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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.

The West and the East

In these days when people take journeys of 3,000 miles to spend a month's holiday, and when it is possible to ask a question of a friend the other side of the Atlantic and receive an answer the same day, it is difficult to realize that it was not very long ago that a man who had visited other countries than his own was regarded with wonder and almost with awe. Yet such is the case. The complete and easy means of communication between the different countries and nations of the world which exists to-day is essentially a modern phenomenon, so modern that the results of it cannot yet be clearly foreseen.

But the process has been going on long enough to raise questions of vital importance to the welfare of the human race. It is one such question that I want to put before you in this paper.

The modern Teufelsdröckh, from the watch-tower of his attic, looks out over a world awake. It is morning and no longer night, and he sees nations that have been long asleep waking up and rubbing their eyes. He sees three great nations of Asia, comprising together more than half of the total population of the world, rising up from the slumber and seclusion of centuries, and thirsting for the knowledge and the power that comes with knowledge. And their teachers are the nations of the West, the great nations of Europe and of this continent who are the pioneers of what we are pleased to call civilization in the world to-day.

Until recently those nations which had not Western or European civilization were in an admittedly inferior position. To-day, India, China and Japan, at any rate, have realized that, and are eagerly absorbing Western methods and ideas. They are learning, and learning with extraordinary ease and rapidity, what they conceive to be the secrets of the Western nations' wealth and power. But the question which arises, as we watch the process going on, is this: Are they getting what is best in our civilization, or are they building without a foundation? what is likely to be the result upon the world as a whole? Is it likely to make for the real progress of humanity? Or is a second Babel the consummation to be most devoutly wished, by all who have the true welfare of mankind at heart?

That, briefly stated, is the question, and I will divide what I have to say about it under three heads.

1. "What is best in our Western civilization."

The use of the word "best" pre-supposes the existence in the mind of an ideal for humanity. That ideal, I am supposing, to be the best of which we human beings are capable, physically, intellectually and morally. And with that ideal in mind, I would unhesitatingly assert, that Christianity as teaching the highest morality, and as supplying the only adequate source of power to put it into practice, is what is best in our Western civilization. I put it in that way

because the most vital question regarding the well being of men from this highest standpoint, is the question of character. Not character alone, but character first and environment second; and by helping them to advance in that way the religion of Jesus Christ tries to raise men. I need not argue at length that Western civilization owes much to Christianity. It has from the beginning been leavened by it, for the nations of Northern Europe were Christian before they were civilized, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that their christianizing was the beginning of their civilizing. In many cases the pioneers of civilization were Christian missionaries to barbarous tribes. Nor does it make the debt which Western nations owe to Christianity any the less, if it be shown, as is indeed the case, that Christianity has worked indirectly rather than directly. It has been, for 1900 years, the leaven leavening the whole lump, effecting changes in social and economic conditions by awakening conscience and influencing character.

To say that, is not of course to say that Christianity has been the only factor for good. European civilization is the heir of all the experience of the past, it is reaping the fruits of all the ages that have gone before; Greek learning and art, Roman law, have contributed largely to it; the growth of learning and the discoveries of science have profoundly affected modern conditions of life. But while recognizing the value of all these things, it is still, I think, possible to assert with truth that Christianity is the foundation of all that is best in Western civilization, and that the position in the world of the great nations of the West is due to its influence more than any other one thing that we might name.

Such a statement may well seem open to question, when we consider how very far those nations are from being really Christian. They are Christian in name, but as regards the great majority of their people, not Christian in practise. Their power and position in the world is measured by the strength of their armies and navies, and by the extent of their trade and their wealth. But we must remember that moral, even more than material and intellectual causes, underlie these things. Armies and navies are nothing apart from the character of the men that serve in them. Without courage and the willingness to submit to discipline, and to sacrifice self for the whole, ships and battalions avail nothing; and in the same way a country's commerce and wealth cannot be built up or its trade maintained without industry and honesty. And honesty, industry, courage and self-sacrifice are moral qualities, the practice of which is in full accord with the ethical teaching of Christianity. The question is, how far does the existence of these virtues depend upon Christianity? There are plenty of people who would answer "not at all." Reformers seek to stay the decline of the old national virtues by other means than that which the gospel of Christianity asserts is the only way to affect character. Socialistic schemes and better education are offered as the one thing needful to bring us Utopia. Can they do it? Christianity says No; that they only touch the outside and so are bound to fail.

Lately the world has seen the sudden uprising of a great nation in the East. At one bound, as it were, Japan has advanced to the position of a first-class power. In her victory over Russia, she established the claim to be reckoned a great civilized nation, as the world accounts of civilization and greatness. But one lesson of the war was the importance of the ethical qualities of a nation and that success is due to character. Modern armaments and science of war would never have given Japan the victory, had there not been with these things the great national virtues of benevolence, righteousness, patriotism and filial piety. True, those virtues were not in her the product of Christianity, but of her own heathen faiths, and already in the undermining of those faiths, which we are told that western learning is bringing about, the decay of the old national virtues is a marked feature of Japanese life. Efforts have been made to preserve them by educational methods, but without success. Now it might with truth be urged, that the decay of those virtues is also a feature of national life of the leading Christian nations, but that is an argument not against Christianity but against irreligion. In both cases we see that character is the true foundation of greatness, and that character depends upon faith and in our Western civilization the best which we have for ourselves to keep and to offer to those who would learn from us, is that religion, which teaches the highest personal, social and political morality that the world has ever seen, and not only teaches it, but supplies the motive power.

2. "The Awakening of the East."

For want of space I must confine myself to China and Japan. The more one reads and tries to find out about what is called the "Awakening of the East," the more one realises the difficulty of judging of history in the making. Japan was opened to the world in 1854. In China a new epoch begun with the conclusion of the war with Japan in 1895. Thus the movement has really only just begun, for what are fifty or even a hundred years in the lives of nations. Japan led the way and that country stands before the world to-day as the wonder of modern history, on account of the ease and rapidity with which she has assimilated Western ideas. But the advance in China promises to be not less remarkable. The Russo-Japanese war had important results for China. It generated a new spirit in her people. They had been deeply humiliated by the fact, that in the struggle between Russia and Japan, China had been treated as a negligible quantity, and that the war had been fought on Chinese territory. Moreover, the war had shown that when an Eastern race adopted Western methods, it was capable of defeating a European nation, and so far as China was concerned, the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905 meant that her awakening was complete. Since then events have been moving with amazing rapidity. The material development of the country, the building of railways and the introduction of machinery and modern industrial methods has been steadily going on. In addition to that, the old corrupt form of government has been overthrown and a

Chinese republic has become an accomplished fact. "After a revolution characterized by a rapidity, peaceableness and moderation, unique in the long history of the world, the oldest monarchy on earth has become the youngest republic," such are the opening words of a pamphlet entitled "A Plea for the Recognition of the Chinese Republic," by a Chinese Advocate, a Barrister-at-Law at Lincoln's Inn. The claim that he makes is a true one, but what will be the result of this marvellous change it is impossible yet to say. One immediate effect, it is said, is the extraordinary interest that the young Chinese are taking in the development of their country. The eagerness for education and especially for a knowledge of Western methods and ideas is greater in China to-day than it was in Japan a few years ago. Among outside observers, opinion as to the most probable course of future events is divided. On the one hand there are those who foresee foreign intervention, universal anarchy, China split up into warring kingdoms, chaos, bankruptcy and the ruin of foreign bond-holders. Others take a more hopeful view, and point to the manner in which the republic has been inaugurated and the efforts towards better government which are being put forth in every direction, and they assert with regard to the members of the present Cabinet and of the Advisory Council, that "certainly no body of men who have held rule before in China, can be compared with them in intelligence, training and education."

But behind all the outward changes, and more important than them, lies the question of character. We have heard a good deal about the "Yellow Peril." In 1901 Sir Robert Hart, whose intimate knowledge of things Chinese is beyond question, wrote as follows: "That the future will have a 'Yellow Question,' perhaps a 'Yellow Peril,' to deal with, is as certain as that the sun will shine tomorrow." He foresaw an army of millions, at the call of the Chinese Government, imposing its will upon the world. Only one of two things, he says, can hinder it, "Nothing but partition, a difficult and unlikely international settlement, or a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form, a not impossible, but scarcely to be hoped for, religious triumph, will defer, will avert this result." So wrote Sir Robert Hart a few months after the Boxer rising of twelve years ago. But in the opinion of others the military aspect is not the real danger. The "Yellow Question" is rather concerning the future influence of the two great races, the Chinese and the Japanese, upon the world. The "Yellow" races will act together, that seems certain, they have much in common compared to the great differences which separate them from Western peoples. Already Japan is the chief teacher of China in the civilization of the West. As time goes on, the influence of these two nations upon the rest of the world cannot fail to be enormous. In war and in commerce they are proving themselves to be formidable rivals, and in every part of the world are entering more into competition with the peoples of Europe and of this continent. This growing influence of the "Yellow" races will be, in the opinion of those who have first hand knowledge of their characteristics, to the

injury of the moral and social life of the world. Both nations undoubtedly have their good qualities and some very fine ones, the Chinese are reserved, earnest and good-natured, they are also naturally industrious and brave. Contentment, endurance, obedience and altruism are marked features of the Japanese character. But, notwithstanding this, and in spite of the only too patent vices which disgrace the life of Western countries and cities, the moral and social life of the East is on a lower plane than that of the West.

Nor is mere civilization sufficiently powerful to effect the necessary changes in their moral and social life. That is the work as we have seen, of faith, which is the basis of character. The character of both Chinese and Japanese have been profoundly influenced by their religious beliefs, and these beliefs have produced on the whole a high type of character, though not less apparent is their failure as the source of moral and intellectual power; and now, in the light of Western learning and modern science, the faith of many is being undermined, with results in the every day life of the people, which are said to be already apparent. Among the Japanese we are told there may be seen a greatly increased tendency to self-assertion, impatience and the love of money, and a marked decay in the old national patriotic virtues. This result of the spread of Western civilization is one of which we hear a good deal, especially from missionaries in those countries. But too much stress should not, I think, be laid upon it; it is rather evidence of the lack of power in the non-Christian religions than of the general undermining of those religions in the minds of the mass of the people. The gulf that divides the East from the West is in many respects a very great one, and we of the West need the warning that in contemplating the East we should not fix our minds too much on externals. In China and Japan we see great nations covering in one leap distances that we took centuries to traverse. But that is only the surface, the soul of these great people is as yet almost untouched. Chinese civilization was already old at a time when Britain and Germany were peopled by half naked barbarians, and the philosophical and ethical principles on which that civilization was based remain in spite of outward changes, which to us seem so momentous, to all appearance as firmly rooted as ever. The inner mind of mankind, and especially of the Eastern peoples, moves far more slowly than do the externals. In contemplating the religions of China and Japan, and their influence upon character, it is enough to know that the standard of moral and social life in those countries is very far below the Christian ideal, which is in name at any rate, that of Western civilization; nor is there in those religions any power to raise it. From mere Western civilization the East may gain much, but it cannot gain the one thing needful—moral and spiritual power. For that the only hope lies in the second of two alternatives suggested by Sir Robert Hart, viz., "the miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form, a not impossible, but scarcely to be hoped for religious triumph."

3. "Certain considerations regarding the future."

If the views that I have put forward be correct the outlook for the future does not seem very bright. The nations of the East are being instructed in the learning and civilization of the West, they have awakened to the value of European methods and ideas and are making them their own, with the result that their influence upon the world is increasing enormously. That influence is making itself felt, not only in the greater weight in commercial and political affairs of nations that were before regarded as negligible, but also in the fact that Orientals are to be found in all parts of the world and are making their way into every country. Yet the influence of the East upon the West is bad socially and morally; its tendency will be towards greater materialism and the lowering of the ethical standard of Western civilization, a tendency which is already too much at work without the addition of any influence from outside. Such will be the effect of the awakening of the East, unless some great change shall be wrought in the character of the people. That civilization cannot do, and only a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form can avert the danger. But Christian missions in the East can show no such miracle. Though good progress has been made, yet little more than the surface has been touched. In China there are, I believe, between 200,000 and 300,000 baptized Christians out of a total population that is estimated at about 400,000,000. It will be a long time before the East is Christianized.

