

DECEMBER, 1912.

Eternity.

Eternity thou dark unbounded sea,
 Upon whose tide we sail into the night,
 One moment let us with our mortal sight
 Pierce through the fogs and know thy mystery.
 Voiceless thou art and voiceless wilt thou be,
 Across thy still cold deeps there comes no light,
 While age and aeon or a moment's flight
 Pass on as one and vanish lost in thee.
 Yet onward driven must our frail barques go,
 Though through the night no beacon gleams afar,
 And storm-clouds hide the steadfast guiding star;
 The purpose of our wandering and our woe,
 A tide that wafts to some safe harbour bar,
 O God, that we might know, might only know.

F. O. CALL.

The One Thing Needful.

For years men and women of experience and ability have discussed the methods, the scope and the result of teaching; therefore it is with hesitation that I approach the subject. And yet for the same reason that an engineer writes a paper on some new invention in mechanics rather than on the latest fashions and a doctor prefers to lecture on a new cure for some dreaded disease, I have chosen to write about what to me is of the most vital importance, the teaching and training of children of all classes, creeds and temperaments to take their places in the world and become useful men and women.

I do not think that anyone who has ever taught will ever forget her first day at school, the room full of new faces, the curious and criticizing looks, and above all the feeling of littleness and "aloneness," when for the first time she is thrown completely upon her own resources; and particularly is this true if, as is the case with most College graduates, she is not only a teacher but a principal.

For the first few days, possibly a week or more, all will be quiet enough, and there is time to learn the names of the pupils and give them an idea, at least, of your methods, for methods you must have. There is nothing which gives to

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teacher and pupils alike such a feeling of security and order as knowing exactly what has to be done each day at a certain time. One of the most important and difficult duties of the first few days is the proper seating of the pupils, for on the successful solution of this problem depends much of the peace of the days to come. And it is much the same as the old riddle of the fox and the geese and bag of corn. To get the mischievous ones with those who appear to be quiet and studious and the dull ones beside those whose previous work has shown the best results.

Of the whole year, the first few weeks seem to me the most important, that is, as far as the teacher is concerned. It is like capturing a city; for I think no teacher can fail to feel the wall of opposition between herself and a new class. If your predecessor has been beloved by her pupils the children will be sure you cannot be half as nice and so be prepared to dislike you, while, on the other hand, if she has been one of those who, because they cannot sympathize with the troubles and failings of childhood, were never meant to be teachers, they will be sure you are just such another and build the wall thick and strong. Now that wall cannot be beaten down by force, nor can you scale it and so surprise them, but somewhere there is a secret door, find the key to that and you will be within your city, which is the heart of every individual child entrusted to your care; then and then only can the work of the year begin.

Some people have said to me "But don't you find your work monotonous?" Monotonous, to be sure it is the same round of geometry and algebra, Latin and English, French and history and science day after day, but what of that? Have you not the fascinating—yes, I repeat it, fascinating work which is ever new of studying out anywhere from fifteen to fifty characters, no two of which are alike, some bright and pleasing, some dull and shy, some quick and mischievous, while others could not move in a hurry if their lives depended on it. And as for the lessons themselves, is it not worth while, even after the twentieth time of explaining a thing, to see the light of understanding creep into some poor, troubled, puzzled face.

But even after the wall is down and you have acquired a fair idea of the fault in each which you have to fight against, that one is slow, one is saucy, one mischievous and another lazy, your troubles are not at an end. Every now and then there is bound to be a clash, and when it comes you must use every bit of tact and skill you possess, remembering that as a rule children take things very seriously and that they have a very keen sense of justice. A punishment out of proportion to the offence, or one where the wrong is not understood by the culprit is worse than useless. It is an obvious fact that if we want success we must ourselves have a very definite idea of what we want done and of what we want learned, not only that but we must endeavour to put it before them in such a way that doing or learning will be a pleasure not a necessity.

One thing which I have never been able to understand is the idea that so many teachers seem to have, that they must command not only the obedience and respect but the awe of their pupils and, as it were, scare them into submission. Now, although I know we must be more or less "a little tin god on wheels," yet I see no reason why we cannot be friends with each of our pupils. Surely to try to get at their way of looking at things, to sympathize with their difficulties and help them where they are weak is the only way to get the best out of each.

In the hurry and bustle of school life we often forget the most important part of our work, the leading and guiding of their childish steps into the straight and narrow way, so that each may be stronger and straighter and truer because of you. You may sermonize on morality and lecture them when they go wrong, but there is just one way which will succeed—be it yourself. Be what you want them to be with every ounce of strength you have got, with every gift which God has given you, not only in school but everywhere, for if there is a "fierce light which beats upon the throne" there is also, especially in smaller communities, a very strong light which beats upon the teacher. No matter where you are, some one of your scholars, or their parents, or their friends, is watching you and you must prove true to the ideal you have set for them, and in the truest sense of the word "Play up, play up and play the game."

All this—yet where is the one thing needful? Is it a magnetic personality, which is a gift of God possessed by few, is it cleverness or strictness, patience or sympathy? Doubtless it is a mixture of all of these, but first and last and always we must love them, the stupid ones, the slow ones or the mischievous ones, as well as those who are bright and industrious. In closing let me add a little verse which has been of infinite help to me:

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them from breaking the law,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

D. J. S. '10.

The Mitre.

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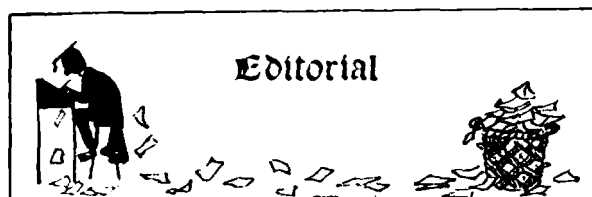
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This number being the last issue before the holidays, the Mitre takes this opportunity to wish all its readers A Merry Christmas.

November with its bleak and chilly winds is fast drawing to a close. The sun no longer shines with warmth upon the beautiful and extravagant coloring of forest and field, but dull, leaden-hued clouds move sluggishly across the sky, or chase each other in riotous confusion, while below them the trees stripped of their gay foliage, raise aloft their bare arms in mute and expectant appeal, an appeal amounting almost to a wordless prayer for protection from the wild storms which so soon will be sweeping down upon them, but, on the other hand, the usual highways of travel, which have been converted into dismal dirty streaks of that quality of black ooze which is ever a present menace to both the wary and un-

wary pedestrian, present a continued appeal to the grey vault above, to bury their ugliness beneath the soft white mantle of gently falling snowflakes.

Such is the picture as viewed from one's window. Let us now glance at the view presented to us within the College, and we see at once a most glowing exception to the ethical dictum that "character is influenced by external surroundings," for in spite of the gloominess of the outside world, college life radiates with optimism and goodfellowship, especially is this noticeable between the senior and junior students. May this feeling continue throughout the entire year.

Football season being practically at an end, other phases of college life are coming to the front. The Debating Society is becoming active, and it is hoped that after the Christmas holidays, arrangements will be made for debates with outside societies; and although it may not be possible this year, still we look forward to the near future, when we shall have the privilege of being represented in the Inter-Collegiate debates.

Preparation for our annual foot-ball dance are in progress, the account of which, we are sorry to say, will have to be held over until the next issue, owing to the fact that this copy will be in the hands of the printer before the above mentioned event occurs.

We acknowledge with much pleasure an article on "Lennoxville Ideals" from one of our graduates who was also editor of the Mitre, and who is now in the far away land of New Mexico. We also gratefully acknowledge one from one of our graduates and a former editor, who is at present in England. Surely these are examples which prove that distance is powerless to sever the bond which unites the graduate to his Alma Mater.

We are in receipt of a letter under the nom de plume of "Rectitudo," written in reply to "The Ethics of Flirting," an article which appeared in the February issue of last year. The aforementioned letter, although somewhat severe and puritanical in character, betokens a mind of singularly pure and high ideals, and while perhaps not agreeing unequivocally with all the sentiments expressed therein, we feel sure that the writer was actuated by the highest of motives, viz., the refutation of certain vilifying statements directed against the character of the fair sex. The letter gives evidence that considerable thought had been expended upon the subject, which is (and I trust that even "Rectitudo" will agree with me in this) very near the heart of every human being after all. The editor invites further impartial and unbiassed discussion upon the subject.

Letter.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Will you be so good as to allow me space in your valuable pages wherein to criticize a certain article which appeared in the February number of the *Mitre*? The article I refer to is entitled "The Ethics of Flirting," an article, which in my humble opinion, should never have been allowed to appear in a college journal. Not only is the subject an unfitting one for this class of publication, but in it the deplorable practise of flirting is not merely condoned but is positively advocated. I am quite aware that the then Editor-in-Chief in a short notice at the head of the article in question owned to a misgiving in publishing it and concurs with me in the opinion that the subject was not treated in a properly serious manner, but it seems to me that the excuse he offered for allowing it to appear in his pages was one that could not justify the lack of taste the writer of the essay betrayed throughout his effusion. "Originality and freshness" does not make amends for his biased and frivolous defence of a practise which is not only foolish and undesirable, but positively immoral and degrading. Had the article not been composed by a feather-headed and irresponsible young fellow but by a member of the Faculty, the effect of such views as are therein set forth might have been attended by serious consequence. Fortunately the timely editorial foreword cleared the University authorities of all responsibility and thus saved what could only be termed as a moral slump.

Space will not allow me to criticize with any detail the article in question, but there are one or two points which cannot be allowed to pass without an authoritative denial. In the first place the writer attempts to define the word "flirting" as follows: "Flirting is a fundamental instinct, inborn in a man and practised in a greater or lesser degree by every man and woman since Adam first squeezed Eve's hand and shared with her the same apple." Sir, I most emphatically deny that flirting is a fundamental instinct inborn in man! I am a man and I can truthfully say that in the composition of my moral make-up there is not to be found a vestige of this so-called instinct. My experience in connection with members of the opposite sex has been as wide as that of the majority of my fellow men, and in casting my mind back over the past twenty-five or thirty years I can say with pride that my relations with all my female friends, not only those of my immediate family circle, have ever been of the purest platonic footings, never have I suffered the hand of any one of them to rest in mine longer than the few minutes prescribed by convention and demanded by civility, nor has my arm ever been permitted or indeed has it ever desired to encircle any waist save that of my own dear wife, and even in her case I have only conceded such an action on such occasions as she was in need of physical assistance. Doubtless my case is but one of many hundreds, honest worthy men who, in spite of the light esteem in which the author of the article under discussion holds them, are yet the backbone of

English family life at the present day. Nor do we anywhere read that our forefather Adam ever "squeezed" (objectionable term) Eve's hand, a purely unwarrantable assumption. The misquotation "Man is born to flirt as the sparks fly upward" only confirms the serious minded reader in his conclusion that the author is but an empty headed youth with but very small knowledge of anything serious in literature.

We pass on to the following astounding statement, writing of flirtatious propensities of members of the opposite sex: "As for the time of her engagement (matrimonial we presume) she will make eyes at the best man during the wedding ceremony and coquette with the parson in the vestry afterwards." Speaking once again from my own experience I can honestly state that my dear wife had no eyes for any man but her husband during the wedding ceremony, and if she did bestow a kiss on the officiating clergyman's right cheek in the vestry afterwards, it was a perfectly chaste salutation given in compliance with ancient usage, and moreover the receiver was an elderly dean of unimpeachable character. My wife and I feel it our bounden duty to strongly refute such a disgraceful attack upon the morality of her sex.

