is distinctive by reason of its colour from the hoods of all other universities, the M.A. hood so closely resembles in form and colour that of the university of Oxford that a great deal of discontent is felt and it has for a long time been the opinion of a large number of graduates that a radical change should be made. And this for two reasons. In the first place, it is not a little annoying for men wearing our M. A. hood to be continuously mistaken for graduates of Oxford and it is equally annoying to an old Oxonian to find a number who have never been to Oxford wearing his university hood. In the second place, pride in our alma mater would naturally make all her graduates wish that the M. A. hood should be distinctive from every other. As this university grows and sends out her graduates in ever increasing numbers we should wish that the hood which her graduates bear should become as well known and distinctive as those of her older sisters. Such cannot be the case if they continue to wear what is to all intents and purposes the Oxford hood.

For two or three years past, we believe, petitions have been sent up to Convocation to have this desirable change brought about, but for some obscure reason all of them were shelved and nothing has been done. It is difficult to conceive what insuperable objection could be raised against adopting a purple and white M. A. hood, they are the colours of the university and are distinctive and becoming.

We earnestly hope that this question will not be allowed to drop but that when next Convocation meets the matter may be given serious attention and honestly threshed out.

We have pleasure in supplementing this number with a portrait of Rev. Professor Vial, B.D., who was a former editor of the Mitre and who, returning to his alma mater in the capacity, first, of lecturer and now professor, has so endeared himself to the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact.

The Reverend Professor Vial.

Rev. Frank Gifford Vial, M.A., B.D., J. J. S. Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology, is the son of a former well known clergyman of the Diocese of Quebec, the Rev. W. S. Vial.

Mr. Vial came up to College and in due course graduated in Arts in 1895, taking first-class honors in Classics, and winning the MacKee Prize for an English Essay, and also, during his Divinity course, the Haensal prize for effective delivery and reading the Liturgy.

He was Editor of the Mitre for some time while in College and conducted the magazine with rare editorial skill. He proceeded to his Divinity course and passed the Theological Preliminary Examination of the Provincial Synod in 1897, and took his M.A. in course in 1901. He was ordained deacon in 1897 and priested in 1898 by the Bishop of Quebec.

Mr. Vial was curate in Stanstead for a year and a half, then transferred to Sherbrooke, where he served two years and a half as curate, after which he became incumbent of Fitch Bay and Georgeville, where he worked five years, and from there to Windsor and Brompton, where he remained for a year.

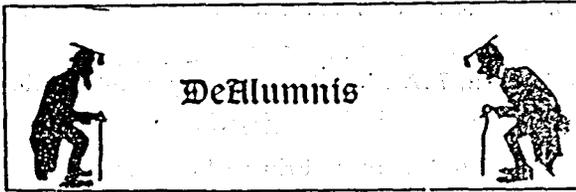
In 1895 he was admitted to the degree of B.D., after having creditably passed his two examinations for that degree under the Board of Examiners authorized by the Provincial Synod. In 1907 he was appointed Lecturer in Classics at this University, which position he held until 1910, when he was appointed Professor of Pastoral Theology.

The various charges which Mr. Vial has occupied, differing widely in many respects, as given above, testifies to his ability to fill the position he now holds, and to be able to instruct students who, in the near future, will be called upon to take both country and city charges. Such practical experiences have already been felt to be of the greatest assistance by those of us who have received his instruction, and can be only appreciated to the full when we are brought face to face with the difficulties common to both mission and parochial work.

Who can measure the amount of good accomplished in the practical instruction of those who, in the near future, will be scattered far and wide, themselves instructors?

In addition to the work as Professor of Pastoral Theology, Mr. Vial still lectures in Classics.

Mr. Vial married Susan Isabel, daughter of the late Col. Ready, of Richmond.



The Rev. W. E. Patterson, B.A., '97, of Claremont, N.H., and the Rev. F. C. Taylor, B.A., '98, of Central City, Nebraska, were both delegates to the General Convention held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in October.

The Rev. W. H. Moor, B.A., '98, Business Manager of the Mitre '97-'98, has completed ten years of service in the same capacity for the Crozier, the diocesan paper of Nebraska.

The Rev. H. S. Laws, B.A., is captain of the Sawyerville hockey team, and plays point.