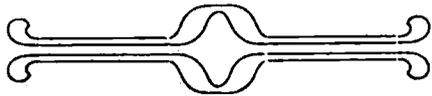
But admitting all this, is the future really as dark as it looks? Pessimism finds no place in the Christians' creed, and believing as we do in the divine ordering of the course of this world, and in the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of Christ, we must surely hold that the progress of humanity is in the long run upwards. There may be times when that progress seems to be stopped; when the cause of righteousness, which is the cause of Christ, seems to be set back. Such was the case in Europe in the Dark Ages, and such again was the result of the African Slave Trade, and such also would seem to be this sudden coming into the world's life of an un-Christian East with its powerful influence on the side of materialism and its lower ideals. But if we are to understand the working of Divine Providence we need to take long views of things, seeing that in God's sight a thousand years are but as yesterday. And looking at the world to-day with this thought in our minds, and the lessons of history before us, the outlook is not as dark as at first it seems.

For (1) the work which Christianity has accomplished in Western civilization will not be without results, even upon the awakening East. The mere fact that those nations are being brought into contact with other nations which have higher ideals than themselves, is so much gained. As Eastern ideas are bound to influence the West, so Western ideas are sure to influence the East, and to raise in some small measure their standard of ethics. This would be the case much

more than it is if the lives of so many professing Christians did not fall shamefully short of their ideals. But even as it is, we may be thankful for it, for every advance in morality, personal, social and political, is a help to the establishing of the claims of Christ upon the souls of men. All true ethical teaching centres in and leads to Christ, leads to Him because the full definition of righteousness is impossible without reference to Him, and still more because from Christ alone can come the necessary power to put it into practice.

(2.) And then again as regards the progress made by Christian missions in the East. Small as are the number of Christians compared with the millions yet unchristianized, yet the rate of growth is much more rapid than it was during the first centuries of the Church's existence. In 250 A.D., more than two hundred years after its foundation, it is estimated that the Church in Rome numbered only some 50,000 Christians. The progress of the Church in China has been far more rapid than that. And, after all, we have no right to expect or wish for a more rapid growth. By its very nature Christianity cannot be a popular movement, or receive its converts in crowds. That has been done, but it has inevitably led to evil results in the growth of apostacy and unfaithfulness within the Church. We to-day in the West are suffering very much from the large number of merely nominal Christians. But the growth of Christianity in the East has not been of that nature. It was indeed suggested a few years ago by the Government of Japan that Christianity should be adopted as the State religion, but, thank God, that step which would have been a calamity for the Church and true religion, was averted, and instead the progress made has been slow but steady, by the Saviour's own method of dealing with individual souls. The result has been seen already in the faithfulness and steadfastness of the Chinese Christians in the time of persecution, and who can doubt that by the power of the Holy Spirit, the seed now being sown among the awakening peoples of the East, small as it is, will grow and bear good fruit in the enriching and strengthening of Christ's Church, and the moral and social betterment of humanity.

C. R. E. W



Ruminations.

It's a long while since I've wrote anything for that College paper down to Lennoxville. The fact is, the fit wa'nt on me, or rather, since I ought to air my learning when I'm writing for folks who can understand, the iffaytus hasn't took me for the last twelve month even so far as getting thro' a few locals for the Swampton Guide-post, which I always used to write up. Now Zertuah Simpkins is on to the job, and a mighty poor fist he makes of it. However, it don't do to heap scorn on a littery rival; it aint delicate. Simpkins is all right in his place, which isn't in the field of journalism. He's the best man in his locality when it comes to breakin' colts, but that isn't journalism. A person needs considerable education to write for the papers—that, and an idea or two besides. Then he can fire ahead. He must know how to corralate his facts, I don't know whether that phrase is quite correct but "you know what I mean," as the young English Johnnie, who works up to Cyrus Tater's, says when he don't mean nothing at all. My, but he's a simple guy, that chap! When he come out here first he didn't know a Danville buggy from a hay-mow. So Cyrus seeing Half Hallingam (for that's his name, with some of the aitches silent and some of them terrible loud); Cyrus, as I was observing, seeing Half's education was a bit neglected, took him in hand and started him hitching up under his friendly but critical eye. Would you believe it but Half (or Alf, I don't know which) started to put the bridle on the poor plug's tail! It's a indignity no self-respecting horse could stand, but Bess aint self-respecting and she just looked mournful at him as tho' to say, "After seventeen years of faithiul service, I've got to this!" Half (or Alf) comes from Seven Dials, London, England. I guess he never had a ride in a buggy much less hitched one up before he come here. Seven Dials must be a queer place. Well, since last Thanksgiving Alf (I feel sure the aitch aint signy quay non), Alf, I say, has picked up quite a lot and Cyrus tells me he's going to make a real smart man and he wouldn't swop him for any of the young loafers down here in the town who hang around the post office and smoke seegars and drive me most crazy with their silly talk while I'm sorting out the mail.

But I was talking about journalism, which is just a big word for newspapers. That's how I take it anyway. There are two sorts of newspapers; there's the religious paper and the political paper. The religious paper is devoted to the probagation of sound doctrine at the rate of one dollar a year, and sound doctrine is the views and opinions of Elder Perlgate about the second Advent. It's called The Trumpet and is published at the Crisis Printing Press, Chicopee, Wis. That's the only religious papers I'm real well acquainted with, and it's more than enough for me. I'm told there's others, but I guess they don't amount to much. They haven't got the right gospel ring about them, so Perlgate says. Then

there's the political paper. The political paper is the sort which supports Sir Wilfred in his gallant defence of the country's interests against the arrogance and tyranny of the present Government. Maybe I'll lose my job for this straight talk. P'raps I'm indulging in "offensive partizanship," whatever that is. But for the last forty years I've always spoke and voted the way I had a mind to, and if the Conservatives put me out of the postmastership, which I've been in for the past fifteen years, because I'm a loyal party man, I can't help it.

Well, the political paper is one which supports Sir Wilfred, like the grand Toronto Globe or the Swampton Guide-post. As I was saying, I used to contribute to the Guide-post, but the paper aint what it was. It's showing symptoms of Bordenism and, if it goes on like it's doing, it'll degenerate into a Tory rag and I wont subscribe to it.

'Vinie says I'm kind of set in my ways. (She's right here in the big rocker on the other side of the box-stove, a-patching my second pair of pants.) "Eben," says she, "you know you ARE set. You talk as if the Liberals was all the law and the gospel. I must say I know some very good Conservative folks—and you do too when you stop and think. There's your friend Cyrus and Elisha Squires. It don't do, Eben, to be so set as you be and talk so harsh as you do—there's good and there's bad on both sides, and you aint a-going to lose your job and your friends of a life-time just because Sir Wilfred's out and Borden's in; it aint common sense and it aint Christian." At that I just sniffed meaning-like and changed my boots for my slippers. It's no use talkin' with a woman.

But this starts me ruminating over 'Vinie. She's changed quite a bit of late. I seen it comin' on ever since she took to the 'Piscopals. They're a new sect just sprung up in these parts, tho' they do say there's a lot of them down Sherbrooke way, and that College where the Miter comes from is 'Piscopal, I'm told. Well, I've nothing against 'em, only I'm not used to 'em, but I'm grateful to 'em for having stopped 'Vinie's naggin' habit. Ever since last sugarin' she's given over doin' it. The way it goes is, I have my say and then she has hers and that's the end of it. There's no summin' up by the plaintiff like there used to be.

The queer part of it is 'Vinie hasn't got religion no more than I have—that is, none of the usual signs of it—none of the excitement and palaver, the jumpin' and rollin' which Elder Perlgate says is a big part of it. But she goes to meetin' regular—sometimes a-morning early—and reads in her Bible and another little book with a cross onto it and sometimes she asks the minister in to tea and they have a great visit. After they've talked a bit while I'm doin' the chores he'll sit down a spell and have a pipe with an old sinner like me and treats me real friendly, so I like him to come—Mr. Rubrick is his name. He's a good sort and knows heaps of things out of books, but he don't read the newspapers very care-

ful. He made me most faint away last week by saying he regarded Sydney Fisher as the ablest speaker on the Government side of the House! Sydney Fisher a Conservative!! Good land!!!

Yours for now and then,

EBENEZER HUCKINS,

Postmaster.

P.S.—Dear Miter, I'll get my style back again after a bit, but as I said, I aint indulged in much littery work lately. E. H.

Varsity Verse.

Having spent half an evening browsing among recent books of verse, including the "Wailings of a Windigo," and the "Sonnets of a Sorehead," and fearing an attack of mental indigestion, I turned away from them. The food was, I fear, a little too strong for me. It consisted of a kind of pot-pie, concocted of strong meat in big pieces and seasoned with strong language, the whole sending out a very pungent and rather disagreeable odour. At least thus it seemed to one accustomed to the bill of fare so tastefully and generously provided by Messrs. Rossetti, Tennyson & Co. Of course I know that these are hopelessly "out of date" and far too weak and insipid to furnish much mental pabulum for the hungry men of this generation, who demand a seasoning of red pepper and garlic rather than the sweet smelling herbs of former days, who prefer a noisy brass band, (very much out of tune), to play at their feasts rather than a finely attuned orchestra, and had rather have glaring white arc-lights than shaded candles to light their banquet hall. But not having tastes of this sort, and desiring something which at least pretended to be new, I passed over the never-stale feast offered by the above-mentioned well known firm and turned to the files of the Mitre exchanges. Was I pleased or disappointed? Both. Disappointed at finding pointless parodies like wilted salads, entrées of comic verse, (falsly so called) which could never hope to raise a smile even on the face of the most hilarious being in the world, and a hash of many old platudinous friends, served up in different dishes it is true, and with a new style of dressing, but not able to disguise the fact that they had appeared many times before; pleased at the delicate nourishment and real poetic flavour of some of the best offerings. In the first magazine I opened I found the following:

A THOUGHT.

The day is long and lonesome,
The sky a dull blue-gray,
The birds all hushed; and grewsome
Seems the once glad summer day.

One by one the rain-drops splatter
Wetting the green grass turf beneath ;
To the jay that has ceased his chatter
With the rain-drops comes relief.

It isn't exactly the dullness
That sinks us all in a gloom ;
It's the thought that something uncertain
Is about to befall us soon.

When that something finally comes,
How often do we, like the jay,
Find whatever it is that happens,
Makes fresher and sweeter the day !

A "growsome" day is certainly a novelty, but the fact that the rain wets the grass when it falls upon it is not strikingly original. No doubt some of us are like the jay, but we do not like to be reminded of the fact.

In the same magazine I found these lines :

Always try to set the pace,
With a smile upon your face.
It will help the other fellow on his way.
In whatever work you do,
Be in earnest, prompt and true,
Keep these precepts, clear, before you every day.

This is very good advice, but would it not be better said in prose? As Carlyle says, "What we want to get at is the thought the man had, if he had any; why should he twist it into a jingle if he could speak out plainly."

Another magazine gave me this :

Give thought its royal place ;
Thou art as are thy thinkings, and thy power
To uplift and to comfort is the dower
God gives thee with the growth of every hour,
That He alone may trace.

Good advice again, but a "piece of prose cramped into jingling rhymes," (And they don't jingle very much either.)

In another periodical I found this parody :

Broke, Broke, Broke,
I have spent all my money, O Sea !
And I would I could cuss to utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O, well for the innocent babe,
That he for long green may not yearn !
O, well for the millionaire,
That for money he has no concern ?

