

✧ "THE MITRE." ✧

VOL. XV.

LENNOXVILLE, P. O.

No. 3.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

"GOD BLESS THEE."

No gilded crown I ask for thee, beloved,  
No jewels rich and rare;  
I only circle thee around more firmly  
With golden links of prayer;  
Beseeching Him, who blessed thee still to bless,  
Keeping thee safe in His Divine Caress.

Before thee all the great unknown is lying,  
Its secrets lost to view.  
I claim for thee fresh wisdom, love, and blessing  
Undreamt of hitherto:  
Beseeching Him, who led thee, still to lead,  
Giving thee grace sufficient for thy need.

I ask for thee one thing above all others—  
The fulness of His love.  
Looking to Him, I claim for thee His blessing  
All other gifts above;  
Beseeching Him, who used thee, still to use  
His servant in the way that He shall choose.

I do not ask for thee unclouded sunshine—  
For, in the cool dark night  
We see the stars, which from our sight are hidden  
When all our day is bright;  
I only plead that He, who kept thee, still will keep,  
His child in perfect peace, divinely deep.

I ask for thee no flowery paths of roses,  
Nor downy beds of ease;  
But days of work, of earnest deeds and purpose,  
One Lord alone to please;  
Praying that He, who chose thee for His own,  
Will, in thine heart, reign on as Lord alone.

Such is my prayer this beautiful Sunday morning,  
When kneeling at His feet  
Whom we love best, I breathe thy name before Him,  
Then pause, and passing sweet  
Falls on mine ear the Spirit given word—  
"All things are thine, Beloved—" "He *has* heard"

ANON.

# The Mitre.



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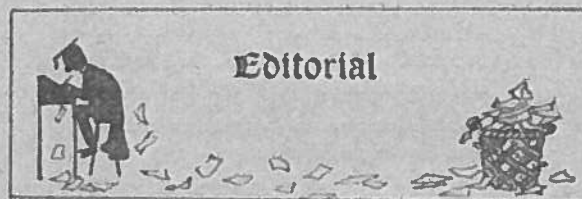
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The Mitre, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que. Printed by E. J. PAGE, Sherbrooke, Que.



It is an old saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," and it seems that the converse may be stated as equally true, that "reputation spells success." That the sterling qualities of the University are becoming more widely known is apparent from the increase of students since Christmas, while several applications have perforce been refused through lack of accommodation. We are glad to say that this difficulty is being strenuously dealt with, and the success attending the Principal's visit to Quebec on behalf of the Enlargement Fund leads us to believe that the contemplated improvements will be an accomplished fact in the near future.

The Hockey Club's recent trip to the United States is a new departure in the College athletics. While defeated in the game with

Harvard, the score against the College was smaller than that sustained by McGill II a few days later, and the team are to be congratulated upon the results of the two games. The men on their return spoke enthusiastically of the treatment they had received and sincerely hope that the Harvard team may see their way to play the return match, that their kind hospitality may be in some degree reciprocated.

We heartily welcome a satire from one of the lady students, and wish to point out to them that by contributing to the MITRE they are joining in the corporate life of the University, in which they have all too small a part.

Owing to the temporary loss of part of the last instalment of "The Norse Discovery of America," we are sorry to say that the remainder of this interesting article will have to be left over until the next issue.

We also much regret that the word "things" in the eight line of the sonnet by Mr. C. G. Lawrence which appeared in our last issue was mis-printed "nights."

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#### "THE KEY OF LIFE." \*

If the true function of poetry be the clothing of sublime truths in beautiful and suitable words, it may well be questioned whether anything that Canon Scott has ever written has reached a higher level of poetic excellence than the little book which he has lately published under the above title.

Of the form of this poem it need only be said that, as indeed the sub-title makes clear, it is that of a Mystery-Play—a popular dramatization, that is to say, of one of the great truths of our religion.

Its theme is the Incarnation, and of Canon Scott's treatment of this grandest of all poetic themes it is not too much to say that it preserves in a marvellous degree the beauty, the grandeur, the simplicity, and the tenderness of the Inspired Narratives. Indeed, as we read and re-read this little play, (and no re-reading, however frequent can exhaust its beauty, or lessen its charm) we seem to breath the very atmosphere of the sacred events which it portrays.

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\* "The Key of Life": A Mystery-Play in verse, by Frederick George Scott, Paper. Demi-octavo. Duasault and Proulx, Quebec. 1907. Price 50 cts.

The Prologue of the play sets forth briefly its central truth. It is no banquet of poetic fancy with which we are to be entertained,

"But simply that great message from the past,  
 "That God's strong arms around His world are cast,  
 "And that man's life beneath, around, above,  
 "Is compassed with the fullness of God's love."

Then follows an explanation of the title :

"This little play we call *The Key of Life*,  
 "Because in Christ there is an end of strife,  
 "And all the problems that perplex the mind,  
 "In Him alone, can true solution find."

To Christ may come the tempted, the sin-stained, the broken-hearted and each may find in Him the satisfaction of his need—that is the motive of the play and beautifully do we find it expressed.

The first of the five Scenes into which the play proper is divided is laid in Heaven. The time is immediately after the departure to Earth on his wondrous errand of the Angel Gabriel. We behold two angels wrapped in contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation, and there follows a dialogue in which we are made to feel the grandeur of those things which, as St. Peter tells us, "The angels desire to look into." Then comes the solemn moment when, amid a burst of heavenly light, before which the angels cover their faces, there is heard from a distance the voice of the Angel Gabriel delivering his message, and the answering voice of the Holy Virgin.

The Scene closes with the singing of the Magnificat by an unseen choir.

Scene II is laid in Bethlehem on the eve of the Nativity. We see St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin outside the door of the Inn seeking admittance. We hear the laughter of the guests within. The Host comes in answer to St. Joseph's knocking and orders them roughly to depart. In response to an appeal to his human pity he at last orders a servant to guide them, as St. Joseph has requested, to the stable. The Scene closes with the following "Hymn to the Infant Jesus", sung by the unseen choir:

"O wondrous love of God,  
 That men will cast away,  
 O wondrous love of God,  
 Come to my heart and stay.  
 Cast out all trifling things,  
 False loves and toys of earth;  
 Enter, great King of kings,  
 In me once more have birth.



O little face of love,  
 Against thy mother's breast,  
 The starry hosts above  
 Are resting in thy rest.

O little hands of power,  
 O Infant's panting breath—  
 Eternity's at flower  
 And life is born of death.

O little clinging mite,  
 Beneath thy mother's face,  
 Thy dreaming eyes have sight  
 Beyond the bounds of space.

So fair and white thy throne,  
 O little tired one, sleep;  
 The legions are thine own,  
 That guard the starlit deep.

O wondrous love of God,  
 Cast not my love away;  
 Enter my heart, O God,  
 Enter my heart and stay."

We have ventured to quote this hymn in full because it seems beautiful to us, beyond expression, and no partial quotation would have seemed other than a desecration.

Scene III is laid near Bethlehem and deals with the angelic announcement to the Shepherds: It opens with a charmingly quaint pastoral hymn sung by the Shepherds as a prayer for God's blessing upon their flocks. Then in turn three Shepherds unburden their hearts to each other of their secret sorrows, and all join in a prayer to God, closing with the the following lines :

"O King of kings above the sky,  
 Give us some hope before we die,  
 Give us some Key amid our strife  
 That will unlock the gates of life."

