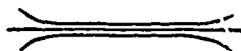


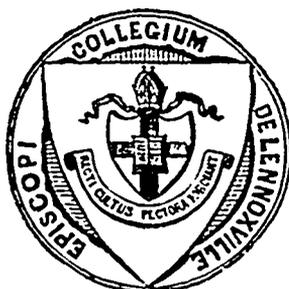
“Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus.”

Нігде.



THE MITRE.

❁ ❁ Volume 4. ❁ ❁
No. 6.



❁ APRIL, ❁
1897.

—A Monthly Magazine of—

Literature, University Thoughts and Events.

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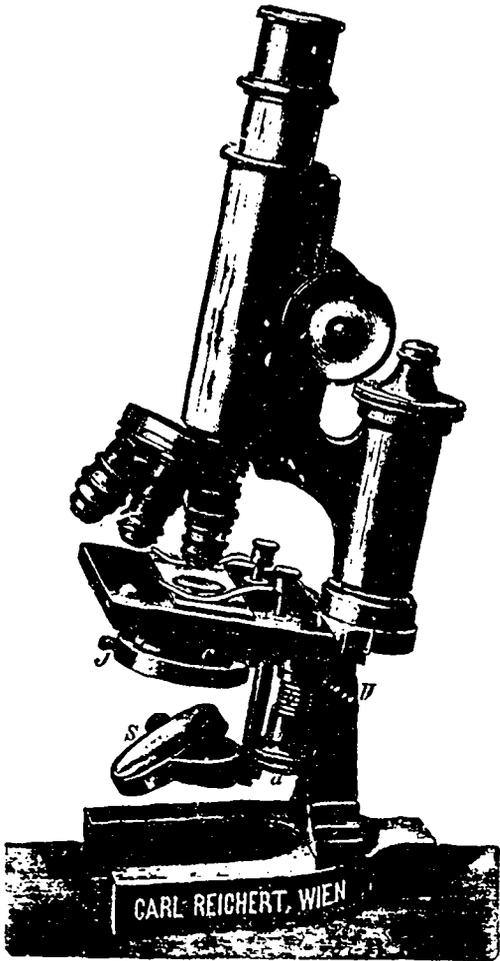
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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

AS man's actions should be guided by Reason, so Reason has certainly, till quite recently, directed man to do things with a view to the relation of the parts to the whole, of the things of smaller importance to those of the greater, of the beauty of detail to the beauty of the finished work. This law of proportion, this law of order and of the subordination of what is less to what is greater is the indication of the presence of Reason in any work of man. Where order and the sense of proportion is lacking, work loses its reasonableness, loses its character of permanence, and loses its attraction for mankind.

In the governments of nations may be seen what is meant by the sense of order and proportion. The Grecian States fell before the power of Macedonia because there was no sense of proportion, no order or system in the means taken for defence—nothing was in harmony, all was individual effort. On the other hand, the Roman power lasted for many centuries and when it died transmitted its genius to the Papacy. Why is it that there is this stability in one

and not in the other? It is because Law, System and Order were unrecognized by the Greek but were the ground-work of the Roman idea. The Greek was opposed to Law since he conceived that it warped individual liberty; the Roman was opposed to Liberty since he conceived it to be but another word for lawlessness. On this account Greece has left its mark upon the world through individual genius—in which indeed due regard was shown to proportion and harmony—but has left but little impress upon history as a governed community because in its methods there was too little order and too little harmony. Rome has left little originality, little individual work, but has influenced the world (and perhaps will influence it till the end of time) through its perfect organization, through its subordination of the individual to the elevation of the community.

The efforts of modern peoples have perhaps been directed towards the reconciliation of these two principles—the principal of Law and the principle of Liberty. If this is the aim of modern civilization, it is the noblest one that can be conceived. There is nothing indeed irreconcilable in them; both emanate from the Same Source; both are the heritage of the human race; both are qualities of mind, one tending to freedom of thought, the other to the control of that thought within reasonable bounds.

Yet, in an imperfect state of development, the principal of Law is by far the more important because the mind is too untrained to make it advisable to indulge in a great deal of freedom in thought or action. This will account for the good office which the Romish Church performed in the Middle Ages, when it controlled the affairs of half-barbarous Europe. When a community is not fully developed, when its habits are rude and its reason but half awake, its thought and action must be curbed, or dire will be the results. So it is with the individual. Law is a necessity in childhood but when the child begins to ask the why and wherefore, then should the Law relax gradually till the time arrives when Reason may exercise full sway and become a Law unto itself—this is Freedom.

At school a child is placed under great restraint; in the University a young man is given certain liberties within clearly defined limits. Certain regulations are to be observed, a certain amount of work is required but apart from that the student is free. So much for Law as regards the authorities of the University.

Yet over and above these regulations there is among the students themselves an unwritten law which every single person should feel bound to accept as his guide. It may be styled the spirit of the Institution. That, generally speaking, it is a noble one follows, since it is the spirit which animates the corporate life of the students when at its best. It is not an arbitrary or temporary thing, but is the unconscious fruit of half a century of good feeling.

It is to be hoped that no individual will ever dare to oppose himself to the "traditions of the place," as these principles are often called, that no one will set at nought honorable customs some of which have stood the test of fifty years. If such a one exists he shows himself to have no real part in the life of the University. He has cut himself off from its noble aspirations and has shown himself not yet fitted to enjoy that amount of freedom which he may as a student claim as his right.

While perhaps there is no one who would consciously tamper with the unwritten code there are men who thoughtlessly do outrage to the public feeling of the University. To take one instance—unless a person notifies the Secretary of any Students' Club that he does not wish to become a member of such a club, he is to be considered a member of the same and is expected to pay any subscription due from him as a member. Now, for an individual to make use of the property of any such association when he is unable to meet the requirements which are fairly expected of him, is not only a breach of good taste but is also a breach of honour. Such a man is not guided by "sweet reasonableness," but must be controlled by Law. That conduct like this springs from carelessness and not from intentional dishonesty may be true enough, yet it is a sad thing that any individuals should find themselves compelled to make excuses of this kind.