This was almost too much, so I turned to the more pretentious University Magazine, believing here I should find something satisfying. But, alas, I was again doomed to disappointment. In a full page poem by a well known poetess I found the following lines :

Bind above your wistful eyes the memory of a rose.
Ere you choose the better part, learn the changeless wrong,
Bind above your breaking heart the echo of a song.
Ere the wild black horses cry, ere the night has birth,
Take, ere yet ye say good-bye, the love of all the earth.

If poetry is, as it has been aptly defined, "musical thought," this seems, to me at least, to lack both thought and music, especially the former. Who wants the love of all the earth, even if he could get it? One editor in reviewing this poem describes it as "haunting," but I cannot help thinking that if a man is haunted by such stuff as this he has done something to deserve it.

But the worst of luck will change, and turning to the McMaster Monthly I found the following delightful poem by B. F. Trotter, which for melody has not been surpassed by any of the "Varsity Verse" that I have recently read.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night ! good-night ! for the day is done,
And the shadow-ships lie long
Where the moon shines dim o'er the curved sea's rim,
And the wild wind sings its song.

The wild wind sings to the sea, my love—
Sing, heart of my heart, to me,
While the waves' dull roar on the sounding shore
Fills up the melody ;

Till I rest in peace in thine arms, my love ;
Till slumber has loosed the bars,
And my thought flies forth as a gull to the north,
To wander among the stars.

The Acadia Athenaeum yielded the following by R. E. Bates, which, if not perfect, is certainly well done :

LIFE.

Away with tears and sighing,
And leaden-eyed despair ;
Life is a flight for flying
Serene through sunlit air :
'Tis a ball if you'll but fling it,
A sceptre if you'll swing it,
A song if you'll but sing it,
And singing, find it fair.

What of the darkness pending?
 The game may yet be won;
 Life showeth not the ending,
 But somewhere is the sun.
 'Tis a garden, if you'll tend it,
 'Tis a bow if you'll but bend it—
 A fool is he who'd end it
 Before the game is done.

The same bells, at your ringing,
 Will cheerily chime, or toll—
 Say not that life goes swinging
 To dirge notes and to dole.
 'Tis a dragon?—you can slay it;
 'Tis a ghost?—but you can lay it;
 'Tis a pipe if you'll but play it,
 And playing win your soul.

The King's College Record contained an excellent poem by J. K. Bathurst, of which I quote the best stanza, the other stanzas being marred by such expressions as, "with thee-ward face" and "beckons me to thee and sleep."

At radiant morn,
 As the new day first slants into mine eyes,
 Steal thoughts of that glad dawning of surprise
 When love was born;
 And in that place where night and morning meet
 I cast my life, a love-gift, at thy feet.

I have always great respect for a writer who is brave enough to attempt a sonnet, especially if in the Petrarchan style, and the results exhibited in the various magazines seem very creditable. The following from the Notre Dame Scholastic, although on a wornout subject, has a pleasing flow:

LIFE'S SEASONS.

The Autumn vents her rage upon the earth,
 All nature listens to her dread command;
 The trees, like withered hags, in sorrow stand,
 And all is desolate and void of mirth,
 But Spring will come and bring a newer birth,
 And songs of birds will gladden all the land;
 And laughing waves will kiss the sea-washed sand
 And Spring will prove to all the world her worth.
 So in the life of man the seasons run;
 His days, like those of Autumn, are beset
 With bitter blasts and sorrow's icy sting;
 Yet through its clouds there shines a brilliant sun—
 His other life—where present toil and sweat
 Will be forgotten in Eternal Spring. B W.

In the Acta Victoriana the following sonnet in the Shakesperian style is well conceived but would be better for a little more polishing:

ON A GORGEOUS SUNSET.

Upon the altars of the western hills
 Day's dying fires burn with a ruddy glow;
 The crimson clouds, a silent reverence fills
 Standing around in meek obeisance low.
 All Nature is atune, and God and Man
 Merge into one deep, wide Infinity;
 And in the solemn hush, the Year's long plan
 Unfolds, with promise of what is to be.
 The Primal Harmony, by Discord torn
 And rent asunder, lives, revives again—
 To rise from writhing agonies outworn
 And roll in strength to God its home—Ah! then
 Will fade not, but will ever grow more broad—
 Yon burst of glory and bright glimpse of God!

ALFRED LEROY BURT, B.A.

I turned from the Mitre file satisfied with my meal and comforted to find that there were so many young writers who loved poetry well enough to try to produce it, and who, for the most part, even when they wrote platitudes, clothed their thoughts in comely language. And most of all was I comforted to find, that in the many magazines that I looked through, there was not one poem in the "mighty-mouthed, bellowing barbaric" style (the adjectives are borrowed from the "Wailings of a Windigo") which is so popular in Canada to-day. This fact augurs well for the future of Canadian poetry, for it is from the Colleges and Universities that the critics, and perhaps the producers, of Canadian poetry must come,

F. O. CALL.

Youth and Age.

"A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time." Those familiar with Bacon's Essays will recognize the above quotation from his Essay on "Youth and Age," and it may be well for us in this "practical age" to pause and think our relation to the world around and our duties towards it.

In youth we find many variations; some are capable of consideration, capable of foresight and possess a knowledge of things which in the general way only comes with more mature years, others prove the proverb that second thoughts are best, exhibiting a certain inexperience and rashness; while, as the times advance, it is from the youth of the age that new things and inventions usually come, the minds of older men are too full of settled things, less likely to see the possibilities of the coming years. They know too much to leave a great deal to

the imagination, they have lived through the age of day-dreams and are in the colder and more practical state, knowing too well what things are and are likely to be, whereas the mind of youth seems to be eradicated by an external light, which Bacon describes as "divine." This fact is borne out by such men as Watt, Stevenson, Marconi and Edison, young men when they first became famous; we may well believe that the inventive faculty is more acute, less packed with established facts and therefore quicker to grasp the possibilities of the future. It seems that imagination and invention are closely akin to one another, invention being the practical outcome of the imagination. Watt, for instance, seeing the steam from the boiling water lifting the lid of the kettle, imagined that force harnessed for the use of man, and following the lines of his imagination, he invented an engine propelled by steam. But youth is not always ripe for action. There is too much heat and vivacity in some natures, while others have a certain "repose," of which Bacon doubtfully says, "They may do well." The combination of the heat and vivacity of youth and the serious and mature thought of age gives the most reliable results.

Youth often starts on some project only to find, sooner or later, that project is far larger than anticipated, and the natural consequence is that the work is left undone or at best badly finished. A young man sets some movement in motion without due thought and foresight and finds that the thing gains on him and he is unable to check or guide its course or limit its expansion, and trying in vain to undo what he began, is himself swept away in the rush of that which he is no longer able to control. Youth wants results; the process of waiting, watching and steadily working forward bores the greater part of the youth of the age, they want to dash ahead and reach the goal without the fight through the defence, to reach the summit of the mountain without the hard climb. Youth will neither "stop nor turn; it rushes into means that are violent and revolutionary instead of persuasive, gentler and more peaceful methods. In the hands of youth lies the future of the nation and government, and it will be well if they will listen and observe what old men do and say, rather than always acting for themselves. I would not for a moment advocate inaction for youth, rather remembering "man am I grown a man's work must I do." Young manhood is essentially the time of action rather than counsel, the time when the real character is being settled. The habits that have been growing in youth, whether good or bad, become settled traits in the character, a better grasp on things has been attained, and therefore the views on life and things in general have become more defined and less liable to change; man has come "to know that life consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendour may escape."

Youth is certainly the age of noble and high aspirations, but how often these are spoilt by a growing cynicism bred by the unreality of things, and the falseness which are unknown in youth but grow as knowledge of the world and its

ways grows. Men of age, on the other hand, seem to waste too much time in objections and consultations. They think over the ins and the outs of a subject too much and too long, and the result is, that the keenness has worn off, and seeing the faults they think too much about the faults ignoring the other side, so that when action does come they "fail to drive home the business to the full period and are content with a mediocrity of success."

Bacon finds fault in the two periods he discusses, and yet there seems to be no connecting. He takes youth on the one hand and old age on the other, while in reality there are three distinct periods in a man's life—youth, manhood and old age. These periods are brought out by Cato when he says, "In the first place old age does not gain by swifter and more imperceptible steps on manhood than manhood advances on youth." Surely some of us are conscious of the fact that the things that interested us in our 'teens, the ways we thought of things and the opinions we held then have all changed, not that we have grown old, but that we have reached a more advanced stage in our lives, we are not so prone to act on impulses, not quite so likely to "embrace more than we can hold or stir up more than we can quiet," but we have not reached the age that spends too much time in consultations; "nothing venture, nothing have" applies to us still, with this difference, that we have seen more of the world and learned more of our fellowmen and therefore our ventures are tempered with a little more reasonableness. Bacon echoes the words of Cato when he speaks of "compounding the employments of both" (i.e. youth and age). "As I love," wrote Cato, "to see the fire of youth somewhat tempered with the gravity of age, so I am equally pleased when I observe the phlegm of age somewhat enlivened with the vivacity of youth." Whosoever unites these two qualities in his character may bear indeed the marks of youth in his body but will never discover the same traces in his mind. The period of a man's life which Cato designates "manhood" as contrasted on the one hand with youth and on the other with old age, is the time when men have done most of the big things of their lives.

Napoleon, for instance, was a young man when he first began to get his grip on national affairs. He saw the possible outcome of the Revolution, and the fire which animated his career was the fire of youth, but his brilliant strategy and swift decisions show something of the combination of sound judgment, and almost, we may say, impetuous action, which comes from a nature young in years but old in hours, at least as far as warfare and politics are concerned. To turn from Napoleon to Sir Sidney Smith, a post-captain in the navy at the age of 19, whose whole career, brilliant through and through, shows more of the impetuosity of youth than of the far-seeing judgment, combined with action, of Napoleon. At Acre he was facing, what would have been to many, hopeless odds, but in his characteristic sailor fashion, he fought so magnificently and acted with

such spirit as to cause Napoleon, years after at St. Helena, to say, "that man made me miss my destiny."

Nelson and Wellington, also, neither of them old men at the time of their great battles, stand as examples of the fact I have stated that the period of greatest work, combined with action and thought, in a man's life is that when youth is left behind and before old age lays his hand upon him. Wellington, indeed, in his later years, took up the duties of Government, which called for careful consideration and counsel rather than action.

On the other hand, we find that most of the great works in abstract science have been done by men who have passed the middle period of their lives. Thought develops as the mind matures, and it seems to be following the natural order of things that great subjects, such as Evolution, Psychology and other branches of learning, should be dealt with by men who have lived, observed and thought during a good number of years, gathering up ideas and theories, carefully weighing the pros and cons of their subject and producing from their mature minds developed thought.

Action ought not to be the only occupation of young manhood, because the young man who thinks of nothing but work and action, who never pauses here and there to think of deeper things, runs the risk of developing his manhood and passing on in years with his ideas very materialistic and therefore incomplete.

Youth and age are terms which apply more to the mental realm than to the physical, and consideration of them is bound to lead to a consideration of life itself, man's relation to the world around him, the duties and the "respect and reverence due to grey hairs."

For those who are developing into manhood and looking ahead, if indeed they do, there are few finer courses upon which to steer than that set out by Kipling:

"If you can keep your head, while all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
And make allowance for their doubting, too :
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can hear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch or toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss ;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the will which says to them "Hold on."

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch ;
If neither foes, nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it
And what is more, you'll be a man, my son."

S. L. C.

Letter from the Bishops of Quebec and Montreal in Support of the Diamond Jubilee Appeal.

