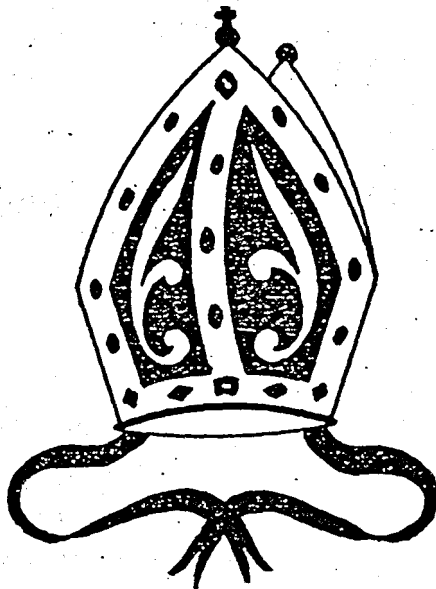


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Vol. 18/2

The Mitre

University of Bishop's College
Lennoxville, Quebec.



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

VOL. XVIII., No. 5.

May, 1911.

University of Bishop's College.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

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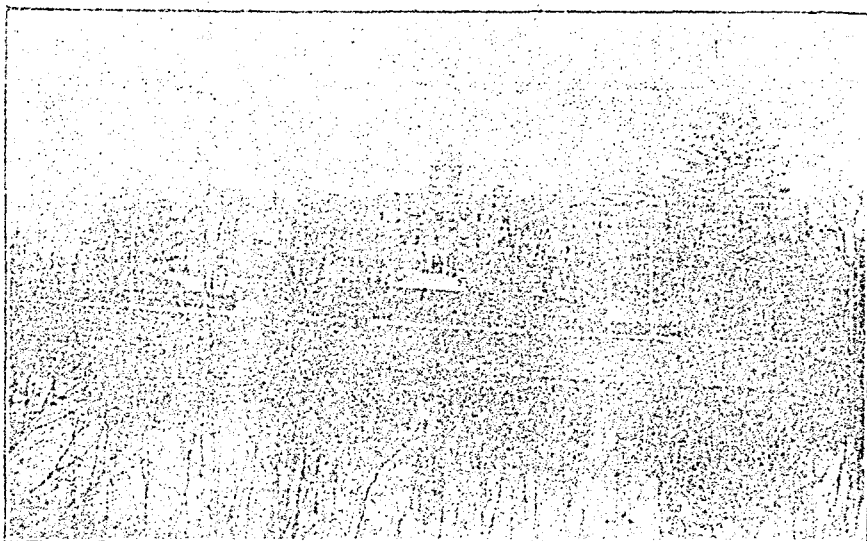
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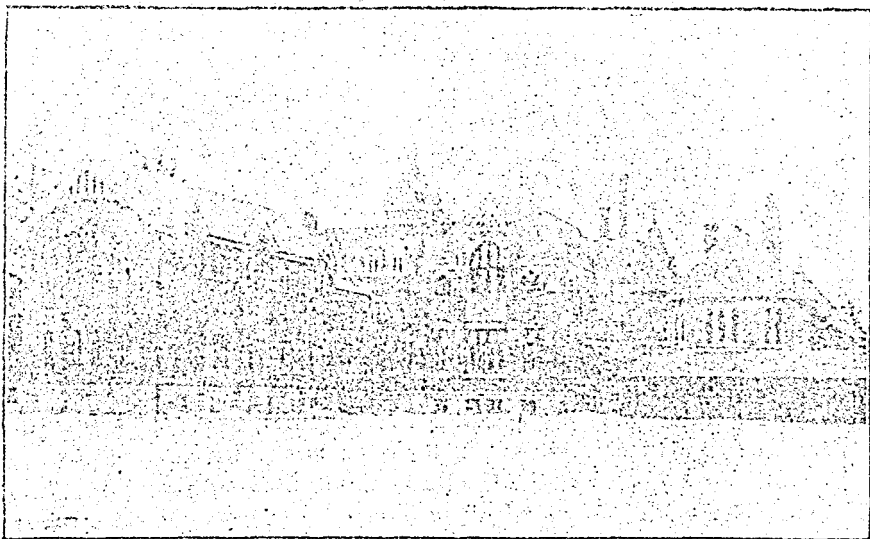
Michaelmas Term, from September 14 to December 20, 1910.

Lent Term, from January 17 to March 31, 1911.

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



UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE.



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THE MITRE.

VOL. XVIII.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

No. 5.

MAY, 1911.

Springtime.

Oh, but the world is green and fair
And birds are singing everywhere,
Singing of love in the sweet warm air—
Of Springtime.

Winter has lifted his ice-cold hand,
The warm sun smiling over the land
Girdles the earth with a golden hand
In Springtime.

Oh, list to the children laugh at their play,
"Summer is coming," we hear them say.
"Gone are the days so cold and gray,
For 'tis Springtime."

Spring is the time for love 'tis said,
Love of a man and love of a maid,
Busily Cupid plies his trade
In the Springtime.

Old eyes brighten in faces pale,
Life survives in the worn and frail,
Whispers of Hope beyond the Vale,
Does Springtime.

The gladdest time of the year is Spring,
The whole world wakes to laugh and sing,
God's hand is seen in everything
In the Springtime.

The History of the Early English Drama.

A. V. GRANT.

Read before the Churchwarden Club March, 1910.

All things must have a beginning and the English Drama was no exception to the rule. And her beginning was so small and remote that until the 12th Century you hardly recognize it as drama at all. No medieval Ibsen or Bernard Shaw was there to become suddenly inspired to sit down and write a play for the delectation of our early English forefathers. In fact drama, in the accepted

meaning of the word, was non-existent until the 16th Century. But long before that the dramatic instinct implanted in a greater or less degree in every human heart was stirring and struggling to find utterance, and it was not long before it discovered a channel through which it might spring into throbbing, unmistakable life.

I said just now that our drama owed nothing to that of the ancient world, and for this reason : When in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, the law and order and social forms, refinement and art of classical civilization were submerged by the flood of barbaric invasion, it was only natural that the ancient drama should likewise disappear. Greek tragedy had indeed long ago degenerated into rhetoric and ethical bombast ; and Roman comedy had yielded, as a popular amusement, to the brutal spectacular orgies of the Coliseum, and the obscenities of dancers, mimics and jugglers. But among the cultivated the masterpieces themselves were still a source of delight and might yet, had Roman civilization been suffered to work out its own reform, have served as models for the recrudescence of the ancient stage. Under the barbarian rules of the dismembered empire, they persisted merely as manuscripts in the ecclesiastical libraries of Europe.

Thus we see that long before my story commences the classical drama was as good as dead even in the home of its birth, and it is quite impossible that even a breath of it survived in the uncivilized little island that lay north of barbarian Gaul.

As is well known, the plays of our forefathers were closely connected with the religious life of England, indeed it was Holy Mother Church herself who gave it life and nurture, nursing it until such time as it grew altogether out of hand and was taken over by the civic authorities and craft guilds.

There are two theories as to its origin, the first being as follows : About the 8th Century trade was principally carried on by fairs, and these were introduced a few centuries later by William the Conqueror into England. The merchants who frequented these fairs in numerous companies employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels and buffoons, who were no less interested in exerting all their skill on these occasions. No public spectacles or popular amusements were then established and the fair-time was the great season of diversion. As time went on the art of buffoonery was rendered more and more attractive and acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees the clergy noticed that these entertainments made the people less religious by promoting idleness and love of festivity, so they prescribed these sports and excommunicated the performers.

But finding no regard was paid to their censures they changed their plans and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors, and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This, according to one authority, was the origin of sacred comedy.

The other theory as to its origin, and to my mind the most feasible, is that adopted by Prof. Gayley, the author of "Plays of our Forefathers." It is, briefly, this: "It was not," he says, "until the Church of the Dark Ages had begun to recognize in its religious functions, the dramatic element lying at the core of its ritual and faith, and to realize that the latter could best be inculcated by the former,—the faith emphasized by the staging of the ritual—it was not until then that the modern drama was born."

And once the idea of impressing the public mind by means of dramatic representation with the significance of any portion of the church ritual had taken root, its branching and flowering were but a question of opportunity and constructive imagination.

The opportunity was at hand in the succession of holy days appointed to be observed by the ecclesiastical calendar; while the scriptures appointed to be read for the various fasts and festivals of the year, as well as the legends of the saints celebrated on their respective days, afforded much material for imaginative elaboration as the meanest invention could not fail to grasp, or succeed utterly in spoiling. Thus the four Sundays in Advent set before the Church the majesty of the Person and of the kingdom of the coming Lord; and to the creative imagination they offered alluring material for dramatic treatment.

The first of these December feasts—that of S. Nicolas—afforded special provocation to lovers of dramatic entertainment. For on that day fell the election, in many schools and church choirs, of the Boy Bishop, and there, ready to hand, were the legends unsurpassed for wit and wonder, of the patron saint of school boys and travellers.

A word about this interesting custom of electing a boy bishop. The character originated in a very early miracle play called "The Mystery of the Nativity." In this play the "Episcopus Puerorum" plays no important part—he rebukes the High Priest and the Jews for their unbelief in the miraculous birth and that is all; but the manner of his dramatic appearance points to the religious quality of his origin. His character was familiar to the Church from remote times. He is the acknowledged leader of the choir boys in the feasts of S. Nicolas and Holy Innocents. As early as the reign of Conrad I we find him mentioned. In the 10th Century Holy Innocents' Day was set aside for the tripudium, or jollification, and the choir boys were permitted to participate in the services from first to second vespers; and from the beginning of the 13th Century at York certain duties are recorded as imposed upon the leader of the boys—the Little Bishop, Scholar's Bishop, or Boy Bishop. The Boy Bishop was elected by his fellows on the eve of S. Nicolas, but his duties did not begin until the eve of Holy Innocents. At that time, after the singing of the Magnificat and the words "Deposuit potentes de sede et exultavit humilēs," the bishop, or dean, or abbot changed places with the boy bishop; and canons, archdeacons, and so forth similarly exchanged with the corresponding dignitaries of the boys. In the re-

cessional the boy bishop came last, whilst the real dignitaries were turned into candle holders, incense bearers, etc. A special service would then be read by the infant ecclesiasts, and the boy bishop having blessed the people and clergy would be saluted as prince of the church and the service would conclude. On Innocents' Day all services, even Mass, would be conducted by him and he would even preach a sermon.