Suddenly a bright light shines; an angel appears and makes the wonderful announcement recorded by St. Luke. The multitude of the Heavenly Host are heard singing "Glory to God etc", and the Scene closes with the setting out of the Shepherds for Bethlehem to find the Infant Saviour.

Scene IV is laid at Herod's Court, and is perhaps as strong and clearly cut a piece of characterization as Canon Scott has ever written. The figure of Herod and his wicked queen stand out in the picture drawn with a few firm strokes by a master hand. To the King and Queen planning defiance to the Almighty, and hardening their hearts

against the premonitions of coming doom, there enter the Three Wise Men, and after angrily listening to their story of the sign which has been given them of the Birth of the promised King of Israel, Herod dissembles with them, pretending that he too would worship the Infant King. The Scene closes with the following dreadful aside spoken by Herod in the ear of the Queen :

"Come, Queen, be not cast down,  
I still am Israel's lord.  
This Child never wear the crown  
While Herod wears the sword."

It is in Scene V that Canon Scott, in our judgement, rises to the highest level of poetic imagination. It is laid in the Court of Death. It begins with the Hymn of the Seven Deadly Sins, lauding the power and presaging the impending victory of Death, who is their King. Death issues to them a terrible commission to go forth and to accomplish his work. Each is given his special charge, and then exulting Death sings :

"Now shall my dominions  
Be the captive world,  
Now my outstretched pinions,  
Like a flag unfurled,  
Mock in exultation  
God upon His throne;  
And of all creation  
I am lord alone."

Suddenly a trumpet sounds, and, in a burst of light, an angel appears holding a drawn sword over Death, at the same time proclaiming the Christmas message "Glory to God etc." The Scene closes with a tableau revealing the scene of the Nativity. Angels kneel in adoration before the manger in which the Infant Savior is lying. As they kneel they sing :

"O word of God Incarnate,  
O Light begot of Light,  
To weakness comes all power,  
To finite infinite.  
We hail Thee, tender Saviour,  
We hail Thee, mighty King;  
All that we have, we bring Thee  
As love's own offering.  
O, born of Virgin Mother,  
Sweet Jesu, Prince of Peace,  
Give us the strength to conquer.  
Give us from sin release.

The thick night hovers o'er us,  
 Our foes advance for strife,  
 To us, O Key of David,  
 Throw wide the gates of life.

Amen."

As the Scene closes the choir are heard singing the "Nunc Dimittis."

In the Epilogue the central teaching of the play is practically enforced, and those who have been led to a stronger sense of the reality of the Mystery which forms the subject of the play are bidden;

"Think not that they who knelt before the manger  
 "Were nearer God than ye can be to-day."

And that all-sustaining presence of Christ, the finding of which is "The Key of Life," Canon Scott bids us find supremely in the Blessed Sacrament.

"And, day by day, unchanging though the ages,  
 Though ears are deaf and eyes are blind with mist,  
 He who was worshipped by the Eastern Sages,  
 Is throned amongst us in the Eucharist."

While possibly all of us would not have expressed ourselves upon this point in precisely these words, there are probably none who will not feel that Canon Scott has rightly made the Eucharist the great point of contact with the ever present Christ, and there are certainly none who will not be strengthened and uplifted by the reading of the beautiful play, which forms the subject of the foregoing review.

B.W.

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#### CANADA THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

Que., Febr. 1908

MY DEAR CLEMENT,

I was glad to receive your letter, though how it ever reached me, is a mystery, and henceforth I will have the greatest respect for the Canadian Post-Office officials. [They indeed have a Post-Office in this country, I am sure you never dreamt of their even knowing the meaning of the term] But did you really believe that such an "address as this was sufficient. "Joseph....., Canada." "Of course," you thought, Canada is such a small, thinly populated

"country that my dear friend Joseph is sure to be known. Moreover "it is not every day that they see a Frenchman in that half-civilized "country." You just let me know if I have not read your thoughts rightly. It is the great failing of a great many inhabitants of the old world, [and alas! Frenchmen are no exceptions] to imagine that outside Europe and even a small portion of Europe, there cannot be any highly civilized nation. They cannot very well ignore the existence of the United States, they take a jolly good care they will not be ignored, but somehow Canada always make them imagine a country covered with snow ten months in the year, where wolves and Red Skins are to be met in every direction. They cannot think of South America without the yellow fever or India without the plague.

The way you addressed your letter reminds me of a story I was told a few years ago: "An old farmer, who lived in a small village away in the country, had a nephew, who had gone to Paris to seek a situation. One day he decided to go and see him. He did not even know the name of the borough, or street in which his nephew lived, but he never thought Paris was any different from his village. He arrived at one of the stations, and not a little stupefied by the crowd and noise, he approached a policeman and asked him: "Could you tell me where lives my nephew who arrived in Paris a few weeks ago?"

"It is all very well for you to laugh at me, you will say, and appear to know a lot, but after all, you were not so very brilliant when you left us." Quite right, my dear Clement, I admit my ignorance was almost equal to yours, [I am sure you will cross out this *almost*] but since I know better now, I deem it my duty to impart my newly acquired knowledge to my less fortunate brethren. But it seems strange that, even in our days of fast travelling and of wireless telegraphy so many people on the other side of the Ocean know absolutely nothing at all about the country and the people on this side. Why! even in England you will find men and women, not always uneducated or ignorant, for whom Canada is but a name, the name of a British possession, in America and that is all. Extent? Population? Chief cities? Only the vaguest of vague ideas.

Do I exaggerate? Listen to this "A Canadian gentleman on a visit to Liverpool, wanted to cable to a friend, or relative in Montreal. [I suppose you know it is a city, and a pretty big one too,



not an Indian Settlement] He went to the Post Office, filled up a form and handed it over to the clerk. The latter looked at it carefully for a few seconds, looked puzzled, and finally asked this amazing question, which nearly took the gentleman's breath away: Where is Montreal?"

I was not quite as bad as that, though far from brilliant and I made a few amusing blunders. It will comfort you to read some of them.

I had no idea about the area of Canada and my idea of distances was based upon the standard in France. On my way over I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant man who, I understood, was a well-to-do farmer. We became very friendly and he invited me to come and see him some time, if I were any where near his place. I told him I was going to .....College. "That is all right he said I do not live far from there" I told him I was glad of it, and would walk up to see him some afternoon. It seemed to amuse him immensely and he laughed heartily though I could not understand the cause of his mirth. "Well," he said "you will have to start mighty early, I would advise you to take a week off when you do it"—"Why, did I ask, did you not say it was near?" "Oh! yes near as we understand it here. It is about forty or fifty miles." In this country, they call a journey of 200 miles, a short trip, whereas, I can remember, that I used to think that to go from home to Paris, that is about forty miles, was quite an undertaking, for which I would prepare a few days ahead.

You will also remember that, when I knew I was coming here, I used to speak of the trip I was to make to the Niagara Falls; I thought it was just a few miles from .....ville, it appeared so on the map I had. In fact I was going there my first day off. I have not been yet. The few miles have turned into a two days' journey.

My notions of distances have all been knocked out of shape. I hear of one thousand mile trips quite often, of two and three nights spent in a fast train before you reach the further end of the country and I marvel at the immensity of this Dominion of Canada. Well my dear fellow, our France, which we think so big, would form but a small province here, and the whole of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland could be dropped into one of the big lakes without filling it up.

After this Canada will go up quite a little in your esteem won't

it? Canadians object to their country being called a colony, and they  
 • Colonists, and I do not blame them.

Your sincere friend,      JOSEPH.

### SOME THOUGHTS ON A PLOUGH.

(Suggestion for an Examination Essay.)