Again, probably the most highly esteemed of all the traditions of this University is the one in regard to Seniority. Yet there is danger that this tradition will become a mere legend of by-gone days, unless seniors are more cautious in use of their prerogative for several years past. What rogatives and in their conduct, and the juniors less forward and ill-regulated. There has been a falling off in the observance of this time honoured tradition is the reason of it? There must be fault somewhere—in those who are in a position of authority among the students, or among those who have not yet attained to distinction. Perhaps there is on the one side, a domineering spirit, without the power of enforcement behind it, but there can be no doubt of a too frequent attitude, on the other, of gross impertinence.

Wherever the fault may lie an appeal to the students as reasonable men who are here receiving the benefits of an education which is intended to fit them to be led by the voice of Reason into a condition of true Freedom where Law will become a for-

gotten thing, is sure to be received with courtesy if not with approval.



AT THE CROSS ROADS.

Here on life's Cross Roads, friend, our ways now sever,
And each must journey 'neath an altered sky,
Yet in the years to come our hearts will never
Forget the glad hours of the days gone by.

Oft have we sat before the bright logs blazing
On the wide hearth, and closed the winter's day,
Oft in the meadows where the cows were grazing
Have watched the summer sunsets die away.

Oft have we sped, girl with the engine's thunder,
Down the bright track into the golden dawn;
Oft through dark forests when the moon in wonder
Peered 'neath the trees at the long smoke outdrawn.

And now when autumn fields are filled with beauty,
And while the breath of harvest is so sweet,
We who have heard afar the voice of duty,
Shake hands and part where these two roadways meet.

Dear brother heart, we leave farewells unspoken,
We shall not change nor shall our love forget,
For on life's sky, by sun and shadow broken,
True friendship is a star that does not set.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.



AN INTERLUDE.

Concluded

Determined not to lose sight of her in this desolate spot, I followed, with a most undignified gait, between walking and running, till I was close behind her. But she, fancying, I believe, that I intended to take hold of her, with a little moan of fear turned to the left, and jumping over the low wall that keeps the road separate from the rocks of the shore, began to scramble over the slippery stones along the water's edge.

I did not leave the road, but jogged silently on until there was a sharp little cry, and a fall, and then stillness in the darkness beside me.

As quickly as might be, I reached the spot; and there, sure enough, lay my unknown lady on the stones, almost senseless.

When I took hold of her arm to lift her up, she shuddered, and gasped out—"Don't touch me." "I promise," said I, "to touch you as little as possible, but you will at least allow me to help you to your

feet." No—she would not; so I drew back, and watched her get on her knees, and make piteous efforts to stand, till at last she gave in, and sank down with a little groan.

Once more I offered, and she panted, in a voice broken by tears—"Its no good, I think my ankle must be badly hurt, please go and get some sort of cart to carry me home."

I did not go, for the disadvantages of such a course, both for her and for me, were sufficiently obvious. Instead, I went and sat down on a rock by her side, and said in my gravest and most sympathetic voice.—'Listen to me for one minute;—I acknowledge that I have acted unpardonably in deceiving you as I did, but it was done entirely upon impulse, and without any intention of'—"Do you mean to say," she broke in, "that you were not waiting for me on purpose?" "I swear it," said I, "in fact I don't know at this very moment even your name; it was my surprise at your accosting me, and taking hold of my arm, that prevented me explaining at once that you were mistaken, and after that it became more and more impossible to tell you" "But you were whistling *Annie Laurie*," she objected; I often do," said I, and so do others." "On your honor as a gentleman," said she, "were you really not expecting to meet me there?" "On my honor." Here there was silence for some little time, and finally she spoke, with sounds of relenting in her voice,— "Well, perhaps after all it was *partly* my fault for taking if for granted that you were—you were the person I expected." (I could tell from her voice that she was turning away her head and blushing) "Yes," I ventured, I think it was" a little your fault, and if only you knew how much I have been wishing that I could be that person, you would pity me"—"Oh hush!—this is no time for that sort of silliness—will you please help me up now, my ankle doe-n't hurt *quite* so much, and I will try and walk to the nearest cottage, where they will get me a cart."

I did not hesitate at all, and getting my arms well under hers, lifted her gently on to her feet; but she had hardly touched her foot to the ground when she gave way again, and would have fallen, had I not caught her in my arms.

"Let me go," she moaned, refusing, with the gratitude of woman, to recognize that I had probably saved her from a serious fall.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that you cannot even stand, much less walk, so that really the only thing, as far as I could see, is for you to let me carry you to the ferry; it isn't a hundred yards, and then probably Joe will be able to get you a trap of some sort"

Of course she combatted this suggestion with all her power, but, at last, as I absolutely refused to leave her alone, and her ankle absolutely refused to be walked upon, there was nothing else for it, and she gave it to the inevitable with royal resignation

Once again, then, I was in a position to imagine

myself 'Harry.' One of her arms was round my neck, and her head on my shoulder, while the loose strands of hair played across my face like gossamer webs.

How I blessed the fact that I am more than ordinarily strong; for in spite of her slinness she was tall and well proportioned; and what hard work I had to keep from saying or doing something silly—for by this time she was beginning seriously to affect my head.

But the journey came to a decorous conclusion; and arrived at the steps, I set her down, and started off for Joe's cottage, close by, to see about the rig

As I had thought probable, there was absolutely nothing to be got nearer than ten miles, on this side of the water; but there was a solitary telephone in the next house. So I went up there and telephoned over to a livery stable in town to send a carriage to meet us at the Point, that being the nearest place where a decent road came close enough to the water.

This done, I went back to my unknown lady and told her what was before us.

She did not like the idea of the mile row down to the Point, but as there was nothing else to be done, she at last graciously consented to fall in with my arrangements, and announced herself ready to set off on the homeward trip.

By this time the sympathetic Joe had backed his boat round, stern to the steps, and I lifted my dear unknown down to the seat, and got in after her, and thoughtful Joe—thoughtful man—explaining that it was "mighty fre-h on the water at this time o'night," produced a large blanket, and folded it round the two of us, till we looked more like a twin mummy than anything else.