A supper was provided the bishop and his train by the real dignitaries, and there were contributions levied in church and by bands in the streets, the proceeds of which went to the 'bishop.' And since this festival was as much of S. Nicolas as Holy Innocents some of the numerous miracles performed by him would of course be presented by the boys in dramatic form within or without the church. Nicolas had been the patron saint of school boys ever since that happy day in the 4th Century when, so runs the story, he discovered in a brine-tub the bodies of three lads who, on the way to school, had been murdered by the keeper of their inn, and he brought the bodies back to life in spite of the fact that they were already cut in pieces, salted and disguised as pickled pork. This was before the days of tinned meats, but the methods of packing houses were even then not above suspicion. One of these miracles will serve as a sample of the style of play acted on these occasions :

x "A barbarian, who is setting forth on business, entrusts his treasure to the keeping of a shrine of S. Nicolas, ordering the saint, somewhat cavalierly one might say, to see to it, that there shall be no cause for complaint upon his return. As soon as the foreigner is out of sight tramps make off with the booty. 'Hard luck,' cries Barbarus, who had merely stepped round the corner. 'I do well to be angry. I left more than a hundred things in charge of this thief of a saint. Ha, Nicholax, if you don't disgorge my chose you'll catch it.' Then up with his whip.

"By God, I swear to you
Unless you 'cough up' true,
You thief, I'll beat you blue.
I will, no fear!

So hand me back my stuff that I put here."

Then S. Nicholas shall go to the robbers and say to them :

"Ye wretches, what would ye? When you stole the treasure committed to my care, was not I beholding you? Now I have taken a thrashing for them and my credit is no longer worth a denier. Out with the stolen goods at once :

And if you don't do as I say,
I'll see you both hanged in a day
On the cross in the square :
Your filching, and fobbing and face
Your scandalous deeds of disgrace
I'll tell to the populace,—there !"

x From "Plays of our Forefathers."

The robbers, fearful, bring back the goods which they find, Barbarus in alternate gasps of Latin and undigested French, exclaims:

"Unless my sight deceives me
I've got 'em now
I don't care who believes me
'Tis marvel still, I vow,—"

or words to that effect. He then approaches the image of S. Nicholas and gives thanks, whereupon Beatus Nicholaus appearing bids him give thanks to God alone and the barbarian repents of his sins and becomes a Christian instant, believing that God Almighty, whose kingdom is without end, will blot out his integrity."

In 1541 a proclamation of Henry VIII forbade the gathering of children for festivals of S. Nicolas and Holy Innocents and the like, and from that time on we hear little of the boy bishop.

In this connection may be mentioned two other feasts which obtained much popularity in the 13th and 14th Centuries, and which did much towards assisting in the early growth of the drama. These were the Feast of the Ass and the Feast of Fools. With these we get the invasion of the humorous in dramatic representation. It was not long before the dramatizing of the history of our Lord led to the staging of Old Testament stories also. Amongst them one of the most popular was that of Balaam, and of course with that unworthy prophet came his ass, and very soon he, the ass, played a far more important part than his master.

In early times before we have any regular plays it was customary for the clergy to organize elaborate processions on great occasions, which would parade the streets of the city ere entering the cathedral for divine worship. And in these processions would figure various celebrities in Old and New Testament history more or less costumed to suit their parts. Amongst these would come a goodly company of the prophets, including Balaam and his ass, and as in these days he is regarded in a somewhat humorous light, so then he was the cause of good-natured mirth and cheerful jeers, and the ass beneath him was destined to play sad havoc with certain sacred festivals. Once the donkey thrust his head within the church door—liturgy, festival, drama were lost in the stupour of his ears or the bathos of his braying. Soon the ass became so popular and was such a nuisance in the more serious feasts, such as, those relating to the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt and Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, that he was given a feast of his own, known as the Festa Asinaria. It took place on New Year's eve. There is not space here to go into it in detail, but here are a few points: At first vespers the Cantor, or Coregis, would intone in the middle of the nave a hymn of the day of gladness—"Let no sour-faced person stay within the church, away on this day with envy and heartache, let all be cheerful who would celebrate the Feast of the Ass." The beast would be met by the church dignatories

at the door with a bottle of wine in their hands and the asses' health would be hilariously drunk. Then he was led up the aisle while the choir chanted a long hymn in a mixture of French and Latin. The following is a translation of a few of the verses :

"Out of the regions of the East
The ass arrives—most potent beast
Piercing our hearts with his pulcritude
And for our burdens well endued.

See him with his generous ears,
Sprout of yoke enduring years
Most egregious ass is he.
Lord of asses certainly.

Say amen, most reverend ass
Now your belly's full of grass,
Say amen again and bray
Spurn old customs down the way"

And after each verse is sung this chorus :

"Hey, Sir Asses, come sing and say
Open your gorgeous mouth and bray
You shall have hay, your fill alway
You shall have oats, to boot, to-day."

The Feast of Fools came to be amalgamated with that of the Ass, and its distinctive features are the transferring of the precentor's staff to a sub-deacon who had been chosen bishop, pope, or king of fools. But these feasts very soon degenerated into disorder, tomfoolery, irreverence and riot ; in spite of which they lasted until the middle of the 17th Century in some parts of Europe, though long dead in England.

But to return to my narrative. As an outcome of these processional festivals, small plays used to be written around the special biblical event celebrated and were acted by those who took part in the procession. These plays would take place either within the church or just outside, and were attended by the populace more in the spirit of godly exercise than with any idea of secular entertainment.

These ecclesiastical plays cover an enormous range of subjects, going as they do right back to our first parents, who, by the way, were sometimes represented by actors wearing their birthday clothes, and we read that this extraordinary spectacle was viewed by large audiences of both sexes with great composure. They no doubt thought it would be absolute heresy to have departed from the text in personating the primitive appearance of our first parents. And we learn further that in the year 1195 "a play of the creation of the world and fall of Lucifer" was given.

The parable of the Foolish Virgins was a very favorite subject with the early

dramatist. A specimen of this play is preserved in a manuscript of about 1150 from Limoges. It is written in a mixture of Latin and French, and is well adapted by action alone to terrify the simple and by the music of its verse to inspire the learned. It is called the "Bridegroom," or "Sponsus," and opens with the words :

Adest sponsus qui est Christus,
Vigilate virgines.

As in the parable the Foolish Virgins turn in despair : "Wail, oh catifs, we have slept too long." The Wise Virgins bid them return to the sellers of oil, saying, "Go and seek your sisters sage, and pray them by God the glorious, for succour of their oil." The foolish ones come weeping to the marriage door, but the bridegroom has arrived and turns them away with :

"Amen dico, vos ignosco, nam caretis lumine,
Quod qui perdunt, procul pergunt hujus aulae limine."

Lamentations, devils and eternal woe !

The Virgin Mary was another popular stage heroine, and many and wonderful were the plays concerning her, most of them from legends of apocryphal origin. Of the grace of the Virgin to repentant sinners we have astounding stories—at least to the moral sense if not to the physical or religious. There was one play, very popular, which tells of how an abbess, painfully strict with her nuns, falls in love with her clerk, Perrot, and of how when she is of child, and is to be tried by the bishop, calls upon Our Lady for help, and is not only delivered of the child by a miracle, but by some juggle of moral probability, is promoted after a lime-light repentance, to a higher position in the Church than she held before. Says the bishop : "It appears indeed that you are a holy woman, and therefore I wish you to be mistress of the abbey of Mons ; you shall no longer be abbess here, it is too mean an estate for such as you." We can almost hear, can we not, the cries of delight from the ingenuous audience at this vindication of the heroine's character ?

And now we come to a change in the management of the miracle play. Up till the close of the 13th Century the 'drama' had been in the hands of her foster mother the Church, but of course the popular development of the miracle plays owes much to the co-operation of laymen, and gradually the secular gained more and more control over the management until, by the middle of the 14th Century we find the miracles entirely in the hands of the laity and governed by municipal organization, and it is then that we find this form of entertainment at the height of its popularity and at its highest development. The organization which then produced the plays were the industrial guilds, and the annual pageants at which they were performed came to be one of the great features of guild life.

The season adopted for these annual shows in the great cities such as London and York and Chester was Whitsun Week and the whole week would be

given over to feasting and jollification. In fact the cycle of miracle plays came to be known in Chester at least as Whitsun Plays. Another popular date was the feast of Corpus Christi, celebrated on the Thursday succeeding Trinity Sunday, and there is extant among the digests and ordinances of the Play of Corpus Christi in 1390 the following: "It was then ordered by the whole community that all the craftsmen (artifices) of Beverley, viz., Mercers, Tanners, Masons and 33 other companies of trades and mysteries shall have their plays and pageants henceforth on every Corpus Christi Day in fashion and form according to the ancient customs of the town of Beverley, to play in honour of the body of Christ under the penalty of 40s. for every craft that fails."

And now a few words on these pageants. The right to present a certain subject by way of a play was granted to the guild by the municipality, and for the proper performance of its function the guild was responsible to the corporation under penalty of a fine. The expenses of production fell wholly upon the guilds, to some one of which every artisan in the town was bound to contribute.

The principal crafts were appointed by the "heet" to produce the pageants; and with each were grouped minor bodies liable only for fixed sums varying from 3s. 4d. to 16s. 8d. As the performances, because of civic pride or guild rivalry, grew in length, size and magnificence and expenses became more and more burdensome, we note frequent entries of fines imposed upon neglectful and rebellious companies, and of petitions from some crafts for amalgamation or relief.

On June 11th, 1450, five fishers were fined 8s. apiece for not producing their play on Corpus Christi Day and were ordered to have it ready by Palm Sunday next at the latest. On May 24th, 1452, Henry Cowper, a Webster, because he did not know his part on Corpus Christi Day, in spite of the proclamation of the common bellman, forfeited 6s. 8d. to the commonality. He only had 3s. 4d. so they took the 4d. and warned him not to forget his lines another time. Fortunate Henry.

As regards the presentation of the pageants, I will quote from an account written in 1595 by Archdeacon Rogers, who saw the Chester plays performed the year before.