Mrs. Henry, wife of Dr. E. G. Henry, B.A., gave birth to a baby boy in December.

Antony V. Grant, B.A., who has had an attack of scarlet fever, has gone to Bermuda for a short holiday.

The Rev. Henry W. Ievers, L.S.T., is acting temporarily as curate at St. John the Evangelist Church, Montreal. "Sergeant" has taken unto himself a wife. The ceremony was performed in Portneuf by Rev. E. R. Roy, B.A., on December 28th.

F. W. Crawford, B.A., '10, is in the employ of the Bank of Commerce, Parkland, Alta.

We regret to announce the very sad death of the Rev. F. T. Dibb, rector of St. Mary Magdalene, Napanee, Ontario, which sad event occurred early in last December. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and two children. His funeral was under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. and A. M., and was attended by thirty-seven brother clergy.

C. P. Gwyn, B.A., is taking a course in Modern Languages at Emmanuel College, Oxford.

R. F. Gwyn, B.A., '06, is at "The Slade" Art School, London, England.

Miss A. W. McFadden, B.A., '09, holds an important position as teacher in the Waterville Academy.

Miss D. J. Seiveright, B.A., '10, is Principal of East Hatley Academy.

Rev. W. A. Gustin, M.A., L.S.T., who was formerly Dean of Quincy Cathedral, Illinois, has been transferred to Chicago.

The Rev. Harold Hamilton, M.A., who was formerly Warden of the Divinity School of Bishop's College, has had the degree of D. D. conferred upon him by Oxford University.

The wife of Rev. Austin Ireland, B.A., rector of St. Stephen's Church, Montreal, gave birth to a baby boy on December 15th.

The Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A., rector of Stanstead, has severed his connection with the Diocese of Quebec, and has been appointed rector of St. John's parish, Montreal. St. John's is one of the best parishes in Montreal Diocese outside the city. We wish Mr. Moore every success in his new sphere of work.

Channel Hepburn, B.A., and C. G. Stevens, B.A., who are studying Divinity at the General Theological Seminary, New York, spent their Christmas holidays at Philadelphia.

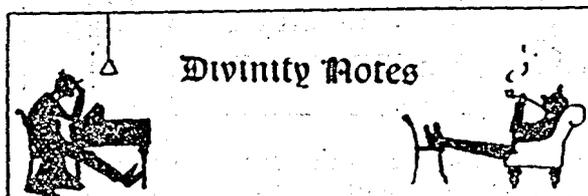
Alan Joly de Lotbiniere, B.A., attended the Forestry Convention in Quebec in January.

The first marriage performed by the Rev. F. J. Leroy, L.S.T., was that of a couple each 74 years of age.

The Rev. Canon Scott, D.C.L., rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, delivered a lecture in St. John, N.B., on "Poetry as a Vehicle of Emotion" in January. It was largely attended.

Ralph Sherman, B.A., L.S.T., spent his Christmas vacation at Dresden.

Miss E. W. Odell, B.A., '09, is a member of the teaching staff of Westbourne School, Toronto.



The happy days of the Christmas "Vac." have slipped away all too rapidly, and we find ourselves back once more at College attending lectures and endeavouring to get the clumsy pen to move with its accustomed facility and precision after the long and pleasant rest of holiday making. We notice two more students among us, one an Arts student, who hails from McGill, and the other a Divinity student, who comes from Newfoundland. We extend to them a hearty welcome.

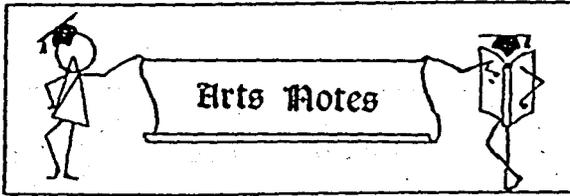
Mr. S. S. Booth has once more responded to the call of the "Sunny South," and is at present in Florida.

Mr. C. H. Lloyd, who (as was mentioned in the last Mitre) had the misfortune to break his leg, had so far recovered that he was able to go to Montreal during vacation, where, knowing the variety of attractions, it is to be hoped that he will not come to grief financially as he did physically.

Mr. W. H. Moore, who has been seriously ill, is once more able to resume his College work.