On page 14 the writer drops for a moment his bantering tone and attempts seriously to defend a practice concerning the legitimacy of which even he seems to have some slight doubt, at least he becomes more guarded in his assertions. In order to strengthen his case he attempts to class the practise of flirting with that of indulging in spiritous liquor. "Indulgence," he writes, "is right and even beneficial when carried out sanely and in moderation." But it is hardly necessary for me to point out that there can be no analogy between the two instances. Liquor is necessary at times for the physical well being of the individual. Says the great apostle S. Paul, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake;" does he anywhere say, "Take a little flirting for thy stomach's sake," or whatever is the moral equivalent to the organs of gastronomy? No, S. Paul and all other great moral teachers are silent upon the subject. I would that the writer under criticism had observed a similar reticence.

One more wild and untruthful statement let me quote and I will then bring these remarks to a close. He writes on page 15, "People who are in love are, during that period . . . absolutely devoid of the 'saving grace'" (of humour). Allow me once again to instance my own case, I am nothing if not humorous. A very dear friend of mine, whose name stands high in diplomatic circles, and who not many years ago had an original joke of his accepted by that witty journal, "Punch," once remarked to me (he was borrowing a small sum of money from me at the time) that I was one of the "funniest beggars"—I quote his own words—he had ever had the fortune to run across. And to show how absolutely false is the statement quoted above, let me add that during the three years of my engagement to my dear wife I have many and many a time laughed heartily at

the genial quips of my numerous acquaintances ; during my engagement, mark you—the period in which the writer tells us we are absolutely devoid of humour.

I have occupied enough space and must bring this brief protest to a close. I would have written sooner but modesty stayed my hand in the hope that a more skilful pen than mine might be wielded in the cause of social morality. But none has been forthcoming. I only trust that these words of mine may, if only in some small measure, undo the evil such an article as "The Ethics of Flirting" must have sown in the hearts of those numerous young and unsophisticated readers of your College journal.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your courtesy,

I am, faithfully yours,

RECTITUDO.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Hour.

To every student there comes, I imagine, an hour when he realizes that College life does not solely consist of lectures and foot-ball practices, of quiet little joints and an occasional theatre or pink tea, when it is borne in mind upon him that one of the most valuable gifts that his Alma Mater is bestowing upon him is the intimacy of books. Among all the relations of life few are more enduring than College friendships, for few are purer or more disinterested. And of the friendships one makes at College not the least is that of books. I am not referring, of course, to the enforced acquaintance with certain works enumerated in the College calendar, but to the quiet evening hours in one's room, when the old College is hushed and still, and the voices that have long been silent speak to one out of the past from the pages of some great book. When the Homeric rhapsodist recites to us, as he might to some Achæan lord, the wondrous tale of the siege of Troy, and the wanderings of the much-enduring Odysseus ; when Cicero thunders against the iniquities of Verres, or Dante charms us with his vision of Heaven and Hell. When Spencer sings to us of fairy-land, or Keats of a Grecian urn. Ordinary College companionship may be sundered, seas may roll, and leagues stretch between the erstwhile bosom friends, the readily promised correspondence may languish and die away until eventually one will wonder in an idle moment what has become of old Jones without any ardent desire to know. But the friendship of books can never be broken off. In a deck chair on the restless Atlantic, in a carriage on the transcontinental, in a lodging house or the hotel one may always and at any time renew the old intimacy and hear again the familiar voice. And as it is the most lasting so is the friendship of books the most valuable of the relationships formed within the walls of College. Not that I would undervalue the worth of ordinary College friendships, for not only do they give much of the joy of life, the interchange of service on which social ex-

istence is built. But such comradeship can only teach us the lesson of our own level, for it is the friendship of our peers. When, however, we form an intimacy with books, it is an intimacy with our superiors from which we may learn many a high and noble lesson. But here I begin to trespass on the ground staked out by Ruskin in *Sesame and Lilies*, and must leave it with an apology to the shade of the illustrious dead.

But what a ponderous and homiletic strain have I fallen into, and how unfit I am to be a preacher, for at the very moment I am leaving undone the things I ought to do (perhaps my weary readers will complete the quotation) for the Latin prose which the Principal will demand to-morrow, vainly I fear, stares up at me on the one side, while the "French Author" woes unavailingly on the other ; and in the background are Bacon's Essays. The working fit, however, is not on, and disregarding their claims I am gazing lazily at the book-shelf in front of me as I sit idly at my desk. I am afraid I am not an orderly person, books lie about on the desk until they get in my way, when they are thrust pell-mell into the shelves regardless of arrangement. And now as I sit idly regarding those shelves I realize what harmonious and what incongruous associations my careless habits have resulted in.

Has it ever occurred to you, I wonder, gentle reader, that in writing a book an author puts a part of himself, of his character and personality between the boards ? That he has given you his thoughts and aspirations and dreams, and often his own little idiosyncracies ? This must be so if the book is to live, for to live it must have life, (do I hear the sneer, "How this fellow harps on the obvious with an air of owlish wisdom ?" Maybe, but let me finish before you criticize) and that it can only draw from its author's life. That when a great book is written the author puts a part of himself, of his own vitality into it, and is the poorer, as we are the richer thereby. But if he is the poorer in life he is the richer in death, for he wins a double immortality, an immortality of earth as well as Heaven ; for that part of him which is embodied in his book lives on after the brain which gave it birth has crumbled into dust. And now let us take this thought with us to our consideration of my book-shelf. Each book represents a personality—let us in imagination reconstruct that personality, and then in place of the row of volumes great and small, in bindings black and brown and red, we have a row of figures. Go further and clothe each in the garb of his race and age, and you will understand the incongruity of association I referred to a moment ago, for the Roman toga jostles the modern frock coat, and the monkish gown the gay doublet of the Elizabethan. Another step takes us to the individuals, and here again what a medley has resulted from the careless piling of the books upon the shelf. The statesman and orator rubs elbows with the quiet scholar ; the atheist and free-thinker is cheek by jowl with the devout christian ; the classic melody of an ancient is being sung to the rag-time accompaniment of a modern versifier.

Looked at in this light my carelessly arranged book-shelf has become a roomful of immortals grouped in the most harmonious comradeship and the most absurd fellowship. Sometimes chance has brought together across the ages men who would have rejoiced in each other's friendship and companionship. Sometimes it has associated men who, had they lived in the same age and country, would have shunned each other as the plague. Let me take you across the charmed threshold and introduce you to the motley gathering.

As we begin at one end of the shelf or, to continue the metaphor, pass through the door, we meet two most unexpected companions, St. Thomas à Kempis and Cicero—for the first two books are the *de Imitatione Christi*, and the *In Catilinam*. Here is a fellowship with nothing in common. What topic of common interest could the mediaeval saint and the Roman statesman have found to discuss. Language they would have had in common for both wrote and spoke Latin, but though the medium for the exchange of ideas was there, what ideas could they have exchanged? These two who looked on life from such different standpoints—the one looking past this world to the world to come, the other looking solely to the affairs of this life. There must be silence between them as they stand side by side, for even the silver-tongued orator of the forum can find nothing to say to the German mystic. And what a contrast they afford, the one with the expansive brow and commanding nose, and general air of statesman and man of affairs, the other wrapped in dreamy quiet, with the abstracted air of one whose eye is turned inward for the contemplation of his own soul. How different have the two lives been. The one spent in the forum and the senate, always in the lime-light of public notice, directing and controlling affairs of state; the other in the retirement of the monastery of Mount St. Agnes. In any company Cicero would take a leading place, thrusting himself to the front, while St. Thomas would withdraw into the background. There is no doubt which is the more commanding figure of the two; but if we ask which is the greater, which of the two has had most influence on the world, I think we must award the first place to the monk and not the statesman; for Cicero's influence even in his own age was far slighter than he would like us to believe, while the *de Imitatione* has been the inspiration of many of the greatest minds in the four and a half centuries since its author died. But let us leave the statesman and saint to the silence so uncongenial to one of them and pass on.

The next pair have this in common that they are both poets and both English poets (the books are Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and a volume of Shelley) but with that and their mutual appreciation of the beautiful their community of interests must cease. Their art might prove a bond to unite this otherwise incongruous pair. We may fancy them discussing melody and rhythm, and the suitability of various kinds of verse in harmony as brother craftsmen, but when from

form they proceeded to matter, from versification to thought, discord must have arisen, for like our former acquaintances the two looked on life from different standpoints—the one is the poet of revolt, the other of acquiescence. Shelley looks on the world around him, and seeing Wrong triumphant and Right cast down, cries, "There is no God." Another example of "lo here, lo there," while all the time God and his kingdom were within him in the very sense that enabled him to see that what was triumphant in the world was wrong, and what was oppressed was right, and that while he was looking for God in the world and not finding him, God was waiting in his own heart, as he would doubtless have discovered in time, for his need of a God shows in every line of his work, but notably in the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, had not that sudden squall on the Bay of Spezzia sent him to solve his perplexities in another world. Pity it is that he could not have enjoyed in life the fellowship of the author of *In Memoriam* he is enjoying on my book-shelf, for Tennyson could have taught him that the solvent of his difficulties was to be found in faith, "believing where we cannot prove"; and an appreciation of evolution which would teach him the millenium he expected here and now was "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." And if their views of life were so diverse, equally different were their temperaments, Shelley impulsive and impetuous, on tip-toe always with excitement, overflowing with emotion; working rapidly and at fever-heat—but six months to produce the *Revolt of Islam*. Tennyson calm and unhurried, working on steadily at a subject month after month, nay year after year until he is certain that he has done all he can. If Shelley wrote the *Revolt* in six months, Tennyson spent seventeen years over the *In Memoriam*. What a contrast the two afford, and yet what a friendship theirs might have been had they dwelt together in life as they do on my shelf, each supplying the other's want, the personality of the one rounding off and completing that of the other, Shelley supplying the enthusiasm and the passion, Tennyson the calmness and faith. Shelley's generous impulses stirring the somewhat languid pulse of Tennyson, while the quiet reason of the latter checked the wild extravagance of the former. And what poetry might have resulted from such a fellowship; from a Shelley to whom Tennyson has given the God he sought in vain; from a Tennyson whom Shelley has shaken out of his somewhat complacent acceptance of an evolution which will bring in the age of gold in its own due time to strive to hasten the process. Friends they might have been in spite of the diversity of temper and view had they dwelt together; but they did not, and all our dreams are mere might-have-beens. So let us leave them and see who comes next.

The next comer is an intruder in this gathering of the great. A small and insignificant fellow, speaking in harsh and grating accents of uninteresting topics, one of the books specified in the calendar, Low's English Language. And yet perhaps it is not unfitting that such a book should come next to such a master of

English as Tennyson and should separate him from the greatest of our poets, for next to Low comes the massive bulk of the "Works of William Shakespeare." But what, after all, has Low with his talk of a "classical media corresponding to Teutonic tennis," and the "steps which mark the passage from Latin into French," with Shakespeare telling of the lover of Romeo and Juliet, or the sorrows of Hamlet and Othello. Let us hope that Fate has been kind to the Bard of Avon and given him a more congenial neighbour on the other side, *Théâtre Choisi de Molière*. Little will Shakespeare reck of Low's babble of the divisions of the Indo-European languages, if he may exchange experiences and ideas with the father of French comedy. What a kindly touch of Fate to throw these two together, for in the whole kingdom of letters two more kindred and congenial spirits could not have been found. True, the language question might have presented some difficulty in real life, for I imagine Shakespeare's French was as dubious as Molière's English; but in the charmed realm of the imagination in which we are sojourning, where spirit speaks to spirit, that difficulty need not trouble. And how much in common in life and thought and work have these two, the greatest of English and the greatest of French poets. What experiences of life on the stage might not the two actor-authors have exchanged, what jests might not the creator of Speed have told amid the approving chuckles of the man who gave us Scapin? And when they grew serious and talked of their work how much they would have in common this Frenchman who strove to draw his characters from life, and the Englishman, whose roll of living heroes and heroines has earned him the title of "After God the greatest creator." It is true that the classical French dramatist has preserved the three unities, while the English romantic has thrown overboard Time and Place, as the Catholic Frenchman clung to the seven sacraments of his old faith while the Protestant Anglican discarded five. But this would only lend an added zest to their intercourse, which would need the spice of disagreement and argument to give flavour to the meat of community of life and thought. And what mighty argument might not the two giants have engaged in on these same unities.