For the first five minutes after Joe's slow regular strokes had begun to break placid gloom beneath us into phosphorescent ripples there was silence—I might almost say distance—between us; but then, in rearranging the folds of our covering, my hand touched hers. She took no notice. I began to find that the blanket would need frequent rearrangement, and in a few seconds my hand touched hers again, this time less casually. Still she remained immovable. Once more it was necessary to attend to the blanket. This time she moved her hand away a little,—mine followed it; hers moved farther,—So did mine. Then she whispered to me, "You *might* leave me alone; you know I can't get away from you here, and it would be too ridiculous to quarrel before the boatman" "Well," said I, still in whispers, and without letting her hand go, "I only want you to forgive me for what has happened tonight" "Oh, I forgive you" she said quickly—"Yes," I answered," but I dont put very much faith in a forgiveness which allows you to behave like an iceberg to one whom fate has set so close to your side tonight.—Surely it was no fault of mine that I *was* in the Avenue and Harry was not! (I rather thought that Harry's desertion ought to prove useful to me, care-

fully managed.) "I do *really* forgive you, and thank you very much for all the trouble you are taking on my account," she said, emphasizing her words by a slight turn in my direction, and an ever so slight involuntary pressure of the fingers which I still held absent-mindedly. "Ah well," said I magnanimously, "we won't say anything more about that—and we'll be friends till you are safe in the carriage."

There was no answer to this,—but the resigned helplessness that came over the imprisoned hand told me better than any words, that we were at least friends.

So once again silence settled down upon us, helped rather than broken by the creak of the rowlocks and the swish of the oars through the patient water; and though I was no longer 'Harry' to her there was something gradually stealing over us out of the infinite tenderness of the night and in keeping with its invisible beauty—a mysterious indefinable feeling of consociation, which in a few moments had drawn us closer than months of more than ordinary acquaintance.

How I longed for Joe to slacken his untiring speed, and let us indefinitely prolong this unlooked for hour of unearthly peace.

Presently I gradually unclasped my fingers from hers, leaving them perfectly free. They were not withdrawn!

Then I knew that all was well, and that the magic of the night had triumphed, and putting my arm round her under the friendly shade of the blanket, I drew her to me, till her drooping head rested against my shoulders; and so strangers, yet for this one hour, lovers, we remained, until the single oil lamp which marked the landing stage shone directly over our bow.

The dis-embarking was silent—for the night was still, and we—we had no need of words.

I lifted her in my arms, and stepped ashore, while Joe as quietly glided away, back into the nothingness.

Up the steps to the road I carried her, to seek a seat I knew of, where we might wait for the carriage, and the end, the sadly unwelcome end, of this peace we had found together.

Yet the gods had a further gift for me—for as I leaned forward to set her down on the wooden bench, my foot slipped slightly, so that, burdened as I was, I half stumbled, and the next instant her hair, loosened by the shock, had fallen in a warm sweet shower across my eyes and over my face.

The very night seemed to wheel round in bands of fire, for somehow, then, in some suddenly roused, blind passion, our lips, touching, greeted eagerly, and so clung.

* * * * *

We were roused by the sound of wheels, and the lights of the approaching carriage.—As I helped her

towards it she whispered, between a sob and a smile, "We shall never meet again." I knew it—but there was nothing to say. So we parted; and I stood alone, still ignorant of even her name, while the glare of the carriage lamps on the road grew more and more distant, and the wheels sounded fainter and fainter, bearing away with them the beauty and warmth and desirableness of the night.

Pacing slowly homeward in the blank emptiness, I wondered what Helena would say about the matter, if she could ever learn how I spent the evening. Indeed I often wonder that still—when the night is dark and warm, and I can hear the wind sighing in the pine tops.

O. B. M.



THE LATE A. D. NICOLLS, ESQ. OF LENNOXVILLE

The late Mr. Nicolls represented on his mother's side the family of Bishop Mountain, which came to this province in 1793 in the person of the first Bishop of Quebec; the second Bishopric founded outside the British Islands was that of Quebec. The second Bishop Mountain, third occupant of the see was Mr. Nicolls' maternal grandfather. The Rev. Jasper Nicolls married Miss Mountain, and their youngest child, Armine Drummond, was born at Lennoxville in Dec., 1854. He passed through the school and college curriculum at Lennoxville and shewed good proficiency in his work, winning the General Nicolls Scholarship for Mathematics. After graduating in Arts at Lennoxville, Mr. Nicolls entered the legal firm of Sir John Abbott in Montreal and took the gold medal in obtaining the B.C.L. of McGill. Ultimately he became a member of the well known legal firm of Church, Chapleau, Hall & Nicolls. In 1892 he retired from this to become Bursar of Bishop's College and secretary of the School. The strain and turmoil of courts and city life told upon the naturally delicate physical constitution of Mr. Nicolls. He hoped life in the country would restore his health, and he was undoubtedly prompted by a desire to render service to that institution which his grandfather had founded and to which his father had devoted the best part of his life. His interest in his alma mater was a sacred family trust and loyally and intelligently did he serve her. His hopes of stronger health were unfortunately never fulfilled. In July, 1896 he showed symptoms of severe illness, from which he never thoroughly recovered. On his return from a prolonged trip he seemed to improve a little, but the prevalent influenza seized him early in March and his constitution was unable to throw it off. He passed away on Monday, March 29, and was buried in the beautiful Mount Hermon cemetery, Quebec, on Wednesday, March 31. He inherited love of culture, reverent feeling, innate good breeding and a graceful

courtesy. In his profession and in his life he was a man of stainless integrity and high purity of purpose. As a son, a brother and a guardian, he showed the tenderest affection and the most loyal and thoughtful fidelity. An attached son of the English Church he served her in the Diocesan synods of Montreal and Quebec as well as in the work he did for the Church University, and in devoted and regular acts of communion and of Christian charity.