To the Church People of the Province of Quebec :

Dear Brethren,—Through the zeal and generosity of the past generation we have a Church of England University in this Province. For sixty years Bishop's University, Lennoxville, has played an important part in this Province, and by the men who have gone out from it to fill high positions in every walk of life, it has rendered great service to the whole Dominion. Her graduates are holding high positions in the Church, not only in Canada but in United States. It is not only by training men for the ministry that this service has been rendered, but equally by preparing them for the various Professions and for Commercial life.

The residential system is an invaluable aid to the highest culture. It brings the student into contact daily with the Professors, who are men of education and culture, and it also gives them a knowledge of men through the contact of their common life.

Religion is essential to the highest development of man's nature ; and this is the characteristic feature of our University. No man, in any walk of life, can do good work unless his spiritual life is developed. Our University seeks to train men spiritually, morally and intellectually. We think in this we have been fairly successful.

This year we have had the largest entry of freshmen we have had for many years, and we are sure there is a great future of usefulness before our Church University. We are hampered by our lack of means. It is desired to raise, in this year of our Diamond Jubilee, \$100,000 additional endowment, and we earnestly appeal to the Church people of the province to come to our assistance and strengthen our own University that it may do a greater work than ever before. Men of sound learning, high culture, and real spirituality are needed in our country; and we are sure that the combining of the religious and secular (so called) education in our residential system is the surest way to produce such men. In doing this we are rendering the greatest possible service to this Dominion.

A. H. QUEBEC, President.

JOHN MONTREAL, Vice-President

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Miss R. Hamilton	500 00
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The Mitre.

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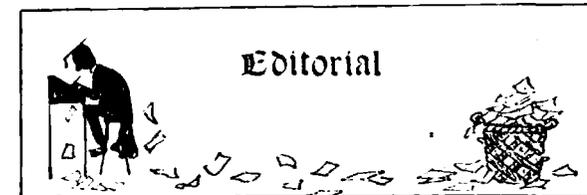
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In casting about for a subject upon which to test the fluency of the editorial pen there is one that seems to me to be of the greatest importance to the average student, and which, unfortunately, is too often overlooked; I refer to the relation of sports to study.

To the young man who has passed his entrance examination and who contemplates a college career, such a question should be carefully considered, for upon his decision depends to a great extent the success or failure of those years spent at College. Let it be remembered, first of all, that a University training stands for two things—the training of the mind and the development of the body, and the student who leaves College without having done his best to improve himself along both these lines cannot be considered as having made a success, in the full sense of the term, of those great opportunities which were his.

This question of study and sports, and how to obtain a happy balance, is all

the more important in a University where the numbers are not large, and hence the call upon the individual student to give his support to College games is more imperative, and quite often he may be called upon to put his judgment to the test, and to ask himself the question, Which shall I neglect? Shall I pursue my studies to the exclusion of sports, or shall I enter into sports at the neglect of my studies?

Mistakes are made on both sides of the question.

When such a choice is left to the student to decide, the questions that naturally arise are, Which course will be of the greatest benefit to me, and by which can I be of the greatest benefit to others? Surely, to all those who have considered the question the answer is obvious. The student who enters College with no higher ambition than to "make" the foot-ball team, or win the hundred yards, will be doing himself (and the College) a great service if he stays at home. I do not for a moment mean to say that he should not try to qualify for the foot-ball team, etc. By all means let him be as enthusiastic as he wishes about it, but let the same enthusiasm be evident during the hours spent over a chapter in Cicero or a knotty problem in mathematics. If he models his College life on this single instance, viz., to try to keep a fair balance between work and sports, there will be much greater opportunity for making his University career a success, and which will prove a most valuable asset in the years to come.

Bishop's University at last has a skating rink, through the kindness of our Principal in allowing us to utilize the College tennis courts for that purpose, and also to the energetic efforts of several of our members. It has so far proved such a great success that it will be, without doubt, an assured fact for years to come.

Literature is Impossible Without National Life.

What is literature? Literature is the record of the best thoughts that have ever been expressed in any language. It aims both at the statement of fact and the stimulation of the imagination. It is divided into many branches of which the chief are history, biography and fiction; the two former are more or less bound down by fact, the last is open to the imagination. Now, having a definition of literature, it will be well to consider what is meant by national life. When a group of human beings have a common tongue, a close conception of relationship, similar aims and, if possible, the same religion, they may be said to have an existence as a nation, a national life.

The two great necessities for the beginning of a literature are a common vehicle of expression, or a tongue understood by a group of persons, by means of which thought may be communicated from one to another, and united, communal

aims beyond those of the individual; aims such as will stir the efforts and the imagination of the individual to great and noble thoughts for the common good; thoughts worthy of expression. To these might be added a third, which though a necessity in the development of a great literature is not of paramount importance in its beginnings. That is a system of characters, by means of which thought may not only be handed down by word of mouth but transcribed on paper or some other material in such a manner that it may be more enduring and less open to alteration.

Now, by glancing at the term "national life," it will be seen that two of its great underlying principles correspond to the two chief necessities for the beginning of a literature, that is, common tongue and united aims. From this it would seem that they might both be expected to grow up side by side, the literature of a nation developing along with its natural life. Such is the case, as may be seen by a review of the beginnings of four of the world's great literatures—Hebrew, Greek, English and German. Moreover, it may be seen that literature waxes or wanes with the national life of the race, for after all literature is but the mouthpiece of the race and age to which it belongs.

The earliest contributions to nearly all literature are in the form of poetry and deal with the acts of national heroes, religion and law. There is no early literary achievement concerned with the deeds of any one person acting solely for himself, but most early poems deal with the acts of a common deliverer as in Homer and Beowulf; in both of these the national religion also shows forth to a certain extent. The reason why these earliest attempts are in poetry, is because rhyme or verse is easier to remember than prose, before the third necessity, or aid to literature, fixed characters come into vogue.

Taking the earliest of the four literatures to be considered as illustrations of the principle that literature must be preceded by national life, that of the Hebrews, it is found that according to the ideas of the Israelites themselves, relating to the authorship of the Old Testament, Moses was the first man who wrote down any part of it. The first five books are attributed to him, and he certainly came in an epoch when the Jews may be said to have had a national life; common language as descendants of one family; a common aim, the entrance to the promised land and a pride of relationship and descent from Abraham. It may be objected that much of what he chronicled was in existence before him—the story of the creation, the flood, the lives of the patriarchs, etc., this must be granted, and in so doing it offers but a further proof of the principle, for does not every single story have a national interest, tracing as it does the direct ascent of Israel through many generations to Adam, the man created by God. God's promises and dealings with their ancestors are the key notes of all these stories. Pride of descent and race runs throughout the Hebrew writings, as it does through all their national development. There is no incident to be found in regard to any

individual which has not a direct bearing upon the race in one way or another. Any part of the life of the individual which does not throw light on the growth of the nation is omitted.

The Hebrew nation reached its zenith of power and magnificence under its great kings David and Solomon; then it was that travellers came from the world over to see the splendour and wisdom of Solomon and every Israelite might well feel proud of his race and lineage. It is also at this period of their national existence that we find the acme of their literary productions in those most beautiful of all poetical masterpieces, the Psalms and Song of Solomon. Never again did the Jewish race have such a powerful national life, nor do we again find this literature approaching the poetic heights and perfection of this period. Surely it must be conceded, after a survey of the Hebrew writings, that Jewish national life was the moving force of its literature.

Now passing on to the literature of Greece what is found? The earliest and almost the greatest literary monument is that of Homer. Of what does it treat? The earliest concerted national movement of the Greeks against one foe; the investment of Troy by the allied Greek contingents, they can hardly be called armies, for the purpose of regaining the possession of Helen, wife of Menelaus; Homer's poems are a collection of stories relating to the deeds of bravery enacted by the chief participants in the war. Surely this is a strong proof of the importance of national life or spirit on the growth of literature. Previous to this epoch Greece had been divided into small, insignificant little clans with no national spirit, but a common effort bred the idea of a similar ancestry and needs and led to a growth of national feeling in so far as it did not interfere with individual interests. A national literature was the result.

In the tales of *Odyssey* may be read the story of the beginnings of Greek exploration, which was later to grow to so great dimensions. Here again the national spirit breathes through its earliest literature. As the Greek nation progressed, so did its literature develop. Athens was the home and centre of Greek literature and learning; the time of its greatest power and national existence was under the great statesman Pericles, whose ingenuity made a Greek confederation possible. Pericles, besides being one of the greatest of national characters, was one of the world's greatest literary patrons, and under him sprang up the greatest literary epoch of Greece, made famous by the names of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides* and *Herodotus*, the fathers of the drama, philosophy, history, and also of Greek prose. This is but another example of intensified national existence being reflected in the literature of the race.

A highly perfected system of state religion led to the world's greatest mythology. The lives of her great soldiers and eminent statesmen furnish the most interesting biographies of all time; her orators furnished figures of speech as well as all the tricks of rhetoric, and her philosophers the beginnings of the

world's philosophical literature. What more striking example can be forthcoming of the development of a nation and its literature side by side.

Coming down to more modern times, the beginnings of the world's greatest literature, may be studied with profit those of English literature. Here the earliest productions are martial poems, such as *Beowulf*, which overflow with the melancholy spirit of the Teutonic race. Here, the battle of the Teuton, first against the elements; the frost giants, the thunder, etc., and later against the terrestrial giants and forces, are set forth. It may be urged that these beginnings cannot properly be called English, and therefore not national; but the fact must be borne in mind that before the English formed a branch nationality of their own they were a part of that great Teutonic race with its weird outlook upon the world, its fatalistic religion, its pure and beautiful mythology, and its splendid fighting qualities. In poems such as *Beowulf*, this higher national life is represented. Later, the Anglo-Saxon poems sing with national spirit, telling of wars against the heathen and the supernatural powers. Certainly English literature is a national one if any in the world can be called such, for no other race could have produced such a one. The earliest attempts of the Saxon prose writers is to chronicle the events of the state and the lives of their leaders as having a bearing on national life. As the nation developed into the greatest in the world, so has its literature developed till none can compare with it.

As in the 16th century Englishmen came to realize more fully than ever before that they were one nation and from a small island kingdom, almost without the ken of Europe, rose to have a voice in the concert of the European powers, demonstrating as they did their utter fearlessness upon the sea and mastery of that element, so did their literature arise, the greatest and most glorious period in the world's grandest literature. National glory, prowess, patriotism and expansion spurred on the singers and writers of the age to produce masterpieces of literature such as had never before been seen nor since been surpassed.

During the next age England was ruled by a dynasty which sought its own self aggrandisement alone. The voice of England was no longer heard in European circles; her people were torn with civil discord, no great national spirit possessed them. What was the effect upon the nation's literature? It, too, degenerated; nothing worthy of remembrance was written. The literature of this age has passed forgotten only because it had not the spirit of a nation to animate it. This period, with its discords and petty strifes passed by at last, and under a new and enlightened Government England again assumed her proper station in Europe. Intense national feeling was stirred once more, with the result that great and powerful literary masterpieces, though of a different nature to those of the 16th century, were produced. Then, again, in the 19th century England took the lead in a new sort of national development. Great industrial changes took place—new inventions, scientific devices, etc., complete-

ly revolutionized English life. A great change took place and every Englishman was proud of it. Again, English victories on foreign fields against the "Terror of all Europe," Napoleon, fired their patriotism, and the great 19th century literature was the result; a period of literary development second only to the golden age of Elizabeth. Thus throughout the history of England her literature has risen and fallen with her national development.

Coming on through the ages to comparatively modern times, the beginnings of German life and literature are found side by side. Luther, by his revolt from the Roman Church, united Germany, and by his translation of the Bible founded German literature. Once more the national and literary life begin side by side, and have developed also side by side, until to-day Germany can boast both a strong national spirit or life and a great philosophical literature.