A conundrum, friend the examiner: Why is a student like a piece of arable land? Let me enlighten you; because they are both liable to be ploughed. I do not mean to imply by this that they are both subject to the same operation, that, in the former case would indeed be "harrowing,"! But there are ploughs and "ploughs" and while the one is a concrete noun meaning a certain form of agricultural implement, the other, used in the abstract, is usually symbolised by a small ring forming an artistic frame for a hieroglyphic representing a number of marks not more than  $33\frac{1}{2}$ . The latter use of the word is not strictly King's English; harsh critics would term it slang. Why the word "plough" should ever have come to mean a failure to obtain the requisite number of marks in an exam is a mystery; true a gentleman round whose marks one of these decorative designs appears, is much "cut up" yet this explanation seems to me somewhat far fetched and savours of "punning," a form of wit which I for my part abhor.

Talking of ploughs I am reminded of the story about the young lady whose romantic and poetic disposition did not justify her knowledge of agriculture—: "I think" said she "the country is just sweet; I love to see the peasant returning to his humble cot, his sturdy figure outlined against the setting sun, his faithful collie by his side and his plough upon his shoulder!" But I digress, let me essay to make a few remarks on the "plough" as an humble agricultural implement. You no doubt oh gentle examiner, will be able later to consider the word in its abstract sense and when that time comes, may all the shades of Olympus endue you with those three inestimable virtues, charity, indulgence and humanity.

The plough as you—

I'm really sorry! the Editor says he can't possibly spare me any more space; its an awful nuisance for I was just getting into my stride, however I dare say you can supply the other 89 pages of this essay. So with all due apologies I will close.      (10)

NOTE—The Author, anxious to retain whatever shred of reputation for intelligence and sobriety he may still have left, wishes, to remain incognito.

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### A LOST ART DISCOVERED.

Bumping along on horseback, behind a silent Indian guide, after a long, tedious railroad journey, was anything but soothing to a naturally irritable nature. For two hours I had ridden behind this savage; all the while I had pumped him with questions, but received no response. "Yes" and "no" seemed to be the limit of his vocabulary or else he had a dislike for government inspectors and officials. In despair I gave way to an enforced silence, brooding over my own affairs. Why should the man's body be brought back? His relatives ought to be satisfied to know where he died! What could the government be thinking of to send a lone man into a country about which nothing was known? True, it had made a treaty with these Indians, but only because those in power realized the impossibility of placing them in subjection without the loss of several millions of dollars, to say nothing about the numbers of lives. How on earth was I to get that body down over this rough country? What would be its condition, since fully fifteen days had elapsed since the man had died? These, and a thousand other difficulties flooded my fuming brain. So intently was I engaged in thinking over my situation that I had not noticed we were being slowly enclosed by the towering mountains.

To my astonishment, I perceived that we were drawing close to the mighty Rockies. In fact, even then we entered a pass. A sudden turn around a huge ledge and we were scrambling up a steep path. On the right, sheer walls arose and disappeared in space, while on the left, far below, a ramping roaring mountain torrent lashed itself into foam, now taking dizzy leaps over its steep bed, now hurling itself against the weather beaten ledge, only to be turned back to repeat the operation in another direction in its downward flight. In front, the trail rose continually, looking like a dark strip of gray baby ribbon glued to the smooth wall of rock which was the same color but of a lighter shade. Far ahead it could be seen as it clung to the dizzy precipices, now disappearing, now coming forth into sight in its course, until it disappeared into space much as the rails of a railroad track, on level prairies, seem to merge into one and then drop over the horizon. Up, up, we went, stopping only to rest our plucky horses. After some time the trail keeled around a jutting ledge, giving one the feeling that he was in a fast moving

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vehicle rounding a sharp curve and having only two wheels beneath it.

We then entered a deep canyon with terraced sides: Each terrace seemed to be rounded off as with a mighty machine. Here indeed I was forced to exclaim aloud, for every few feet there were immense boulders lashed to the sloping ridges. In some cases, and in fact most all, these tremendous rocks were held in place by huge vines. These looked very much like our grape vines save that the stocks were larger and more ancient than any I have yet seen. It was very evident, that with a few blows with a sharp axe, near the vast roots as they entered the yawning crevices of the rocks, one could send tons upon tons of rock into the narrow pass. Thus was the only highway protected from all intruders. Along the path at frequent intervals were small houses which sheltered silent workmen whose evident duty it was to care for the hundreds of vines. The day was now well gone. Suddenly the pass ended in a sheer wall. Above our heads was a high square bluff, on top of which men were pacing to and fro.

At our right was a yawning cavern which had the appearance of being made by human labor. Into this my guide conducted me, causing me to dismount to lead my horse. As we passed the entrance two men, (evidently guards), scanned me from head to foot with their dark beady eyes. Once inside, we passed along a wide winding passage. Here and there it narrowed down to a low square doorway. In the faint light which issued from the large stone lamps with their flickering wicks, I saw the dim outline of a huge square stone leaning against the wall by each door. These apparently were to be used to block the passage in case of trouble. In about twenty minutes we ascended a steep incline which brought us forth into light again. There, a great surprise met my wondering eyes. A wide level road stretched out to a large group of dwellings clustered in a circular manner about a huge edifice. As we approached the city, led by a company of twelve guards who had taken their places without a word, a sensation of wonder crept over me. Those twelve mute figures with tufted hair, marched in perfect order. Their ankles were encircled with silver bands, ears hung with large rings, while about their necks and arms, shining rings of gold slipped back and forth with the motion of their bodies. On we went, up a street lined with natives gaping at me with wide mouths and jabbering to each



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other as they followed in an ever increasing crowd. All were well clad in a cloth made of white material which closely resembled the duck worn by the sailors in our navy. At intervals we passed intersecting streets which were somewhat curved. In my wanderings the following day I found these streets to be laid out in a perfect circle about the great temple. A new circle was added as the population increased.

Soon we were close to the walls of the building. At a signal from my guard, two ponderous stone gates swung slowly open. Surprises were numerous, for here inside this outer wall stood another massive structure. There before me, beneath a large gallery with broad steps leading up to it, sat some high dignitary. This proved to be the the king of this strangely cultured people. Everywhere order and peace seemed to reign. He was surrounded by a gay retinue bedecked in gold, jewels, feathers and other gorgeous apparel. His hair was cut short. In the cartilage of his nose was a sort of cylindrical ball. The lower lip was pierced by a gold ring, while in the ears were other large rings handsomely jeweled. Across his shoulders hung a long flowing mantle made from the gay plumage of tropical birds. His feet were clothed in rich buckskins.

My guards led me up the steps. About half way up they stopped to kneel. All the assembled company save those about the king, did likewise. At a signal from his majesty they arose. My silent guard ascended all save three of the remaining steps and addressed the ruler with many ejaculations. I seemed to be the object of their conversation for this royal personage eyed me keenly as he reclined in a magnificently carved chair. Some time elapsed before he made answer. He spoke for some few moments then stopped with a wave of his hand. My mute friend addressed me thus: "His august majesty, the all powerful, most glorious and mighty Kzacalli greets thee. To-morrow at eight hours past the setting sun thou mayest depart with the remains of thy white friend. Meanwhile Inamxic-alco welcomes you to its roofs."

The royal assembly had in the meantime departed. Our company started back through the curious crowd, with me in their midst. It seemed to me a very haughty and uncordial reception to me a representative of these great United States. Nevertheless, I realized the helplessness of my government and also of myself. They were in a place of almost absolute security.