"The manner of these plays were, every company had his pageant or part, which pageant were a high scaffold with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher they played, being all open on the top, that all beholders might hear and see them. The places where they played them was in every street. They began first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so on to every street; and so every street had a pageant playing before them at one time. And when one pageant was ended word was brought from street to street that so they might come in place thereof exceeding orderly; and all the streets had their pageants afore them, all at one time, playing together."

According to some authorities the "stage" consisted of three tiers; on the uppermost sat the Pater Carlestis, surrounded by his angels; on the second appeared the holy saints, and the lowest was occupied by mere men, representing the Earth in fact. On one side of this lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark cavern, from whence issued the appearance of fire and flames; and when it was necessary the audience was treated with hideous yellings and noises as imitative of the howlings and cries of the wretched souls tormented by the relentless demons. From this yawning cavern the devils themselves constantly ascended to delight and instruct the spectators; to delight because there were the greatest jesters and buffoons that there appeared; and to instruct, for that they treated the wretched mortals who were delivered to them with the utmost cruelty, warning men thereby to avoid falling into the clutches of such relentless spirits.

We have some rather interesting facts regarding stage properties and expenses. Amongst them we find payments for men, sometimes eight, sometimes twelve, who drew the vehicle from station to station, also for the drinks that they consumed.

The Smiths Company of Coventry makes payments between 1449 and 1585 in connection with its pageant of the Trial, Condemnation and Crucifixion of Christ, in varying sums, for such items as the cross with rope to draw it up by and a curtain hanging before it, gilding the pillars and the cross, two pairs of galls, mending of imagery and other properties.

In the matter of dress, it pays in different years: For six skins of white leather for God's garment 1s. 6d.; for the making of the same garment 10d. For mending a wig for God, and for sewing God's coat of leather and for the making of the hands for said coat 1s. For a girdle for God 3d. For Herod, as follows: For painting the falchion and Herod's face 10d. For mending of Herod's head and a mitre and other things 2s. For a slop for Herod and gold foil for his crest and falchion 1s. 6d.

For Pilate's wife as follows: For mending of dame Percula's garment 7d. To reward Miss Grimsey for lending her gear for Pilate's wife 1s.

For refreshments during the 2nd rehearsal in Whitsun Week, bread and ale 1s. 6d.

In what precedes some indication has been made of accoutrements and stage properties. Characters were particularized by dress as well as by utterance. Pilate always had a green coat and made use of a maul and balls. His maul was a club with a stuffed head, about a foot and a half long, which served partly for a sign of authority, but more for beating his companions and the public. The margin of the Chester plays is full of stage directions, such as "flourish," "cast up," "swords," when ranting kings like Balaak and Herod are on the boards. Such nonsense seems requisite to offset the intense and unfamiliar strain of gazing upon royalty even though illusionary. So when the three kings leave Herod we can hear the Chester bumpkins draw in the breath lingeringly, and we read in

the margin the solicitude of the author or stage manager: "The boy and pig when the kings are gone." Herod is represented in helmet and painted mask, and elaborate gown of blue satin. Judas is distinguished by red hair and beard. The Devil, like Pilate, has a club, he wears also a mask with a very wide mouth, staring eyes and large nose, a red beard, cloven feet and of course a tail. He was clad in black leather. He sometimes enters with "Ho, ho, ho," and in moments of consternation cries, "Oute harrow," but as a rule he has little to say. In later times a character known as Vice is his constant attendant, and his principal duty as buffoon of the piece is to belabour his luckless master with his wooden dagger and to make him roar for the entertainment of the populace.

Mary the Virgin and the other Marys have flowered crowns and something spelled "roles," which may mean pads over which the hair was draped. For the angels there are wings and albs and suits of gold skins; and for God in doomsday a coat of leather, a red throne and a pair of gloves. But then nearly everyone wore gloves in those days. Even the devil could quote gloves to serve his purpose, and coats and hose and "points," and a great deal of hair.

And now I must bring my paper to a close.

The miracle plays gradually, though very gradually, wane in popularity as the crafts which presented them began to lose their power and to pass away. Their place was taken by the Morality and the Interlude; special buildings were set aside for their performance, and with the dawn of the Elizabethan era came the "immortal bard," and with him the birth of the modern drama.

"But this," as Kipling says, "is another story."

Alice at Bishop's.

(CONCLUDED.)

It seemed to Alice they had travelled a long way before, having walked through a long dark corridor and tripped over some steps, which seemed to have been placed in the darkest part of it simply and solely for that very purpose, they turned in at a door on the right, which opened into a large high room, very bright and cheerful looking. There were five or six long tables set out for dinner, one of which at the far end of the room, stood on a raised platform.

"This way," said Alice's guide, and led her to a table which stood in one corner. The students who were pouring in were making a good deal of noise, when someone at her table—a fat man wearing a very tattered gown—rapped upon the table with a spoon and said something very fast in Latin, which her tall friend whispered to her was grace, though to Alice it seemed a most funny way of saying it. After this everyone sat down and Alice looked about her. The walls of the room were hung with big pictures, and on each of the tables was a geranium plant in a big yellow bowl—at least the plant had geranium leaves.

but the flowers on it were red carnations, which struck Alice as being very wonderful, until, on trying to smell one, she discovered that it was made of paper. All the men at her table were chattering away and making a "frightful noise," as Alice afterwards described it to her sister. "Pepper," shouted one; "Pass the salt," yelled another. "After you with the spuds, there," called a third. "When you've QUITE done with the gravy," remarked a fourth, frowning heavily at Alice, who on looking down found she was hugging a sauce-boat containing some thick brown liquid.

A man with fair hair and moustache, and wearing a white linen jacket and carrying a large pile of plates stopped in front of her, and said in a funny little staccato voice, "What can I give you, Miss? We have pork an' mutton an' beef to-day." "Mutton, please," said Alice. He handed her a plate on which reposed a slice of beef and hurried off smiling.

Noticing Alice's puzzled look someone said, "Oh, that's one of Jim's jokes—there isn't any mutton to be had really." Alice noticed that he appeared to be in a great hurry, dashing here, there and everywhere with arms full of dishes, every now and again disappearing through a door close by, like a rabbit into his hole. "Who is he?" asked Alice of her big friend. "That's Bamboo," he replied, "the smartest waiter ever. Hi, Bamboo," he called, as that individual rushed past, narrowly escaping collision with a little man with black hair, who was also dashing about with quantities of plates. He stopped. "I would have you know, sir, that my name is not Bamboo," and away he went, but soon returned to say, "and you are no gentleman to call me that." Then off he hurried and in a minute came back and said, "If you call me by that name again I shall have to speak to the Principal about it," and he dived through the little door chuckling. "He's an awfully witty fellow, you know," said Alice's friend, "but he always has to walk round the hall several times before he can think of a suitable retort."

A student with curly brown hair, and brown face and brown coat was sitting nearly opposite to Alice. He was all hunched up and had his eyes shut. "Why," thought Alice, "that looks just like the Dormouse. Please, sir," she asked, timidly, leaning across the table, "are you the Dormouse?" But his eyes remained tight shut, and she got no answer; a very big man sitting next to him, dressed like the curate at home, overheard her. "Oh, yes, that's the Dormouse," he said, "would you like to hear him tell a story? Hi, you, wake up," he said, giving the Dormouse a poke in the ribs; "this young lady wants you to tell her a story." The Dormouse opened one eye, "'t isn't time for 'prime' yet," he mumbled. "Can't you let a fellow have a little peace?" He closed his eye and was asleep again. The curate gave him another poke. "Tell us a story or I'll dump you," he said. "Once upon a time," he began, without opening his eyes, "I was at the—I mean I was on my holidays—and—I—," but the effort was evidently too much, for his voice died away in a gentle snore. "Never mind," said

Alice; sympathetically, "I expect he is very tired. Is the March Hare here?" she inquired. "Over there," said her long friend, nodding towards a student with a bald head, who sat at the opposite side of the table. "You find him changed, eh?" he asked as Alice seemed not to recognize him. "He lost all his hair a few Marches ago when there was a very high wind; but he is still mad—on occasions," he added. "Ask that man to your right if he isn't." Alice turned and beheld a big man with a little nose and brown moustache. He was waving his arms about and saying in a squeaky voice, "I say, old man, old man, that's all bally rot, don'cher know, the apocrypha has got some jolly good things in it. Take, for example—." He suddenly broke off as a silence fell upon the room. Alice turned round to find the reason, and beheld a gentleman wearing a gown and rather bored expression walking slowly up the centre of the room, looking neither to right or left, but gazing with a wrapt, far-away look, causing Alice to fear that he would run into something. However he arrived in safety at the table on the platform and sat down. "Is that the Chancellor?" whispered Alice to her neighbor, as talking commenced again, for, thought she, he must be a very great man to go so slowly. "Oh, no," laughed the long student, "but he's next door to it—he's the senior professor of the Arts building and is very clever." "Excuse me," said a mild voice on the other side of Alice, "but do you happen to be acquainted with Nubb's Textual Criticism of the New Greek Testament? I see here," indicating a book propped up before him against a water jug, "there is a reference to a variant reading which he professes to have discovered, $\sigma\upsilon$ instead of δ . I should very much like to have your opinion." The speaker was an earnest looking young man dressed like a curate, who was dividing his time between a Greek Testament and a plate of pink jelly, at which he was making ineffectual dabs, his eyes being glued to his book. "I'm very sorry," began Alice,—but at that moment everyone got up, and the senior professor said, "I give you notice that there will be a mudent's steating—er, I mean a student's meeting in the Common Room after breakfa—I mean dinner," and then he said grace in Latin.

Some of the students sat down again and went on eating, but most of them, Alice and her friend included, tramped out and down-stairs.