Two of our students, Messrs. Haig and Patterson, who have failed to put in an appearance, are confined to their respective homes through illness. Mr. Patterson by the serious illness of his father, and Mr. Haig through having contracted a case of chicken-pox.

Mr. H. S. B. Critchley, B.A., is confined to his rooms by an attack of mumps, and although he is willing to admit that he is having a "swell" time of it, still he does not feel specially attracted by the situation. He has our sympathy and best wishes for a speedy recovery. So cheer up, Critchley, old fellow, for good as well as great men must have their little inconveniences.



On the evening of November 29th the College Debating Society renewed its meetings with a debate, whose resolution ran: "Resolved—that a specialized education is preferable to a generalized one." There were two speakers on each side, and as soon as the President had opened the meeting for debate, these began to harangue one another. Both sides had good arguments, and considering the proximity to "exams.," the speeches had been very well prepared. The affirmative side was composed of Messrs. Sherring and Shires, and the negative was upheld by Messrs. Alward and Walker. At times the discussion rose to a fairly high pitch, and when the President declared that the question was open for voluntary speeches, it was hard to say which side should have the majority of votes. Prof. Boothroyd and Mr. Lawrence made very good speeches, and in fact all present had a try at their oratorical powers. As the evening wore on, however, it became necessary to end the voluntary speaking and to put the question to vote. The negative side had the favour of the meeting by a majority of eighteen to two.

Nix on Military Tombolas, or at least the last night while the result of the lotteries are being declared. One poor innocent was inveigled into going one evening with the prospects of a little impromptu dance, and when he first entered the hall felt like a sheep among wolves. He was first excited by the possibility of purchasing a cigarette case for ten cents, and indeed felt himself the possessor in all but name of everything from a canoe cushion to a farm at Three Rivers, only to have his cherished hopes dashed to the ground a few hours later. Never mind, the 53rd Regiment ran their's off in grand style and we all join in congratulating them upon their success.

"How did you do it, Charlie? You know we did think you'd be content with appendicitis and pleursy. Why couldn't you be satisfied without the measles? Hard luck, old man. Hope you'll be with us again soon."

The poor "Rat" met the business end of a hockey stick at practise the other day, with the result that his "dental buds" got rather damaged. Now "she" will never be able to breath on his own front tooth again.

The "Cockroach" is back with us at last. He enjoyed himself immensely, we're glad to hear, but it was rather hard that the library should benefit \$5 through his protracted absence.

On February 2nd eight of the more industrious hired a sleigh to take them through the big storm of that day to the assembly dance held that evening in Sherbrooke. They all arrived safely and had the best of times. Notwithstanding the temperature and the ups and downs of the return trip, the party was very content and jolly all through the evening, although there came a moment when Messrs. Wood and Sherring forsook the driver's seat for the charms of a snow-bank. Yes, thanks, we're all back safely.

A member of our Dramatic Committee made a terrible confession when the Committee was sitting. He said, "When I was on my knees in the Oratory, not thinking of the service, but of the Dramatic Club, and who should take a certain difficult part, just then the priest said, 'O Lord, make speed to save us.'"

Mr. Arthur Speid was elected to the Committee the day previous, and the Committee were awaiting his acceptance.

Mr. A. P. Durrant, who so lately departed out of our midst in order to take up the work of lay reader in British Columbia, has, we regret to say, done so under the cloud of a grave suspicion. Mr. Thomas Gornal, who, for so many years, has honorably served the College in the capacity of mail carrier, was, about the time of Mr. Durrant's departure, greatly upset at discovering the loss of a valuable pair of—well we wont mince words—trousers. Apart from their intrinsic value they were regarded with no little affection by their bereaved owner as being the actual pair in which, in the year 1886, he placed his willing head in the silken noose of matrimony. The fact that their disappearance coincided almost identically with that of Mr. A. P. Durrant is, to say the least of it, fishy. The argument that Mr. Gornal is only five feet four inches in height and that Mr. Durrant stands a good six feet three in his stockined feet goes for nothing. It is very well known that on the other side of the "Rockies" knickerbockers are very frequently worn.