Thus after a brief summary of four of the world's greatest literatures and their beginnings it would seem certain that literature cannot begin without national life, for before the realities of common duty are realized no thoughts come into the being worthy of expression.

C. E. S. B.

The attention of our readers, and especially that of our former graduates, is drawn to the following letters, which we are pleased to print for the benefit of all those who have not had the opportunity of reading them.—ED.

Dear Sir,—

The University of Bishop's College is preparing to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee, the Royal Charter having been granted on January 28th, 1853. We desire to make a special feature of the coming Convocation on Thursday, June 19th, 1913, and to secure a record number of our graduates at Lennoxville on that and the preceding day. We shall make arrangements to secure hospitality for all graduates who notify the Principal before the 1st of June of their intention to be present.

A Special Committee of the local Alumni Association is arranging an entertainment programme.

Trusting that you will be able to accept this invitation yourself, and that you will notify me of the addresses of any graduates of your own time to whom you would like this notice to be sent.

I am, yours very truly,

R. A. PARROCK, Principal.

Lennoxville, Que., December 21st, 1912.

Dear Sir,—

Your attention is directed to the following amendment to the Statute governing the conditions of Membership of Convocation which has recently been put

into effect, with a view to rendering those conditions less onerous in a financial way:

Extract from Business Meeting of Convocation Minutes, May 8th, 1912.

"The fees for the degrees of D.C.L., LL.D., D.D., M.D., Mus. Doc., and D.D.S. shall be fixed at \$50, those for the degree of B.D. at \$34, and the fees for degrees of M.A., LL.M. and LL.B. shall be fixed at \$25. The payment of these fees shall include permanent membership of Convocation, and graduates who have paid the fees hitherto in force may compound for permanent membership of Convocation within two years from the 1st July, 1912, (or later only by special grace of Convocation), by paying to the Registrar the difference between the old and the new scale of fees."

Page 14, iv. (b)—After the words "\$4.00 annually" insert "or shall have compounded for such fee."

The object of the amendment is to ensure, as far as may be possible, that all graduates of the University will continue their membership in Convocation, and thus practically show their interest in all things touching the welfare of their Alma Mater; and it is earnestly hoped that, if you are not already a member of Convocation in full standing, you will promptly avail yourself of this opportunity to become and to continue one.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HAMILTON, Chancellor.

Lennoxville, Que., December 21st, 1912.

A Bit of Luck.

(Encountered at the Exhibition at Earl's Court
Last Year.

THIS is the greatest day of all my life;
I've seen at last what long has been denied,
A thing of beauty, yes, a face most fair,
(Which one had almost thought must be a myth),
But having been in Fortune's way for once,
I looked with lingering gaze, nor felt abashed
To front the stunning glory of her glance
Full of the light of fun and jolly thoughts—
A face whose every line and shade of tint
Betokened perfect symmetry of soul.
An honest, friendly, gladsome countenance;
Oue to inspire the meanest minor muse
To notes of exclamation. This I saw.
For Fate so willed that I should trace my steps

To where Parisian Fashions are displayed
 In "Shakespeare's England." And that charming face
 That model for the most admired of maids,
 Was really very deftly done in wax.

RETA.

We are in receipt of the following letter from one of our Alumni, which we are pleased to print.—Ed.

Lumley, White Valley, B.C.,

January 29th, 1913.

To the Editor of the Mitre.

Dear Sir,—The Mitre does indeed bring joy to us who are scattered so far afield from our Alma Mater. In saying "us" I feel sure I am voicing the sentiments of so many others who are working in lands afar off. Only the other day I was thinking of our work in the University—not merely as men who had to qualify in certain exams, but of the work we all try to do, that of lifting up the general tone of the University by our outlook on the world outside. The Par Ergon, the Churchwarden's Club, the new Literary Club, and the Debating Society all tend to broaden our views of men and events and show the world outside us that we are not merely a set of "crummer's pups," but men keenly alive to our surroundings and with a bright and lively concern in the political, social and economic developments of the day. In the Par Ergon and Churchwardens Clubs we find men with a grasp of the most varied and really amazing subjects. These Clubs look for men of mettle and brains, and very rightly only a chosen few are admitted to their learned discussions. But my good old friend the Debating Society is open to the whole University, and at its meetings the youngest "freshie" is admitted to take his stand along with the senior men of the University.

I only hope that this year interest in this Society is not lacking, and that good work is being done.

What brings me to write to you is the remembrance of a certain impromptu debate last spring, when I was called upon to speak on "Prohibition." I only too well remember what an egregious ass I made of myself that night by being at a loss to reply, and I got well sat on by one of our learned professors.

(This coming suddenly to mind the other day, I took the hint of that good professor and though belated in getting up my subject, I believe I can answer the question a little more fluently than on that fateful evening last year.

And so, Mr. Editor, I would counsel all, especially the freshmen, to have good broad ideas and knowledge of the topics of the day. Be ready for the impromptu debates and don't be caught napping. Even if you do "go under" in the Debating Society there is hope for redemption later; but you will find that

those of you who aspire to a parson's life in the West must be alive and ready to combat all sorts and conditions of ideas, both logical and nonsensical. You will find out here fine fellows who will "get after you" in no time with their theories on religion and ethics and you must be prepared to actually hoist them with their own petard. Yes, we have many fine, splendid men here—men who, if only caught in the right way, can be made workers in the vineyard and upholders of "the faith once delivered to the Saints." But there is much dross to be removed. These youngsters—they are not much more really—have got mixed up with Socialists and Agnostics on the one hand, or else a narrow sectarianism (which at bottom is no creed at all) on the other. It is in the latter that the most militant form of the prohibition propaganda is evolved and sent forth as a new gospel. And herein lies the heresy—the heresy of prohibition. Instead of the plan (shall we say?) of salvation laid down in Holy Writ from Genesis to Revelations, of a life of withstanding evil and doing good by self-control and self-denial, and looking for Divine aid in manifold temptations as the great discipline of life, we have foisted upon us a system for the removal of temptation based on the theory that it is impossible for humanity to resist certain sins if the opportunity for indulging in them is not removed by Parliament, i.e., by legal enactments.

Thus the system of ethics is completely inverted. Our way of salvation is voted insufficient. To carry these new notions into effect industries are swept away that give honest livings to many a humble worker and the masters of the craft are under a ban.

Worse still, an endeavour is made to force a false conscience on the public, and these Pharisees with their frontlets and phylacteries are making an effort to lay on the people a burden so prodigious that neither they nor their fathers could bear. "It is a question," once remarked a learned judge, "if prohibition makes more hypocrites than drunkards."

But, Mr. Editor I am using your space, which is more valuable than for this trash.

If I may, I will "continue in our next."

Very sincerely yours,

A. H. PLUMMER, Div. '12.



A joint letter, which will be of interest to all liberal minded Alumni, has been published by the Bishops of Quebec and Montreal, appealing for subscriptions to the Jubilee Endowment Fund of the College. It is hoped that all graduates will take the matter in hand, and not only subscribe freely themselves, but get others to do so. Canon Almond and his supporters have set themselves to raise \$100,000 before the end of the College year, and to do this everyone must take their part in contributing. Remember, even if you can't give a large subscription that it is the number rather than the size of the contributions that tells.

All the Alumni, especially those who knew him, will, I am sure, join me in offering our sincerest and heartfelt sympathy to "Father" Warren in the loss of his dear wife, who was called home to her last resting place on Sunday, Nov. 19th.

"Ed." Ireland, B.A. '12, visited the College for a short time on December 7th. Ed. came via Sherbrooke and seemed very "keene" to return to Sherbrooke the same morning. What's the reason, Ed.?

Doc. Winder found time to attend the College dance on January 28th, and said afterwards it was "the best yet." He still seems to be interested in foot-ball, and even missed a dance in a discussion with the College quarter-back.

Among those of our graduates who attended the Alumni meetings in Sherbrooke were the Rev. P. Roy from Melbourne, the Rev. A. H. Moore from St. Johns, who was the guest of Judge White; the Rev. H. S. Laws, who was the guest of Mrs. Wyatt, and a large number of members of the local branch.

On Wednesday, 22nd January, there died at Little Acton Vicarage, Sutton Coldfield, Eng., the Rev. B. Watkins, M.A., who was at one time Classical lecturer in this College. We take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy for the bereaved family.

"Shorty" Alward, B.A. '12, we are glad to say, has not forgotten his Alma

Mater. He spent a few days here just before the Christmas exams. He had great things to tell us about Harvard, but frankly stated that it did not come up to Bishop's in some ways, although they have a wider curriculum there.

The Rev. Jas. Belford, M.A., visited the College recently, called here by the illness of his son, who, we are glad to say, is now well on the way to recovery.

The Rev. P. Callis, M.A., passed through town on the 3rd of February on his way to Montreal, where he intended to consult a specialist concerning his eye sight. We hope that he will derive permanent benefit from his visit.

The Rev. I. N. Kerr, M.A., is preparing to leave Marbleton for East Hatley, to which he has been transferred to take the place of Rev. Mr. Devitt, who has returned to England. Mr. Kerr has done good work in Marbleton, and his parishioners will be sorry to lose him, although glad to feel that what is their loss will be Hatley's gain.

M. B. Johnson, Esq., B.A. '10, had the pleasure of attending the annual dinner given by the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Law at McGill University on Saturday, February 1st, he being chosen to act as the representative of this University. Moody returned in rather low spirits, why?

A very "attractive" postcard has just been issued by the Secretary of the central branch of the Alumni Association to all the Alumni, reminding them that the annual fee is now due.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to the Rev. G. Pye, B.A. '95, and his family in the loss of his father, who at the time of his death was one of the oldest sea captains living on the Gaspé coast. During the absence of Mr. Pye from his mission at Sydenham Place, students from the Divinity house conducted the services for him.

Dr. E. A. Robertson, M.A. '10, returns home next week from McGill University, where he has been taking a post graduate course. During Dr. Robertson's absence, Dr. Henry kindly took charge of his business for him.

Our heartiest congratulations are offered to the Rev. A. F. C. Whalley, B.D., who, on New Year's Day, was married to Miss M. Cuirk, of New York city. We wish them all prosperity and happiness in their wedded life.

The Rev. A. Dunstan, M.A., is leaving Groveton, N.H., for Tilton, which is one of the oldest and strongest parishes in the diocese. We wish him all success in his new field of labour, and hope that we shall still continue to see him at his Alma Mater from time to time.

On Tuesday, February 4th, 1913, a son (Percival Spencer) was born at Jonquieres, Quebec, to the Rev. and Mrs. Hollis Hamilton Corey.

Mr. Yates' Visit.

On December 17th we were honoured with a visit from the Rev. Mr. Yates, at one time a member of the University Faculty, but now a missionary in Japan. Though examinations were in progress, it was arranged that he might address the students on mission work in Japan.

Mr. Yates began his address by showing the manner in which the Japanese vowels are pronounced and their relation to our own. Next he referred to the way in which the Japanese do everything backwards, or at least seem to us to do so. This he believed to be due to the fact that there are two ways of looking at anything, and the Japanese looked at everything just opposite to the way that we do, therefore it appears to them that it is we who do things wrong. Mr. Yates thought that both ways were right. This difference in view, he said, was one of the hardest things for a missionary to bear in mind. Then he illustrated the inverted order of their language by use of the Lord's Prayer, showing how every sentence seemed to read backwards.

Next he proceeded to give a brief survey of his stay in Japan, the first year of which he spent in Tokio, where he learned much of the language. The next year he went to Osala, where he fortunately secured a room with a Japanese family of ancient lineage. The members of this family were Buddhists, but they had grown dissatisfied with their religion and were glad to listen to the gospel message which he brought. Here he made great progress in the study of their language and in teaching them English. They spent most of their evenings reading, translating and discussing passages from the Bible. After several months here Mr. Yates thought he ought to move into a town, where he could teach more people. Accordingly he moved to a nearby town, much to the sorrow of his friends, with whom, however, he maintained close intercourse. Here he met a Japanese doctor and his wife, who were already Christians. They were the first thereabout to begin the observance of Sunday; soon more converts were gained and services were held in the doctor's house, which were largely attended by those desirous of hearing of the new religion.