His personal friendships were choice, warm and lasting, and in the quiet social circle his graceful culture and frequently sunny humour were well known to his intimates. His high ideal of his work led him not unfrequently to increase its weight by refining almost unduly the accuracy of that which he had to prepare; he did not like 'rough and ready' work; he was wonderfully painstaking in investigation and thoroughly reliable in his statements and reports in matters of law and business. His weakness of health scarcely ever allowed him the opportunity to do himself full justice at the bar, but he did much good and solid work both there and afterwards at Lennoxville. He had been for more than ten years a member of the Corporation. It was his energy and personal influence which contributed more than any other single factor to the success of the Lennoxville Almshouse Dinner in January, 1896, held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. In raising the memorial fund for the Bishop Williams wing then started, he took a leading part. In that and every effort to extend the influence and well being of "Lennoxville" he took an active share, both in working and in giving liberally. When he became an official of the college he worked in no official spirit, but in the spirit of true and loyal devotion and religious earnestness, of rare constancy and independence, courageous in his outspoken support of what he thought right, a man whose friendship was not confined to fair weather nor to the utterance of fair words, a man of rare constancy in following out his ideals, he has been taken early, at the age of 42, from a world that can ill spare such high-minded integrity and loyal devotion to duty. The life of unassuming and constant goodness is always complete. We cannot wish for a family, a community, a school, a college, a church or an empire a higher wish than that there never should be wanting in any of these, men of the type of character, strong in simplicity, strong in faith, so admirably illustrated in the career of the late A. D. Nicolls.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the MITRE.

SIR,—I have no doubt that your readers have been pleased and edified by the papers on the Imaginative Faculty from Dean Norman's scholarly

pen. One must admire his quietly moderate criticism of Browning when one remembers how vehemently Browning has been assailed. That he is obscure to some is now a commonplace in English literature which has even crept into fiction, for Besant and Rice in the Golden Butterfly give us a pathetic instance of how a would-be *literatus* may struggle to no purpose with such poems as *Fifine at the Fair*. Is it not true that the bitter assailants of Browning are those who have failed to follow him to his summit owing to the precipitous path chosen by him? It is of course true that not all minds can always follow his rugged imagination as it rushes upward independent of the beaten but winding way. But no one ever took the trouble "to meet him fully half way, having previously awakened their senses that they may the better judge," and to follow him in his mount, without admitting that new beauties are before the soul from Browning's point of view which remain undiscovered to the followers in the jingling fife-and-drum party. He could hardly be said to

"Sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence, up the Blue."

In him we have an obvious instance of the supremacy of matter over form; a refreshing instance to turn to in the present day when so much stress is laid upon the mechanism of verse and the meaning does not so much matter. Dr. Dumbell finds "his apparent scorn for the first principles of English composition disgusting at first." He is right I think in saying 'at first.' For the difficulty in Browning will after the first glance be found not so much in the grammatical construction and language in which the poems are written as in the sequence of thought. Speaking of the imaginative faculty, his may be described as intellectual rather than emotional, and consequently his poems could hardly be expected to run as smoothly as those simple lines which deal with the feelings of the heart. I submit that no great poet ever expressed his deepest thoughts to the satisfaction of his hasty, shallow or indolent readers. One can understand his disgusting such as these. Writing in 1872 Browning said, "I do not apprehend any more charges of being wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless or perversely harsh." He was evidently too sanguine.

Dean Norman in the course of his criticism expresses his appreciation of many of his poems as superb. Dr. Dumbell writing to comment on his papers as one in company with him condemns Browning *in toto*. The two criticism must perforce part company when the latter makes "the obscurity in which Browning involves his thoughts spoil everything!" If such be the case; if Abt Vogler, Saul, The Grammarian's Funeral and especially Love Among the Ruins, etc., be spoiled, even as regards form, then one would wish that our literature might go on receiving just such spoiled poems. If one goes

to him for lyric poems his will seem spoilt. There is an absence from his verse of the "atmosphere of fascination." But the most enviable of intellectual states, a higher kind of imaginative satisfaction, is the sure result of a study of his poems. Hutton finds only one of them, Lordello, impossible. It seems a pity to try and frighten strangers away from Browning by writing 'spoilt' on the covers of his works. A colossal imagination may exist without that which seems the main attraction of poetry, a melody of thought and speech.

Browning is more intelligible than Swinburne, second only to Shakespeare in dramatic power, and often as smooth and lucid as Tennyson in his more profound poems. While at times he shows his mastery of form he is personally so absorbed in the truth he is presenting as to rise above form. His work is, to quote his words,

"To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs,
What matters?"

His younger readers will hardly be ready to accept the apology formed for their admiration in the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* theory so gently hinted at by Dean Norman.

I cannot help thinking that the difficulties of Browning have been sadly exaggerated. Perhaps the truest apology admirers of him can give is of a kindred nature, in form and spirit, with his own apology, in one of his sweetest short poems, for devotion to his star:

"What matters to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me, therefore I love it."

Yours very faithfully,

March 22nd, 1897.

A. H. MOORE.



WHAT IS EDUCATION?

DEAR MR. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

Having been much interested by your wise remarks on the subject of education, I was pleased to observe their fruits in the thoughtful letter contributed by "Subscriber" to the last issue of the MITRE.

The subject is one which we are scarcely likely to exhaust, and I make no apology for offering to you some of the thoughts which have been suggested to me by reading "Subscriber's" letter.

He begins, as we all must, by asking the question, "What is Education?" I venture to think that the method adopted by him in answering this question has led him into some confusion of ideas. He adopts the process of elimination, and proceeds to state what education is not. Is this a safe method in discussing a question of this kind? Are we not led by it into mere dogmatic assertion? It seems to me

that this has been the case with "Subscriber." His first step may seem, at first sight, an obvious limitation. He says, "Education cannot be the possession of universal knowledge." This is "not within the power of man," and he therefore concludes that "it must be something less."

Now I maintain that to assume Education to be the possession of any degree of knowledge whatever is dangerously misleading. However much we may differ in our views of 'what is necessary knowledge?' surely we are all agreed that Education is the drawing out and rendering efficient of all our powers, the development of the whole man. In keeping this before us, it seems to me, lies our only chance of arriving at a safe conclusion as to what our aim in Education ought to be. To say, as "Subscriber" does, that there is another sense in which Education is "the acquiring of knowledge," is, I hold, to confound education with one of its parts. It is true that for practical purposes we must sometimes distinguish between the physical, mental and moral aspects of Education, but we can never really separate them from each other. No true view of Education can ever consider them as independent lines of growth. The really "full" man is he in whom all have received their proper share of consideration, and have reached their true equilibrium.