But the clang of the nine o'clock bell resounds through the College, and the corridors become noisy with hurrying footsteps. Let me leave the rarified atmosphere of this company of the immortals and descend to the mail-room to enjoy human companionship, and who knows, if the gods are kind, a little rough-house.

The Visit of the Bishop of Japan.

It is with pleasure, and a sense of great profit, that we look back to the address delivered to the students by the newly consecrated Bishop of Japan on the occasion of his recent visit to Lennoxville in October. Not only was the lecture

of great value from the point of view of real first-hand knowledge of the mission field in Japan, but it is extremely interesting because of the wonderful parallel which was shown to exist between the present conditions in Japan, and the state of affairs which obtained in the early centuries of the Christian era.

The analogy was almost startling, and the student of history could not but be fascinated as point after point of resemblance was indicated. It was shown that just as the Greeks and Romans had their recognized religious systems,—all of which proved to be inadequate to meet the spiritual needs of their professed votaries,—so also in Japan at the present time there still linger on religions which have ceased to exercise any really satisfactory influence on those who are, at best, but nominal and half-hearted adherents to the creeds now felt to be outworn. As the ancient philosopher was forced by reason to discredit the religious rites connected with the worship of the recognized state gods, so the thinking Japanese is compelled to seek some more satisfying and ennobling system than those which are offered to him.

The positions have a great deal in common. Rome and Greece were highly civilized nations when Christianity first made its appearance. Japan, when Christianity was presented to her, was also possessed of a well developed civilization. In Greece and Rome attempts were made to bolster up the old religions, or to supersede them by various philosophic and eclectic substitutes. Japan furnishes most striking parallels in that she has those who correspond to the Neo-Platonists, the Eclectics and the various sects of Gnostics. Emperor worship too is very prevalent in Japan, just as it was in the Roman Empire, though the basis of this cult is, of course, very different. The Japanese Emperors are emperors because they are divine, descended from the gods, and therefore entitled to worship. Even this however has proved ineffectual, and the whole nation was astounded to find a plot to assassinate their emperor. At the same time, this emperor worship is probably the greatest obstacle to the advance of Christianity in Japan to-day.

Whilst the rural districts still cleave more or less to Buddhism or Shintoism, the townsfolk, and especially the more highly educated classes are practically without any real religion at all. Indeed in many cases there is no hesitation in saying "we have no religion." This was to a great extent the condition of affairs in the ancient heathen world; and if Christianity, then represented by a poor, despised and apparently powerless sect, could convert the world, surely backed by the power and prestige of the greatest nations of the world to-day, the same Gospel should prove effective in winning Japan for Christ.

It is to be noted that the Japanese Government no longer sets its face against Christianity as was the case fifty years ago. After the discovery of the plot against the Emperor, above referred to, the government felt that something was needed for the people which should be more potent than a mere ethical system. Real religion of some kind or other was felt to be a necessity. A great public

meeting was therefore called, at which representatives of Christianity, Buddhism and Shintoism were asked to be present. Amalgamation was not suggested, but the representatives of these three religions were asked to do all in their power to uplift the moral life of the Japanese people. The government by this act placed themselves on record as approving of Christianity as a religion suitable for the Japanese. Hence, a great door is now opened for the propagation of the true faith in that Island Empire.

The attitude of the people themselves is really one of indifference to Christianity. Parents do not object to their children hearing the Gospel message, nor indeed in many cases to their conversion. The greatest trouble perhaps is that there seems to be no religious consciousness, the Japanese do not seem to have anything to believe with. This no doubt is the result of the absolute lack of early religious training. Then again, much harm has been done by Western materialistic books. Great hopes are entertained nevertheless in regard to the future development of the children who are now being taught to know something of what religion really means.

Several instances of remarkable conversions were cited, and comment made upon the good work even now being performed by native Christians.

The field is a very large one, and the number of missionaries are very small. His Lordship asked particularly that the needs of the Diocese should be kept in mind; that money if possible might be forwarded to assist the work, and that intercession should be made regularly for God's blessing on the undertaking, and for more workers.

At the close of the address a very hearty vote of thanks was moved by Mr. C. H. Hobart, the President of the Missionary Union, and most ably seconded by the Rev. Prof. Vial. The response was an eloquent testimony to the fact that each student felt that a most pleasant, interesting and profitable hour had been spent, and that much food for thought and reflection had been acquired.

Prince of Vagabonds.

Imagine the interior of an inn down a byway old Paris—a dark and forbidding room opening on to an equally dark and forbidding alley, its lack of height accentuated by the raftered ceiling, and heavy with the odour of stale wine. In a corner, seated around a table plentifully stocked with flagons, are a motley gang picturesquely clad in ragged garments of every shape and hue. They are evidently engaged in discussing some project which will not bear the light of day, for their heads are close together over their wine and their voices hardly rise above a whisper.

One man especially seems to be their leader and guiding spirit, a tall scarecrow of a fellow with some traces of a finer sensibility, of a mind above the average, visible on his sodden face. He is worthy of more than a passing glance, for he is François Villon, knave, thief, housebreaker and braggart, but withal one of the greatest poets that France has ever produced.

Genius, we know, has its eccentricities, but robbery, sacrilege, and a more than strong suspicion of murder, is carrying it to excess. Our subject was a creature of his period and environment, and must be judged by standards suitable to his time and position. François Villon, François de Montcorbier, François des Loger—to quote only three of his many aliases—was born at Paris in 1431 the same year in which Joan of Arc was burnt at Rouen.

His early years thus coincided with the fall of the English power in France, and during the remainder of his comparatively short life Louis XI and Charles of Burgundy were doing their best to make a desert of the country. It was a time when every man had to fend for himself, and when no one was certain of his neighbor. Although so much of the verse which he left behind him purports to be autobiographical, yet the most certain facts of Villon's career are to be gleaned from—the police records of the time!

On leaving the University of Paris, he seems to have drifted steadily downwards, becoming intimate with a queer company of professional gamblers and malefactors of all kinds: René de Montigny, the outcast of a good family, Dom Nicolas, the unfrocked priest, little Thibault "of the persuasive hand," the picker of locks—we can picture them meeting at their inn to divide the proceeds of the last burglary, and to plan the next one. Villon first comes before our notice in 1455, when he was imprisoned in consequence of the death of a priest named Sermoise. It is very doubtful whether François' was the hand that struck the blow, but he remained in durance vile for several months, when he succeeded, with characteristic impudence, in obtaining two pardons, made out in two of his names. The next year he was again in trouble, leaving Paris for a time after being thrashed by the friends of a lady to whom he had dared to raise his eyes, and on whom he most ungallantly revenged himself in a stinging ballade to the "Damsel with the twisted nose." He was back again, however, by Christmas, which he celebrated by robbing a church. After this he seems to have been a wanderer for some years: we find him tramping down to Roussillon, a dangerous journey in those unsettled times. Alone and penniless as Villon was, we can see him wandering from town to town, victimizing innkeepers, begging from the credulous, and playing jokes on unsuspecting rustics. He turns up at Angers, where he plans a robbery on his uncle, a monk with a well filled strong-box; at Blois, where he takes part in a tournament of poets at the court of Charles d'Orleans, himself a poet of considerable ability; and at Meung, where once again he finds himself behind prison bars, but is released at a general amnesty on the

occasion of the King's visit. This lucky escape was signalized by his most notable work, the "Grand Testament," in which he has sketched his life with a masterly hand, and has given the world a strange medley of cynical reflections and jesting legacies to his friends, and with many incidental lyrics of great charm.

The ragged poet once more turns his feet towards Paris, only to find that he has ventured into a hornet's nest. During his absence the gang had been dispersed and some of its members hanged. Villon himself is once more clapped into prison and condemned to the same fate. Now was written the wonderfully grim and realistic "Ballade des Pendus," an epitaph for himself and companions :

"La pluie nous a débués et lavés,
Et le soleil desséchés et noircis ;
Pies, corbeaux, nous ont les yeux cavés
Et arrachés la barbe et les sourcils ;
Jamais, nul temps, nous ne sommes rassis ;
Puis çà, puis là, comme le temps varie,
A son plaisir sans cesse nous charrie,
Plus becquetés d'oiseaux que dés à coudre
Ne soyez donc de notre confrérie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous venille absoudre !"

"Rain-drops have stung and lashed us from the skies,
The sun has scorched us black and burnt our cheeks
Ravens and crows have plucked our hollow eyes,
Our brows, our hair, are prey to their sharp beaks.
No rest for us, as pass the weary weeks,
Now here, now there, 'mid tempest, hail and snow
We are the sport of all the winds that blow
Pitted like thimbles after each bird's meal,
Take warning, ye who watch us from below
And say a prayer to God for our soul's weal."

Here is a harrowing picture of the man's innermost thoughts, the essence of nights of sleepless thinking on his prison bed ; and yet, in spite of all these gloomy forebodings, fate once more intervened on Villon's behalf. In some manner his sentence was commuted to banishment, and all sorry imaginings of his blackened corpse swinging on a tall gallows in company with Thibault and Montigny, vanish into thin air as François steps forth a free man once more.

From this time forth the curtain falls on the strange medley of his life. Not another trace do we find of the wanderer ; whether he lived for thirty days or thirty years to enjoy his freedom is unknown, though the fact of his hand-to-mouth existence, and the comparative small amount of his work which is extant, would support the belief that he died while yet a young man.

And now for a brief glance at the characteristics of Villon's verse. The outstanding feature of all his work, when compared with that of his contemporaries,

is its essentially modern note. Other poets of his age were quite as skilful as he in the matter of mere versification ; in a century when the dexterous arrangement of words and rhymes in set forms was made the be-all and end-all of the poetic art, something more than mere facility was needed to make a man's work immortal. The graceful elegance of rondeau and rondel, ballade and villanelle and triolet has tempted a host of imitators to essay these forms up to the present day, but they can hardly be made the medium for the expression of the highest emotions. Villon has given us many charming examples of the ballade, especially those interspersed through his "Grand Testament," but where he stands pre-eminent above his fellows is in the intenser quality of his expression, and the note of realism which pervades his whole work.

He was indeed one of the very earliest realists, the pioneer of a numerous school which has continued to develop, and which numbers many exponents in the present-day France. He gives us a wonderful and graphic picture of life in the swarming alleys of fifteenth century Paris, especially of the seamy side of that life and we know that he had excellent opportunities for observation at first hand. The sad thing is that he seemed to be perfectly contented with his existence, and to have no ambition to rise above it, no desire to cut loose from the trammels which were holding him down. There is nothing of the usual mediaeval essence of the joy of living about Villon ; the past has no regrets for him, the future no aspirations ; "Let us die, for yesterday we drank and ate," seems to be the sense of his philosophy. Only here and there does he strike a higher note, as in the ballade written as a prayer to the Virgin on behalf of his mother ; only here and there does he let fall the mask of mocking insincerity and show his real feelings when face to face with great realities, as in the "Ballade des Pendus," and in his bitter railings against the well-fed and those who were more prosperous than himself.

This cynical melancholy, coupled with the highly-coloured, picturesque life of the shiftless vagabond, has caught the taste of succeeding generations. The Renaissance, which brought so many benefits to mankind, also brought the development of a new outlook upon life—that of a pessimist. For while there have always been satirists, the new learning had a tendency to sweep away the joyous outlook and natural gaiety of the Middle ages. The seeds which Villon helped to sow have certainly produced a plenteous crop in the succeeding centuries.