Down-stairs in the Common Room about a dozen men were gathered, some sitting in chairs reading newspapers, and others propping themselves up against walls smoking pipes. One, a little fellow, with large bow tie and gaudy socks, sat at the piano playing a waltz. A tall man, wearing spectacles, and hair immaculately parted, sat on a table, and suddenly said, "I call the meeting to order and call upon the secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting." Alice noticed at his side a very large book bound in calf-skin, behind which a voice began to read. Under the book protruded two short legs in a pair of well creased trousers, and over the top she saw a forehead surmounted by hair which stood bolt upright on end, which—Alice being taught to put two and two to-

gether—she concluded must be the secretary. He would make a lovely little tooth brush, thought she. "Where are all the other students?" she whispered to her long friend. "It's not considered good form to attend student's meetings," he answered. The tall man sitting on the table was speaking again. "I have received a complaint from Mr. Vague, who has had a bottle of medicine taken from his room which had been prescribed by his doctor to cure him from a recent indisposition. A bottle of witch hazel was it not, Mr. Vague?" he said, turning to a little man with fluffy hair, who stood by the piano dabbing his eyes with a blue-bordered pocket handkerchief. Mr. Vague nodded a tearful assent. "Does anyone know anything about the matter?" asked the senior man, as Alice learned the tall student was. No one spoke. After a pause he went on, "Now this is a very serious matter. It is not the first time such a thing has occurred; in my freshman year, five years ago, a student lost a pocket handkerchief which he had omitted to mark with his name, and although we had detectives in the thief was never discovered; I feel that we cannot take stern enough measures to stamp out criminal tendencies among the students, and I give notice that providing the perpetrator of this present outrage does not give in his name to me before this time tomorrow the matter will be put into the hands of the police. Is there any further business to be brought up?"

Whilst he was speaking a great many men got up and strolled out, and only three remained besides her tall friend and herself.

"I think it about time we had another grub kick," remarked one, "the potatoes were as hard as bullets at dinner and there was a dead mouse in the porridge the other morning." "Aw, cut it out," said another, "we can kick another day."

No one having anything further to say the senior man said, "I declare the meeting adjourned."

The minute book being closed Alice discovered that the secretary was a very nice looking boy with rosy cheeks, and she would liked to stop and talk with him, but her guide said, "Come along" and led her out of the door at the far end of the room. Alice found herself close to the door with the glass panels. Inside she heard some one laughing very loudly and slapping something. She couldn't resist peeping through the key-hole, through which she saw a lot of lady students sitting at one of the tables and at the other a solitary man, who had his chair tilted back and looked very bored. The lady students were smiling feebly as though it was something of an effort. Alice saw that all the noise proceeded from a clergyman, who sat in the far corner of the room, with a note book balanced upon his knee, which he was smacking with his left hand whilst grasping his nose firmly with the other; he was laughing uproariously.

Alice felt her skirt pulled.

"Come along," said her guide, "that's only Professor — lecturing on the 'Art of Teaching'; probably he's made a pun—it sounds like it."

"Where are we going?" asked Alice.

"The Editor asked me to bring you up to his room," the student answered. "He wants to interview you or something."

The editorial sanctum proved to be a little room close to the dining hall. The walls were covered with pictures and there was so much furniture in it that when Alice and her guide and the Editor were in it there was little room for any one else. The Editor was a very tall man with big mouth and ears—a "sure sign of genius" as he confidentially remarked to Alice. He was seated at a table busily writing. All the chairs and floor were covered with sheets of written foolscap, and the Editor looked worried.

"Ah," he said genially, without looking up, "come in and take a chair." As all the chairs were already occupied Alice seated herself upon the bed, and her guide, who appeared to be at home, stretched himself upon the sofa. There was silence for awhile, broken only by the continued scratching of the Editor's pen.

"This editorial job is an awful swot you know," he said, still writing. "Men are so slack about contributing that I have to write more than half the Mag. myself. Have a Mitre?"

Alice, to whom the question was addressed, was taken aback.

"Oh!" she said, remembering her 'looking-glass experiences,' "I am already a 'queen,' I can't be a 'bishop,' too."

But the Editor merely handed her a magazine, on the cover of which was written "The Mitre." She took it and turned over the leaves mechanically. "Are there two 'I's' in 'apology'?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Not as a rule," lazily remarked the long student, who showed signs of sleepiness, "but you can please yourself, 'editorial license,' you know, 'old chap.'" Another pause, at the end of which the Editor thrust aside his papers and tilting his chair back, turned and stared at Alice. At length he said, "Are you Arts Notes, Divinity Notes, Societies or Exchanges?"

"I—I don't know, sir," faltered Alice.

"H'm," said the Editor, "Hardly Exchanges; Societies—too young; Arts—too ingenuous; Divinity—don't talk enough. I think you had better go amongst Alumni Notes; we are rather short of them this issue. Here," he said, turning to the student on the sofa, "take this young lady across to the Alumni Editor and see what he can make of her." But his remark was greeted with a prolonged snore. Alice's friend was asleep. Alice, too, was beginning to feel very sleepy, in fact she closed her eyes and the voice of the Editor seemed to recede farther and farther away till at length it ceased altogether.

When Alice opened her eyes again the long student was no longer in the room, but the Editor was still busy writing. It was dark outside, but an electric light with a red shade was burning on the table.

Alice yawned and sat up.

"Had a good sleep?" asked the Editor.

"Yes, thank you," said Alice. "Would you mind telling me the time, please?"

"Just nine o'clock," he answered. "Time for Churchwarden meeting; care to come?"

"Thank you very much," said Alice, "but I've only got this old frock, I'm afraid."

"Oh, you'll be alright," said the Editor, divesting himself of his coat and putting on a purple and white blazor. "Come along," he said. Taking up a book he led the way down a passage and into a room at the far end of it.

There were quite a number of men gathered there, all wearing blazors such as the Editor wore, and each had a long clay pipe decorated with purple and white ribbons.

Alice was given a chair, and though she tried hard she could not help choking and coughing a little, for the room was full of smoke.

"I call upon the secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting," said a familiar voice, and peering through the haze Alice recognized the quiet man who had conducted the students' meeting earlier in the day.

Her friend the Editor, who was sitting at the table busily writing—indeed he never seemed to be doing anything else—opened a book and began reading very fast, and though Alice tried to follow, he used such long words and such involved sentences that she soon gave up and amused herself by counting the number of matches one of the members used in trying to get his pipe to draw. The voice of the secretary ceased at last and the man sitting next to Alice asked her if she didn't think the minutes very clever. "They seemed to be very long ones," she answered, "much more than sixty seconds."

A shudder ran through the members and a little red-faced man with bright beady eyes furiously rang a hand bell.

"You shouldn't have done that, you know," said the man next to Alice, reproachfully, "and it was a very bad one anyhow."

"Bad what?" enquired Alice, but he merely frowned and whispered "Hush!"

The quiet man in the corner was speaking. "Gentlemen, you have heard the minutes, or at least the secretary's apology for such; has anyone anything to say on them?"

"As a matter of principle, Mr. President," said a member who sat near a screen, and who looked remarkably like the professor whom Alice saw earlier in the day lecturing to a co-ed, "I should like to move a vote of censure on the secretary; besides the reading of the minutes being entirely inaudible, I noticed that they were full of errors, misstatements and infringements of Rule 28.

"What a horrid man," whispered Alice to her companion. "I thought the secretary read them very well." "Oh, yes, but he has to be censured, you know, it's one of the unwritten laws of the club; he would get so proud if we

didn't censure him that there would be no holding him."

"It has been proposed and seconded," said the quiet man, "that the secretary be censured for breaking Rule 28, and for other delinquencies; those in favour?"

Everyone raised their pipes, and the secretary with a resigned look on his face wrote something down on a piece of paper.

"Carried unanimously," remarked the quiet man, whereupon he got up and signed his name in the minute book with a burnt match. Returning to his chair he said, "I appoint Mr. — and Mr. — as officers."

The two gentlemen named got up and began distributing cups, which they filled with coffee, "and now, there being no further business," said the quiet man, "I call upon Miss Alice to read her paper." "What, me!" cried Alice, quite forgetting her grammar in her astonishment.

Everyone stopped talking and looked at her.

"Certainly," said the quiet man, "her name is down, is it not Mr. Secretary?"

The secretary consulted a card. "Yes," he said, "her name is down right enough." "Miss Alice, a paper entitled 'An eulogy on Frithic-Prunes.'"

A dead silence. Poor Alice went hot and cold alternately. "I fear I don't even know what 'Frithic Prunes' are," she confessed.

Cries of "Oh, oh, weren't you at tea to-night?"

Said the quiet man, "Perhaps Miss Alice could give us a paper on some other subject."

"I'm afraid I couldn't," said Alice, then her faced brightened as an idea came to her, "but I know some poetry."

"That will do very nicely," said the quiet man, "what is it called?"

"I don't know that it is called anything, but I will say it to you," replied Alice.

Standing up and putting both hands behind her back she commenced :

"You are young, Mr. Senior," the green freshie said,

"Your beard wouldn't grow if you let it,

And yet you are sporting your bachelor hood,

Pray how did you manage to get it?"

"In my undergrad days," the B.A. replied,

"I thought just exactly as you did,

I wondered however I manage to win

The degree to which you have alluded.

"Oh tell me, oh tell me," the freshie implored,

"The secret of how it is done!

Did you pore over note books and text books and things

From the rise to the set of the sun?"

"By no means, by no means," the B.A. replied,

"I would rise at the chapel bell's toll.

If the morning was fine why my lectures I'd cut

And take a pre-prandial stroll.

From dinner till tea I'd indulge in some sport,
 .Say foot-ball, or hockey, or cricket;
 Some swotters may stay in and mug up their books,
 For myself—why I never could stick it.

• My evenings in winter I'd spend at the rink,
 In summer I'd do a small 'hurdle,'
 The very bare notion of opening a book
 Would make my blood literally curdle."

"Then how did you ever get through your exams,"
 Said the freshie, "If never you swotted?
 To me who am simple a problem it is
 That appears exceedingly knotted."

"At the end of the year when exam time draws on,
 Say a fortnight or ten days before 'em,
 I gave up frivolities, taking a vow,
 For the present at least to ignore 'em.

My note-books I'd open and carefully dust,
 And tie a wet towel round my head,
 Fill my pipe and my coffee pot, don a green shade,
 And go seldom, if ever, to bed.

And that is the way I have got my degree,
 And now I'm a B.A. proficient—
 I'd rather have cocoa than tea, if you please,
 Yes, thank you, three lumps are sufficient.

Alice sat down, and amidst loud applause the quiet man said, "I think that a very pretty piece of poetry, though the facts are rather exaggerated. That line—'Some swotters might stay and mug up their books,' I thought particularly musical."

"The paper was rather short," commented the Dormouse, who through the proceedings had been peacefully sleeping in a retired corner.