That "Subscriber" recognizes this truth is indicated by some portions of his letter. That he has not kept it more clearly before him throughout is matter for regret. Had he done so, I do not think he would have asked, "What is the least portion of universal knowledge that a man can possess to come up to the standard of being educated?"

What does your correspondent mean? If I understand him aright, he points to the existence of a conventional standard of mental cultivation. That any such standard must be merely conventional is plain. There can be but one true standard of mental culture, and that is nobly expressed by one whom "Subscriber" sets me an example of respecting. When Bacon wrote "I take all knowledge to be my province," he struck the ideal note. Any standard which aims lower than this must certainly be based on mere convention.

True, the conception is beyond the sphere of human attainment, but as an ideal anything less must fail. To attempt to establish a minimum of knowledge for an educated man is to fall woefully below this ideal. It is but a sorry ambition which makes the claim to be an educated man the goal of man's striving after knowledge. The true seeker for knowledge will care little for such a distinction.

The desire for intellectual companionship is another thing. That must ever be a craving of the human mind, but its end is not gained by any such tinsel classification as the words of "Subscriber" would suggest. It is as truly within the reach of the

unlettered thinker as of the most profound student of philosophy.

But there is another, and a far higher ideal which "Subscriber" seems to have in mind, viz., the equipment of a man for his position in active life. This includes, I take it, the knowledge which will tend to make him of the greatest service to the community in which he lives and to the world at large. Here, I think, we may trace the connection between mental and moral culture, to which I have already alluded. Man's duty to himself is to aim at the perfect cultivation of all his powers. His duty to his fellowmen must be influenced by the position in life in which he is placed, and by the special manner in which he feels himself best able to contribute to the commonweal. The latter duty may require self-denial on its educational as well as on its practical side. The busy life of the physician may rightly hinder his cultivation of his artistic faculties, but who will say that thereby he is not following a higher ideal of education than that of mere self culture.

No, it is certainly true that the question of what constitutes education is too complex to admit of any such rash *dicta* as those of my friend "Subscriber."

"Technical knowledge of his own profession" we may admit to be a duty incumbent on every man. We are all members in the corporate life of humanity and as such have duties to perform. But what shall we say of the following requirements which "Subscriber" deems essential for the educated man? "Some knowledge of the wonders of the heavens." "To be able to appreciate (and perchance criticise) a Turner or Rosetti." "To be a lover of music." "To be familiar with the great works of literature," etc., etc.

Surely here is an attempt to define the indefinable. The only standard by which it is possible to measure education is one which varies with the individual. A man's capacities, his lot in life and the use he has made of both, these are the only means we have of gauging his education save that of "absolute knowledge" which "Subscriber" has so hastily rejected.

If we are to aim at what is absolutely true and perfect in the moral sphere why not in the intellectual?

I trust that I have not seemed to wilfully undervalue or pass over what is true in "Subscriber's" letter. I have only tried to clear up one or two points on which he seems to me to have spoken inconsiderately.

And now, Mr. Editor, hoping that I too may receive whatever criticism I deserve, and thanking you for the hearing you have given me,

I remain, etc. B.



BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

MEDICAL FACULTY CONVOCATION.

The annual convocation of the Medical and Dental Faculties of Bishops' College was held in the Synod Hall, yesterday afternoon, in the presence of representatives of the Council, Senate and Alumni, and a large gathering of visitors. The room was very prettily decorated with the Faculty colors, the purple and white of medicine being gracefully intertwined with the red and blue of dentistry.

Dr. R. W. Heneker, Chancellor of the University, occupied the chair, and with him on the platform were the Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, vice-chancellor; the Rev. Dr. Adams, principal of the college, Lennoxville; Dr. F. W. Campbell, dean of the Medical faculty; Rev. Mr. Parrock, of Lennoxville; Prof. W. H. Drummond, Prof. McConnell, Prof. Roll Campbell, Prof. Reddy, Prof. Anglin Prof. Donald, Rev. Mr. Everett, Dr. Globensky and many others.

After the opening prayer by the Very Rev. Dean Norman, a short address was delivered by Chancellor Heneker. He alluded in feeling terms to the death of the late Mr. A. D. Nicolls, Bursar of the College in Lennoxville. He spoke of the intimate connection the deceased had always kept up with the University, and stated that the passing away of one who had always been so closely identified with the college, was a source of great sorrow to them all.

Continuing, Dr. Heneker congratulated the medical faculty on the large increase that had taken place in the number of students attending lectures during the year. As with this faculty, so with the College and School in Lennoxville; the past year has been one of gratifying prosperity to all. In conclusion, the Chancellor referred to the satisfactory condition of the Jubilee Memorial Fund and expressed the hope that, by the end of the year, the entire amount wished for would be realized. He wished every member of the graduating class the greatest success in life. Theirs was a singularly noble profession, with opportunities of unlimited usefulness. It was an art requiring patience, skill and goodness, combined with courtesy, and, indeed, every gentlemanly quality, for it was one of the callings requiring all the highest attributes of manhood.

The Dean of the Faculty, Dr. F. W. Campbell, presented the reports of the session. With the Chancellors he was pleased to note that the past year had been the most successful on record. One hundred and four students had been enrolled, and at the present rate of increase, it would not be long before its Faculty would have difficulty in accommodating all the students.

The oath of allegiance to Her Majesty was then administered to the members of the graduating class by the Dean, and this was followed by the singing of

the National Anthem. The degree of M. D., C. M., was then conferred upon the following ladies and gentlemen by Chancellor Heneker: Messrs. W. M. Cass and C. A. Fortin, Miss Catherine Lorrigan, Miss Helen McDonald, B. A., and Messrs. H. R. Meikle, Wm. Oppzooomer, D. A. Roger, W. J. Webb and John Empson. The following students also received the degree of D. D. S.: Messrs. J. A. Munroe, W. S. McLaren, D. J. Berwick, B. S. Stackhouse C. W. R. Rondeau and D. N. Garneau.

The awarding of the medals and prizes followed, the following being the recipients: Wood gold medal, four years' work, Chas. A. Fortin; Nelson gold medal, surgery, W. Oppzooomer, Chancellor's prize, final subjects, Miss J. K. McDonald, David silver medal, primary subjects, E. L. Sutherland, senior dissector's prize, T. D. McGregor, junior dissector's prize, F. G. Henry, histology prize, F. C. Nichol.