And here we must leave him. Robert Louis Stevenson has called him "the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame." A sorry figure he certainly was ; just as certainly is he entitled to a place among the famous. If we judge him by comparison with his contemporaries, he surpasses them by the trueness to life, the realism and the intense quality of his work, which marked the beginning of a new epoch in the literature of Europe. And if we judge him by his duration of influence, and by comparison with successors, the ragged vagabond still holds his own. His voice is not

the voice only of a fifteenth-century Parisian of the lower class, but that of a human being who has experienced many buffets of Fortune ; and so in spite of his disreputable life and his veneer of cynicism, there is a note which is common to all humanity pulsating through his words, and it is hard to imagine any period in which his merit as a poet could be ignored. R.

Some Lennoxville Ideals

BY FRANCIS WARD CARROLL, M.A., ARTS '00, DIV. '03.

The last two numbers of the Mitre for the academic year that ended last June were easily the most interesting numbers of the College magazine that I have ever seen. It was evident that there was "something doing" in them—they had life and snap and go in them, so that no matter how long a graduate had been away from his Alma Mater he could not fail to be interested. I am glad to learn that the Editor for this year is going to try to keep up this kind of good work. I know that this is no easy matter, for I have been editor myself, but it is well worth trying for. If he can only get the graduates going and make them write—not dry-as-dust articles but heart-to-heart talks about how they would like the College to be run, or to suggest any possible improvements in college athletics, the life of the student body, the standard of studies and examinations, the method of increasing the number of students,—then, indeed, the Mitre for this year will break all records.

I am not going to try to write carefully and indeed if the Editor does not feel himself obliged to use his blue pencil, then times have changed.

I well remember that September day in 1897 when I arrived at Lennoxville, and in company with another freshman, wandered about discussing the horrors of the dreaded matriculation examination. No subsequent examination seemed half so terrible. In fact I think most of us could have worked a whole lot harder without hurting ourselves in the least. For this reason I believe the three years Arts course can be made to cover fully as much work as is covered in any four year course having shorter terms. It should be a matter of pride for every Lennoxville man to be able to show definitely from the College Calendar that such is the case. A larger use of the summer vacation for courses of reading would help to raise the standard.

If the "prep." course is to be continued the members should be classed as "Sub-freshmen," and if they are permitted to wear the gown at all it should be different from the undergraduate gown.

The College should make every effort to keep a team in the Intercollegiate Series. We may be beaten, but we should show that we are good losers. As an undergraduate I always went to our football matches hoping against hope that

we could "lick McGill," and though we didn't do it, once at least we came very near it. Now, I realize, we ought to be satisfied if we put up a good game, and can score at all. The right spirit and perseverance will in the end result in victory.

We ought to take our proper place in Intercollegiate debates for there the fact that ours is a small College is not a handicap. In fact it is the reverse, for our men have the greater opportunity for speaking at student meetings and in other ways getting experience in speaking in public.

In cricket it will now be possible, with the longer terms, to keep our interest in this game. Unfortunately examinations cast their sinister shadow over that part of the year, but if we ever have a summer session then cricket will have more of a chance.

Although the athletics of the College serve to draw to Lennoxville some of the right kind of students, still the Mitre is our best "ad." It goes far and wide and from its pages the public can learn what we can do in a literary way as well as what is going on in the College. To make the Mitre a complete success "team work" is necessary. The Editor can't do it all. Many of us who have been away from our Alma Mater for a long time get lazy if we are asked to write for the Mitre, but we could at least write a short letter which would start something—on reading which other graduates would feel impelled to write in answer—and so the good work would go on and we should have a real live magazine. The men in residence should see to it that every happening in College is recorded in a way that can be understood by those who are no longer in residence. Cryptic references and alleged jokes should be judged by this standard. When people write for the College Calendar, copies of the Mitre should be sent to them at the same time. The Calendar is dry reading at best, and they will get more real information, as to the jolly life at "old Bishop's," out of the College magazine. How care-free and happy that life is we only fully realize in after years as we look back on it.

Some years ago when I happened to be present at a Chapel Service in the General Theological Seminary, New York, and heard the excellent music rendered by men's voices only, it struck me that we did not do quite as well in this respect as we might at Lennoxville. The hymns (even the high ones) if transposed to a suitable key, can be sung effectively by men's voices in unison. Certainly it is worth while to do our best to make our chapel music as beautiful and as hearty as possible.

The "University of Bishop's College" is a cumbersome title. We had better stick to "Bishop's College," especially as the resident college feature is the most important thing about our Alma Mater. The fact that the dear children of B. C. S. "won't be happy till they get it" need not deter us.

The College crest should only be stamped on the books awarded as College

prizes. Certainly no prize given in B. C. S. should be so marked. I think this will be admitted by all, and yet mistakes of this kind have happened.

I think that if the present enthusiasm can be kept up Bishop's College may well look forward hopefully to the future. Away off in the far South-west thousands of miles distant from Lennoxville, perhaps I may be pardoned if what I write is somewhat inaccurate and out-of-date. But at least I have tried to do my part by responding to the appeal of the Editor for contributions from the sons "old Bishop's."

To a Stinger.

(With deep apologies to the author of "To a Singer" in the October Number.)

I saw a man, one sultry summer night,
A large and new mosquito-net unroll.
I watched a bold mosquito in its flight
Upon its way towards his shining poll.

It buzzed around, with humming loud and deep,
Drowning the sounds which from the pillow rose,
And roused its luckless victim out of sleep
With a sweet message writ upon his nose.

Only an instant did it pause to sing
Its triumph song, for having once drawn gore
It sped to seek a fresh bald spot to sting—
A moment, and that insect was no more.

So thy shrill tones, when laying down the law
Make discord, where sweet harmony should reign,
Leave me alone (and kindly close the door)
Before my temper snaps beneath the strain.

A Dream.

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight."

The day's work is over, and with a sigh of uneasiness, for the day has been a hard one, I turn my steps homeward. Now I sit by the window watching the passing forms growing dimmer as the twilight fades into darkness, and as I sit I think, and the figures passing to and fro in the street are no longer real, but give place to the scenes and figures of the past. They flit about hither and thither and the scene often changes, but now and then one stands out clear.

Now I see a girl, but her face is in the shadow. She is thinking and sometimes she frowns as though the thought were unpleasant, and again she smiles.

In the end the smile gains the day and I hear her say, "At last, one more day dream becomes a reality," and she is gone.

A town rises out of the mist, a small town with shady streets, and through it there runs a river with trees on its banks. I see a street leading towards the river and as I look someone turns on to it. There is something familiar about her and surely it cannot be, but yes, it is the girl whose day dream has become a reality. I will follow her and see if by chance I learn something more of the day dream and its accomplishing. Now I see her face quite clearly and it wears an excited expectant look, albeit at times an expression of anxiety flits across it.

In one hand she carries a note book and over her arm is hung a gown, such a nice, new, shiny, black gown with never a rent nor a spot. Oh! now the mystery is solved it would seem, for I feel sure that girl is going to College. She is a freshman, witness the new gown and she is glad she is going though frightened too. Her face tells that.

Now I see a group of buildings standing proudly against their background of green trees and blue sky, and presenting their ivy covered walls to the setting sun. Their many windows looking forth like so many eyes from their frame of ivy reflect its last rays. The green lawns enclosed at the sides by trim hedges rows sloped gently towards the river with its border of willows. A calm is over everything, broken only now and then by the splash of paddles on the river when the canoe of some pleasure seeker glides swiftly past. It seems as though all nature waited in hushed expectation of the evening.

But the clear ringing of a bell floats out upon the air. It is the first bell for chapel, and no longer is the calm of nature left undisturbed. Here comes a hurrying figure who looks neither to the right nor left, and we know by the length of his strides and the look on his face that he has missed chapel just as many times as the law will allow and once more, and that now it is a matter of great importance to get there. We think he will get there, too. And now from various doors issue gowned figures walking briskly toward the chapel. Among the very last we behold our hurrying friend hastily adjusting his gown as he goes, and we rejoice to know that he is saved from the trouble which would have been his had he missed.

Strains of music reach our ears where we stand and involuntarily we bow our heads as the old and familiar, yet ever beautiful words reach us, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to thy word." Again we hear the organ this time in the closing hymn "Those Thou keepest always see light at evening time." Once more evensong is over and the sun has set, leaving behind its flaming signals in the sky.

Again the scene changes. It is a bright clear day in November. The sun is shining but the fields are brown and the trees lift their naked branches stiff and straight towards the bright blue sky. They seem to say, "We know we look

sorrowful yet we scorn your pity, for we have done our work and it is not meet that we should now be clothed in glory."

Again I pass along the same street going towards the same buildings and I notice everywhere people hurrying along with such an air of pleasant bustle and expectation that I find myself hurrying with them. Arrived at the gate I enter and hasten along with the crowd. I cannot imagine at first what is going on, but it is soon explained, for I see a large open field marked off with flags and I realize that this is the annual Field Day. Several gentlemen having an air of conscious importance walk back and forth, and I clearly see that they are the officials. One presents me with a programme and I eagerly scan the course of events given within. Looking up, a moving collection of gay colours catches my attention, and I strain my eyes to make out what it is. Oh! behold the approaching athletes who are to strive in glorious contest for the honors of the day. And clearly they wish to be noticed from the first; for they have adorned themselves in garments rivalling Joseph's coat of ancient days, and we feel sure that every available bathrobe within a radius of ten miles has been begged, borrowed or stolen.

The crowd has now become large and the sports begin. We watch with eager interest the various contests of running, jumping, etc. There is now no semblance of order, but a wildly shouting, jostling, pushing crowd, each crowding against the other to procure a place of vantage for the finish. The winner comes racing in and is greeted with cheers and handshakes and exclamations of "Good for you old boy!" He is immediately enveloped in one of the many gaudy robes and led away in the midst of an admiring group. These things continue until the early setting of a November sun and the chill of a November evening turn our thoughts towards the cosiness of open fires and refreshing influence of hot tea. We seek shelter where we find both, and it seems to us that never has the warmth of fire felt so good nor the taste of tea so delicious, and so we depart giving cheers for the victors and hoping for another field day as pleasant and as successful.

Once more the sun shines brightly but this time on green fields and trees clothed in leafy garments. People are assembling and the hall is gradually filling with crowds of well dressed people. Groups of students stand about talking and appear as though awaiting a signal. I look keenly at each group, for I am searching for my old friend, the girl with the new gown. Oh! there she is and now she wears the gown, but it is no longer new, its gloss has long ago given place to the dinginess which follows continued wear. And look, she wears a hood. Can it be possible that three years have passed—three years that are so long when we look forward to them but which are in reality so short? But nevertheless it is true, and as I stand lost in contemplation of the fact a signal is given, the waiting groups fall into line, and with their accompaniment of grave and

learned dignitaries they disappear from view. I do not follow but remain thinking of those who are at this time going out into the world to do their work. How has their three years fitted them to do it? Will they succeed or will they fail?

I am still wondering. When I look up the spell is broken. Darkness has fallen and here I sit by the window staring out into the dimly lighted street. I roused myself to the realization of a cold room and much work to be done. Have I wasted much valuable time? Oh well, very likely, but do we not all have dreams.

A Voice in the Night.

The rays of the setting sun came through the half-closed blinds of a dainty bedroom and fell gently upon the snow-white counterpane. Yet they brought no soothing touch to the sufferer, who lay there tossing in the delirium of fever.

All that wealth and tender nursing could do to alleviate her suffering had been done, but without success. Day after day she lay there; one name alone upon her lips and that one unintelligible to her nigh distracted parents. At times she would seem to rally and wish her dear ones to be with her, then passing again into the land of delirium drive them from her with the words, "I want only Boy. Oh Boy, Boy! Will you never understand and come back?"

Parents and doctors alike knew that in the solving of the mystery, in the arrival of the wished-for lover, lay the key to Helen's recovery. Yet how was this to be brought about when no one knew for whom she was calling?

For the last four years Helen Macauley had been away at college, and being a bright, attractive girl had made many friends. Of these none had won so high a place in her affections as Cecil Aldrich, a fellow graduate.