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Instead of going out through the gates, they led me along the wide avenue extending around the inner temple. At intervals there were broad steps such as we had left. All were made of rough hewn stones worn smooth by constant use. Here on the broad landing of one of the stairways a sight met my eyes which made my blood run cold.

An old man with matted hair and beard, stood holding up his hands to the last rays of the setting sun, as they turned the eastern sky to a deep violet mingled with soft tints of red. Those about me dropped to their knees, at the same time forcing me down. With all my Christian blood aroused, I sprang to my feet. Firm tawny hands closed upon my shoulders and arms, forcing me to kneel. My mouth was held tight. Not a sound broke the stillness as the old priest turned to a large black block of stone on which lay a human body bound with golden chains. There was a flash, a cry, then silence. The aged man turned and again stretched forth his bony arms, in one hand was a dripping dagger, in the other a quivering human heart. Not a sound broke the stillness until the last portion of the sun descended in the west. Immediately all arose and went their way talking, joking and laughing as though nothing had happened.

A little farther on my escort stopped. The same sulky guide led me into a hallway which was in a part of the large temple, within the outer wall. By the doorway we left our honorable escort, much to my relief. Once inside I began to look about me, to see what sort of a place I was in. It was a small room 18 x 20 feet. The walls were of the same material as the temple walls. The floor was neatly laid in sun baked bricks. In one corner sat a large earthen pot full of water. Besides this was small basin resembling a wash dish. These looked pleasing, as also did a small mat set with a bountiful supply of corn cakes, milk and a very odd sticky, white paste, which tasted much like minute pudding. These I ate hurriedly for my appetite was ravenous.

Now I had time for reflection. Eight hours past the setting sun. Great Scott! Why that would be in the middle of the night. I called; a swarthy, dirty native came in. Finding that he spoke a little English, I ventured to talk with him. My silent companion of a few hours before, now entered. To my rapid questions as to the hour of my departure, he informed me that I had the right idea.

Remonstrances, threats, entreaties, blows would not move him. It was the most ancient custom of his people, that the dead should be buried in the night. I must yield to that custom and depart in the night if I wished to take the body.

Here was a state of things which made my hair stand on end. Not able to sleep, my curiosity was aroused as I lay on the bed of straw and ferns provided me. At frequent intervals there was a patter of feet and a low hum of voices, mingled with an occasional sob. This was more than I could endure, so I crept softly to the door, and patiently waited. Again came the patter of feet, again a sob. Good heavens! They were carrying a corpse. A dim light flashed in the hallway. This was sufficient to show that the body was stark naked. The company that followed had ugly, dark masks over their faces. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed. Again the patter; again the sobs and the company returned. My God! I am in a tomb. This is nothing but a vault for the dead. Now I understood those grooves in the walls. Shelves were erected for the body to be placed upon. Here there is no space to tell the reader of the dread, agony and fear that shook my body and soul during the remaining hours of the night. Never before or since has a ray of sunlight been so welcome to my eyes.

The following day passed without any official recognition of my presence in the city. Several times I ventured out, but as soon as I stepped into the open air, I was immediately surrounded by a crowd of redskins. I also noted that they always shut me off when I endeavored to approach certain parts of the city. For this I never found a reason.

Night approached. Again I beheld a human life offered to the sun god. Again the shadows disappeared. How could I possibly pass another six hours in that tomb? One hour, two hours, three hours. Great heavens! There were those pattering feet! Once, twice, three times!

Two hours more had passed, soon I would have to take charge of the body. Six hours past the setting sun, yes, five had passed. How many guards will I have? How are we ever going to manage to get a coffin down such a trail? Certainly I shall have to go on foot. By this time I found myself covered with a cold sweat, while my hands shook like a leaf. There was a rustle as the curtain over my door was drawn back. "All ready," came a hollow voice,

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which I recognized as my former guide. For all my knowing his grumble so well, it made me spring to my feet.

My saddle bag in one hand, a dagger in my coat pocket held close, I stepped forth. There upon the hallway floor rested a box, about three feet square. As soon as I appeared, two men who were standing near picked up the box and started out. I stopped aghast, for I had expected to see a coffin. Could it be the man was a dwarf?

Turning to my guide, I requested him to show me the body. "Can no do so here sir," he replied.

All I could do was to follow where I was led, out into the street where we came the day before, along past the temple where the human bodies were sacrificed. Merciful heavens, there was a body writhing upon the altar, yes, it rose in the air, turned a complete backward somersault and dropped with a thud. No, it was my imagination, for it was nothing but my saddle bag which had dropped from my hand. On we went through the outer gate upon the highway, down through the cave leading to the pass, led always by those two nasty, ill smelling savages, bearing that small box. Here in the pass we were stopped by a man, holding three mountain ponies. Upon one of the three they lashed the pine box. I was beckoned to take the other, while the still, mute guide who seemed to haunt me like a shadow, slipped onto the third. He handed me the tether rope to lead the pony, bearing the box. This I did, not without a shiver playing tag up and down my spine. That box seemed to have eyes; as we passed down the trail followed by our shadows caused by the pale moon, my hair began to crawl and knot up on the top of my head. On down we went, picking our way slowly. Now and then a long drawn out hoot echoed and reechoed from rock to rock. It must have been some kind of owl, at any rate I felt as though there was a snake creeping up my back bone. Soon we passed the small hovels of the vine keepers. These were as silent as the night. Suddenly and without warning, there was a crash. The pony bearing the box had fallen to its knees. My nerves were at such a tension that I sprang clear over the head of my horse, sliding about twenty-five or thirty feet down the pass. I hurried back and tried to stop the frightened animal in its frantic endeavors, to tear loose and bolt up the cannon. Luckily the tether rope had caught in a cleft, in the rock, holding him fast.



## THE MITRE

What a sight met my eyes, as I turned to look for my companion! There in the path lay the box. About it in several directions were strewn the parts of a human body. The trunk, head, limbs, all separate, were lying about on the rocks. Horrors! I cannot here tell the fear, the ghastliness of that scene. The moon shining down gave everything living a deadly pallor. My guide now came along and in the most common place manner, began to pick up the body and place it into the box again. Slowly the fear left me, and in its place came a feeling of curiosity; as he picked each piece up, there was not a sign of limpness. Hereupon I ventured to touch one of the limbs. To my astonishment it was hard and firm. I touched other parts, each was hard as flint. To my questions my guide gave but little information, save that all dead persons were embalmed in this manner, and that the first king of Quaricole, could now be seen in very likeness in an inner recess of the sun god temple.

The following day I placed the body in a decent casket, clothed it and took care to see that it was firmly put together by means of the inserted fastenings. Years later I visited the tomb where the body was kept. It was there in as good condition as when I beheld it strewn about the trail. For all I know it remains so still.

R. H. HAYDEN '10.

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## WE WANT YOUR TRADE

And have the STOCK to warrant it

Everything for MEN and BOYS.