"Short and sweet," said the March Hare, making goo-goo eyes at Alice.

"I have another piece," said Alice, who feeling more at home now, was anxious to show off her accomplishments. She began:

I'll tell you everything I can
 To lie to you I'd scorn.
 I saw a weary student
 Lying stretched upon the lawn.
 "Oh, tell me, weary student,
 If in thought you're not too deep,
 What you're doing"—then I noticed
 That the student was asleep.

I hit him very violently,
 I thumped him on the head,
 I sat upon his waistcoat,
 Till I thought him nearly dead.

I tweaked his hair and nose and ears,
 Poured mucilage on his eyes,
 Whereat he yawned and opened them
 In mild if pained surprise.

"I want to know the reason why
 You sit alone out here,
 Come, answer me, no foolishness!"
 He wiped away a tear.
 He said, "I sit upon this lawn
 To meditate and think,
 If whether life would justify
 My taking straight to drink.

I see my life at college
 Spread before me like a map;
 Its verdant face, alas, is scarred
 With many a mishap.
 'Tis dotted o'er with many a pluck
 And lecture from the Prin.—
 With tailor's, baker's, doctor's bills,
 And many a youthful sin.

My outraged stomach cries aloud
 For food that has been evoked—
 In the kitchen such a little thing
 Is often overlooked—
 It cries aloud for decent toast,
 And water fit to drink,
 And bread so fresh that it does not
 Of sourkrout make you think.

I think, too, of the quarter's bill,
 And wonder by what token,
 I'm charged a dollar fifty for
 A mug I haven't broken;
 And why to church I'm forced to go
 At least six times a week:
 And why——

Here Alice broke off for a loud noise was heard in the passage. Somebody was running along a shouting. The door was burst open and the King of Hearts dressed in a churchwarden blazor and waving a pipe rushed in shouting, "Off with her head! Off with her head! She knows too much! Off with her head!"

And then everyone in the room jumped up and began shouting, and screaming, too, "Jump on her, stop her, shut her mouth, libel, apologise, apologise!"

The room appeared to Alice to be a surging mass of menacing figures brandishing churchwarden pipes, when all of a sudden everything appeared to shoot up into the air, and she felt herself plunging down, down into blackness.

.....
 The sun was streaming in at the window as Alice opened her eyes to find

herself in her own little bed at home. Nurse was drawing the curtains and the sunbeams striking the bath water, which lay ready for her upon the floor, made dancing patches of light upon the ceiling:

"Nurse," said Alice, as she came across to her bed, "when I grow up I'm going to be a co-ed. and wear a big black bow."

THE END.

A Dream.

The old man scraped the bowl of his pipe out with the point of his jack knife and rapped it against the stove to knock out the ashes. "Yes," he said, "I believe in dreams."

"Do you really," I responded, politely.

He leant out of his arm chair and stretched out a long arm and took the broom that was leaning in the corner. Then he deliberately proceeded to cut a straw close to the head, and pulled it out of the binding. This he ran backwards and forwards down the stem of his pipe. The operation seemed to occupy his whole attention, one might have thought his life depended on it to see him; he then blew down it vigorously with the remark, "That'll draw all right now, I guess." Next he pulled out a plug of T. & B. tobacco and proceeded to cut some chips off it, which he crumbled up between his hands, then filled his pipe pressing it firmly into the bowl with his forefinger.

"Would you mind passing me a match—there, in the safe just behind you." I passed him several, for I knew he would need more than one. Then, after he had broken the heads off two, and had cursed them as the meanest matches he ever saw, then had another miss fire, and remarked à propos of that, that he guessed the manufacturers carefully ignited each bunch of matches before they sent them out, just to see if they would burn or not, he finally got one well alight and therefrom lit his pipe. He threw the burnt end on to the stove with the remark, that unless they had some more rain the hay crop would be rather short.

He tilted back his chair and puffed away contentedly for a little while. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth, and said with the gravity of an oracle, "Yes, I believe in dreams," and then in a confidential tone, "I had a dream once."

"Did you, really?" said I, as his assertion struck me in altogether a new light.

"Yes, sirree—I did that. You see it came about this way. Seven years ago—no, it was eight—" He hesitated some little time. "It was six years ago I put up the shed at the end of the horse barn, and the year before that I bought the new mowing machine, and that would make it seven,—no eight, isn't it? Well, never mind, it doesn't make much difference anyway. It was just a week before I commenced haying, I was fool enough to lend a dollar."

"How were you a fool to lend a dollar?" I enquired.

"Oh, the lending was alright, he answered, "it was the man."

"Oh, I see," said I.

"Well, this fellow—his name was Webster, John Webster, he was, and is now, if he's alive, (which he ought not to be) the counfoundedest, miserablest, meanest cuss I ever come across. A darned mean, ornery scalawag. He'd have skinned his grandmother and have sold the hide for five cents." Then the old man got a little excited and went on to make a few more adjectival remarks about J. Webster's private history and the character of his ancestors, which I don't think are exactly necessary here.

"It was rather foolish to lend money to such a man," I said soothingly when he had quite finished.

"Of course it was," he snapped. "But you don't suppose I'd be such a dog-gone idiot as to lend him money if I had known as much about him then as I do now." And he went on smoking in severe dignity for the space of two minutes, at the end of which time the story got too much for him and he took his pipe in his hand, gave it a preliminary wave and went on.

"Well, it ran along for several years, five or six, I forgot which; I asked him for it till I was sick of it, and I finally gave it up as a bad job. Two years ago I heard he was going to leave the country and go down into the States, so I thought I would have another try to get my money if I happened to meet him."

He smoked away meditatively for some time. "I had some idea," he said, "of laying in wait for him some dark night and killing him. I've always been sorry since that I didn't. There ought to be a law against such people." Here he took a few indignant puffs at the Government's delinquency.

I was not a bit alarmed at his thirst for blood; I had heard it before.

"I knew," he went on, "a beautiful club, it's on that old sweet apple tree round back of the barn. It's got some first-class A1 nubs on it—nice and craggy. It would just about fit his hide," and he took a few more puffs. (He had as much intention of using a club, as he had of trying to fly,) and went on, "Well, one night I dreamt this John Webster drove up into the door yard out there. He had a new Concord wagon and a fine black horse that old man Evans used to own. He was sired by the Ball horse from S—. Old man Evans raised the black himself, and he thought a lot of it. I'd known him to refuse several good offers for him, so I was a little surprised to see Webster had got him. Well I dreamt I asked Webster how it was old Evans had parted with the horse, and he told me that he had traded him for a bay mare he owned and gave ten dollars to boot. Well, his mare was all right, but the black was worth a car load of her, so I said to myself in my dream, 'You're a condemned liar, you are,' and I walked round to take a look at the beast on the off side. I saw that the 'bricking' strap was nearly broken, and I was just going to tell him of it when he says kind of sudden, 'I owe you a dollar, don't I?' Well that part of my dream didn't seem natural."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, because I didn't faint. Well, then I dreamt he gave me a ten dollar bill, and after that it got kind of mixed, and I don't remember much more except that I gave him back a fiver, a two and two ones. Then I woke up—time, too. Well in the morning I told my wife, and I said to her, 'Dreams always go by contraries, so I'll never see that dollar again.' "

"That was quite a dream," said I.

"So it was, but that aint all about it, not by a long shot. That very day, as I was eating dinner, I looked out of the window, and who should I see but Webster drive into the door-yard; and I'll be gol-darned if he hadn't got Evans' black hitched into a new Granby. So I got up and went out, feeling some as if I was going to visit with a ghost. Just to see what he would say, I asked him how he got the horse, and blamed if he didn't say he'd swapped his bay mare off for him. 'How much boot did you give?' said I. 'Ten dollars,' says he, 'Good trade, aint it?' I should reckon it would have been a good trade, yes, a moderately good trade, if it had been true, but I knew the miserable puke lied. So I went round to look at his back strap, and I saw it was nearly broken just the same as it was in my dream. And I'll be darned, just as I was going to open my mouth and tell him about it, if he didn't say, 'I owe you a dollar, don't I?' Well I was so taken aback, that it was nearly two minutes before I was able to say out, 'Yes.' So he asked me if I could change a ten dollar bill, and I said yes, and he pulled out a wad of bills and gave me a ten, and I went into the house feeling just as stupid as if some one had hit him on the head with a club. I found out that I had only got a five and a two and a one, and I was trying to make up the rest in silver, when my wife brought out a dollar bill she had, and I gave them to him and he drove off, and that was the last time I ever saw him. I was mighty glad afterwards I hadn't had time to tell him about the back strap, for as he drove down the village hill it broke and the horse ran away and smashed the wagon all up. It was a pity he didn't break Webster's neck at the same time, but I guess the devil looks after his own all right, for he wasn't hurt a mite. Anyway, he hadn't paid for horse or wagon, and he left the country that night on the mail train; good job, too—for the country. He was owing pretty near three hundred and fifty dollars, besides the horse and wagon, that made it over four fifty. There, my pipe has gone out—confound these matches."

I had to pass him up a whole bunch before he got it lighted up again. "Well, it was a very singular coincidence," I said, wondering how much salt I ought to take.

"Singular coincidence! Yes, siree, I should reckon it was a singular coincidence, a darned sight more, too."

"Now what I don't understand about it," said I, after a pause, "why he should have taken so much trouble to pay you when he left so many debts behind him."

"Well, it was a trifle singular—a singular coincidence," and he relapsed into silence again.

"Well, anyway," I said, "your theory about dreams always going by contraries didn't work in that case."

"Oh, didn't it," he said sarcastically, "I told you I believed in dreams, didn't I?"

I nodded.

"Well I do believe them ; I believe them to be blank, blanked frauds. That ten dollar bill was a counterfeit."

The Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream.

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender ; gives a second birth
To the dead swallows ; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring ;
The valleys, hills and woods in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May,

Thos. Carew, 1589-1639.

The Mitre.