A still more serious charge is brought up by the owner of the trousers, in so much as it is directed against no less a dignitary than our grave Divinity Warden and Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology. This gentleman is accused of secretly removing certain valuable documents which were lying exposed upon Mr. Gornal's table. There seems to be no proof that the Rev. Professor is the guilty party, and of course we cannot condemn him without positive circumstantial evidence. The documents in question seem to have been a number of adver-

tisement pages torn out of a back number of Everybody's Magazine. We sincerely trust that the accused dignitary will be able to clear himself of all suspicion and that the real criminal may be speedily run to earth.

Mr. James Dewhurst, who is an amateur horticulturalist of no mean ability, has gone in for rearing tropical and semi-tropical plants. A small potted cactus decorates his parlor window, and we hear that his latest acquisition is a young bamboo. We wish him every success in this new venture.

A Bye Path in History.

The most characteristic feature of our age is undoubtedly research, with the consequent widening and rearranging of knowledge. And in no branch of learning has research paid a greater part than in history. The history of many periods has been re-written in the light of new knowledge afforded by such research; judgments of men and events have been revived, and often reversed. We no longer execrate Nero as a tyrant, but venerate him as the first great impresario; as a student whose devotion to truth and thoroughness were such that he burnt Rome in order to appreciate fully the accounts of the destruction of Troy. The Borgias we no longer regard as murderers, but recognize as among the greatest of early taxicologists. And yet, though much has been accomplished, more remains to be done. There are still many waste places in history which need cultivation, many jungles through which historians must make roads to let in the light of truth. The following memoir is an attempt at such historical path-making, in which I hope to drive a road of research through the forest of misconception, and clear away the tangled growth of popular and mistaken fancy.

All students of University history are well aware that during the Christmas vacation of 1910, some half dozen individuals, scorning the lure of the outside world, remained in cloistered seclusion within the walls of Bishop's College. But of what occurred during that period in Bishop's academic halls little is known. Popular fancy has painted the doings of that little band of eremites in the most lurid colours. We are told that at a time when all right-minded youths fling classical quills and tables of logarithms to the winds, and spend small fortunes on white ties and gloves, these depraved individuals plunged into the deepest and most abstruse of studies. We hear of debauches of the classics prolonged far into the morning hours; of declamation of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero; of choruses from Sophocles and Aristophanes echoing down the deserted halls and corridors. We are told of mathematical orgies, in which the consumption of π went far beyond the hundredth place of decimals; of philosophical seances in which the Ego and the Cosmos were conjured to the upper air from the lowest depths of Hades. No enormity is too horrible for scandal to invent or popular credence to accept.

And I must confess to having myself shared the popular view of this episode ; and regarded it as one of the most disgraceful blots on the fair scutcheon of university life. But some time ago accident threw across my path evidence which led me to doubt whether, after all, the popular version were correct. While engaged upon a life of the Hon. Vere Queckett I came across certain memoranda of the college days of that distinguished statesman, and learnt to my astonishment that he had been one of that little band which were held to have so infamously disgraced the name of "student." But as I read further I found that the Hon. Vere told a very different tale from that generally known. Put upon the right track by this happy accident, I followed up the clue afforded by Queckett and discovered that many other documents bearing upon the question were in existence. After diligent study of these original documents I became firmly convinced that the Hon. Vere Queckett, and not the popular story, was correct, and felt that it was incumbent upon me to re-write this episode and clear the fair name of Bishop's from the stain which has so long rested upon it.

Before plunging into my tale, however, I feel that a short fore-word on the authorities I have made use of will not be out of place. There are, in the first place, letters from the gentlemen in question to their relations, friends, and in at least one case, fiancée. These, however, are of little value, except as corroborative evidence, the points of interest being often overlaid by matter totally irrelevant, especially in the last named instance. Of more interest and importance are connected narratives, such as the aforementioned "Memoirs of the Hon. Vere Queckett," on which memoirs I have mainly relied in the following account. But Queckett's story is born out and substantiated by other interesting papers, chief among which I should rank the "Letters of Hucback," (a very methodical gentleman, who kept copies of all his correspondence ; sometimes, I fear, rather imprudently) ; the "Relations of William the Wily," (now a distinguished ornament of the bench of Bishop's ; then, apparently, chiefly remarkable for his eel-like capacity for wriggling out of embarrassing situations), and last, but not least, the "Diary of Herbert the Homesteader," (whom I should judge from the comments with which he enriched his record of events, to have been of a distinctly misogynistic frame of mind, but who was certainly possessed of a caustic and rather malicious wit.)