Now, although Helen had told her mother of all her friendships, including perhaps the more intimate one with young Aldrich, she had never mentioned to anyone that in private intercourse and correspondence she had been persuaded to drop the more formal appellation of Mr. Aldrich, or even Cecil, and to adopt that of "Boy."

Nor had she confided in anyone concerning the quarrel that had darkened her last days of college life, and which together with the nervous strain caused by hard study had sent her home a fit subject for the typhoid fever then prevalent in her home town.

And here we must leave her for awhile and turn our attention to a lake shore where a gay company of boys are camping enjoying to the utmost the outdoor life and throwing off all the cares and disappointments of the academic year so recently past. Their days are spent in fishing, boating and other varied trips

known only to the camper ; while in the evenings they gather round the camp-fire or paddle slowly up and down in the moonlight discussing incidents of college life, still of such vast importance to them.

In this merry group is one to whom we have already been partially introduced, Cecil Aldrich. At times the thought of his quarrel with Helen disturbs the enjoyment of his rambles, but his serious mood is soon thrown off and he once more joins in the sports of his companions.

One night, awakening apparently without reason, he lies there thinking of the happy days he has spent with these his companions, now so soon to be separated from each other ; of the girl friends, too, that brightened his work, and finally of Helen and the quarrel which, caused by his foolish jealousy, had separated them so completely. As these last thoughts come to him, plainly as though the speaker stood before him he hears the words, "Oh, Boy, Boy ! will you never understand and come back ?"

Conscious only of the unseen presence of her, whose voice he cannot but recognize, he jumps up and making his way to the beach pushes one of the canoes down to the water's edge, and jumping in is soon paddling fiercely up stream. For half an hour he continues thus, his thoughts as busily occupied as his body. Though he cannot solve the problem that is troubling him, in some unexplainable way he is brought to know that it is through no fault of Helen's that they are drifting thus apart and that it rests with him to make the first move towards reconciliation. Always quick to decide upon a plan of action, his mind is soon made up that on the morrow he will brave the taunts of the other boys, and bidding them good-bye, go at once to the town of M——, where the Macauleys lived.

Thus it is that three days after my story opens, Mrs. Macauley came down from the sick room to receive a young gentleman who urgently requested audience with Miss Helen's mother. In a few minutes his tale was told and the mother was at last enabled to understand what had been troubling her daughter through those long weary days of suffering.

With a maternal kiss of blessing, she bade him trust in God, and together they went up to the little bedroom where she whom both loved so dearly lay at death's door.

Cecil could scarcely believe that this pale wan figure was the same bright happy girl with whom he had had so many delightful times. Bitterly reproaching himself as the cause of all this, he went forward and Helen when she saw his look of love and tenderness forgave him all.

Had you entered that room some half an hour later you would have found Helen peacefully sleeping her hand confidently resting in that of her lover, while he in a voice of passionate tenderness sang that dear old song :

"Sing me to sleep, the shadows fall ;
Let me forget the world and all,
Haply my heart shall know no pain
When I awake from sleep again.
Sing me sleep, and let me rest,
Of all the world I love you best,
Nothing is faithful, nothing true
In heaven or earth, but God and you."

C. A. S. '12.

Request and Answer.

Sweet Fancy, kindly wing
Your very highest flight
Strike up on any string
So that the theme be bright,
And you will bring
My heart again to happiness and take away its blight.

For every cloud, they say
With silver light is lined ;
Come like the dawn of day,
Break in upon my mind,
And speed away
With sunshine any shadows that you there may chance to find.

You heed not ! Fancy. Quite
Impatiently I wait,
All eager now to write ;
Do please unlock the gate
To Heart's Delight,
That land of lovely dreams where you and I shall linger late.

Fancy speaks :—
Far in the distance—there
I, Fancy, have my birth :
With wings that cleave the air
Sometimes I visit earth
And with men share
The secrets of my mind if by their life they prove their worth.

Things of the spirit, mine ;
No part have I with clay.
To spirits pure I shine,
Their virtue I repay,
But make no sign
To those whose hearts are held by gold whose lustre cannot stay.

The things of sense will dull
The clearest intellect ;
And luxury must lull

To sleep the brow bedecked :
Such could not cull
The fairest flowers that may blow from highest self-respect.

So, mortal, mind that you •
Stay loyal to the star
That gave you birth—bring true
The promise of what you are
Destined to do
Ere you have sailed the sea of Life and made the harbour bar.
RETA.

Sir Wilfred Laurier's Visit.

On Tuesday afternoon, October the 29th, Bishop's College was honoured by an unofficial visit of Sir Wilfred Laurier and other prominent leaders of the Liberal party. They came by automobile from Sherbrooke, where they had been visiting the different educational institutions, at 2-30 p.m. and were greeted on their arrival by the student body, which had gathered on the lawn and were received by the Rev. Principal Parrock and other members of the faculty at the entrance of the Arts Building.

Dr. Parrock then conducted the guests about the building, visiting the lecture rooms and chapel. Finally the party took its way to the New Library where a considerable number of people from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke had assembled. The Principal then introduced Sir Wilfred Laurier to the assembled gathering of students and outside friends by saying that though Sir Wilfred's visit was strictly unofficial yet he had kindly consented to address a few words to the students outside of party lines. He then went on to say that though Sir Wilfred was personally not acquainted with the University, yet as a native of the Eastern Townships we should not look upon him as a stranger.

Sir Wilfred then arose and said that though he had never had a very intimate acquaintance with Bishop's College, yet he had lived as a youth in Arthabaska county, which was not far distant, and naturally felt a great interest in the welfare of the Eastern Townships university, though he might differ from it politically. However this was not his first visit to Lennoxville as he had visited it years ago when he was a poor struggling barrister; that to his mind he would have been a happier man if he had remained such, fighting the cause of the defenseless widow and orphan. He then told how proud he was and how proud we all ought to be of having the privilege of being governed beneath the British flag, and of forming a part of that great Empire, which stands for liberty and good government. Sir Wilfred then showed that he would have approved the legislation of Solon, by pointing out to the student body the necessity of taking an active part,

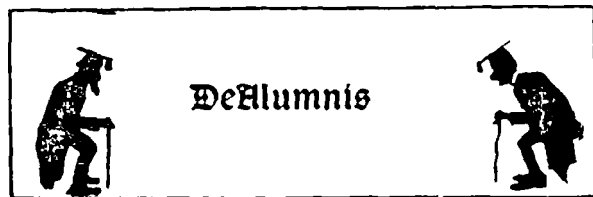
either on one side or the other, in all political questions; that if everyone did this conscientiously all would be well and the country would be rightly governed. That each party tries to do the best, according to its own ideas, working towards the summum bonum of the Dominion. He then concluded his remarks by saying that though he came in an unofficial manner, yet he was very pleased with the welcome given him.

Sir Wilfred was succeeded by the Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, who spoke to the student body as a former professor of Laval University, and called their attention to the importance of the study of French, saying that it not only served as an aid to culture, but was also a necessity in this country where both languages, French and English, were used in business; that it was almost indispensable to the traveller abroad and a necessity to the statesman at home. He then turned to Sir Wilfred, and said that if Sir Wilfred had not had a good knowledge of both languages he never could have risen to be Premier of Canada. Mr. Lemieux then proceeded to say that he was very favourably impressed with the atmosphere of Bishop's College, though he was sorry to see so few French-Canadian representatives among the student body. He concluded by intimating that when his son became old enough to enter college he would like him to enter Bishop's.

The next speaker was the Hon. Mackenzie King, who also impressed upon the students the value of a knowledge of the French tongue. However, as he was a bachelor, he was unable, like the Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, to promise to send his son to Bishop's. Nevertheless, when he saw so many charming ladies before him it almost made him wish to change his state of single blessedness for that of matrimony. He then told the students to make the most of their opportunities for a liberal education while they were attending College, for it was only after he left College that he fully appreciated the advantages to be gained by such a training. Then looking about the library he said, pointing at the books, "Try to get to know the minds of the men behind those covers." He said that he also was agreeably impressed with the atmosphere of Bishop's College, and paid a tribute to its work by saying that one of the most promising young Members of Parliament was a Bishop's graduate. He then concluded his address by saying that though we were all justly proud of our Dominion and the British empire, yet we must bear in mind that there is a nobler dominion and a higher empire still,—the dominion of character and the empire of ideas, that every student during his college course should strive to build up these.

Owing to further engagements the party then had to take their departure.

Among those present were Hon. S. A. Fisher, ex-M.P., Hon. P. S. G. McKenzie M.L.A., F. N. McCrea M.P., Col. Aylmer, and many others.



Rev. C. G. Hepburn visited the College on Friday, October 11th. It seemed like old times to have "Channell" around the place once more. He proceeded to Knowlton from here, where he preached the special Thanksgiving sermon on the 13th.

His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma visited Sherbrooke on Oct. 20th. Many old Sherbrooke friends were glad to welcome him back to his old parish and to feel that though he was no longer their rector, yet he had not forgotten them.

Rev. F. Balfour, chaplain to the Bishop of Algoma, attended service at the College Chapel on Sunday evening, October 20th, and afterwards visited Dr. and Mrs. Parrock at "the Lodge."

J. S. Browne, B.A. '10, who was teaching at the Rothesay Collegiate Institute last year, is this year taking a medical course at McGill University. Some of us thinking him still at Rothesay, were surprised to see him in Montreal on November the 9th.

Our graduates seem to have taken a great interest in our sports this year. We would like to thank those who turned out to cheer us on our way to Montreal on October 25th, as well as those who were present at our last two games, among whom we noticed Rev. Canon Almond, Rev. Canon Dickson, Rev. A. H. Moore, Rev. C. G. Hepburn, Rev. F. G. Vial, Messrs. H. P. Wright, J. S. Browne, E. H. Ireland (in the last game), Dr. E. A. Roberston, etc. The Bursar was also there with the goods. What's the matter with the Bursar?

Mr. R. J. Shires, B.A. '12, preached in Trinity Church, Montreal, on Sunday morning, October 27th, and at Ahuntsic in the evening of the same day.

H. H. Scott, Esq., B.A. '11, renowned lawyer of the future, visited the College at Thanksgiving and played for the "old Boys" in their match against the School. Love does not make one so blind that he cannot find the source from whence it springs. Is that true, Harry?

Rev. "Bill" Sherring seems to be interesting himself in the boy scout movement in Port Arthur. He preached at the special services at their annual church parade this summer, and had the honour of being presented to the Duke of Connaught after a review of the boy scouts before His Royal Highness.

We regret that the marriage of Mr. C. Spafford to Miss E. Somers, which took place during the summer, was omitted in our last issue. We offer them our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous wedded life.

We are pleased to note that Bishop's is not leaving all the work in the diocese of Fredericton to King's College men, but that she has her representatives there as well as in the other dioceses of the church in Canada. She was ably represented at the Diocesan Synod by Rev. W. H. Hibbard, M.A., who is the headmaster of Rothesay Collegiate School; by Rev. C. M. Shewen, rector of Kingsdear; F. J. LeRoy, priest-in-charge of St. Martin's, Rev. H. Collins, curate in charge of the Church of St. John the Baptist, St. John; Rev. C. Sowerbutts, priest-in-charge of Waterford, and Rev. C. G. Lawrence, B.A., who is deacon in charge of Kingston, N.B.

Those present at the meeting of the local branch of the Alumni Association included Rev. Dr. Allnatt, Revs. R. W. E. Wright, F. J. B. Belford, V. E. Hobart, Dr. R. A. Parrock, F. G. Vial and H. C. Burt, Messrs. Meekren, Johnson, Shires, Montizambert, Call and C. Phillips.

On the occasion of his departure from East Angus, the Rev. B. Watson, M. A., was presented with a purse of gold by the laymen of his parish. Mrs. Watson was also presented with a valuable brooch, the gift of the ladies of the congregation. Mr. Watson visited the College before leaving for his new field of labour.