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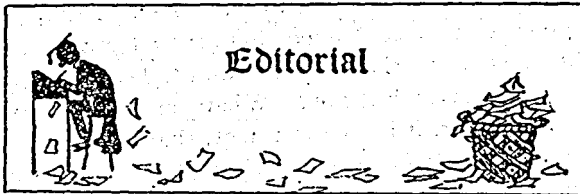
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Another College year is fast drawing to a close. The majority of our sister universities have already disgorged their inmates. With us the May exams are things of the past and those who have entered these scholastic walls under the new regime of a four years' Arts course have taken their departure. The rest of us, although busy preparing for a June "reckoning," yet find time to disport ourselves in the warm summer air, and the tennis courts and river pastimes are in full swing.

The task of the present editorial staff is almost completed, and one more issue will see another cycle of the Mitre launched upon the journalistic world. In laying down the pen we only aspire to the hope that in the judgment of posterity the 1911 Mitre will be worthy to rank with its seventeen predecessors.

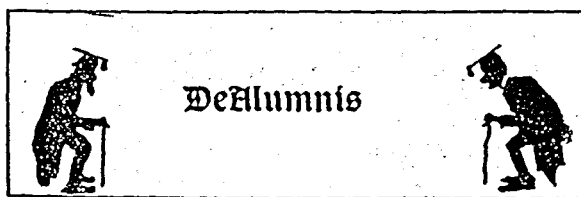
Our aim has been to produce a university magazine which combines, as far as possible, the record of our life here at Bishop's with contributions of some real literary merit supplied by the graduates and undergraduates in residence. If we seem to have failed in this latter object, it must be ascribed not so much to a

lack of ability as to the fact that our number is so small and our college life is so full of duties and interests that many men who could and would be glad to contribute cannot find the time to write and prepare such items as the Mitre requires. We might suggest in connection with this, that during the summer vacation these men will have more time on their hands in which to indulge in poetic and literary flights, and the new Mitre staff will doubtless welcome such flowers of their pen as they choose to offer at the editorial desk.

Since the appearance of our last issue the editor has received a number of communications from graduates who have left these walls, expressing their approval of the Mitre's action in taking up the question of changing the present M.A. hood. All who have written express entire concurrence in the sentiments expressed by "Magister Artium," in his letter printed in the March issue. All, that is, with the exception of four, who, while expressing emphatically their desire for a change of colour, yet suggest that a black hood lined with purple and edged with white cord, might be preferable to the purple and white hood proposed by "Magister Artium."

The question of a suitable colour will, of course, be fully discussed by the the committee appointed by last Convocation for that purpose. Such however, important as it is, is a detail; the main question to be faced is—shall the present M.A. hood be changed, or shall it not? Whatever the feelings of the older Alumni may be on the matter, it is a certain fact, that of late years a feeling for the desirability of a change has been increasingly felt, and we are by no means stretching the truth when we state that every single graduate of the last three years, together with all in residence now who are hoping to take their degree, are anxious that the hood be changed, and consider that it would be to the best interests of the University that such a change should be brought about. It is to be greatly hoped that those in whose hands the decision of the question lies, and who, either from a dislike of change or any other reason, have so far been inimical to the movement, will carefully read over "Magister Artium's" letter and consider whether they cannot see the matter from his standpoint.

Our thanks are due the Alumni Association for their courtesy in allowing us to produce a number of photographs of the College in this and other issues.



The Rt. Rev. Bishop Du Moulin, D.D., one of our distinguished graduates, has passed to his rest. The time does not seem far away when death removed from our midst Bishop Carmichael, of Montreal, also an alumnus of this University. Bishop Du Moulin was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1836.

The degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by the University of Bishop's College in 1878. He was elected and consecrated Bishop of Niagara in 1896 at the hands of Archbishop Lewis.

Our sincerest sympathy goes out to his relatives and friends in their sorrow.

We enjoyed a short visit in March from Cecil Stevens, B.A., who is studying theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Rev. B. Watson, M.A., East Angus, paid us a short visit early in March and preached a very instructive and interesting sermon in the Divinity House chapel to the Divinity students.

Rev. B. G. Wilkinson, M.A., has been appointed to the incumbency of Netherwitton, in the diocese of Newcastle, England. He takes up his new duties next month.

The wife of Rev. Geo. Fletcher, B.A., rector of Cobden, has given birth to a baby girl. Our sincerest congratulations.

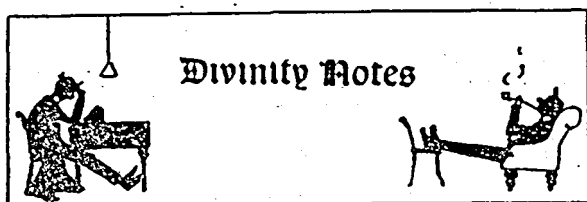
Carl Alexander von Stridesburg, B.A., General Theological Seminary, New York, is taking private lessons in elocution.

Rev. Cecil Allen, M.A., has a curacy in England. We wish "Old Kickel" all success.

Rev. J. Belford, M.A., Windsor Mills, paid us a fleeting visit early in April.

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate Walter Clifford, B.A., '09, on his recent marriage. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Clifford much happiness in the future.

Miss Alice McFadden, B.A., spent her vacation in Lennoxville.

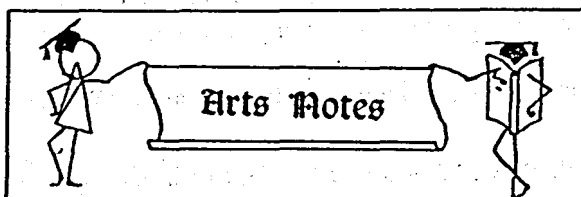


On Thursday, April 6th, the Lenten quiet day was conducted by the Assistant Bishop of Quebec, Bishop Farrar. During the course of the day he gave four addresses dealing with the work of the Holy Spirit under its different aspects, which were most helpful and instructive. We are all most deeply indebted to Bishop Farrar; and his earnest words, which were all gems of thought, will long remain in our memories.

On Friday, April 7th, Rev. Father Seyzinger, of the Community of the Resurrection, conducted a meditation for the divinity students in the Oratory. He chose for his subject Our Lord's Passion in the Garden of Gethsemane. His earnest words and strong personality made a great impression, and we trust he will be able to visit us again in the near future.

A large number of students remained in residence during the Easter recess, and for their benefit an early celebration of the Holy Communion was held in the Chapel on Easter morning.

On Good Friday a three hours' service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Burgett, of Quebec, which was attended by many of the men. To those who remained at College Eastertide proved a very peaceful and happy one, affording all spiritual blessings with which the greatest festival of the Christian year are ever associated.



In the Arts' circles, so to speak, things have been rather quiet of late, and in view of exams shortly to come, some few have been burning the midnight oil—more, however, have been on the "great white way" under the burning electric lights. Spring, we are happy to note, has come at last, and despite all contrary

speculations, the Massawippi has flowed more or less calmly through it all, so with the summer term at hand things are looking pretty bright.

Since the last issue of the Mitre we have had a little more hockey, notably the annual games with the lady students. The outcome of these games is still rather uncertain as regards the scoring, but as regards the amusement provided they were most certainly as great a success as ever. Miss Somers and Miss Hall starred for the ladies, while Miss Mundell "came back" to her old form with renewed energy, and created great havoc among her opponents. The penalties imposed were few.

During the transition during the last few days of winter to spring, much entertainment was gained from the games between two rival basket-ball teams captained by Messrs. Dinning and Patterson. "Hoirum's" team came out on top.

On April 17th those who were spending their Easter vacation in residence gave a very enjoyable little "hop" to a few of their friends. The programme of twenty dances was sufficiently long to satisfy all, and in fact "we didn't get home till morning" with a vengeance. A few of the more energetic acted as escorts to Sherbrooke, and walking back were just in time to retire at day-break, but it was worth it. The dance was managed mainly by Prof. Boothroyd and Mr. Patterson, to whom many thanks are due.

"Hoirum" and "Bill" returned one night not long hence to discover more or less mysterious mechanical devices obstructing the entrances to their "domi." Being naturally suspicious they went on the warpath and caught the wrong bird. Sh ! sh !

The inmates of the "Old Lodge" seem lately to have taken great fear of a consumption epidemic, and for a few nights past have been taking their rest in the open—on the "roof gardens." This might be alright if it weren't for the crows, the cold, the zinc roof and the carelessness of midnight mauraunders, but, O, gee, poor me ; never ; no more.

Base-ball has revived and a great game was played on April 25th, with two "south-paws in the box. The "south-paws" certainly showed great form, and the club may raise their pay—considering that one was a "Rat" and the other a "Cow," they didn't do half badly.

The College Societies.

Church Warden Club

On March 22nd a paper was read before this club by R. J. Meekren. The subject he chose was "Poetry," and he dealt with it philologically and psychologically. He shewed how primitive man framed sounds to express action on emotion, which were the beginning of language. He further demonstrated that verse and poetry are not synonymous terms and illustrated this by quotations drawn from the works of various classical and modern writers. He closed his paper by showing how impossible it was to adequately define the term "poetry."

On April 7th, H. S. B. Critchley, B. A., read a paper on "Pepy's diary," giving an interesting summary of his life, illustrated by extracts from his journal.

At this meeting Dr. J. B. Winder, M. D., a graduate of Bishop's, was admitted as honorary member of the club and installed in the official capacity of Physician Extraordinary.

The Par Ergon Society

There have been two meetings of the Par Ergon Society since the March number of the Mitre.

At the meeting held on March 17th, Mr. H. S. B. Critchley B.A., was elected secretary-treasurer in succession to Mr. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., who has done so much for the society in the capacity of secretary, which office he has held since May, 1909. At this meeting the president (Prof. Gummer) read a paper on "The Construction of a Musical Composition, with special Reference to Sonata Form."

The paper was, throughout, most instructive, and an interesting feature was the playing of selections from Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Mendelssohn and others, to illustrate various musical terms.

On March 31st, Dr. Parrock read a paper on "The Characters of Theophrastus." This was one of the most interesting and certainly the most amusing of papers that have been read before the society. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the Principal for his kindness in reading a paper as a visitor.

The Debating Society

The Debating Society, after having for two years been practically closed as far as debating is concerned, seems, under its new committee, to have sprung into renewed life.