With these few preliminary remarks I turn to my subject, and I feel that I cannot better describe the situation in which these men found themselves as the last cab carried away the last of their departing comrades, than by quoting the words of the Hon. Vere Queckett. "As I turned away from the great door and made my way along deserted corridors, what a picture of desolation met my eyes ! Everything was familiar, yet everything was strange—walls, pictures, stairs, all were the same, yet something was lacking : the life and bustle of term, the echo of the hasty football, the catch of a popular song ; the sounds which the past two months had familiarized were no more heard. And the empty building resembled

the corpse of a dead friend, the lineaments unchanged but the spirit of life departed. In this melancholy mood I made my way to the room of my friend W. (apparently from the context William the Wily.) What a change from the desolation without ! The kettle was hissing on the stove and the aromatic odour of fragrant china tea blended with the heavier perfume of two pipes and one cigar. William was buried in the depths of his favorite arm-chair, with an old black briar between his teeth, and a general air of peace and well-being pervading his whole person, as who should say, "Exams. all over, now for a good old slack." On the couch lay Herbert, while upon the bed was extended the bulky person of old Hucky." (Memoirs of the Hon. Vere Queckett p. 2.)

Here we have a clear and distinct picture of our hermits at the beginning of the vacation. There is no mention of conic sections or psychology, but instead tobacco and tea. Nor did these promising beginnings degenerate. At this happy reunion work does not appear to have been mentioned. It would seem that stretched at their ease on bed, couch and chairs the members of the party formed themselves into an amusement committee, and that among the amusements discussed there was no mention made of the reading of Aristotle or Corneille. Indeed the tone of the assembled students seems to have been so frivolous as to disgust the misogynistic Herbert, whose diary contains the following remarks : "Wed., Dec. 21—Tea with W. Present V. Q. and H. Latter has apparently joined the anti-tobacco league, as he insisted on smoking a cigar made of cabbage leaf. Conversation all about dancing, snow-shoe tramps, slides, and supper parties. Disgusting ! And these men call themselves 'students !'"

How passed the interval between Dec. 21st and Dec. 25th I am unable to ascertain. Herbert's diary has blank leaves, the Hon. Vere found nothing sufficiently memorable to commit to writing, and Hucbart's daily letters deal rather with his emotions than his deeds. But there is abundant evidence as to how our hermits passed Christmas. And once again does painstaking research destroy a familiar legend. Tradition has painted our heroes as banishing all festal signs from their rooms, and all festive fare from their board ; as assuming an air of gloom and devoting their waking hours to the study of Confucius. What was the truth let our authorities declare. Not only did these men partake of the seasonable dainties ; not only did they carve the traditional turkey, and pour burning liquor over the wonted plum-pudding, but they did all this twice lest there be any mistake. Of this fact let our Homesteader bear witness. "Dec. 25th, Christmas—Usual festivities. Holly, etc., and that young ass, H., had hoisted some mistletoe. Christmas dinner in hall at mid-day. Turkey a little tough and plum-pudding like a cannon-ball. (H. will always have his grumble.) In evening had to go all through the thing again at the lodge." (Op. cit. p. 6.) It would seem from the relations of other members of the party that the second dinner in the evening was given by the Principal, and that all, even the melancholy H., enjoyed themselves to the full.

The days and nights following seem to have been spent in one continual round of gaiety. Among the memoranda of the Hon. Vere Queckett is his invitation book for the period, and its pages bear witness to a round of bridge parties and dances, varied by out-door amusements, skating, sliding, snow-shoeing. An extract from his memoirs of the events of one evening will show how the time was passed. "This evening has been spent in most joyous wise. Madame X. gave a snow-shoe tramp. We all assembled at the X. mansion at nine o' the clock, and did then put on racquettes. We were led by one R., a noted guide, who afforded excellent sport, having an intimate knowledge of the country and where might be found the most difficult fences; where the most enjoyable slides and the most thrilling leaps. Luna was favorable, and her bright beams, reflected from the gleaming surface of the snow, threw a heavenly light upon the fair scene. The air was cold and brought a rosy flush to the cheeks of the fair dames who accompanied us. My heart sang with the creak of our shoes. After two hours of most enjoyable exercise we returned to the stately halls of X., where a delicious collation was served, after which we repaired to the salon and walked a minuet. Thereafter we sang glees and roundelays, and my friend Herbert did create much merriment by standing upon one leg, like unto a stork, and picking up a lady's handkerchief from the floor with his teeth. (Op. cit. p. 23.) There is no mention here of Ego or Cosmos.