Meeting of the Local Branch of the Alumni Association.

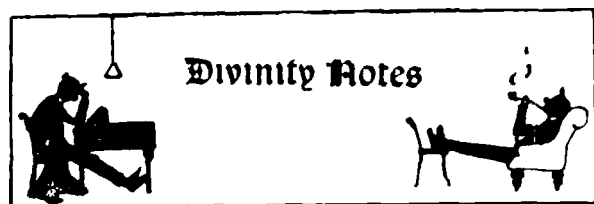
A meeting of the local branch of the Alumni Association was held in Dr. Allnatt's house on November 6th, Mr. Montizambert, the President, in the chair.

It was stated at this meeting that the supper had been carried out successfully; that there had been no cataloguing of the books in the library, owing to the inability of Mr. Meekren to carry out his offer concerning it; that there had been no meeting of the central association, and so no list of the graduates had been made out. All graduates are requested to send in their names and addresses to the secretary either of the local branch or to the secretary of the main association, in order that they may be enrolled in this list. It was pointed out that we are free to make our constitution as desirable to its members. A committee, com-

posed of Dr. Parrock, Mr. Montizambert and Mr. Call, was elected to choose the name of the local association and decide upon its membership.

Dr. Parrock stated that so far only about \$8,000 had been raised towards the Jubilee Fund. Canon Almond seemed very desirous to raise the sum promised himself, and as the rest of the Committee was leaving it to him in accordance with his wish, he evidently is hindered by the mission campaign, and unless something is done very soon there will be a delay in getting a grant from the Legislature. After discussing the matter, it was moved by Dr. Parrock, seconded by Mr. Montizambert, that in connection with the collection of the \$100,000 fund in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of the University, the secretary be asked to write to the secretary of the general association to ascertain exactly what has been done and what is in contemplation, and what duties it is proposed to assign to the local association. The question of Trinity Sunday collections was referred to the general committee.

Mr. Shires then proffered the report of the Publicity Committee. He stated that several reports had been sent into the papers. In the summer a card had been drawn up and sent to 178 High schools in Ontario with private letters, and to 34 places in the province of Quebec, he also stated that two more members were needed on the committee, as Mr. Grant was absent this year, and he himself was forced to resign, he recommended that definite work should be assigned to the committee chosen. Mr. Shires' resignation was accepted with regret, and the Principal and Mr. Vial were proposed by Mr. Call, seconded by Dr. Allnatt, as members of this committee with power to associate Mr. Stewart with them. It was recommended that the work of this committee should be to submit articles, as reading matter, not advertising, if possible illustrated, to the leading papers. It was moved by Mr. Burt, seconded by Dr. Allnatt, that 50c be the annual membership fee dating from March of the ensuing year. The secretary was instructed to collect \$25 from the general secretary, \$12 of which sum to be paid Mr. Shires for expenses incurred during the summer. The business then being ended the meeting adjourned.



Rev. A. Dunstan, B.A., paid us a very welcome visit a few weeks ago. It did us good to have him with us again. His real purpose in coming was to speak to us on the subject of the American Prayer Book. He delivered two interesting

and very instructive lectures on the general contents of the American Prayer Book, dwelling specially on the points of difference between it and our own Prayer Book. We hope that he will come again soon and perhaps give us some further lectures.

Not only those who were students under Rev. H. J. Hamilton, D.D., but all those who knew him, will be interested to know that he has recently published a work in two volumes, entitled "The People of God." The first part traces the development of Israel, and the second that of the Christian church. The work has been very favourably criticized, and we hope it will soon be added to our library.

Those who were fellow students with Rev. B. G. Wilkinson, B.A., and also those who were under his spiritual charge when warden here, will be glad to hear something about him. He's at 14 Enmoor Road, London, S.W., as curate in charge of a new church, S. Margaret's, Putney Park, which was only consecrated on the 5th of October. In a recent letter to the warden he expressed his affection for the University and asked kindly after those of "her old children" with whom he was associated.

Rev. E. A. Dunn, M.A., (ad eundem) once the Professor of Pastoral Theology and Warden, has been appointed to S. Michael's, Bergerville, Que.

It may interest many to know that Rev. E. N. R. Burns, B.A. '97, had a mission in his parish, S. Luke's, Hamilton, during November, which was conducted by the Rev. Canon Almond, B.A.

Rev. A. F. C. Walley, B.A. '08, has completed a special course of study at the General Theological Seminary, New York, and now has charge of Manotick, in the Diocese of Ottawa.

Rev. H. S. Chesshire, B.A. '10, whom we mentioned in our last issue had gone to La Tuque, is stationed at Parent, the inhabitants of which place are chiefly, if not entirely, engaged in construction work on the National Trans-Continental Railway. Mr. Chesshire's work is a very difficult and strenuous one, lying as it does among railway construction men, a very loose-living and sordid class of men. He is, at the time of writing, engaged in building a shack, which is to be the combined church and parsonage of Parent. He has found it impossible to get any labour, and so expects to erect a shack by himself. The men are very indifferent and appear to resent a service when such a thing is suggested, but, Mr. Chesshire says, they really like them at heart from what he has been told by other people. The only explanation that he can give for the lack of ex-

pressions of appreciation is that the men want to keep their parson humble. Poor old "Cheese!"

We offer Mr. Chesshire our sincerest good wishes and sympathy in his very trying, and what we feel must be very lonely, work.

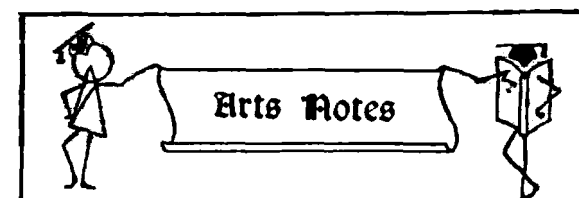
Rev. F. G. Sherring is an energetic scout master in Port Arthur, and it was with considerable interest that we looked at the pictures of "Bill" out with his scouts, which appeared in the October number of the Scout Magazine.

We mentioned in our last issue that Rev. W. T. Haig, L.S.T. '12, was assisting Rev. H. M. Henderson at Claresholm, in the Diocese of Calgary. We have just received an appeal from the congregation of Stavely, one of the four districts of Claresholm, for help towards a church they wish to build. Mr. Haig is the secretary for the building fund and would be very grateful for any donation, however small. His address is—care Canadian Bank of Commerce, Stavely, Alta. We would add that Stavely has a population of about 400 and the district covers an area of about 1,000 square miles. There is not an English Church within that area. We trust that some of our friends will see their way to assist the congregation at Stavely in their effort; they are, at present, but a struggling working congregation.

Rev. W. L. Wilton Moore, S. T. L. '12, is stationed at Navan, which is not far from Ottawa, and has two other churches besides that of Navan under his care. We miss "Zaccheus" very much and often wish he was with us.

We are indeed alarmed and fear for the safety of some of our Divinity students, for we learn from our Lady Editor that some of those students (who can they be?) have been so weak as to be attracted by that "honey-pot," the co-eds' room, and that they have, however, shown evident signs of "intentions" to return. This is alarming, for the room so seemingly delightful and full of almost irresistible attractions, is but typical of all that is worldly, every tendency towards which has to be so rigidly guarded against by the earnest Divinity student if he is to make a success of his life. Therefore, we urge each one of our Divinity men to give that room a wide birth, in fact we are of opinion that it should be placed out of bounds for all who would preserve their integrity.

We notice with considerable anxiety, not to say trepidation, an expression which appeared in the Arts Notes of last issue, viz., that the co-eds have assumed the responsible and onerous position of "sisters" to the Arts Faculty en masse, as far as can be judged. It must be admitted, considering the earliness of the season, that development has been rather rapid.



The Arts circle has been very quiet of late and little of interest has taken place beyond the foot-ball games. Yet, strange to say, this very uneventfulness has proved more than anything else could have done, of what mettle our new members are composed. At the beginning of the College year we prophesied great things of them, but the prophecy fell short of the fact. Their perseverance in the realm of foot-ball has been marvellous. Not only did they turn out in full force on state occasions but for every practise, regardless of weather conditions, and worked their best to improve themselves in all the fine points of the game, even though many of them had no hope of making the team. Nor have they confined their efforts to foot-ball alone, for they have also borne their full share in the work of the Literary Society, and now are offering of their best to basket-ball also. If this spirit of unbending perseverance continues, as it shows every symptom of doing, we may have no cause to fear for old Bishop's for with such men within, and energetic graduates without, she cannot fail.

Since last writing we have had the pleasure of welcoming yet another member to our circle in the person of Knapp, a native of Brompton and a graduate of Windsor Mills Academy. He promises to be a good addition both to our sporting and intellectual clubs.

On Monday evening, Nov. 11th, the old University was again awakened by the beating of tom toms, the screeching of sirens and by the roll of muffled drums, to the reality that once more the spirits of Bishop's sons had arisen to welcome the freshmen in the annual initiation ceremony. For over an hour the corridors were in darkness except for the glow emitted by a sheeted spirit gliding silently past. Dismal sounds were heard on every side, groans, lamentations, scurrying feet and the death-like rustle of fleeting spirits. The freshmen, to keep up their spirits, were obliged to huddle close together for companionship, and to drown the supernatural sounds they kept up a din of hysterical laughter and boisterous feints of heroism.

At last, on the stroke of eight, the bells began to toll, informing the slumbering University that the funeral of the green things was about to take place. Now the noisy freshies' mock courage failed, and they lapsed into fearful silence.

as awful Charon, besmeared with the grime and dust of ages, appeared to pilot them to their final doom. With muffled tread they followed into that vale of gloom from whence none return; down the dark staircase leading to the river, that immortal river, the Styx. By its current they were wafted to the gateway of the infernal regions. Here Cerberus by dim and flickering lights, was revealed, awaiting the entrance of so many more spirits to his charge.

On their admittance into the place of gloom a fearful howl was raised by the assembled spirits, which gradually trailed off into a prolonged groan. On account of his long journey and the immense number of his charges Charon also was allowed to enter and take part in the torturing of the condemned greenlings. With renewed energy the spirits set to work and soon the place was filled with electric flame. By the light thus emitted the spirits gazed upon the new comers with affectionate remembrance of past tortures to be repaid. Then, in awful silence, fell Pluto entered, accompanied by his arch-fiend Beelzebub, and ascended his throne with a wicked smile.

Here, first to impress upon the greenies the importance of the occasion, Pluto smilingly arose, licking his lips at the thought of the fine time coming, and read deep and profound regrets from the following august personages for being unable to be present on account of previous engagements beyond the Styx—His Majesty King George, Bishop Dunn, and several high dignitaries of state too numerous to mention, and the pea hen, after which he called upon Beelzebub to start the performance.

The arch-fiend hastily scrambled to his feet and with a merry twinkle in his eye, called upon the green things to prepare themselves to amuse the spirits of their seniors. Then in a sonorous voice he called upon Jolly-well-bowled Archibald, O-be-merciful-dear Percival, Trillions-billions-millions Tyson, Myson, Williams to appear before the judge of spirits. With trembling knees the unsophisticated youth approached and bowed low in reverence before his judge. Then, after the application of a few bits of torture, he was allowed to amuse the assembled gathering with song. The spirits soon becoming restless, howled him down. Then, having saluted the sacred owl, the skull, faculty, and a relic of past greatness, he was received into the noble army of spirits.