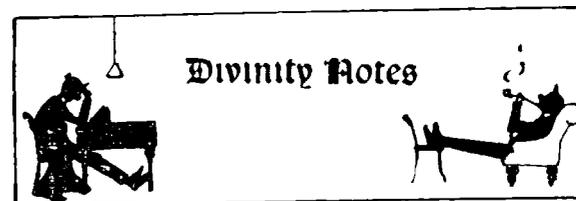
Mr. Yates said he had been much gratified since his return to Canada by receiving a letter, written in English, from one of the boys of the family with

which he had stayed so long, asking his advice with regard to choosing his life's work. He had written a long letter in reply earnestly begging him to enter the ministry, which he hoped he would do.

The last two years he had spent in Formosa, whose history he very graphically narrated, as well as describing the natural features of the island, which is about the size of Ireland. The population was divided into three classes—the native aborigines dwelling in the hills unsubdued; a large Chinese population, the remnant of the Chinese occupation, and the civil officers of the present Japanese Government. He then reviewed the work of the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic missionaries on the island, describing their schools, hospitals and itinerant missionaries, who are making much headway.

Mr. Yates closed his address by describing the organization of two Church of England missions on the island, which are partly carried on by Japanese laymen.

A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Yates for his instructive and interesting address was moved by the Rev. Principal Parrock and carried with loud applause.



The University has been recently honoured by a visit from Canon Nelms, D.D., of the Church of the Ascension, Wash., and Mrs. Nelms, who were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Allnatt for some ten days during January. It was a pleasure to meet them again, and we have great reason to be proud of the fact that Canon Nelms, who holds such an important position in the American church, was a former student of the University, having studied here for the sacred ministry. We all felt it a privilege when he consented to give us "a talk," as he expressed it, on Homiletics. He gave us two, and most instructive and inspiring they were. On Septuagesima Canon Nelms preached in the Cathedral, Quebec.

Rev. A. V. Grant, B.A., has had a very serious outbreak of scarlet fever in his parish, resulting in many deaths, six of which were children of one family. He was just about to visit Rev. T. M. Melrose, whose parish borders his, when the disease broke out.

Rev. T. M. Melrose is doing splendid work in his parish and in spite of much opposition from the ultra-Protestant members of his congregation. He has gained the confidence of his people by his love for them and zeal to maintain true Church principles. Our heart goes out to him in his work. It is just such men who are so sorely needed in the West.

All those who know Rev. C. L. Mortimer, L.S.T. '11, will be pleased to know that he was advanced to the priesthood on the fourth Sunday in Advent, December 22nd.

Rev. R. A. Forde has been transferred from Minesing, Ontario, to a curacy at S. Matthew's, Toronto. We consider Mr. Forde very fortunate and we extend to him and his wife our heartiest good wishes for their work in this new sphere of activity.

It was nice to have a visit from Rev. Norman Snow, B.A. '10, in January. Mr. Snow has been appointed honorary secretary of the new Rural Deanery of S. Maurice.

Mr. A. Sisco has, sometime since, permanently undertaken to assist Rev. A. Dunstan, at Groveton and Colebrook, N.H., and Canaan, Vt.

Mr. C. H. Hobart is now assisting Rev. C. R. Eardley-Wilmot, at Stanstead.

The Warden has arranged with Rev. H. M. Little, of the Church of the Advent, Montreal, to conduct our annual quiet day, which will probably take place on March 4th. We are indeed fortunate in this, for Mr. Little is eminently fitted for such a task.

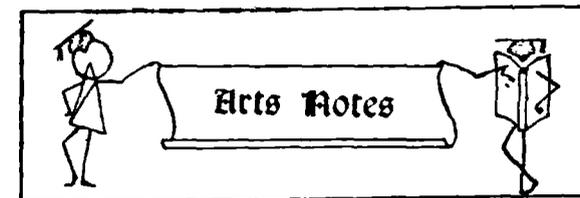
Rev. R. W. E. Wright, B.A., the rector of Lennoxville, was the special preacher at Evensong on Ash Wednesday and Rev. J. S. Brewer (B.A. ad eundem) and Rev. V. E. Hobart, L.S.T. '11, are among those who have promised to give the special address on the Wednesday evenings during the rest of Lent. The dates assigned to them are February 12th and March 12th respectively.

Before the end of last term it was decided that the Reading-room sorely needed redecorating; it was a most uninviting place and was consequently never used for the purpose for which it was set apart. A committee was elected, consisting of the Warden and Messrs. M. B. Johnson, I. Butterfield and J. V. Young. Mr. Butterfield undertook to superintend the work, which by the aid of the kind advice and help of Mr. Vial, was successfully accomplished during the vacation, and we

returned to find the room ready. The rich red tone of the wall paper, enhanced by the cream color of the ceiling (which has been brought down to the picture moulding), the new carpet and upholstered chairs, make the room most attractive, and we are sure it will be very generally used. Moreover the room now makes a more worthy ante-room to the Oratory.

We are deeply indebted to the kindness of Miss Gill, Miss Reid and the Lord Bishop of Quebec for their generosity in giving most of the "where-with-all" with which the cost has been defrayed, and we tender them our warmest thanks. We are truly grateful for what they have done for us, for they have supplied what we greatly needed.

We think the ladies must have taken to heart certain remarks that were made in our last issue, for it has been very noticeable that the door of their common room is now more often closed than open. We trust we did not hurt their feelings, but if that is the case the blame must be laid on certain misprints that occurred, for which the Editor is not responsible.



The annual foot-ball dance given by the students of the University, was held on the evening of November 21st. The evening was ideal, clear, cold and starlit, which added not a little to the comfort of the arriving guests. The old Arts building was decked out in its gayest dress, and presented quite a contrast to its usual sombre appearance. The dull, prosaic lecture rooms and halls were transferred into bowery lanes and comfortable cozy corners. A warm inviting fire blazed upon the hearth of the new common room, and the reading rooms with bough-decked arches and carpeted floors made an ideal reception room. Here the guests as they arrived were cordially received by Mrs. Parrock, Mrs. Burt and Mrs. Boothroyd, after which they passed into the brilliantly lighted ball room, tastefully decorated with purple and white festoons, from the midst of which hung a foot-ball, the symbol of our successful team. Entrancing music was discoursed throughout the evening by Madame Brock's orchestra, whose never failing good humour soon won the approval of the guests. An attractive programme of twenty-five numbers was enjoyably executed upon well polished floors. Light

refreshments were served at the College dining hall and the more strenuous danced on into the small hours of the morning.

The patronesses, Mesdames Parrock, Burt and Boothroyd, are deserving of all praise for their solicitous care of their guests throughout the evening.

The committee, composed of Prof. Boothroyd, M.A., Messrs. N. R. Ward, B.A., H. J. Patterson, H. S. Wood, H. Waterman and C. G. Wintle, are deserving of great credit for their efficient conduct of the evening's pleasure, and for their untiring zeal in carrying out the plans for decoration.

Everyone is back fresh from the holidays, ready for all the work of the opening term, which, judging from the opening weeks, will be a record one both in scholastic endeavour and social enjoyment. Lectures are running full force, trying to vie with the inter year hockey matches, which are proving themselves quite a feature and offer to serve as an added stimulus to class rivalry, as well as providing social skating parties at the expense of the defeated teams. We are glad to welcome another new member to our circle, Mr. Sicard, who is a native of Buckingham, Que. At the same time we are sorry to say that Mr. George Dickson has not returned. However we hope that he will be able to come back next fall ready for the pleasures of Rugby.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 22nd, a very enjoyable skating party was held on the College rink, when about twenty-five couples participated. Mrs. Parrock kindly acted as chaperon. Skating was indulged in from eight o'clock till ten, after which a very nice lunch was served in the new common room. We hope that this will not be the last of these parties for the winter.

The Mock Trial.

A very important and interesting case was heard before the Supreme Court at its last session on January 24th, when one River Sea Brooklet, gentleman, was defendant in an action brought against him by one Amphrodite Harmodias, spinster, of Weedon, for \$50,000 damages for breach of promise, entailing trifled affections, wrecked physical health and college career.

Owing to the importance of the case there was much heckling in the choice of a jury, both attorneys rejecting men of doubtful character and appearance. At length, however, a very competent jury was selected—one that would do honour to any court of law, containing as it did the maimed, the halt and the blind, to say nothing of the deaf, alongside lumber jacks, farmers, and representatives of the best classes of society. These formalities having been gone through, the judge ordered the prosecution to proceed with the case.

The prosecution was ably conducted by the well known advocate, H. J. Pat-

erson, who called as witnesses Miss Amphrodite Harmodias, her mother Diana Harmodias, the Rev. Jehosophat Jodab Sylvestre, and Tubal Cain, a jeweller of great repute. The summary of his case was as follows:

Miss Amphrodite Harmodias, of Weedon, the daughter of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Diana Harmodias, entered Bishop's College in September, 1912, to attend the lectures prescribed for the first year Arts, and boarded at Dame Hannah Spindlewick's boarding-house in Lennoxville. Mr. River Sea Brooklet, the scion of a rich Virginian family, also entered Bishop's in September. He early conceived an attachment for Miss Harmodias, on whom he showered many attentions. At length, on the evening of Nov. 7th, he made a proposal of marriage to her at Dame Spindlewick's boarding-house. Miss Harmodias being of a very obedient character, would give no definite reply until she had consulted her mother. Accordingly, on November 9th, Mr. Brooklet accompanied her to her home in Weedon, where he asked her mother's consent to their marriage. Mrs. Harmodias, however, desiring to protect the interests of her daughter, withheld her consent until November 16th, by which time she had consulted the various members of the Faculty of Bishop's College concerning the character of Mr. Brooklet, which she found to be unimpeachable. All went on splendidly, Mr. Brooklet appearing to care as much as ever for Miss Harmodias until December 24th, when Miss Harmodias, then at home for the vacation, received a letter from Mr. Brooklet, discontinuing their engagement for certain reasons. As Mrs. Harmodias had a few days previously lost all her money through a slump in Asbestos stocks, it was supposed that as she would no longer have any money for her daughter that Mr. Brooklet no longer desired to contract the marriage. Miss Harmodias was prostrated with grief, which resulted in mental prostration, which entailed the employment of the services of a doctor for two weeks time, and ruined all prospects for the success of her college year.

The Rev. Jehosophat Jodab Sylvestre, clergyman of the family, testified to the fact that he had known the Harmodias family for many years. That Mrs. Harmodias had been very wealthy formerly, but recently she had lost all her property through the sudden fall of Asbestos stock. He had also met Mr. Brooklet at Weedon, as he had been consulted by him and Miss Harmodias concerning a doubtful point in regard to their marriage, one was an Episcopalian and the other a member of the Billikite communion. They wanted to know whether such a marriage would be all right. He told them that it would be perfectly all right as long as he performed the ceremony, in any other case, certainly not. The learned clergyman also painted Miss Harmodias' character in glowing terms, laying stress especially on the fact that she was of a very shy and obedient character.

Tubal Cain, a jeweller, told how Mr. Brooklet bought of him a very high priced diamond ring, on which he had paid but a small sum, giving a note for \$500, from which he concluded young Brooklet, like many other students, had

not much ready money. The engagement ring was produced by the prosecuting attorney, and proved to be the one sold to Brooklet by Tubal Cain.