So went the days until the end of the vacation drew nigh. When these men, whom legend states to have been deep in mathematical problems, seem to have been caught in a very whirlpool of frantic gaiety. The nearer loomed the approaching term with its round of lectures and comps., its prepared translation and its geometrical problems, the more they sought to plunge into the amusements so soon to elude their grasp. So intent were they to carry out the motto of Horace "Carpe diem," rather than to translate his odes, that we hear of them missing the last train back to their secluded abode rather than miss a single dance, and walking many weary miles with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero.

Two events of that last mad week seem to have especially struck the imaginations of our hermits, for all wax eloquent thereon. Not only does the Hon. Verè cover page after page with the choicest flowers of his rhetoric; not only does the growl of the misogynistic Homesteader resemble the rumbling of thunder; not only does the Wily William confess that he was so excited as to get himself into a scrape from which escape was beyond even his powers, but the letters of Hucbart forgot for many pages to describe the emotions of that sentimental gentleman, and merely recount his experiences with no single word of his thoughts, or his longings for——. These two events which so impressed themselves upon such diverse temperaments are described as the "Little 'Op" and the "Little Joint."

It would seem that our recluses, having received many kindnesses from

friends in the neighborhood, having been invited to bridge, to dance, to sup and so forth, conceived the idea of giving a dance as a recognition of past kindnesses. And this they designated in their own jargon a "Little 'Op," being always extremely careful to omit the "h." Even the morose Herbert was infected with the spirit of gaiety, and proposed attending the function, but something intervened. I should infer from various isolated and rather ambiguous remarks that Herbert, who seems at bottom to have been a most fastidious person, held strong views on evening dress, and had proposed attending the soiree in a costume which should give free play to individual taste, but that a dispute with his costumier caused him to throw up his project in disgust and withdraw to the seclusion of his own room. All the others appear, however, to have attended and done the honours in becoming fashion; and we can understand how the courtly Vere must have shone as host; how well the sentimental Herbert must have done the honours of the conservatory and how perfect must have been the arrangements made by the Wily one.

The "Little Joint" would seem to have been an affair of a different complexion. Mention is made by William of the return of one H., (I have sought in vain for further information as to the personality of this mysterious individual, whose full name is nowhere given, but have failed to pierce the mystery which surrounds his identity, although there are certain indications of his having been a citizen of the U. S. A.), who appears to have brought with him many dainties. It would further seem that our recluses themselves had laid in a stock of cakes for a quiet little supper party; that finding themselves provided with all these delicacies they decided upon giving a supper party. Their arrangements seem to have been made with great rapidity and to have involved considerable use of the telephone, for complaints seem to have been made by Central of overwork. What actually took place—what fare was placed before the guests I am unable to state, although a menu is included in the memoirs of the Hon. Vere, for the language thereupon is entirely unknown to me, and I have not so far found any linguistic authority who could decipher it. But, as I failed to find any deaths or serious illnesses reported in the papers of that date, I presume that no serious damage was done.

Thus this vacation drew to a close, and as we have seen the popular legend, which paints its events in such hideous fashion, is based on no facts; rather would it seem that those who spent their Christmas at Bishop's had as good a time as most youths do, possibly more so. And if there are any who still cling to the popular tradition, I would urge them read the authorities I have cited for themselves, and then in the words of Kipling "Disregarding the inventions of the marine engineer, let a plain tale suffice."

Athletic Notes.

Basket Ball.

U.B.C. 18 vs. Y.M.C.A. 22

On Saturday, Dec. 10th, the team went to Sherbrooke to play a league game with the Y.M.C.A., and were defeated by the close score of 22-18.

Owing to the outbreak of scarlet fever in the College, the team was out of practise when they went on the floor, and consequently their shooting was away off colour. They had the best of the play all through, but when uncovered they failed to locate the basket. On the other hand, the Y.M.C.A. being in their own gymnasium, made better use of their opportunities, and at half time led by 12-9.