After him followed a long list of lambkins lead to the slaughter, some possessing most fantastic names, yet all anxious to amuse their senior spirits, but all to no purpose, their best efforts only wrung groans of ennui from their audience. Beelzebub alone seemed to get pleasure from their performance and it was truly marvellous what fine points of torture he could devise. His nose was ever scenting out objectionable features in the appearance of the victims. 'Tis true that at one moment the power of Pluto was on the verge of collapse as his throne tottered under him, owing to the fact that a very callow youth rejoicing in the name of Bromptonville-Huntingville-paper mill-whiskey still-Dixville - Waterville - Cow-

ansville-Lennoxville-Lennox Davidson-doctor's son-hipo-bum-whiskers some-son of a gun-he ought to run in foot-ball some-Robertson, who had been banished to the depths beneath the throne, attempted an insurrection. However, the prompt and agile action of Beelzebub saved the day and the hapless youth was handed over to Charon and Cerberus to undergo the most choice bits of torture that could be devised on the spur of the moment.

At last, the ceremony over, and the greenness somewhat rubbed off from the victims, the assembled concourse of spirits took their annual jaunt about town, calling upon its most prominent citizens. Unhappily, most of them being entirely unprepared for such an apparition, were too terrified to appear. However the bravery of three gentlemen stood the test.

On their return to the College halls the spirits of the seniors turned into their true flesh and blood and served coffee and refreshments to their new found brothers. Then followed a very enjoyable hour spent in music, songs and recitations.

Mr. Patterson told the freshmen that now, and only now, were they looked upon as full members of Bishop's College and complimenting them upon their fine showing in sport this year, calling upon them to uphold their record in the years to come for the sake of their Alma Mater.

Professor Call drew their attention to the fact that they were the most important body within the University, as they would be within it the longest, and called upon them to give of their best towards making old Bishop's go ahead.

The very pleasant evening's entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem and Auld Lang Syne.

Societies.

Missionary Union.

There were meetings of the Missionary Union on October 22nd and November 1st, which were addressed by Rev. Mr. Belford and Canon Shreve respectively. The Union met on November 15th at which Canon F. G. Scott gave a very enjoyable address, an account of which is being held over for our next issue.

Rev. Mr. Belford gave a very fine and earnest address on the "The General Aspects of the Missionary Movement." He pointed out that missionary work was not a "romance," but a living reality, the foundation of which is knowledge and zeal; knowledge of the message to be delivered and zeal to deliver it whatever it might cost. The heathen, he said, were suffering agonies from the lack of this knowledge, which we Christians possessed.

Like the man of science or medicine, who, having gained some fresh know-

ledge on any matter of vital importance, does not selfishly keep it to himself, but gives it forth to the world for the benefit of the majority. So ought we Christians to be filled with the desire to make known the glorious truth of the Gospel.

If the heathen and Mahomedans knew the power they have (which is something like 100 to 1) they would wipe us of the earth. But that power is hidden from them, and therein lies our great opportunity. It is an immeasurable responsibility. Just think, if the millions of Africa and China were evangelized, what a difference it would make to the world!

We possess the necessary knowledge; and there is the divine power behind us to enable us to communicate it to the world. But effort, fired by zeal, is what is required of us to bring the world to the knowledge of the truth. This may cause us to suffer in the service of our King, but what can that be in comparison to all He has done for us.

The main thought of Canon Shreve's address (which was characteristic of him and fired with enthusiasm) was the "Divine Fatherhood of God." All mankind, he said, is the offering of God, and the Fatherhood of God embraces all mankind as the sea encompasses the earth. Every man has the capacity for being saved. This was the cause of our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach ye the gospel to every creature. It has been truly said that "Anima natura Christiana," "The Lord is by nature Christian." Christianity is adapted to every nature at every time. As an example, Canon Shreve told us of a certain Chinaman who was assisting to translate the Bible into his own language, and becoming so impressed with it, exclaimed, "Whoever made this book made me, for it knows the secrets of my heart."

The idea of the Divine Fatherhood of God is the very centre of Christianity. Absent it and Christianity fails. It is absent from all other religions. Natural religion fails because it has no idea of the Fatherhood of God. Canon Shreve pointed out that man has four instincts—1, that there is some one above himself; 2, that he is immortal; 3, that there is such a thing as right and wrong, and 4, alarm and foreboding at wrong-doing. Natural religion does not provide for these, he said, but Christianity does. The Wisemen came from, and returned to, nobody knows where. A beautiful illustration of the great truth of the universality of Christianity and of how God wishes all men, known and unknown, to come to the knowledge of the truth, because He is the Father of all.

So we are brought face to face with our own individual responsibility to those who are without the means of knowing the truth.

Canon Shreve told us how Bishop Stringer related at a recent meeting of the M. S. C. C., that for some twenty years they had laboured in that part of the Mackenzie River district, which is within the Arctic Circle, and could only record but one baptism. Then suddenly a wonderful movement came over the people and within a year and a half 278 Esquimaux offered themselves for baptism, twelve

of whom immediately volunteered to go to proclaim the Gospel to a particular tribe of their fellow Esquimaux inhabiting a tract of country some 500 miles distant.

These men to whom the twelve newly baptized Esquimaux offered to go as first missionaries, are a subject of intense interest, for they are a tribe of true Esquimaux, but of Scandinavian descent, who have but very recently been discovered.

It will be remembered that a few months ago Steffansen, the great explorer, announced the existence of this tribe to the world and stated that Christianity must not be taken to them. But, said Bishop Stringer, Steffansen was six months too late. The twelve Esquimaux missionaries had already carried the Gospel thither.

Such news makes one's blood tingle with missionary enthusiasm and admiration. What a marvellous example those twelve newly baptized Esquimaux are to us. If only we could realize our individual responsibility and be willing, should it be God's will, to go forth into the unknown as those men have.

Church Warden Club.

Two very interesting papers have been read before the Club during the past months. On Oct. 24th Prof. Boothroyd favoured us with an essay on "The Relation of Military and Political Power," showing how the possession of military power opened the way to political influence, and how in early times the use of administrative power was chiefly confined to those whose sword had earned them the right to use it. On Nov. 7, Mr. C. Phillips read a paper on "Asbestos Mining," describing fully the mode of occurrence of the mineral, and the various processes of extraction which were carried on at Thetford Mines. At this meeting Mr. Butterfield was elected a member.

Literary Society.

Since last writing, the Literary Society has been very active, one meeting being held each week on Monday and at each meeting two papers have been read. All the papers have been very interesting and it would be impossible to say that any one outshone the rest. Thus far, the Society has fulfilled at least two-sevenths of its objects, much of the text has been carefully covered, and the principals of essay writing put into practice in a most beneficent manner. Also much outside reading and observation has been introduced which ought to be most helpful to the members. It is also a very pleasing feature to note that the attendance has been very good, though the last two meetings have somewhat clashed with basket ball practise.

The following papers have been read during the past month. On Oct. 21st Mr. Lobban sketched Bacon's Life and Work, giving special reference to his rise and

fall in the political arena. Mr. Waterman dealt with Bacon's character and the elements of his style.

On Nov. 4th Mr. Murray began the actual work on the essays by giving an enlarged essay on Death, and explaining many of the doubtful sayings of Bacon. He was followed by Mr. Bown, who dealt with Bacon's Essay on Truth in much the same manner. On Nov. 12th Mr. J. Phillips read a paper on Cunning, in which he went deeply into the subject following along the lines mapped out by Bacon. His apt illustrations of Bacon's thought, taken from real life, were very much appreciated. He was followed by Mr. Baker who expounded the subject of Wisdom for a Man's Self.

On Nov. 18th a paper was read by Mr. Craft on Youth and Age, in which he not only carefully followed out the trains of thought suggested by Bacon in the Essay but also ably criticized Bacon in his treatment of his subject on more than one point. He was followed by Mr. MacLeod who did full justice to Bacon's essay on Boldness by carefully following and enlarging Bacon's thought on the subject.

Library Society—Hon. Pres., Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, M.A; Pres. C. E. S. Bown '13, Vice-Pres. Miss G. Keene '13, Secretary, H. Waterman, Committee, K. Murray, W. H. Wells, Miss M. Wood.

Debating Society—Hon. Pres., Prof. F. O. Call, M.A; Pres., C. E. S. Bown '13, Secretary, O. L. Jull, Committee, Messrs. C. H. Hobart, J. V. Young, C. G. Wintle.

Our Lady Editor.

Mistaken Ideas of College.

Why are you going to Bishop's? I do hope you will like it. You know Miss So-and-so never liked it. Well perhaps she never wanted to go. To be sure the students have improved. You know they used to be rather fast. Yes I have heard that the lady students have been a great help towards improving matters. I have really heard that the men came to lectures with bed-room slippers on. To be sure that probably is all changed, etc.

The above are a few of the utterances of kind friends when I made up my mind to go to college but that did not deter me from going.

With fear and trembling I took the 9 o'clock car one fine Thursday morning for Lennoxville. All the way up I wondered if I would have to go and see the Principal or if the Principal would come to see me, what would be said if I did not go to all the lectures that day and if the students would stare at me very much. When I arrived at the college I received an agreeable surprise, saw no professors

and only a couple of students who looked perfectly harmless. A lady student told me the time table was posted in the hall and that I might copy it down. Rather a difficult thing. Took some time to decide what 1, 2, 3 meant or if I should take lectures under 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Afterwards if I had had my choice, I would have taken all lectures under 2 and 3 but found out that poor freshmen have to take the leavings. Then I discovered that no one went to lectures the first day except very diligent students. Luckily there were none in my year.

The next morning missed my car, and was almost sick with fright that I should miss a lecture. (This fear soon wears off.) However getting there just in time, I with the other lady students rushed into lecture. How large that lecture room seemed and how many men there appeared sitting at the long table. Being sure that they were all looking at me, I began to wonder if my hair was parted straight, or if it was pulled out at one side more than at the other, and how it looked behind. Finally this feeling wore off and I noticed that the students were busy writing. Oh horrors, they were taking notes. After several vain attempts which looked more like dots and dashes I determined to follow one of the Hints to Freshies, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Am afraid that the notes taken at that first lecture would not have qualified me for honors in English literature.

The next lecture was to be Latin. Was quite relieved when the Professor informed me we would take notes on Cicero's life, because I had fully determined that he would ask me to translate four or five pages of the text, which I had never seen. Soon there came a French lecture. Now I was positive that all the students would be able to talk French fluently, and that the Professor might ask me to assist him in delivering the lecture. When I found out that I was not expected to translate "Le Revolution Français" without preparing it, and that the other students knew about as much French as I did, I made up my mind I would stay for a few days anyway.

All my fears disappeared in about the same way and I soon found out that the Professors did not expect you to know as much as they did, and also if you were very quiet they might overlook you and ask someone else to translate.

The furnishing of the lady students' room seems certainly to have come to an end. Many things were promised them but they are slow in appearing. After curtains for the windows and door, rug for the floor, tables and chairs were bought, the sum of 50 cents was left over from the proceeds of the five o'clock tea. As there were still several things required, it was decided to beard the lion in his den, namely, the Bursar. A half promise to have the walls tinted, shelves and hooks removed to the second room and a picture moulding put up, was secured. When it was found that the tinting was rather expensive, it was decided that green walls

harmonized with blue curtains. Then the shelves and hooks were left in their old places as it would injure the walls to move them. The appearance of the shelves, however, was greatly improved, through the kindness of Mrs. Parrock, who furnished curtains for them. This left only the picture moulding, and it has not been determined by the co-eds whether moulding has gone out of fashion or if there is a scarcity of it. So beware! If you hear the sound of blows some morning do not be alarmed, it is only the sound of nails being driven into the walls. If the moulding is up before this issue of the Mitre comes out so much the better.

His Majesty's Theatre is well patronized by Bishop's this year, even the Faculty being represented there by a worthy member.

Is it the air in a certain room in the Old Lodge that causes a liking for parks. Perhaps not, because the same feeling is noticed in the "shed."