Several debates have already taken place this year, and on Tuesday, March 21st, a mock parliament was held in the Library. The question up before the House was, "Resolved, that Reciprocity with the United States would be beneficial to Canada." The Government was led by the Prime Minister, Mr. Patterson. The Premier brought out a strong case for the treaty. In his well known and impassioned style he at once beseiged the hearts and judgment of his hearers. An habitant by birth, who had spent his youth in the woods of the U.S.A., he returned to the land of his birth for the express purpose of welding together the two countries. (Loud applause.) Having thus vindicated himself before the House, he proceeded to give a long list of statistics to prove the merits of reciprocity, and would have given more, but fortunately for his hearers, the Speaker (Dr. Allnatt) called "time."

The leader of the Opposition (Mr. Walker) then arose and denounced the action of the Government. He declared they were playing a double game, for while they were giving the old country preference with one hand they were taking it away with the other by introducing this most iniquitous treaty. He pointed out how all the industries of Canada would go to ruin till the Speaker called "time" on him also.

The next speaker was the member for the Old Lodge, Mr. Sherring. Evidently most of his constituents are in the dairy farm business, as he laid great stress on the fact that reciprocity would bring cream separators to the farmer at about one half the present cost. Mr. Sherring was followed by Mr. Edge, pulp and railroad expert. Mr. Edge mentioned the extensive amount of pulpwood he had seen on his various travels to and from Cookshire, and wanted to know if this was all to go to Uncle Sam. It was easy to see that Mr. Dinning had the farmers' interests very much at heart, so much so that he could hardly find words to express himself. The member from Quebec, Mr. Grant, told the House how reciprocity would lead to annexation. This was met by cheers and jeers, the suffragettes especially thinking it was a good time to make a demonstration. Mr. Savage read a long series of figures, the member for Knowlton certainly seeming to have his statistics at his finger-ends. Messrs. Chesshire, Alward, Shires, Wood and Mortimer also spoke in a most convincing manner, after which the House divided, when it was found that a large majority was against the treaty.

Dr. Allnatt was a most efficient Speaker, while all the speeches were worthy of praise and shewed that no little trouble had been taken over them. "Misses" Wilson, Lawrence, Cameron and Hinerth are also to be commended on their certainly chic turn out, "Miss" Cameron's hobble skirt being especially fetching. We hope to see more such debates in the future.

Missionary Union

On Friday, evening, February 24th, the Rt. Rev. John Farthing, D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal, gave a very powerful and instructive address before

the students of the Missionary Society of Bishop's College. The Bishop took for the basis of his address the great command given by Christ to his Apostles, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The Bishop emphasized the fact that the Church is a missionary organization, and that if she is true to her destiny her great object must be to carry the gospel of Christ to all peoples, nations and languages. His Lordship showed his strong disapproval of looking upon the Church in China or Japan, or in any of the foreign countries, as a foreign Church. "The Church," said his Lordship, "is all one. The unity of the Church transcends ocean wave or mountain barrier, for there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for we are all one in Christ Jesus." His Lordship also pointed out that Christianity must be aggressive, and Christians must never bring down Christ and put him on a level with other gods of heathendom, for in Christ dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to His Lordship for giving us such a powerful and instructive address.

On Friday evening, April 7th, Rev. Father Syzinger, Community of the Resurrection, England, who was then taking a missionary tour through the Eastern part of Canada, addressed the Missionary Society. His address, which lasted about an hour, was listened to with the greatest attention. He dealt mainly with "community life," showing forth its privilege and advantages. He expressed the hope of seeing in the near future "communities" established in Canada, as he believed the Church here needed the "community system" to supplement the "parochial system."

On Tuesday evening, April 25th, the annual meeting for the election of officers was held, resulting as follows: President, H. S. Chesshire, B.A.; Vice-President, W. R. Walker; Secretary-Treasurer, H. S. Wood '14; Committee, H. H. Dinning, B.A., R. J. Shires '12, F. P. Butterfield.

The Guild of the Venerable Bede

On Monday, March 27th, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, of Compton, gave a very interesting and helpful address to the members of the Guild. The address took the form of a friendly chat, which was more useful than perhaps a formal address would have been.

Mr. Brewer brought up two main points: A difficulty, and some causes of failure. Under the first head, the speaker mentioned the difficult position of the Anglican Church in this country. A true branch of the Holy Catholic Church, she is yet overshadowed by a much stronger branch. The only way out of the difficulty was to remember those vital points of difference—points which are of comparatively late origin in the stronger branch—which makes the position of the Anglican church absolutely essential and legal.

The Anglican Church must emphasize her Catholicity and her members must live the Catholic life and prove to the world their church's reality and divinely constituted power.

Under the second head, the speaker said there was a great temptation for the clergy, especially in the country, to live "down" to what was expected of them by the people. It has been said in England that the greatest boon the Church had conferred on the land was to place a resident "gentleman" in every parish. Out in this country the people expect the Church to supply them with a resident "talker," a man who is ready to preach and to "say a few words" when required. This is not the Church's standard—her standard is to have a man of prayer in every parish, "*orare est laborare*," but also "*laborare est orare*."

The parish priest must be in intimate communion with God, the layman has his work to attend to and cannot therefore devote the time to meditation, etc., that is so necessary, but the priest who is to lead his people has opportunity and this is a vital part of his work. The speaker ended by saying that nothing was of so much help as frequent celebrations of the Holy Eucharist.

The discussion after the address was cut short, as Mr. Brewer had to leave on the 8-25 train. So the meeting closed after a hearty vote of thanks had been tendered the speaker.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

At the regular meeting of the Brotherhood, held on April 3rd, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, resulting as follows: Director, A. V. Grant, B.A.; Sub-director, W. Walker; Secretary-Treasurer, J. V. Young.

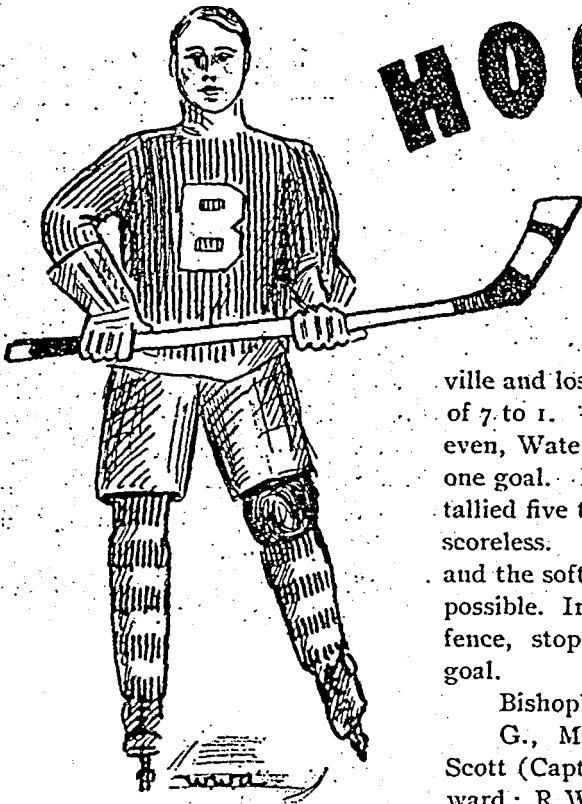
An initiation service was held in the College chapel on April 11th, when two students were admitted to the Brotherhood as probationers, and one student as a full member.

The work at the Moulton Hill mission has been carried on this year very successfully, Mr. F. Gunnell, assisted by Messrs. C. and J. Phillips doing good work.

The Brickyard mission was started again last autumn, and we have now a very good Sunday School, Mr. Young being in charge, assisted by Mr. C. H. Hobart.

During the past year we have started a library at the Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital, a feature much appreciated by the patients. At present the number of books is small and we should be glad to receive contributions of books, second-hand or new, together with magazines. Would those willing to contribute towards this object kindly communicate with the Secretary, Mr. J. V. Young.

HOCKEY



BISHOPS vs. WATERVILLE

On Friday, March 3rd, Bishop's went to Waterville and lost to the home team by a score of 7 to 1. In the first half play was fairly even, Waterville getting two and Bishop's one goal. In the second period Waterville tallied five times and held their opponents scoreless. The poor lighting of the rink and the soft ice rendered good hockey impossible. Ireland did good work on the defence, stopping many hard shots on the goal.

Bishop's lined up as follows:

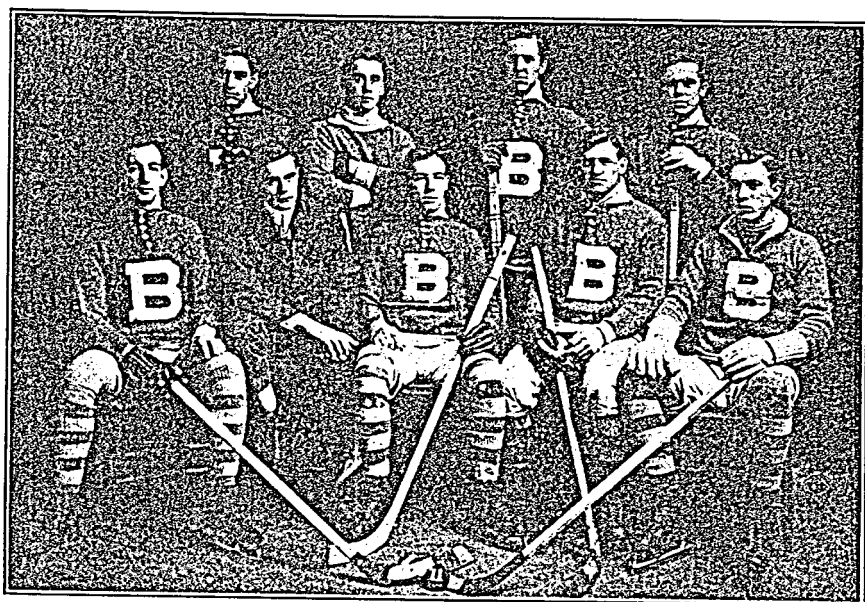
G., McCrum; P., Ireland; C. P., Scott (Capt.); R., Cameron; L. W. Alward; R. W., Ward; Referee, Savage.

The following men have been granted their colors in hockey for the season of 1910-11: Goal, McCrum; Pt., Ireland '10; C. P., McKee (without colours); R., Cameron '09-'10; C., Murray '10; R. W., Ward; L. W., Scott '10.