In the second half Bishop's had better luck, and for a short time took the lead. However, the superior shooting of the Sherbrooke team brought them up and they again took first place and maintained it until the end. Bishop's tried hard to catch up, and had they been in better practice the score might have been different.

The game was fast and exciting, and though both sides played hard and checked closely, there was no unnecessary rough-

ness. Messrs. Patterson and Reade officiated satisfactorily.

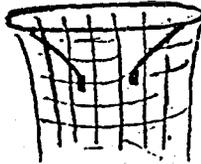
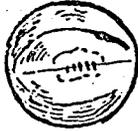
Following was the line up :

U.B.C.

Ireland
Hinerth
Murray
Alward
Scott

Y.M.C.A.

Miller
Sangster
Ruggles
Kerr
Tate



Bishop's has three league games to play which were postponed from last term, and these matches must be played before the 15th of February. B. C. S., Y. M. C. A. and Knowlton have to meet the College on their own floor, and the home team is practising hard to win these last matches and finish up the season well.

From the present standing of the league it looks as though B. C. S. and Stanstead would fight it out for the cup. The former has won four games and lost one, and while the latter has won five and lost two games, their chances of winning the championship, in the event of there being a tie, seems to be the better.

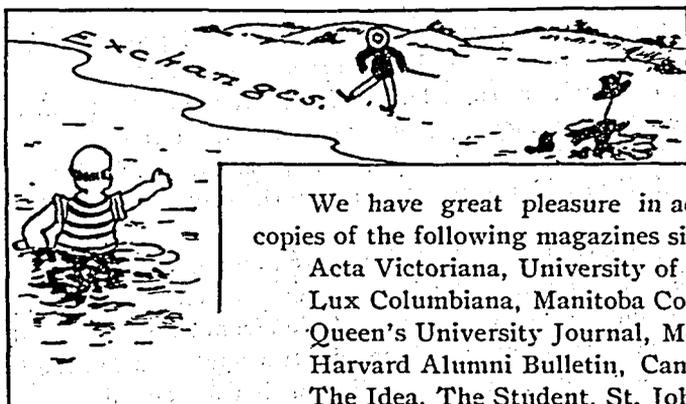
Hockey.

The regular hockey practices started in the Minto Rink on January 24th, with a fair turnout of puckchasers. Of last year's team there are Cameron, Murray, Savage, Scott and Ireland who are expected to fill their old positions. Among the new men are noticed McCrum, in the nets, and Ward and Alward on the wings. As yet no games have been played, but the secretary is arranging dates with the hockey clubs of Stanstead College, Knowlton, Cookshire and Danville. It is also hoped that a match can be arranged with a team in Quebec.

"Professionalising" College Sport.

The question before the House is, "Are the Universities of Canada training the youth of our land to be Sportsmen?" We know that it costs Harvard a little over \$3,000 per man to turn out the football team which represents it annually on the gridiron. Aside from the fact, that as one looks back over the history of recent football seasons, the results from the Harvard standpoint hardly seem worth what they cost, there are other reasons for regretting the scale as well as the manner of the athletic expenditures in such a famous university. In the first place to spend \$35,000 in eight weeks in order to develop football material cannot be regarded as being in harmony with the spirit, though it may be with the letter of amateurism. In the second place, it does not tend to elevate sport to treat a football game on the same basis one would a prize fight or a theatrical venture. We believe it was possible at one time in American colleges to play football without a specially armed surgeon on the field and without a thousand other appurtenances which go to make up the equipment of the modern American football squad. It is still possible to do so in Canada, though there are disquieting indications that our ideas on this subject are taking on the same tinge as those of our neighbors.

A college boy is one thing, a specially trained prize-fighter is another. If the "added zest" of the good old game of football as it is being played to-day makes it necessary to change the one into the other, let us substitute for football some other form of sport more in harmony with a college curriculum.—H. F. E



We have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of copies of the following magazines since our last issue :

Acta Victoriana, University of Ottawa Review.

Lux Columbiana, Manitoba College Journal.

Queen's University Journal, McGill Martlett.

Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Cambridge Review.