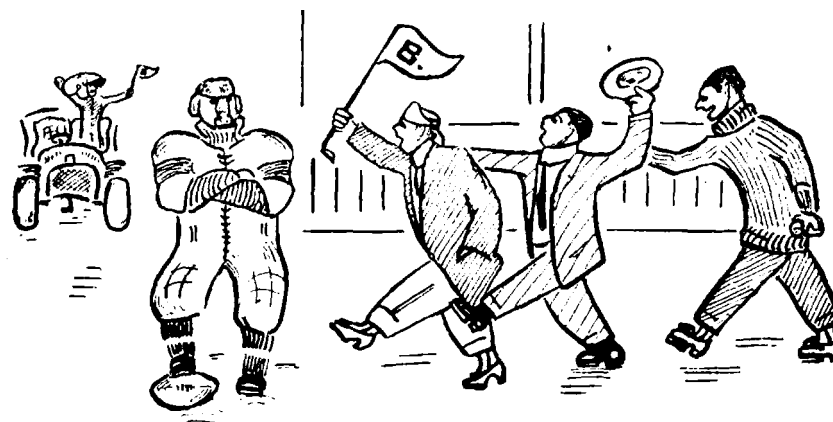
A certain divinity student is looking rather "moody" this year. We are not surprised. Flowers are certainly cheering.

G. D—son seems to have a weakness for "marten" fur this year.

A well known co-ed was standing the other day before a window frantically waving her hand. A divinity student, who happened to be passing, noticed her, stopped and seemed to be deciding whether he would wave or call for help. Finally he decided to walk on. What do you suppose caused all this trouble? A lady student pushing her sleeve up preparatory to washing the cocoa-cups. Muriel, we never expected it of you.

Is an automobile to be preferred to a horse? Ask a well known member of Arts '13.

Athletic Notes.



On Saturday, October 26th, the second league match between Bishop's and McGill took place on the McGill campus and resulted in a victory for Bishop's by one point. The match was a very close one, well contested from start to finish, and most interesting because of the evenness of the teams. The weather was fine and quite a number of spectators had assembled amongst whom were several visitors from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. The ground was very heavy and slippery, and as a result the game was not quite as fast as it might have been under more favorable conditions.

At the commencement of the game Bishop's assumed the offensive and carried the ball into McGill's half with some good snappy play, in which Wood's tackling was the outstanding feature. For some time the ball went up and down the field without getting very near to either end. Each side indulged in some good punting and end runs, but neither gaining much thereby. Quarter time ended without any scoring and with the play slightly in McGill territory.

In the second quarter each side resorted more to punting and McGill being slightly stronger in this department, soon forced the play towards Bishop's end, and on our first down, two yards from goal line, their wings downed one of our backs for a safety touch. Elated by this gain McGill pressed hard and in a very few minutes scored another point for a kick behind the dead line.

When the ball got into play again there was some good smart work. Belford caught well for Bishop's but, being rather light, was quickly brought down by the speedy McGill forwards. These got possession of the ball, and following up their advantage, again scored one point for a kick behind the dead line.

Some very smart play followed, Patterson, Belford and Wood doing well for

Bishop's, whilst Martin and Coleman were conspicuous among the McGill men. McGill still continued to press hard, and by quickly following up a punt which Bishop's fumbled, they obtained the first touch-down of the game. The goal was not made, and when the whistle blew for half time the score stood 9-0 in favor of McGill.

As soon as the teams lined up again, Bishop's began to press McGill and some good work was done by Ward, Robertson and Baker. The first really pronounced gain was made by Wood in a splendid 20-yard run. Getting well down towards the McGill line Bishop's worked hard, and when an off-side play gave them a 10-yard advance, Patterson was able to carry the ball over the line for Bishop's. The touch-down was nicely converted by Dickson. McGill now came to the front again, and despite improved kicking on the part of Bishop's backs, scored a further point. Bishop's, however, soon followed suit, and when positions were changed at three-quarter time the score was 10-7 against Bishop's.

About this time one of the McGill players had to retire and the arrival of a substitute was the signal for a fresh attack. Bishop's was on their mettle, however, and after some spirited play, forced their way down the field toward the line. Here every inch was closely contested, but Bishop's line was too good to be broken and about seven minutes before time was called Patterson was pushed over the line on Hobart's side in advance of a tremendous buck. The try was not converted. McGill now kicked off from centre field, and by some splendid kicking scored another point. After this, though the play was keen, no further score was made, so at the end of the game Bishop's had 12 points to their credit as against 11 for McGill.

The line-up of the teams was as follows :

Bishop's		McGill
Robertson	f.b.	Donald
Baker	c. half	Martin
Belford	l. half	Ford
McKee	r. half	Coleman
Patterson, captain	o. back	Peck, captain
Belford II	l.o.	Parkins
Wood	r.o.	Tugen
Porter	l.m.	Walters
Lobban	r.m.	Seale
Ward	l.i.	Eliot
Hobart	r.i.	Rocher
Reeves	scrimmage	Dale
Dickson	"	Ewart
Bisson	"	Harris
King	substitute	Fraser

The victory reflects great credit on the Lennoxville men who have so few to choose from compared with the numbers at McGill.

SEMI-FINALS.

Bishop's is now winner of Section A., and were to play the winners of Section B., (Westmount II) at Lennoxville on November 2nd, but Westmount defaulted the game.

Previous to this date a meeting of the executive was held at Montreal, Capt. Patterson for Bishop's being present, and although R. R. Y. M. C. A. had protested their last game with Westmount on the ground of professionalism, the real purport of the meeting was to decide which team was leader of Section B., each having won and lost the same number of games, with Westmount having the best percentage of points. R. R. Y. M. C. A. misunderstood and disputed the rules concerning the same, and the executive voted down the proposal for the two teams to play a deciding game, giving the winning title to Westmount. Some of the Westmount players having seen our game against McGill were (rightly) under the impression that they could not defeat us on our own ground, and being short of funds they defaulted Bishop's the game.

On Friday, Nov. 8th, Bishop's Rugby team travelled to Montreal, where they played the finals of the Q. R. F. U. on Saturday afternoon on the M. A. A. grounds.

The game was scheduled to be played on neutral grounds, and as St. Lambert's were unable to accept our offer on account of the inability on the part of some of their men to make the trip to Sherbrooke, a final agreement was made between the two teams for a game at Montreal. The result being that we went in there with a weaker team than we should have had had the game been played at Sherbrooke, and were defeated by the score of 52-6.

The game commenced about 2-30 before a fairly large and enthusiastic audience, and within ten minutes it was evident that Bishop's were no match for St. Lambert's, chiefly through the weakness of our backs in catching and kicking the ball. Ireland punted for long gains, and these their wings quickly followed up, frequently obtaining a touch-down after the ball had been fumbled, and as Bishop's full-back was playing flying wing through the greater part of the game, there was no one behind to recover fumbles.

The first quarter ended with 18-0 for St. Lambert's, being the result of three touch-downs, which Ireland converted.

The second quarter produced much the same kind of play and at half time the score stood 34-0. Five touch-downs, four of which were converted.

Our line compared favourably with St. Lambert's, each side blocking their opponents from intercepting punts, but the poor tackling of Bishop's men was to some extent responsible for the high score, though Patterson, Wood and Bisson did some splendid tackling, resulting in injuries to several of St. Lambert's

players, Rexford being replaced by Hicks, Meachem by McClurg and Ireland by Johnston.

In the second half St. Lambert's started off with a rush and in a few minutes added materially to the score, Ireland trying two drop kicks, which went wide of the goal, but counted for a point each. Three-quarter time score 41-0.

In the last quarter St. Lambert's made two more touch-downs, one being carried in by a long end run and the other the result of a fumble. In this quarter Belford retired with a sprained ankle, being replaced by King. Belford, Baker and McKee made a few nice plays and towards the end of the hour the latter made a splendid run of thirty yards up to within ten yards of St. Lambert's goal line, and Bishop's bucked the ball over for a try, which was converted by Dickson.

Patterson also played a good steady game, though at times it appears he tried to do too much, the result of individual play. Although the score was one-sided it does not represent the playing ability of the two teams. Bishop's boys played a hard and consistent game, but luck seemed to favour St. Lambert's, who deserve great credit for again winning back the title which they held two years ago. Their team is a strong and well balanced one, and it was reported that two of their players were Lachine men, who were not legally entitled to play.

The teams were :

Bishop's		S. Lambert's
Robertson	f.b.	Tucker
Belford I	half back	Ireland
Baker	half back	Bell
McKee	half back	Hooper
Patterson, captain	quarter back	Melvin
Reeves	scrimmage	Peterson
Dickson I	"	Smith
Bisson	"	Walker
Ward	I. Wing	Meachen
Hobart	"	Duncan
Porter	M. Wing	Rexford
Lobhan	"	Cope, captain
Wood	O. Wing	Benson
Belford II	"	Church

Spares, Bishop's—Dickson II, Ward II, King and McLeod ; St. Lambert's Johnston, Hicks, Galbraith and McClung.

Referee—Burton Brown, Westmount ; Umpire—D. Crutchlow, M.A.A.A.

Goal Umpires—Hedges and Niven ; Time-keepers—Hooper and Stewart.

Basket Ball.

On Wednesday, Nov. 13th, Bishop's College played their first league match with Bishop's College School, resulting in a victory for the School by the score

of 46-21. Play during the early minutes of the game, was rather slow, and U. B. C. seemed to be off color in their shooting, whereas B.C.S. passing and shooting were much more effective, and within twelve minutes of play the score stood 14-2 for B.C.S. At this period play became faster, and towards the end of the first half U.B.C. had much the better of the play, outplaying their opponents in practically every department. In this half the School obtained one foul goal out of three tries and College none out of two tries. Score at end of half 19-10.

At the beginning of the second half U.B.C. started out strong again and brought their end of the game up to 13 as against 19. Then B.C.S. broke into the scoring again, and after a few baskets had been scored on each side play became rough, but the referee, Patterson, proved master of the situation and within a minute's time sent off two men from each side, thus leaving only six players on the floor for a short period. The teams were :

U.B.C.		B.C.S.
Norcross	f.	Crummey
Belford	f.	C. Parkes
Cameron	c.	M. Jaques, capt.
Wood	g.	H. Laurie.
McKee, capt.	g.	G. Reade
Dickson I	sub.	G. Magor
Dickson II	"	
Murray	"	

Jaques played a splendid game for B. C. S. and scored the majority of their goals, while Cameron scored six field baskets. Capt. McKee, anxious to try out his new men, played R. Dickson in the last half in place of Norcross.

Belford played a good game for the first league match. Wood, though suffering from a sore side, the result of foot-ball, played a very plucky game and will be greatly missed by U. B. C. in their game against Stanstead, Nov. 16th.

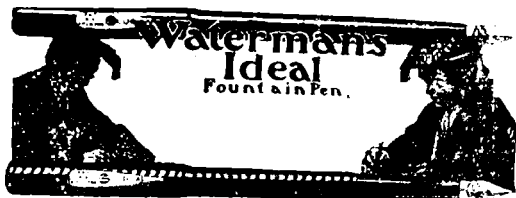
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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST.

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FEBRUARY, 1913.

ON MOUNT ROYAL.

I CLIMB its sides when the day grows old
And its mighty shadow falls deep and wide
And o'er the wastes of the sunset's gold
The darkness creeps like a rising tide;
And higher and higher up rocky height,
Past oaks that are gnarled by the winter's blast,
I climb till a marvellous vision of light
Breaks forth on my wondering sight at last.

Dome and spire of house of prayer,
Convent cloister gloomy and gray,
Street and market and bridge lie there
In the golden light of the dying day.
Afar o'er the river's darkening blue,
The mountain masses ruddier grow,
Till, changing soon to a crimson hue,
They burn in the gleam of the afterglow.

And the lights creep out on the twilight wan,
Where, swift in its silent majesty,
The tide of the river is hastening on
To lose itself in the troubled sea.
Silence broods over the mountain's breast,
But it echoes a moan and a smothered roar;
'Tis the tide of life in its strange unrest,
As it beats below on a barren shore.

F. O. CALL.