Star Clothing Hall,

J. Rosenbloom & Co.,                      Sherbrooke.

## THAT \_\_\_\_\_ CHESS PROBLEM. ,

I straightened myself in my chair with a groan, and looked at the clock: 8.30, so chucking the Horace into one corner and the quill into another I sallied forth along the corridor seeking whose biscuits I might devour. As I passed T's room I heard a smash, and a sound of jubilation, and promptly went in to see "what was doin'". There sat T. at a little table gazing rapturously at a chess-board with the men all hunched up together in one corner of it while the floor round him was covered with spare men, with the débris of a broken box, and an ink-pot. When he heard me come in he looked up beaming with joy, and the pride of successful effort, "Hurrah old man, I've done it!" he said. "It looks like it," I answered inspecting the mess on the floor. "Oh, I don't mean that, you ass, I mean this chess problem; it's the second one I've ever done, and I've tried hundreds." "Let's see the great achievement," said I, sitting down opposite him, and rallying the few intellectual faculties a prolonged struggle with the Odes of that brute Horace had left me. The black King was tucked secure away in a corner on the rook's square, surrounded by a solid phalanx of his own men, and attacked by squadrons of white pieces. It's white to play and mate in three." "Yes," I move my queen here." "Good." "you go there," "right." "Now I move this bishop here and it's mate next move." I opened the neck of my sweater, ran my hand through my hair, and settled down to intense mental concentration forgetting it was only a beastly problem which T. had solved, and imagining it was the end of one of our desperate games. After many minutes silent struggle, under his contemptuous smile, a sudden inspiration flashed through my despairing soul. I sat up, buttoned up my sweater, assumed a dignified air, stretched forth a quiet hand, moved a knight, and—checked his king. Then jubilation broke down the barriers of dignity, and I triumphed openly. "There you rotter, stop that check, and mate me in the same move and I'll give you my meerschaum.

T's air of triumph vanished. He bent low over the board, his whole pose eloquent of anxiety and mental strain. At length came the verdict, "No go, we must try something else." Then we tried several other combinations; and at last the solution came to me in a flash of inspiration. I sent T. round to take charge of black, and sailed in, in a highly professional manner. "Q to Q 8. Kt. x Q, forced

or mate next move. B x Kt. and mate next move." Now it was T's turn to put wet towels round his head, while I found his tobacco jar, filled a pipe, and sat down to enjoy my triumph. After a moment, however T's face cleared, he moved forward a beastly little pawn, and checked the white King; and there we were back at the beginning again. At this point the door was kicked in, and the Baron brought his large and cheerful person to anchor in a chair with the inevitable salutation of "what's doin'" to which we both replied in mournful chorus "Nothing doin'". We introduced him to the problem, and for a quarter of an hour we tackled the thing in concert. Then the Baron gave it up, strolled off to the corner of the room, lighted T's spirit lamp, and started the kettle for coffee, while T. and I stayed on guard over the problem. And then just as the kettle began to make cheerful sounds I solved the thing to my own satisfaction, introduced the solution to T. and fled for refreshment leaving him poring over the new idea. Soon he summoned me back, showed me a flaw in my solution, and a new one of his own, and went for his cup leaving me in charge. When the Baron and he came back to the board I had demonstrated the fallacy of T's combination, but had nothing of my own to offer; neither had the others. It was no good putting the thing away and trying not to think of it. We knew if we just left it alone it would haunt us through life. So we sallied forth, found a man who played chess, and enticed him into T's room with offers of refreshments, and craven. There we introduced him to that awful problem, and he took it away to try in his own room. When the door had closed behind them we felt better, and settled down to spend a cosy evening. The number of men in the College who play chess is limited and we can trace that problem's progress round the list by the air of gloom and despair on the face of the man it has in its clutches. There are only three more victims to suffer, and the Baron, T. and I have got up a sweepstake as to who will be the last victim. I also tried to place a bet that the last man, being unable to shove it off on to anyone else, would vanish from the COLL and spend the rest of his days in an asylum, but there were no takers.

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A tutor who tooted the flute  
 Tried to teach two young tooters to toot,  
 Said the two to the tutor  
 Is it harder to toot, or  
 To tutor two tooters to toot.

## BEYOND THE STARS.

When this life is over and ended,  
 When each has been called to rest—  
 When the wrong of the worst has been mended,  
 When the right of the good has been blest,  
 You and I who have met for a moment,  
 Who have played but a couple of bars  
 Together in Life's great anthem,  
 Shall we meet then, beyond the stars?  
 The friends that have met and been parted  
 Thro' chance or it may be thro' strife,  
 Will they meet once again when they've started  
 On the last long journey of life?  
 Out there in that region of wonder,  
 Where existence is smooth from all jars,  
 Shall we meet, you and I and the other  
 That have met on this side of the stars?  
 The friendship that's formed in an hour  
 For Eternity we will renew.  
 The bud will then blossom to flower  
 With petals of undying hue,  
 A flower that never can wither,  
 Not hurt by the sun nor the blast.  
 The friendship we once formed together  
 Will continue when stars are past.  
 And you, whom I loved, but who married  
 Another—perhaps worthier far,  
 Who have now left the world and been carried  
 To a dear little twinkling star,  
 In Heaven where marriages are not  
 Shall I love you the less for the scars  
 That once you inflicted? I care not  
 I shall find you beyond the stars!  
 And those that have been thro' the ages  
 Remembered because of their fame,  
 Who have written in gold on the pages  
 Of History their glorious name,  
 Shall we meet them and know them to speak to,  
 With the dwellers from Venus or Mars?  
 Shall we all be one people united  
 In that haven beyond the stars?  
 The Future! How happy and splendid!  
 Instead of the toil that we know  
 True peace we shall find, and, attended  
 By those we have loved here below,  
 Together we'll help swell the chorus  
 That knows neither setting nor bars  
 In praise of the God that is o'er us  
 In that kingdom beyond the stars!

RETA.



## THE GENTLE (?) MEN STUDENTS.

Young, I came to Bishop's College,  
 All unskilled in student's ways,  
 Deeming that they sought for knowledge,  
 Gilding them with halo rays.

Earnest men, and wise I thought them,  
 Seeking after life's best gifts,  
 Thinking study 't was that brought them,  
 Zeal for knowledge that uplifts.

Great was then my disillusion,  
 Entering at the College gate,  
 Hearing din, and wild confusion  
 Roaring like a spring-time spate.

"Where," I asked, "the studious pleasure?"

"Where the academic calm?"

"Where the peace that passeth measure?"

"Where the men who bear the palm"

"Mid their fellows for sedateness,

"Wisdom, kindness, courtly ways?"

"Here be men, blink-eyed from lateness

"Taken by each silly craze,

"Men in sweaters, and unshaven,

"Reeking of tobacco-smoke—

"This can be no quiet haven

"For studious minded women folk!"

Fled from every head the halo

I had placed there in my dream,

And I cried with many a wail, "Oh

"ARE these students what they seem!"

By one of the

LADY STUDENTS.

## A DREAM.

Tired I was and very lonely;  
 Unto me a man appeared  
 Clad in ancient dress, a wizard  
 With a heavy beard.

Noble was the wizard's manner,  
 Radiant was his face to see;  
 I was filled with awe and wonder;  
 Thus he spoke to me.

## THE MITRE

"Well thou dreamest, mortal stranger,  
 Good thy objects are and bold ;  
 Clearer are thy thoughts than crystal,  
 Finer far than gold.

" Were thy wishes all accomplished  
 Better would the world be far ;  
 Not a sin would soil earth's heaven,  
 Not a trouble mar.

" Be thou guided by those visions :  
 They are wondrous fair and bright,  
 And though earth's dark dismal struggle  
 They will be thy light.

" But, O friend, thou must remember  
 Wishes will not gain the world ;  
 Hostile hosts thou canst not conquer  
 With thy banner furled.

"And if sorrow thou wouldst banish,  
 Thou must strive with all thy might,  
 Every sinful impulse shatter,  
 Will to do the right.

Every thought of good perform, then,  
 Each one is thy God's command."  
 Thus he spoke; then faded, vanished—  
 Joined the spectral band.