The valedictory address on behalf of the class in medicine, was delivered by Dr. Fortin and was one of the best that has yet been delivered at any convocation in this city, being able and comprehensive, and withal, witty. Dr. Fortin alluded to the recent changes in the curriculum, the effect of which he said, would be to increase the efficiency of the work done.

One of the most important changes in the College during the year had been the affiliation of the Dental College with Bishop's Medical Faculty, which would elevate the standard of dentistry from a mere trade to a profession. Continuing, Dr. Fortin referred to the needs of the College, and expressed the hope that some generous-minded individual would bestow upon Bishop's a portion of his superfluous wealth. As time went on, the course at Bishop's was becoming more and more practical, until at the present day there is no college in America where a more thoroughly practical course of medicine is given. In speaking of the Western Hospital, he thought there was more good being done there, for a hospital of its size, than in any other similar institution. He spoke of the needs of its enlargement, and his remarks were warmly applauded by the audience. In concluding, he expressed the hope that the work of all the class of '97 in the future would show an appreciation of what had been done for them by the faculty of the college.

The address to the students was delivered by Dr. W. H. Drummond, who extended a few words of wholesome advice to the new graduates. He dwelt particularly on the physician's need of caution, discretion and kindness, without which he would never become a successful practitioner.

Then the valedictory address on behalf of the class in dentistry was delivered by Dr. Munroe, and was replied to by Dr. Globensky on behalf of the Faculty.

Very Rev. Dean Norman, of Quebec, followed

in a happy speech. The closing speaker was the Rev. Canon Adams, D. C. L., Principal, who made a few remarks following the Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, D. D., Vice-Chancellor. The Principal referred to the progress of the college which so far as regards the accomodation of students was positively embarrassing, and this question was receiving the attention of corporation. That Body was like the gentleman who had received the medical oath disposed to act "caute." The Principal while respecting caution hoped that the corporation would also act with enterprise, as the opportunity before the college was in many ways unprecedented. The increase in College as in the Medical Faculty had been obtained by no diminution of standad required. In fact the exact opposite was the case, and during the very years of increase the standard had been raised. The authorities of a well-known College at Cambridge had expressed their surprise at the standard required in Arts, and there would be no difficulty in affiliating our University to Cambridge for Arts if it was desired to do so. The Principal said the Medical Faculty was richer than the Arts in one respect, the admission of ladies. We had been criticised, he understood, for affiliating the Dental College and granting the degree of D. D. S. In doing the last named we had followed good examples. We could not expect to please our neighbours as much as we pleased ourselves, but we would confidently appeal to the verdict of the public at large for a decision on the merits of the Institution we represent.



DIVINITY NOTES.

The last two meetings of the Brotherhood of Lay-Readers were made most interesting by papers read by Messrs Locke and Hibbard successively. Mr. Locke's paper treated of the rise and development of Wesleyanism and its relation to the Church of England; Mr. Hibbard discussed the Church of England itself with special reference to its attitude in regard to those bodies of Christians who have seceded from her.

Perhaps in regard to the Papal Bull so recently issued the Church on this side of the water has produced no abler defender of its position than the Venerable Archdeacon Roe, D. D., D. C. L. As good churchmen the students of Bishop's College owe this keen controversialist a debt of gratitude for setting the Anglican claim so clearly before the Christian world, as recent graduates, or present undergraduates, of the University from which the Archdeacon received his degrees and with which he has been so intimately connected during a useful and

distinguished career of almost fifty years their *esprit de corps* has been sensibly touched and they are unwilling that his services should be unrecognized by his Alma Mater.

Would it not be well to have these letters upon the Anglican position published in pamphlet form?

Since the last number of the MITRE two stained glass lights have made their appearance in the College Chapel. One of these is in memory of Mr. Harold Young who was cut off just at the time when he promised to culminate a distinguished University career by taking a Double First Class in Honours. The window is a testimony from his fellow-students, among whom he was universally beloved. This young gentleman was brother to T. Ainslie Young, Esq., M. A., rector of the Quebec High School also a graduate of whom the University is justly proud. The other light is in memory of one of the school boys who died last year under somewhat pathetic circumstances. Willie Falconer was a great favorite with all by reason of his winning ways and the present mark of esteem is in great measure the practical out-come of his school fellows' affection.

It is with great relief that we are able to announce Mrs. Allnatt's gradual recovery to health and strength. Her dangerous illness excited the greatest alarm among the students all of whom were personally touched hearing of that lady's precarious state.



ARTS NOTES.

One often wonders how the great writers of past and present find so many subjects on which to bestow their attention, and how they present them, when found, in a form so interesting to the public mind. They certainly possess endowments which do not belong to ordinary mortals. They are a set of brilliant men, and the Arts Editor it is only too obvious, has been placed without their pale. This is brought home to the latter very forcibly, when he is compelled, under force of circumstances, to write for readers whom he knows to be long-suffering, and at the same time that he sympathizes with them, feels that he can do nothing to lessen their affliction. He is sadly lacking in originality, and anything other than this the MITRE scorns. But there are many classes whose keen perception tells them the MITRE is something to be appreciated (and are therefore its constant readers) and perhaps among some of these he may pass muster; for as Abraham Lincoln was wont to say, "You can fool all the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the peo-

ple all the time." To the outsider who reads the accounts given month after month in this column, the events in the life of the Arts men may seem to be the same thing over and over again. To dispel this illusion he would only for a while have to play his part in the drama of college life, and he would find that the recurring incidents assume so many different phases that their monotony is completely broken up. The difficulty lies in conveying to the public reader a true representation of the doings and feelings of the students.

We have now entered upon the last term of the year, and we look back to the late exams. with divers feelings. For some they are things of the past, and to be philosophically forgotten. To others they are a bugbear which is not yet dead, for has not the 14th of the present month been set to recall some of the spectres in the shape of supplementals? No doubt that in the mind's eye of those who are to meet them once more, these gorgons present a most forbidding aspect. But let us hope that examiners (appearances to the contrary notwithstanding) may have some lurking pity for the men thus doubly overworked and will "let them down easy."