The Idea, The Student, St. John's College Magazine.

King's College Record, McMaster University Monthly.

U. N. B. University Monthly, Dalhousie Gazette.

Trinity University Review, O. A. C. Review.

The Cheltonian, Emerson College Magazine.

The Gateway, The Gryphon, The Quill.

Western University Gazette.

To Acto. Victoriana we extend our hearty congratulations on the splendid result of the efforts to maintain the standard of former Christmas numbers. It was with very real pleasure that we read the excellent articles the Christmas number contained, and specially did appreciate those on "Swinburne's Later Work," "Some Aspects of George Eliot's Novels," and "The Christ in Art."

With interest no less keen we noticed the editorial "Plea for Breadth," from which we quote: "It is a human impossibility for the specialist of the narrow type to lay down a general law "on anything," whether it is his special subject or not. He cannot have any sense of proportions In view of the wonderful progress of knowledge due to German science no one can decry the value of contributions to the general store of special investigators; but when specializing goes beyond a certain point it can make no contribution at all; in some fields at the present time it is doing positive harm."

The Queen's University Journal has recently given us an article of unusual interest under the title of "The Philosopher's Stone." Commencing with the idea of the transmutation of the four elements earth, air, fire and water, the quest of the philosopher for the magic stone which should be able to effect the desired change is traced out most carefully. The description of alchemy quoted from Berthelot is worthy of note:

"Alchemy," he says, "rests partly upon the industrial processes of the ancient Egyptians, partly on the speculative theories of the Greek philosophers, and partly on the mystic reveries of the Alexandrians. It pretended to enrich its adepts by teaching them to manufacture gold and silver from the base metals, to shield them from disease by the preparation of the panacea, and finally to obtain for them perfect felicity by identifying them with the soul of the world and the universal spirit."

Following out the various phases which this search took during the ages, the writer comments on the great benefits which have been conferred on man by its prosecution. Touching on the discoveries which have meant so much to medical science, he maintains that "we are not yet done with transmutation and the Philosopher's Stone," and leads us on to a consideration of that wonderful substance radium. This substance may indeed be what has been sought so long and so carefully he thinks. At the conclusion of this most fascinating paper is given a quotation from Sir Wm. Ramsay to the effect that if radium does give the results which our present knowledge and experiments seem to indicate it will, "then the transmutation of the elements no longer appears an idle dream. The Philosopher's Stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosophers of the dark ages, the elixir vitae."

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges *The Gateway*, coming from the University of Alberta. There is a breath of Western life about it which is pleasing to us, and this is nowhere better expressed than in the verses entitled, "Just Smile." The sentiment is similar to that expressed in Service's "Grin," and we quote the first verse, which is typical of the rest, because of its sound common sense :

"If you've got an English test,
Just smile.
Wear a grin and do your best,
Just smile.
If you have a theme to do,
What's the use of feeling blue?
Thank your stars you haven't two,
Just smile."

"Some say that the gift stolen from the altar of the gods and given to man was Imagination. Without it, man is a clod, hopeless and sorrowful. With a trained imagination man is godlike, or, to speak more respectfully, he is man. . . . Imagination is creative; it is the creative power of man. The civilization of the world is the work of the imagination, made manifest to the senses. Every structure, each work of art, all formulated thought, are results of the trained imagination. The imagination creates the ideals. It takes a suggestion, a hint,

and builds that which gives benefit and happiness to humanity."—Emerson College Magazine.

In St. Andrew's Cross we find the following interesting reasons for going to Church :

"Here are three good reasons for going to Church given by a business man :

1. Because of what the Church stands for. With all its human imperfections, the Church stands for the best elements in life and the highest conceptions of God to man.
2. Because of its offerings. Nearly all the institutions and agencies for the uplift of humanity are the products, directly or indirectly, of the Christian religion. Most of the people who give their time, talents and money to the support these beneficent institutions are members of or results of the Church. I want to have a part in this general uplift.
3. Because of its enemies. If a man be judged by his enemies, why not the Church? The foes of the home, marriage and righteousness are the foes of the Church. All the forces which seek the destruction of mankind vilify the Church."

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much ; who has gained the trust of pure women and little children ; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task ; who has left the world better whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul ; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it ; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had ; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.—Emerson College Magazine.

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