## MARION.

Oh, fair art thou, and sweet as fair, the heart  
 In quickened pulse yields tribute, while the eye  
 Pays dutious homage to the witchery  
 Of thy coy modest smile, whose magic art  
 Makes it delight to meet thee—pain to part !  
 What deeps of myst'ries unrevealed lie  
 On thy pearl-parted lips, whose gentlest sigh  
 May deepest joy or direst grief impart !  
 What hint of hidden chords that can and may  
 By touch responsive, soul with soul entwining,  
 Evoke the richest harmonies, not gay,  
 But calmly-glad and rounded-pure, combining  
 Stray symphonies into the perfect tone  
 Of hearts that beat but each for each alone !

A. H. B.



By the death of Sir William Johnson, which occurred on January 26th, at Nice, in France, an old graduate of Bishop's, Mr. Edward Gordon Johnson, B.A., ('82) becomes a baronet. The new baronet is a nephew of the late baronet, and is fifth in line from the first, who was granted his title in 1755, by King George III, for services rendered as commander of His Majesty's forces in New York State, during the American Revolution. Ever since he left Bishop's Sir Edward has been connected with the Auditor of Agencies' Office of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in Montreal. The family estate is at Woodland Grange, St. Mathias, County Chambly, Quebec; and the family story is closely identified with the early history of this continent.

The MITRE, and indeed all the senior students, some of whom knew him only four years ago as a fellow student, take this opportunity of congratulating the Rev. J. Henning Nelms, LL.B., (Columbia) upon his recent call to the Rectorship of the pro Cathedral Church of the Ascension, Washington, D.C. It is only four years since Mr. Nelms graduated in Divinity at Bishop's; and his remarkable success as Parish-Priest during the short interval since his graduation, does great honor to his Alma Mater, and speaks well for the training he received here too. At the time of his graduation Mr. Nelms was chosen as rector of St. Matthew's, one of the largest and most influential Churches in Philadelphia, Penn.; and, during the three and a half years of his rectorship, the communicant list of that Church has grown from four hundred and ninety to one thousand and thirty.

Mr. G. H. A. Montgomery, M.A., ('93), of the law firm of Brown, Montgomery and McMichael, Montreal, figured conspicuously and successfully in a legal fight of note in Montreal recently. On behalf of his clients, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, he applied for an injunction restraining the City Council from certain proposed action; and the injunction was granted. "Well played, Gummy."

Mr. J. S. Hunter Würtele, B.A., ('00), (B.Sc. McGill '04), first Assistant Superintendent of the Washington Power Company, of Spokane, Washington, spent his holidays recently visiting friends in the East. Mr. Würtele is enthusiastic about the West. It has been to him the land of opportunity, and he has already won conspicuous achievement and promotion. He has charge of the immense power stations of this big concern.

The Rev. Marcus H. Carroll, M.A., ('93), has accepted the parish of Hanover, Massachusetts, and began work in his new field at the beginning of this year.

Mr. J. Camillien Noel, B.C.L., ('84), has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the District of Wetaskiwin, Alberta. After his graduation in Law at Bishop's, Mr. Noel practiced his profession for fourteen years, at Inverness, Quebec, and was for several years, during this time, legal examiner for the District of Arthabaska. Eight years ago he went to Dawson, Yukon Territory, where he became the head of the legal firm of Noel, Noel and Cormack; and during the past two years, he has been practising law in Edmonton, Alberta.

The Rev. G. H. A. Murray, M.A., ('98), has been transferred from the parish of Hatley, Quebec to that of Danville, Quebec.

We regret very much to learn that owing to illness, the Rev. Crompton Sowerbutts, ('07), deacon-in-charge of the parish of Valcartier, Quebec, has been obliged to seek leave of absence from his Bishop, and has returned for a time to his home in London, England. We trust that a few months in his native land will so improve Mr. Sowerbutts' condition, that he may soon be back at his work.

The Rev. E. R. Roy, M.A., ('03), held a very hearty special Thanksgiving Service in his parish Church, at Shigawake, Quebec, on October 25th. The preacher on this occasion was the Rev. E. A. Dunn, M.A., Rector of New Carlisle, Quebec, and until recently Professor of Pastoral Theology at Lennoxville. Mr. Dunn, we are told, preached a deeply devotional sermon to a large number of thankful worshippers.

The Rev. P. R. Roy, B.A., ('05), deacon assistant to the Rev. F. Plaskett, B.A., ('04), in St. Clement's Mission, Canadian Labrador, spent several weeks in January visiting the small fishing communities established along the bleak coast of the Newfoundland



Labrador, preaching, helping, and administering the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. There is a long strip of coast, from Blanc Sablon to Hamilton Inlet, which is entirely destitute of the Church's ministrations, except when the workers of our St. Clement's Mission make them occasional visits.

At the recent annual meeting of the St. Francis Deanery, several of our Alumni were elected to offices. The Rev. Albert Stevens, M.A., was elected Secretary, and the Revs. Rural Deans James Hepburn, M.A., Alex H. Robertson, M.A., and R. W. E. Wright, M.A., were all appointed on the Executive Committee.

An excellent sermon preached on New Year's Day, at Christ Church, Stanstead, by the Rector, the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A., has been published in the Sherbrooke Daily Record.

Mr. R. J. Hepburn, B.A., ('07), who is now pursuing a course in Applied Science at McGill, paid a short visit to his friends in Lennoxville on the last day of Michaelmas Term. Amongst many other things which "Reggie" had to say about old McGill, he remarked that it "very fine indeed" but that "it couldn't come up to Bishop's."

We extend our hearty congratulations to the Rev. W. Frederick Scaman, B.A., ('03), of Grand' Mère, Quebec, who on January 15th, was married at Hamilton, to Miss Florence Ireland, of Nelson, Ontario.

The Rev. Arthur M. Dunstan, B.A., ('06), of Groveton, New Hampshire, was recently married to Mrs. Soule, an estimable lady of that town. Our late Editor-in-chief and his wife have our sincere wishes for a happy future.

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At a clinical lecture a stiff question was put to a rather stupid student. To the surprise of the lecturer, he answered it correctly.

"You seem astonished, sir."

"Yes," said the lecturer, "Balaam was astonished under similar circumstances."

## BISHOP'S COLLEGE ENLARGEMENT FUND.

Bishop's College has always laid the greatest emphasis on the benefits of the Residential System. The record entry of Students in the present Session has far exceeded the available accommodation and rooms have had to be found for several men in the village. A still further increase is confidently expected next September.

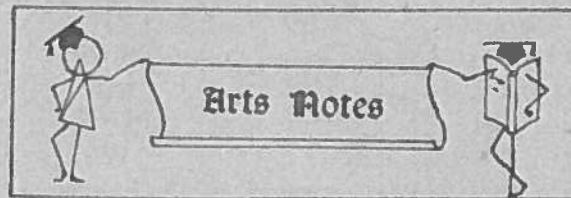
The moment has arrived when the College has to choose whether it will be content to remain the present size (or even go back), or whether it will aim at increasing its usefulness by enlarging its accommodation. The Corporation at a Meeting on October 22nd unanimously adopted the latter course. It was then found that the most pressing requirements to meet present needs were more Students' rooms, more and larger lecture rooms, and a large common room, and that the most economical way of providing these additions was to take the present Principal's Lodge (which is a wing of the Arts Building) into the College, thus providing room for from twelve to fifteen more students, as well as additional lecture rooms, etc.