Dr. Robins has lately finished the course of lectures on the Art of Teaching, which he began in Bishop William's Hall early last term. It may safely be said that he has gained the esteem of all those who had the pleasure of listening to him and profiting by his choice and happy language, his bright and pithy remarks.

A meeting of the Arts men was held lately for the purpose of appointing for the ensuing year two assistant editors and an assistant business manager on the staff of the MITRE. The names of three men were proposed as Arts editors, and of these Messrs. Woodside, (Arts '98) and Phelan, (Arts '99) were elected by ballot. Out of several voted upon, Mr. J. A. Wilson, (Arts '99) was chosen as assistant business manager. As for the judgment exercised in the selection we can only say that it would be difficult to find three men more fitted to fill the positions to which these have been appointed.

Mr. Mitchell, as is his wont, again invited the men up to his sugar camp, and nothing further is needed to attest the appreciation of his kindness than the hearty manner in which the students avail themselves of his liberality.

One feels charitable at this time of the year. The pleasant weather, the breaking up of the rivers, and all other attending circumstances of spring remind us of the happy features of the Trinity term. Preparations are being made to welcome cricket, tennis, boating and other sports of the approaching season, and we console ourselves with the thought that only once more do we cross swords with exams.

That the term may be characterized by the honour and success of her sons is the wish of the loyal hearts of Bishop's!



SCHOOL NOTES.

The Chess Club has been celebrating the close of its season by a match between the masters and the boys. Three of the former, namely, Messrs. Auden, Acklom and Mundy having challenged the remainder of the club. A meeting was held on Saturday, April 3rd to elect three members to oppose them. The champions chosen were Baretto, Purves II and Stuart.

The match came off the week following, each player playing each of the opponents.

1st night,	Mr. Auden...0	Purves ma...1
	Mr. Acklom...1	Barretto...0
	Mr. Mundy...0	Stuart...1

The openings were in each case irregular, caution being at a discount, but on the second and third nights the Guicco Piano was unanimously resorted to.

2nd night,	Mr. Auden...0	Purves...1
	Mr. Acklom...0	Stuart...1
	Mr. Mundy...0	Baretto...1

3rd night,	Mr. Auden...1	Baretto...0
	Mr. Acklom...0	Purves...1
	Mr. Mundy...1	Stuart...0

The boys thus being victors by six games to three.

A Tournament for prizes presented by the Club is now in progress, and the 1st round is being played off.

On Tuesday, the 13th, the School met to elect two Associate Editors and an Assistant Business Manager for the MITRE. As the present holders of the positions are all leaving in June they were not eligible for re-election. The following were unanimously chosen to fill their places:

Editors, Mr. Scott and Stuart,
Bus. Man., Pattee, max.

We quote from the current number of "*Acta Ridleiana*:"

"M. D. Baldwin, who graduated at Trinity last year, is a master at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que."

This may be so, but if so, by what name do we generally call him? Which of the present staff is hiding his true name and personality from us under an *alias*? This is a dreadful thought, but no doubt

if we continue to read the *Acta Ridleiana*—which by the way, is one of the best school magazines we have ever seen—we shall get further information about ourselves, which will enable us to solve not only this, but other difficult questions.

The following books have been recently added to the Library:

Presented by the Recreation Club: Innocents Abroad, With Wolfe in Canada, The Water Babies, The Dynamiters, Treasure Island, Midshipman Easy, Jacob Faithful, The Story of Canada, Black Beauty, A Veteran of 1812, The Mysterious Island, She, Seats of the Mighty, When Valmond came to Pontiac, The Rogue's March, Irralie's Bushranger, The Jungle Book, Many Inventions, Under the Red Robe, A Gentleman of France, The White Company, Micah Clarke, The Golden Butterfly, The Wrecker.

Presented by Mr. Acklom. The Three Guardsmen, Twenty Years After, Vicomte de Bragellonne, Louise de la Valliere and The Man in the Iron Mask.

The Chess Club has presented a handsomely framed group of the "Lively Statue" company to the Reading Room.

Our Cricket prospects seem very good this year, as we have Webster, Purves, Baretto, Gordon ma, Pattee and Mr. Auden still left from last year's team. Hainsworth has been re-engaged and will be with us the second week in May. We hear that the Secretary has already arranged eight matches, and that several more are being negotiated.

In the meanwhile Tip-cat is the popular sport and wheels are gradually making their appearance.

The Adonis of the Bottom Flat has a "purp." It can yap, especially when being carried in a basket.



HERE AND THERE.

THE MITRE extends its hearty congratulations to those members of the Medical Faculty of Bishop's College who graduated at the recent Convocation. THE MITRE also notices with pleasure the high rank MacD. Ford, Esq., B. A. ('94) has attained to in the third year examinations of the same Faculty.

The Rev. W. T. Lipton, B. A. ('90) has accepted a curacy in one of the churches of Jersey City, U. S. Mr. Lipton has laboured with great success for the last five years in the Diocese of Ontario. THE MITRE wishes him all success in the new and perhaps larger field of work which now lies before him.

The students were lately treated to a visit from Norton C. Lyster, B. A. ('95). This gentleman proposes soon to take a trip to the far West. His way-

ward fancy seems at present fixed upon the El Dorado of British Columbia, Rossland. It is to be hoped our distinguished graduate will shortly return home full of western experiences, yet with his restless, adventurous spirit somewhat satiated.

Speaking of western experiences makes us think of Mr. Lyman McClintock, who has come among us again from the rugged territory of Wyoming. His brilliance has been in no wise dulled by contact with semi-barbarism, nay rather, his light is brighter than ever and he regales the men with tales of his western sojourn, tales that are rendered more delightful than ever they could otherwise be by the versatile talent of the narrator. Mr. McClintock has returned to complete his Arts course and has reasonable hopes of graduating June '97.

W. G. M. Robertson, Esq., B. A. ('96) has been unfortunate enough to fall ill while pursuing his Law studies at McGill. This is a serious mishap since it often necessitates the taking of that part of the course so missed over again and thus delays the day when the Law student develops into the full-fledged advocate.