The lawyer for the defense, Mr. C. E. S. Bown, was then called upon to present his side of the case. He summoned as witnesses Hans Anheuser Pilsner Wurtzenberger, Hofbrau Slitz, butler, in the employ of Mrs. Harmodias, Miss Annie Jean Genevieve O'Flanigan, the cook, Mr. Pankrust Pokofeld Spilberdasher, an agent of Mr. Sylvestre Ohlookintoit, a detective. The summary of his case was as follows :

The cook and the butler testified to the fact that although Mrs. Harmodias had at one time been very wealthy, employing many servants, dressing well, etc., yet for the past year or so the family had shown unmistakable signs of growing poverty. All other servants had been dismissed, and the cook especially grumbled of the heaps of extra work she had to do. Moreover, their pay had been running in arrears on a promise of a bonus at the end of the year. The cook told in a most pathetic fashion how the family often had to dine on three potatoes and other food in like dimensions. The butler repeated several scraps of conversation overheard in the pursuit of his duties between Mrs. and Miss Harmodias, in which they discussed financial troubles and a way of remedying them. At length they decided to send Miss Amphrodite to Bishop's, far-famed for the wealthy young men attending it, in the hope that Miss Amphrodite might net a wealthy young man. Accordingly she went to Bishop's. On Nov. 7th the cook took a telegraph message by telephone during the absence of Mrs. Harmodias, which merely stated, "River and I are engaged, no need of financial worries." Mrs. Harmodias seemed pleased on receipt of this. The rest of the week was spent in strenuous house-cleaning operations and the dingy furnishings of the Weedon home were renovated and made to look their best. Mr. Brooklet and Miss Amphrodite arrived at the end of the week. Both Mrs. and Miss Harmodias were evidently much pleased with him, though the cook thought it was rather his money than his person which charmed them most. Both cook and butler were loud in Mr. Brooklet's praise, especially concerning his generous tips. The butler also remembered that Mrs. Harmodias was much disturbed after a visit paid by a Mr. Spilberdasher in the middle of November. The cook also very agreeably remembered a certain young Irishman who had rescued her one day from the depths of a mud puddle, into which she had fallen in pursuit of a tormenting youngster, and with whom she had become quite friendly. They knew nothing more except that Miss Harmodias had been sick ever since her return home.

Mr. Spilberdasher, manager of the Sherbrooke Mortgage and Loan Co., then told of his relations with the Harmodias family ; how, over a year ago, he had taken a mortgage on all of Mrs. Harmodias' property for \$30,000 after refusing to advance money on security of some Asbestos stocks which she held. A

little later he advanced more money, receiving in return a chattel mortgage for \$1,800. As Mrs. Harmodias had paid no interest on these for several months he called upon her about the 20th November to notify her he would foreclose in a month's time. Mrs. Harmodias begged a renewal at 20 p.c. of what had been running at 6 p.c., but this he refused to do, as it was unlawful. He returned to Sherbrooke, and with his friend, Ohlookintoit, attended a dance at U. B. C. on November 21st. Here he met Miss Harmodias, who impressed him as being anything but shy, inasmuch as she not only permitted him to hold her hand but to kiss her as well. He also mentioned an incident which took place behind the stairs, in which both Miss Harmodias and Mr. Ohlookintoit figured.

The popular detective, Sylvestre Ohlookintoit, then told how he became connected with the case. Mr. River Sea Brooklet, on his engagement to Miss Harmodias, had wired the news to his father, Tobias Sawbones Bickersniff Brooklet, a wealthy Virginian. The old gentleman, fearing for his son's welfare, engaged the services of Mr. Ohlookintoit by telegraph, instructing him to enquire into the social standing, financial character and designs of the Harmodias family upon his son. Mr. Ohlookintoit accordingly went up to Weedon, and having learned that Mrs. Harmodias was away from town that day, he went to see if he could interview any of the servants. He secured audience with the cook under rather romantic circumstances, and over a convivial cup o' tay, he learned of the domestic affairs of the family and somewhat of their designs on young Brooklet. He also secured substantial proof that Mrs. Harmodias' financial account must be very low. On his return to Sherbrooke, he and his friend, Mr. Spilberdasher, attended the U. B. C. dance on November 21st. Here he met Miss Harmodias, whom he found a most agreeable companion, and not the least shy. During the supper recess he concealed his friend, Spilberdasher, behind a door back of a famous Bishop's cozy corner, in order that he might witness certain events which he proposed to have take place there. Accordingly, after supper, he and Miss Harmodias had another dance which they sat out here. He began in a general way to discuss great social functions that he had attended in Washington and elsewhere, and also hinted that he was immensely rich. Miss Harmodias became much interested, with the result that she not only cut three dances with young Brooklet, but became engaged to Mr. Ohlookintoit upon the spot, and further planned an elopement for a quarter of one o'clock. Mr. Ohlookintoit contrived to let Mr. Brooklet see this attempted elopement, which was frustrated by the failure of his car to work. However even this proof of his fiancée's faithlessness did not cause young Brooklet to break off their engagement. It was only later, when the whole plot and its details were shown and proven to him, that he finally broke it off on December 24th on quite different grounds to those alleged by the prosecution.

After the conclusion of the summing up by the two attorneys, the judge

learnedly addressed the jury, stating that there was no exact precedent to go upon in the case, but affecting as it did principles of the greatest social interest, he wished them to give the case their best thought.

The jury, after a brief absence, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

In discharging the defendant the judge intimated that he might well have wished to confer on him the \$50,000 claimed by the plaintiff.

The witnesses and members of the jury are to be complimented upon their various splendid costumes and disguises, which added largely to the pleasure of the evening.

We are indeed grieved to hear, through the medium of the Divinity editor, that so many staid and solemn members of the Shed have been unduly attracted to a certain room in the Arts Building. It must be confessed that we ourselves have noted this growing tendency with alarm, to say the least; and even the protection of the "brethren" seems to have failed to keep the invaders away. However, we are of the humble opinion that the true remedy for this evil may be found in the great influence of the Divinity Editor, who, we would suggest, should himself set a good example to the men from the Shed by refraining from daily and hourly excursions to the vicinity of that fatal "honey-pot," the co-ed's room.

The Dance.

One of the most pleasant dances ever held in Bishop's College took place on Tuesday, the 28th. The gathering was of a nice size, enabling those who danced to dance comfortably without being crowded. The dance began about eight o'clock under the able management of Turcotte's orchestra from North Hatley. The first part of the dance continued until about eleven o'clock, when the company ceased dancing for a space in order to appease the demanding power of hunger. Supper was served in the College dining-room, and after a most hearty repast the company returned to the dance. After a couple of hours of care-free enjoyment the company dispersed, having spent an evening full of enjoyment, with the hearty wish of all the students that they will come again soon.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Boothroyd and Mrs. Burt for their courtesy and kindness in acting as patronesses. The following, who comprised the committee, Prof. Call, M.A., C. H. Hobart, Div. '13, L. R. McKee, Arts '13, C. S. Bown '13 and A. P. Williams, are to be congratulated upon the efficiency with which they filled their office.

The catering was very successfully managed by Mrs. Clements, to whom much thanks are due for the excellent supper, and also for the daintily arranged room.

Our Lady Editor.

It appears from the Divinity Notes in the last issue of the Mitre that "integrity" and "co-ed's room" do not coincide. This certainly seems hard on the poor lady students, who, as they only number six, surely could not do much harm, and as for the term "worldly," ought this to be only applied to the ladies?

A worldly person may be defined as one who attends dances, theatres, pink teas, etc. Do Divinity students answer to any of these requirements? Look over some dance programme of former years. Men begin to tremble. Probably in the space opposite to many dance numbers you will find the names of well known divinities and even on the committee. Also they are noticed at the theatre, even accompanying members of the worldly sect (in their estimation). As for pink teas—we wonder if we had better say anything about them. However, let us whisper a few words in the ear of the ignorant. These men show such skill in passing around tea and cake and holding a cup in one hand and a sandwich in the other that they surely cannot be novices at it.

Our Divinity editor must have read Bacon's Essay on Marriage before he wrote what Divinity students need to guard against if they wish to make a success of their life; but he certainly was not present at the lecture that our Professor of English delivered on that particular essay. Here the lecturer remarked that Bacon was not infallible and might make mistakes.

However the lady students will try to pardon this little error and remember "To err is human, to forgive divine."

For some time after the holidays we suffered qualms of fear that the attractions of New York had proved too strong for a certain student on account of his non-appearance, but we are glad to say that he is noticed once more in lectures and appears to be none the worse for his trip.

Mr. Br—k is certainly adhering very strictly to the old saying "of safety in numbers." However, a certain Sherbrooke girl has hopes for him, since she was heard to remark the other day, "Oh, well, he will get over that after he has been at Bishop's for a short time."

Mr. Sicard has stepped in most opportunely to fill the vacancy made by the departure of Mr. Dickson. How well he will succeed only time will tell.

When missing the midnight is a matter of three miles it is bad enough, but when it is a matter of fourteen miles, as from Sherbrooke to Waterville, it cer-

tainly ought to be taken note of. We would never have suspected such an accident in connection with a veteran "midnight catcher" as our bank manager of Arts '12.

The lady students wish to extend to Mrs. Winder their most hearty thanks for her beautiful cushion, and also to Mr. Call for his trouble in securing three large pictures for their sitting-room.

Societies.

The Churchwarden Club.

The first meeting of the Club during the Lent Term took place on Thursday, January 30th, when a very interesting paper on "Mediæval Art" was read by Mr. R. J. Meekren. He pointed out the fundamental differences between the art of the middle ages and that of the present day, their characteristics being very unlike. The mediæval craftsman was also largely an inventor, and could let his individual fancy have free play to an extent impossible nowadays. The result is that although many examples of his work are grotesque and unreal to our eyes, there is yet a certain charm about them, due to the spirit of their creator, still living in them to a large extent.

A full programme has been drawn up for the forthcoming term, papers are to be read by Rev. Dr. Parrock, Rev. F. G. Vial, Messrs. Johnson and Butterfield and the Secretary, while the annual dinner has been fixed for May 1st.

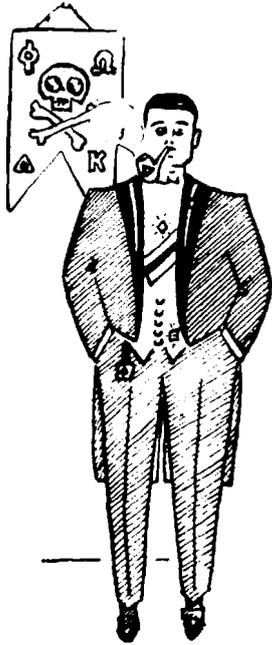
Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The regular monthly meetings of this chapter have been well attended, and each member seems to have at heart the object and aim of the Brotherhood.

We welcome to our chapter, a new member, in the person of Mr. R. J. Shires, B.A. Our only regret is, that Mr. Shires has not been wearing the Brotherhood botton ere now.

Mr. C. C. Phillips B.A. has taken up the work at the Moulton Hill Mission, owing to Mr. Gilbert's resignation.

Mr. Young has again resumed the work of Hospital visiting.



Athletic Notes.

Basket-Ball.

On Nov. 16th U. B. C. played their second league game in the College gym. against S. W. C. and were defeated by 33 points to 16.

The game started off rather fast and before many minutes elapsed Stanstead broke into the scoring and piled up a

large score against us in this half, chiefly through their accurate shooting and the neglect of the College to cover their forwards, Lindsay and Dean, especially Lindsay, who scored six field baskets in the first half.

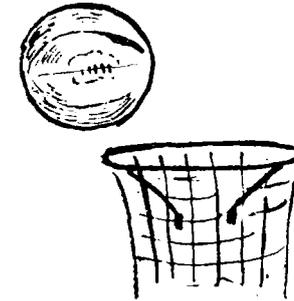
For U. B. C. Patterson and Cameron each obtained a field and McKee a foul point, leaving the score at half time 21-5.