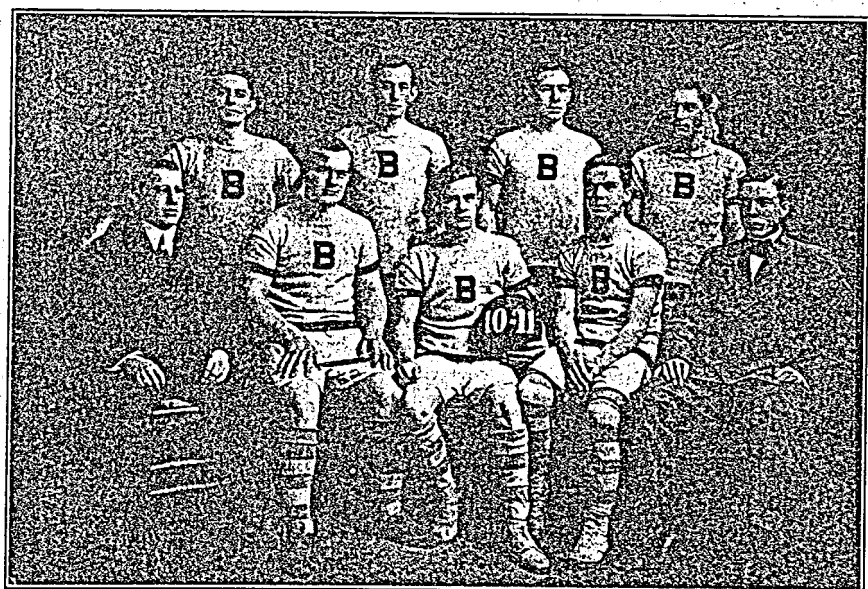
MINNIE HA HA vs. HUMDAH.

The most exciting and instructive hockey matches that take place in the Minto Rink, Lennoxville, are witnessed when the Faculties of Arts and Divinity clash every year. A long existing rivalry, not inferior to that between the proverbial Frog and the Bull, has been the cause of these gladiatorial combats, and the struggles of this year were no less strenuous than those of former generations.

Here, for the benefit of the uninitiated, let it be known that the name, Minnie Ha Ha, is the 'nomme de guerre' of the theological aspirants, being derived from a celebrated equine quadruped that was once their trade mark. The derivation of the word Humdah is uncertain, and is therefore applied to the prospective B.A.'s as, in that respect, resembling their degree.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Two matches were played by the teams, and on both occasions the laurel wreaths went to the Humdahs. In the first game, as the result was of such vital importance, a special referee was imported for the occasion. Where he came from no one knows, but it is thought that he hailed from an African jungle, as he was frequently addressed as "Bamboo" by some of the spectators. Whatever his origin may have been, he did his duty nobly and made it his special care that both sides should play "clean hockey." All "'ackin' and trippin'" were strictly forbidden, and the rules were enforced with the precision and strictness of a Roman law giver. Owing to his inability to get accustomed to Canadian ice in so short a time, the referee was unable to stand on his skates for more than ten consecutive seconds. In spite of this misfortune he was ever vigilant and nothing escaped his eagle eye.

When the teams lined upon the ice it was seen that the Minnie Ha Ha's were by far the heavier and more ferocious looking set of assassins, but their magnificent physical proportions did not avail them much. Their smaller and more elusive opponents bored right in on their goaler,—who, it is rumored, is a candidate for the presidency of the Megantic Beef Trust Co.,—and put three shots past his thickly padded calves. On the other hand, the Minnie Ha Ha's were unable to penetrate the impregnable defense of their opponents, and the game ended 3-nil in favor of the Humdah's.

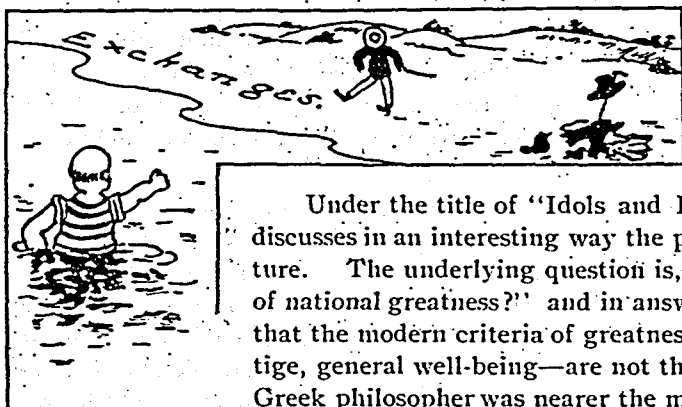
The second match was played a few days later, while feeling ran high and wounds could be healed. A few changes in the line-up were noticeable, but it is doubtful if any benefit to either side resulted therefrom. The ice was in better condition than in the former game, and the scoring was more rapid. The early struggles of the fight were marked by an unfortunate accident when an irresistible force met an immovable body, with the result that Mr. Bill Jones was carried off with a damaged eye, and Mr. McPherson, the aforementioned irresistible force, was banished to the side. Though the Humdahs were again victorious, at one time their stock sank low when, in the second half, their score was a tie—4-4. But goaded on to desperation by the cheers of their supporters, they pressed on towards the goal, taking the puck with them, and Fortune smiled on them four times. When the whistle blew the score was 8-4 in favour of the Humdahs, and thus ended the greatest excitement of the season.

Twice within a week the Arts had demonstrated their superiority over the inhabitants of the "shed," and though there was some talk of a third match being played, the Minnie Ha Ha's could not induce their warriors to come forth from the backwoods, where they properly belonged, and assemble on the ice for another conflict.

N.B.—The names of both teams have been suppressed lest the professional leagues should snap up the players for next year's games.

Basket Ball

The following men have been awarded their colors in basket ball for the season of 1910-11: R.F., Savage '09 and '10; L.F., Ireland; C., Murray '10; L. D., Alward '10; R.D., Scott; Sub. with colors, Hinerth.



Under the title of "Idols and Ideals" Acta Victoriana discusses in an interesting way the problem of Canada's future. The underlying question is, "What is the true test of national greatness?" and in answer to this it is shown that the modern criteria of greatness—money, power, prestige, general well-being—are not the best things. The old Greek philosopher was nearer the mark when he said, "the greatness of a state is in proportion to the loftiness of the ideals of its citizens." At the present time really high ideals appear to be lacking and change is necessary, and what change comes "must come through the realization by individual men and women that ideals are worth while." "Ideals are worth while, and if they emanate not from the halls of universities—from what quarter shall they come? The function of the university is to teach the true ideal—to point the road and lead the way to higher citizenship. . . . The graduates of the colleges should stand for the aristocracy of virtue and prove that 'not material success is the duty' among men, nor the dollar the stamp and seal of greatness, but that honour (in its only meaning) is its sole standard, and should be embraced without compromises."

The following lines which appear in The Student, translated from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari, are very interesting in comparison with the famous Shakesperian lines on the same subject:

"Child for an hour, and lovesick youth an hour,
 Béggar an hour, then fanned by riches' breath,
 The wrinkled actor, Man, bereft of power
 Creeps tottering behind the curtain, death."

We quote "The Theolog's Soliloquy" from Queen's University Journal:

"To wed, or not to wed,—that is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler by myself to suffer
 The sly advantages of designing maidens.

Or to launch forth into connubial bliss?
 And by forestalling end them? To wed; to preach;
 What joy! and by a ring to say I'd end
 The heart-ache and the long and lonely hours
 Of bachelor life, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To wed; to preach;
 To preach; perchance to pray—ah, there's the rub,
 For in modest mance what woes may come
 When I have left behind the care-free life
 Must give me pause; it's thought of this
 That makes one hesitate to 'tie the knot.'
 For who would lead the parson's lonely life
 In western shack eastern boarding-house,
 With ill-cooked food and prices over done
 Or face the reproaches of the Ladies Aid
 Who mourn the lack of kindly mistress of the
 manse.

As matron at High Teas and noisy Sociables—
 Or break the hearts and scorn the hands
 Of charming teachers in the Sunday school,
 When he himself might someone happy make
 At one fell stroke? Or who would selfish be
 To read and smoke and wander at his own sweet
 will

But that the dread of something worse to come—
 The furnace-fire, the grocer's bill—the thousand
 How's and why's of married life, puzzles my will
 And makes me rather bear the ills I have,
 Than fly to others that I know not of.
 The prospect thus makes cowards of us all
 But thus the Theolog's native resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with these pale pros and cons,
 Till a 'call' comes—900 and a manse,
 And then—he marries."

Education is so much to the front nowadays that anything which will help us in forming a true estimate of the worth of education, has both interest and value. In this connection the Emerson College Magazine gives a set of questions the answers to which, according to a certain university professor, should determine whether or not a person is educated. The gentleman referred to gave these lessons to his class, and at the same time informed the students that any person who could answer them affirmatively would be considered by him to be educated in the best sense of the term. The questions are:

1. Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you eager to espouse them?
2. Has it made you public spirited?
3. Has it made you brother to the weak?

4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?
 5. Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye?
 6. Do you see anything to love in a little child?
 7. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?
 8. Can you be happy and high-minded in the meaner drudgeries of life?
 9. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?
 10. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?
 11. Can you look out onto the world and see anything except dollars and cents?
 12. Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see the clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?
 13. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?
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It is with pleasure that we read the first part of the excellent article entitled "Modern Subjective Views of Christianity," which appears in St. John's College Magazine, and from which the following is an extract: "Comparative religion is bringing out more and more clearly the fact that the question of the truth of religion is really the question of the truth of Christianity. It is Christianity or nothing at all. Not that other systems do not contain elements of truth. On the contrary, we are beginning to see what Origen and Clement hinted long ago, that lower forms of religion and less complete presentations of truth are God's way of preparing men for the reception of that which is higher and more complete; and that to seek to elevate Christianity by maintaining the falsity of other religions is a method of controversy no less dangerous than unfair. But the very recognition of the isolated truths and excellencies of other religious systems only brings into more prominence the consciousness of the one religion which includes and harmonizes all of truth which the others contain; and including, transfigures them with a new depth of meaning, and infuses into them a new vitalizing force."

Some of our contemporaries we notice have already reached their last issue for this year, whilst others speak of but one more to follow. We take this opportunity, therefore, of saying that our task in connection with the Exchanges has been both pleasant and profitable, and it is with no small amount of regret that we must now address to some of our contemporaries the time honored *adieu*.