The alterations in the Lodge necessitated by this scheme are trivial but it also necessitates the building of a new Lodge for the Principal. This will require an outlay of from \$8,000 to \$10,000 and for this sum the Corporation are now making an appeal not only to all friends of Bishop's College but also to all supporters of a sound University training obtained under the residential system.

We hope that many friends of higher education will be prevailed upon to contribute to this Enlargement Fund. The opportunity will be given to all to make their subscriptions cover a period of two, three or more years. The appeal is made now so that the result thereof may be known to Corporation early in the year when the best prices for building can be obtained, and it is hoped that the enlargement will be available for next September, thus enabling the College to take full advantage at the earliest possible moment of its present opportunity.

A. H. QUEBEC,  
President of the Corporation.

R. A. PARROCK,  
Principal.



Although the echoes of Christmas and its joys have now about subsided, the holidays seem to have been appreciated with all the enthusiasm of at least an imagined well earned rest. Most of the men spent the month at their homes and we hear of much gayety from these respective parts of our broad Dominion. The Ancient Capital seems to have been quite en fête and even yet we hear an occasional reminder of the merriment which was in evidence there. Those who remained at college were also quite energetic and a very busy holiday was enjoyed.

#### DR. PARROCK'S BUILDING REPORT.

Already many of the friends of Bishop's have made a generous response to the appeal reprinted under De Alumnis. On Thursday, January 30th., Rev. Principal Parrock visited Quebec soliciting subscriptions for the Enlargement Fund. On Saturday he had to attend a meeting of the Board of Examiners of McGill University in Montreal so only part of two days were spent in Quebec. His success is shown by the list below. Owing to a severe storm, fourteen hours were spent in the ride from Quebec to Montreal, greatly shortening his visit there. He learned that Mr. S. O. Shorey, who has charge of the Fund in Montreal, was away, so no subscriptions have yet been taken in Montreal.

The subscriptions to the Enlargement Fund to date are as follows.

John Hamilton, Esq.....	\$500 00	J. T. Ross, Esq.....	100 00
(If at least \$8,000 is subscribed		Vesey Boswell, Esq.....	100 00
an extra)	\$500 00	Miss Price .....	100 00
G. H. Balfour, Esq.....	500 00	John H. Holt, Esq.....	50 00
Wm. Price, Esq.....	500 00	Dean of Quebec.....	50 00
Wm. Farwell, Esq.....	400 00	W. H. Wiggs, Esq.....	25 00
Bishop of Ottawa.....	300 00	C. A. Boswell, Esq.....	25 00
Miss Hamilton.....	200 00	Capt. W. H. Carter.....	20 00
Bishop of Quebec.....	200 00	Rev. E. N. R. Burns.....	5 00

An unfortunate accident happened early in the season, when Mr. Grant '10 broke several of the bones in his right hand while skiing. We are glad to hear the injury became about healed during the holidays and that "Grant" is again able to enjoy his first Canadian winter.

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With the Christmas increase of students, in spite of the weather, we must really be ready for such emergencies as open air meetings.

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There has not been such a "noise" in the Dining Hall for many years.

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Unforeseen events have caused the Dramatic Club to postpone the presenting of "The Rivals" until April 28th. Rehearsal will be recommenced about the beginning of Lent, and even greater results are looked for than the splendid success made by the Dramatic Club last year.

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With such splendid weather snow-shoeing and tobogganing have been very much in evidence, and we hear of many pleasant gatherings having taken place. Mrs. Parrock and Miss Gill and Mrs. Frith have been most kindly hostesses and much of the brightness of the present term must indeed be attributed to their goodness.

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A record number on the roll!

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The trip to Harvard was a fitting opening for such a term.

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The Chapel begins to show signs of "standing room only."

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The money stringency reached the hockey team all too soon and the cry for the "cashier" became its forlorn hope before the team had made its mark in Boston.

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On Wednesday evening Feb. 5th. the annual skating party and impromptu dance was held. At the outset it may be said that the event was the best of its kind that has yet been held. The skating took place in the B.C.S. rink and sharp at 8 o'clock the band struck up a lively air. From this time until the last dance later on in the college a merry evening was enjoyed. The thermometer registered several degrees below the zero point but the weather was felt to be



by no means severe. For two hours the skating was enjoyed and there was indeed little intermission. At 10 o'clock all adjourned to the college. Mrs. Parrock and Miss Gill kindly acted as patronesses and not too much can be said for the really splendid manner they assisted in seeing no time at all was lost in the preliminaries of the dance. After receiving the guests in the students Common Room immediately they led the way to the Dining Hall, where light refreshments had been provided. Dancing was begun in the Council Chamber immediately after supper. Miss Jeffry had kindly thrown open the lower Dining Hall and thus relieved the pressure of all dancing in the Council Chamber. Without a hitch the merriment continued, and keen was the regret expressed when 12 o'clock was reached before the dances had been completed. At twelve however God Save the King was struck up as the special car for Sherbrooke left at 12.30.

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#### OVER MOSS CARPETS.

Over moss carpets,  
Under gnarled boughs,  
Gaily trips Celia—  
Celia my spouse.

Musical waterfalls  
Sing by our side;  
Sweeter by far  
The voice of my bride.

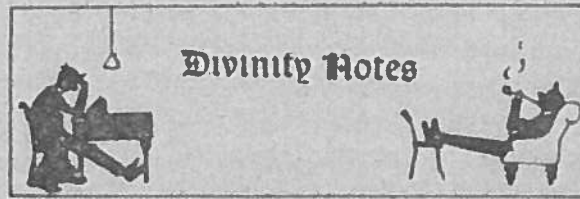
Patches of sunlight  
Fill each leafy glade,  
In brightest of raiment  
Is summer arrayed.

Ferns cling to boulders  
Half buried in earth,  
Even the birds sing  
In joy at love's birth.

Lengthening shadows  
Steal o'er the land;  
Under the starlight  
We walk hand in hand.

Long day is ended  
Night has begun:  
As now so forever  
Our hearts beat as one.

W. R. S.



It is a pleasant task that falls to the lot of the Divinity scribe to extend in these columns a hearty welcome to the new members of the "Shed." The new registrations this term number three which brings the total up to twenty-two, the highest on record. The fact that sixteen out of this number come from other dioceses than Quebec speaks well for the course of training given. The preparatory course which has been but lately instituted, is a great boon to men who do not wish to take the Arts course and, since it leads to the degree of L.S.T., there should be no doubt of its efficiency.

The Missionary Union was favored with an address by Rev. W. H. Cassop, M.A., at its regular meeting on January 21st. The topic discussed was "The Planting of the Church of England, in Rupert's Land." The speaker, who has spent some time in the Western diocese, was thoroughly at home with his subject and his words were listened to with marked attention. He mentioned instances of the hardships experienced by the early settlers and how their self-sacrificing efforts were appreciated by those to whom they came to minister. The next address will be given on March 4th, when the President and Secretary will read papers on Japan and the Japanese.

The following men were engaged in Mission-work during the Christmas vacation :-

- Mr. Corey took his usual fortnightly services at Stanstead.
- Mr. Calder spent the month in his mission at Lisbon, N.H.
- Mr. Lewis relieved Rev. W. F. Seaman, at Grand Mere.
- Mr. Adams had charge of the Peterborough Mission, N.H.
- Mr. Jones officiated at St. Mary Magdalene's, Picton, Ont.
- Mr. Laws resumed his charge at Bromptonville.
- Mr. Love assisted Canon Loucks at Camden East, Ontario.
- Mr. Sherman took Sunday duty at Southampton in the diocese of Fredericton.