In the second half U. B. C. played much better combination which together with their more effective covering made the play in this half very fast and interesting.

The scoring in this half was practically evenly divided, each team scoring more or less alternately with S. W. C. obtaining 12 points as against 11 for U. B. C.

Cameron played a strong game during this period, scoring three field baskets and three free throws, while Lindsay scored four more field baskets. In fact, the players on both sides were working hard, with the result that splendid team work was evident.

U. B. C.		S. W. C.	
Patterson	F.	Lindsay	
McKee, Captain	F.	Dean	
Cameron	C.	Hyndman	
Robertson	T.	Astle	



U. B. C.		S. W. C.	
Dickson II	T.	Davis, Captain	
Belford I	Sub.	Howard	
Referee, J H McFadyen.		Umpire, Jaques.	

On Nov. 23rd U. B. C. travelled to Stanstead, where they played the return match and lost by 36 to 18. At the commencement of play U. B. C. started out fast, and ran up a considerable lead, which they were unable to maintain. Half time score 17-12 for Stanstead. In the second half Stanstead, through better team work, kept increasing their score, and at times the players seemed inclined to make the game somewhat rough.

Cameron, Lindsay and Hyndman scored the majority of points.

U. B. C.		S. W. C.	
Patterson	F.	Lindsay	
McKee, Captain	F.	Dean	
Cameron	C.	Hyndman	
Wood	T.	Davis, Captain	
R. Dickson	T.	Astle	
Robertson	Sub.	Crawford	
Referee, F A McCrum.		Umpire, Mr. Irving	

College and School met for the second time this fall on Nov. 27th and U. B. C. were again defeated by the evenly balanced School team. Cameron started the scoring during the first minutes of play, and immediately after this B. C. S., through splendid combination and steady shooting, added materially to their score, as the College team was not covering their opponents closely enough. Shortly after this, however, College took the offensive side and Cameron and McKee scored eight points, as against two for School. A few more baskets were scored on each side before the half ended, with 29-12 against us.

On resuming play the second half commenced rather slow, but before very long the players awoke to their full playing ability, resulting in splendid combination and shooting, which made the game very interesting to watch. B. C. S. however still continued to outscore their opponents, and some splendid baskets were registered by Capt. Jaques and Parke. For U. B. C. Cameron played a strong steady game, scoring four field baskets in each half.

Final score B. C. S. 51, U. B. C. 21.

U.B.C.		B.C.S.	
Patterson	F.	Crummey	
McKee, Captain	F.	Parke	
Cameron	C.	Jaques, Captain	
Wood	T.	Reade	
Dickson II	T.	Laurie	
Referee, R. Tate.		Umpire, A. Bayley.	

On Dec. 5th, Y.M.C.A. and U.B.C. met for their first game together this season on the latter's floor, and U.B.C. won out easily with a score of 44-21.

College started out strong, and within twenty seconds Cameron scored a field basket. Y.M.C.A. retaliated by scoring a foul and field basket immediately afterwards and obtained thereby their only lead during the game. Play now became slightly faster and Cameron, through good passing on Bishop's part, added five more points to their score. Play during the rest of this half was very even, with McKee and Cameron scoring seven points as against six for Y. M. C. A., making the score at half time 14-9 in favour of U.B.C.

It was very difficult for the players on either side to distinguish white and purple from white and blue, and on this account Miller scored an easy basket through a mistaken-pass from U.B.C., and no doubt Y.M.C.A. experienced the same disadvantage, so in the second half they wore white jerseys.

On resuming play Cameron scored a field basket, while Y.M.C.A. obtained a foul goal. Through good passing McKee and Cameron scored three field baskets in quick succession. Play now became very fast and rough, and the scoring for some time was evenly divided. Shortly after this U. B. C. scored four more filled baskets in succession. Y.M.C.A. now got in some nice passing, but seemed to be off color in their shooting. For their side Kerr and Miller did the scoring, while H. Tate got five foul goals. Bishop's men all played well and it was their good team work as much as accurate shooting which enabled Cameron to score 13 filled baskets and McKee 8. The match was ably handled by Referee E. Griffith, of Sherbrooke, and Umpire Jaques, of B.C.S.

The teams were as follows :

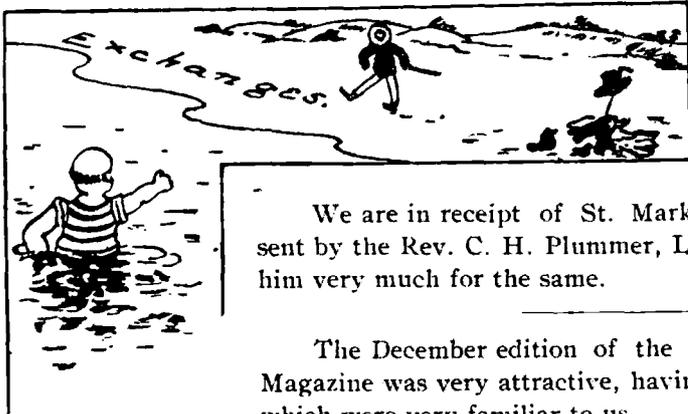
	U. B. C.		Y.M.C.A.	
	McKee, Captain	F.	Miller	
	Patterson	F.	Robins	
	Cameron	C.	E. Kerr	
	Wood	T.	Walley	
	Dickson II	T.	H. Tate, Captain	

The sixth and final league game was played between Y.M.C.A and U. B. C. at Sherbrooke Dec. 7th. before a very large crowd, and as this match was to decide the leading position between these two teams in the league standing, it was keenly contested, and would have been very interesting had it not been for the crude tactics persisted in, which made it one of the roughest games of the season, producing numerous delays for fouls, Y.M.C.A. having made 20 as against 18 for U.B.C. At half time U.B.C. led by 19 points to 13, and at full time the score stood 37-24 in Bishop's favor. The two teams played the same men as in the former match, with the exception of R. Tate who replaced E. Kerr.

Rink and Hockey.

On account of the number of students who desire to skate and practise hockey, it was decided at the students meeting to build an open-air rink this winter on the double tennis court. Accordingly a rink committee was elected, and through their energetic supervision a four foot board fence encloses the court, and at the time of writing there is a good surface of ice on the same. The work in keeping the rink is practically all done by the students themselves, but it has been a very poor winter for an open-air rink.

We have lost three players from last year's team, but have some fairly good hockey material amongst the new comers, and there are practise periods for first and second creases. No match has been played as yet, on account of the few practises we have had during the soft weather, and from the fact that the majority of the players seem to prefer class games. But it is likely we will play some outside teams before very long, as we have already received challenges for friendly matches.



We are in receipt of St. Mark's Hall Bulletin, kindly sent by the Rev. C. H. Plummer, Lumley, B.C., and thank him very much for the same.

The December edition of the Bishop's College School Magazine was very attractive, having a number of photos, which were very familiar to us.

The following is an extract taken from an article entitled, "The College Woman in the Home,"—Brandon College Quill.

"A college course should give a woman independence of thought, self poise, the patience that comes from long endeavor, the knowledge of men and things that will enable her to act wisely and overlook mean trifles. It should give her a world of beauty to live in whence she can constantly derive strength to cope with the situation of the moment. She should be able to instil in the

minds of her children thoughts of strength, beauty and nobleness. The homes of a nation are the pillars on which the nation rests. Undermine the strength and sanctity of the home and the national structure stands toppling in mid-air.

The women of the nation should be, first and foremost, home-makers. We want educated statesmen to administer affairs of government, men of tact and men of courage. Surely, no less, do we want educated women to govern the oft-times intricate affairs of the home, women who can rule wisely because they have learned. We want women—strong women, college women, who dare tell the world they are willing to stand the test, and live in their homes, as nearly as they can, the lives that bespeak the highest type of womanhood.

Freshman's Letter to His Girl.

Dear Susie,—

I received your letter the day before yesterday. It came at eleven o'clock, and I didn't go to lecture because I wanted to read it. It was very nice, but I could not answer it right away, because I had no ink. So you say you aint well, which I am sorry to hear. I feel good all the time, there are so many good things to eat here, and one can buy so much down town. I bought myself a nice box of chocolates and they tasted fine. You ought to buy yourself one.

There was a reception held a short time back called the Freshman's Reception. Some of the fellows danced; I didn't because no girl asked me. I am glad they didn't because you don't believe in dancing. Some of them did not dance, I guess the girls did not ask them either, they looked like it. I watched the dance. I couldn't at first make out what they were dancing, but I saw some numbers which I took to mean 6 step, 7 step, 8 step and everything became clear to me. I saw some were taking steps all the time, and others, especially the ladies, weren't taking any. I don't blame their partners for looking mad. The music was fine. I didn't see anyone play by ear, they all used their hands, one man used his feet. After this I premenaded a short time, that I might have an appetite for the refreshments. They were served in the library, which place I presume was chosen because students usually have a literary taste. After walking over two or three fellows, I got something to eat at one of the tables. It was with great difficulty that I retraced my steps, only to run into a fat-headed fellow with a white vest. He accused me of trying to throw coffee at him and threatened to slap me in the face with a dish of ice cream, but he didn't. He told me he was a sophomore and I believe it, for he was the homeliest fellow I ever saw. I felt happy when I saw that some of the fellows didn't get anything; it served them right. They were always thinking about someone else."—The Gateway.

The following exchanges have been received, which we gratefully acknowledge : Cambridge Review, Isis, Grifphon, The Student, Harvard Bulletin, The Bowdoin Monthly, Lux Columbia, St. John's College Magazine, University Monthly, Acta Victoriana, McMaster Monthly, The Varsity Review, Queen's University Journal, Stanstead College Journal, Dalhousie Gazette, King's College Record, The Quill, The Gateway, Notre Dame Scholastic, McGill Daily, Montreal Churchman, University Monthly.

Library Notes.

The following books have recently been received :

Readings in Political Science by Gettell, Selected Readings in Economics by Bullock, Philosophy of Religion by Lotze, Outlines of Aesthetics by Lotze, Outlines of Logic by Lotze, Outlines of Metaphysics by Lotze, Ritschlian Theology by Gaivie, Continental Reformation presented by Dr. Plummer, Prayer before the Passion, Passion of Christ, Glory after the Passion, the last three books being presented by the author, Dr. Stone, of Chicago. Rev. Canon Von Iffland, who recently left Quebec to reside in England, presented the Library with about 300 books.

JOHN V. YOUNG, Asst. Librarian.



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The Soul's Desire.

[The writer thinks it only fair to mention that these lines, written some time ago, by no means reflect his present sentiments.]

COULD I but fly to a far-off shore ;
 There would I be at rest—
 Never return to this world of war ;
 Indeed would I not be blest !
 To a far-away land where the sun ever shines,
 To a clime that is always calm,
 Where the air softly breathes with the scent of the pines
 To serve to the so as a balm.

There naught could ruffle the calm of my mind,
 No trouble would cause me grief,
 In that wonderful land I would surely find
 From worry a sweet relief ;
 And each of the senses would drink its fill
 From Nature's unbounded store.—
 If only I might fall asleep until
 I woke on that far-off shore !

Would that some Spirit could speed me there,
 Such dying would not be death—
 Carry me clear of this clouded air,
 I'd breathe, with Heaven's breath.
 The sound of the breakers would sooth the brain
 Like the touch of a woman's hand,
 And bring back the spirit to life again
 As I wander adown that strand.

My soul would commune with the wind-kissed waves,
 I'd watch for the wild-bird's flight,
 And follow the course of the wash that paves
 The beach with its marble white.
 As free as the birds that are wheeling wide !
 With only a long-drawn sigh
 To think that I'd crossed to the Other Side,
 To the past had said fain Good-bye.

The Sun would still shine with its glorious light,
 Enthroned in the softest blue,
 And sparkle the gems on the beach, made bright