Mr. Hinchliffe held Christmas services at Ormocto; N.B.

The services at Moulton Hill, are being conducted by the Missionary Society and, although the congregations are small, it is hoped that by spring-time when the schoolhouse will be a more comfortable place of worship, that the people will avail themselves of the opportunity of having a service at their convenience.

We extend our congratulations to Clement, Hollis, and Benedict for the beautiful Christmas presents in the form of new gowns, which we believe may have been presented by Santa Claus. Hollis revels in the idea that, although he has disposed of two of these college garments in his course, this one is made of indestructible material.

At a meeting of the Divinity students on January 28th, the hockey club was re-organized with the following officers:—

President—Rev. Prof. Hamilton.	Vice-Pres.—Mr. Walters
Sec.-Treas.—Mr. Laws.	Capt.—Mr. Calder.
Manager—Mr. Lewis.	Poet—Mr. Ievers.

The name of last year's famous team—Minnehahas—has been again adopted. From the material available we predict a successful season for this aggregation under the leadership of the energetic captain. As is characteristic of his promptness the newly-elected poet immediately set to work to compose a yell for his team, and at the time of writing his latest production is:—

Whinny Minnie, Whinny Minnie,  
Whinny Minnie, Hah!  
Whinny Minnie ha ha.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!



BISHOP'S HOCKEY TEAM PLAYS IN THE STATES.

The hockey season this year was officially opened by a trip to the States. Two matches were played, Harvard and Dartmouth

being the opposing teams. Bishop's were defeated by the wearers of the crimson but won from Dartmouth.

#### BISHOP'S VS. HARVARD.

The game with Harvard took place on Wednesday, January 22nd. It had originally been intended that the match should be played in the Harvard Stadium but the mild weather rendered this impossible and at the last moment one of the rinks of S. Paul's School Concord, N.H., had to be used instead. The Bishop's team arrived in Concord on Wednesday morning and were very hospitably entertained by the S. Paul's authorities. The match was played that afternoon. Owing to a heavy thaw, the ice was very soft and slushy, and in many places covered with water, consequently fast skating or good stickhandling were out of the question. At half time the score was one to nil in favor of Harvard and in the second period they added three more goals while Bishop's failed to tally thus making the final score, Harvard 4, Bishop's 0. Play was extremely ragged and devoid of any sensational features. Hughes and Robinson showed up best of the Bishop's players while Pell was the most effective man for Harvard.

The teams were as follows :—

HARVARD.		BISHOP'S
Washburn	Goal	Robinson
Willets	Point	Thomson
Ford	Cover-point	Scott
Rumsey	Rover	Hughes (capt)
Hicks	Centre	Hepburn
Pell (capt)	Right Wing	Stevens
Gardner	Left Wing	Love
Referee—M. K. Gordon.		

That evening the party went on to Boston where it had been arranged to have a game with the Brae Burn Country Club hockey team. However this game had to be abandoned through lack of ice.

#### BISHOP'S VS. DARTMOUTH.

On Friday the team left Boston for Hanover, N.H. to play Dartmouth. Here the ice was hard and showing up to a better advantage Bishop's won by a score of 3-0.

Dartmouth played a good defensive game but their attacks were never really dangerous.



The teams were as follows :—

**DARTMOUTH.**

Blanpid  
Pettinghill  
Leighton  
Foote (capt)  
Doe  
Perry  
Marston

Goal  
Point  
Cover-point  
Rover  
Centre  
Right Wing  
Left Wing

Referee, Eames.

**BISHOP'S.**

Robinson  
Thomson  
Scott  
Hughes (capt)  
Hepburn  
Stevens  
Hooper

**PUCKLETS.**

Of last year's seven Robinson, Thomson, Stevens, C. Hepburn and Captain Graydon Hughes are back. "Colin" Hughes, who played such a brilliant game on the '07 team, graduated last June and his loss will materially weaken the defence. "Reg." Hepburn too, the doughty captain of the '06 team, will be missed on the forward line where he always put up a hard, consistent, and effective game.

Brown and Edgar are showing up best of the new men.

Amongst other matches it is hoped that Bishop's will play Harvard and McGill II here this month.

**BASKETBALL.**

On Nov. 30th, Bishop's defeated B. C. S. in the last basketball match of the season. At half time B. C. S. were leading but in the second half the College put in some effective team work which gave them the victory.

The teams lined up as follows :—

**BISHOP'S**

Harding (capt)  
Scott  
Thomson  
Love  
Hughes

l. defence  
r. "  
centre  
l. forward  
r. "

Referee, Sgt. Harney.

**B. C. S.**

Spafford (capt)  
Fisher  
Holt  
Landers  
Smith

## EXCHANGES.

"Why Arts Men avoid the Ministry," is the subject treated in the Editorial Topics of Trinity University Review. The writer of this article after having disposed of the two answers generally given to the question, viz:

Unsufficient salary and decay of religious earnestness among the people, conclude that the blame must be laid upon.

First, the Divinity Students themselves; Secondly, the Bishops.

We cannot believe that the writer is aware of the seriousness of the charges brought against the Divinity Students, or Theologs as they are termed in Trinity. Of course we are not acquainted with the state of affairs there, nor do we know how the Arts and Theologs "pull."

There may be some reason for the rather violent attacks made against the latter.

If not, we could not understand how they could be accused of nothing less than unsociability, narrow-mindedness, and hypocrisy.

These are indeed serious charges, and before including *all* Divinity Students in this sweeping denunciation it would be very advisable for the editor, responsible for the article, to become a little more acquainted with the state of affairs in other Theological Colleges. It is very easy to judge men, but it is dangerous too; and the first requirement is a knowledge of the facts.

We feel we are only doing justice to our Divinity Students in protesting strongly against the statements made in the article in question. We want the Editor to learn a few things about us.

*First*—The greatest sociability and the best understanding has never ceased to exist here between the two faculties.

*Secondly*—Our Theologs know perfectly well they are not saints and do not want to appear to be, and if they feel inclined to "*bum*" they "*bum*" and do not cover the fact under the cloak of "*meditation*"

*Thirdly*—They are always present at every College festivities and take their share in it.

*Fourthly*—On the football field as well as in any other sports they take a prominent part.

*Fifthly*—If they want "*to stuff*" they do so openly and Arts men are always welcome.

Lack of space prevents us from considering the second part of

this most interesting document, but we hope to be able to do so in our next number. The question raised is too important to allow it to drop.

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"Acta Victoria" January Number is a very interesting one. We notice a very good article on College Athletics in Japan"

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Queen's University Journal is a decidedly interesting Magazine. We would strongly commend to the attention of the MITRE Staff and of all the students the advisability of following the plan adopted by Queen's of publishing in each Number some articles on current events and more especially on Canada and her people. If we wish the MITRE to be something more than a Students' paper we must keep in touch with the outside world. Our paper will find its way in places from which it has been excluded up to the present.

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To the Students of elocution, the following advice taken from Cap and Gown is given. "Professor of elocution": Put some life into your work. Speak up. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it

We were glad to receive "Vox Collegii" from Ontario Ladies College. We hope other Ladies Colleges will follow this example.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: Trinity University Review, Manitoba College Journal, the Lakonian, McMaster University Monthly, Emerson College Magazine, Vox Collegii, Argosy, In Cap and Gown, Student, Varsity, St. Andrew's Cross, Pax, Holy Cross Magazine, Crozier, Cambridge Review New Era, Revue Catholique des Eglises.