W. G. Thorneloc, Esq., B. A. ('96) paid the University a transient visit during Easter week. This gentleman presented a most interesting appearance and there can be no doubt that Law has not damaged his constitution.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS:—

Subscribers would be doing a great favour if they forwarded to the Editor all items of interest connected with graduates and old boys. At present the readers of the MITRE are only vouchsafed such facts concerning members of the institution as come within the ken of a single individual.—EDITOR.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

With all the air of repose that exists in the Athletic atmosphere there is a current of activity which makes itself felt in an overhauling of Association finances, a revivifying of the different clubs which are to come to the fore during Trinity Term, and a general stir in Committee Rooms very pleasing to observe.

The Hockey season while it had its joys had also its pains. The victories and defeats of the College team balance, we think, exactly. But in athletic contests more should be considered than the winning of any game. Rival teams should remember that good feeling ought not to be endangered just for the sake of winning a match. Of course in the

heat of play angry thought may arise, angry language be indulged in, and, sad to reflect upon, angry blows resorted to; but such words and deeds should be apologized for as soon as committed, and forgiven as soon as acknowledged, else the scene of friendly conflict will become worse than a prize-ring, for sometimes the methods adopted to wreak one's revenge upon an offender would make even a man like Fitzsimmons blush. Men, the system of "give and take" as regards foul play is a healthy way of sowing the seeds of malice and discord, weeds which it may take years of courtesy and gentlemanly conduct to root out. It is to be hoped that the teams which the Bishop's College Athletic Association sends out to do her battles for her will always uphold her fair name in this respect. The traditions of the Association are clean, gentlemanly play, pride without boastfulness in times of victory, honest admission of honest defeat and an attitude of fairness and courtesy to all rival teams.

THE MITRE does not in any way affirm that the Hockey team has fallen far from Athletic grace during the season of '97. Nay, our representatives have been known on more than one occasion to have preserved their character as gentlemen very creditably in the face of rather trying circumstances. Yet the best of athletes will never do amiss if they submit themselves at times to searching self-examination and if they are ever conscious that there is morality in sport as there is morality in the more serious affairs of life.

The Athletic Association's financial standing is rather cramped to say the least of it. The Boat Club, as things stand now, will have to 'rest on its oars,' as it were and restrain its vain yearnings after a new canoe. The Cricket Club, sadly as it requires them, will have to forego the purchase of material sufficient to make its practices avail anything and its matches at all creditable. The Tennis Club will amount to nothing unless it has funds enough to warrant the making of its present nondescript court into either a "dirt" court or a "turf" court. Is there no means of "raising the wind?" Will not some of the valuable men who recently were members rejoin the Association once more and give it the benefit of their brains, their muscles and their pocket-books? The MITRE appeals to the good feeling and loyalty which these gentlemen in many a match of past times have proved themselves to possess and asks them to come forward and again give the Association the benefit of those talents which till recently were largely her support.

The Boat Club, notwithstanding its crippled financial condition, convoked itself in a cheerful mood and appointed a committee to look after its affairs. No cloud made itself apparent over the mirror-like surface of aquatic controversy. The waters of discussion were as little ruffled this year as they were

churned and stormed-tossed at a memorable meeting of the same body in '96. Amidst the gentlest and most unobtrusive zephyrs the following gentlemen were elected to office :

	Rev. Prof. Parrock—President.	
	Frank G. Vial—Vice President.	
	B. Watson—Warden.	
	Philip Callis—Sec. Treasurer.	
Messrs	Hibbard	} Committee and Boat Captains.
	Boyle	
	Bates	
	Walker	

After a time, sufficient to enable the new-made officers to get accustomed to their position of dignity and to "carry" themselves as it is deemed meet that sec.-treasurers and committee men should "carry" themselves, they were called together and met in solemn conclave. The Sec.-Treasurer first read the minutes of the last meeting and then in answer to a question as to finances put to him by the 'chair' declared that there were no funds to the credit of the Boat Club, but that if things turned out well they might reasonably expect a dividend of 33 cents from the Athletic Association. It was then decided not to buy either boat or canoe this year but to go in for economy. The committee then turned its attention towards a revision of the Constitution of the club which it represents and finally prepared for a general meeting a series of twenty-five Articles, if the MITRE's correspondent is rightly informed. The efforts of the Committee were then read for the first time at a subsequent meeting of the club. Probably by the time this month's issue of the MITRE has reached its most distant, the new constitution will have passed muster and have become law after the second reading.

The Tennis Club has been reanimated by the opportune arrival of Mr. McClintock, one of its most skilful players. If the Club can weather the storm of monetary distress it ought to have a most successful season.

If the Cricket Club could afford a season fraught with matches it has good material to work up into playing form. Most of the old players are still in the College and some new men have come in whom fame would have us claim as valuable additions to the team. Sad indeed would it be if such bright prospects were to be blasted through lack of the 'sinews of war.'



EXCHANGES.

The MITRE herewith begs to acknowledge its exchanges and to apologise for its apparent neglect of them. It is not lack of appreciation but lack of

space which has necessitated the putting off of the review of these kindred magazines. However before our College year wears itself out it is to be hoped it will be found possible to give them the attention they deserve.

Our contemporaries have been accorded a distinguished place in the University Reading Room and are evidently greatly relished by the students who are often to be seen pouring over the "MITRE Exchanges."



THE CHESS CLUB.

Quite lately the School Chess Club has shown signs of breaking through the shell of indifference and has been exercising its mental muscle by playing Masters vs. Boys. Ought not the College Club to show similar signs of returning life, follow the good example of the School and become again imbued with the chess spirit? Just now, while there is a lull in the athletic atmosphere there is every reason to hope that the King of Games will regain its sovereign influence over renegade subjects. There is plenty of good material at the disposal of the Club but it requires training and enthusiasm.



LIBRARY NOTE.

Through the pages of the MITRE a well-wisher of the Library desires to make that organization an offer:—He has a complete edition of Dr. Pusey's Life in four vols., two of which he will present to the Library on condition that the same will purchase from him the other two vols. This is an offer which the Library officials would do well to consider favourably as we have reason to believe there is no complete "Life" of that eminent divine upon our shelves. Moreover, such opportunities of obtaining good books do not occur every day.



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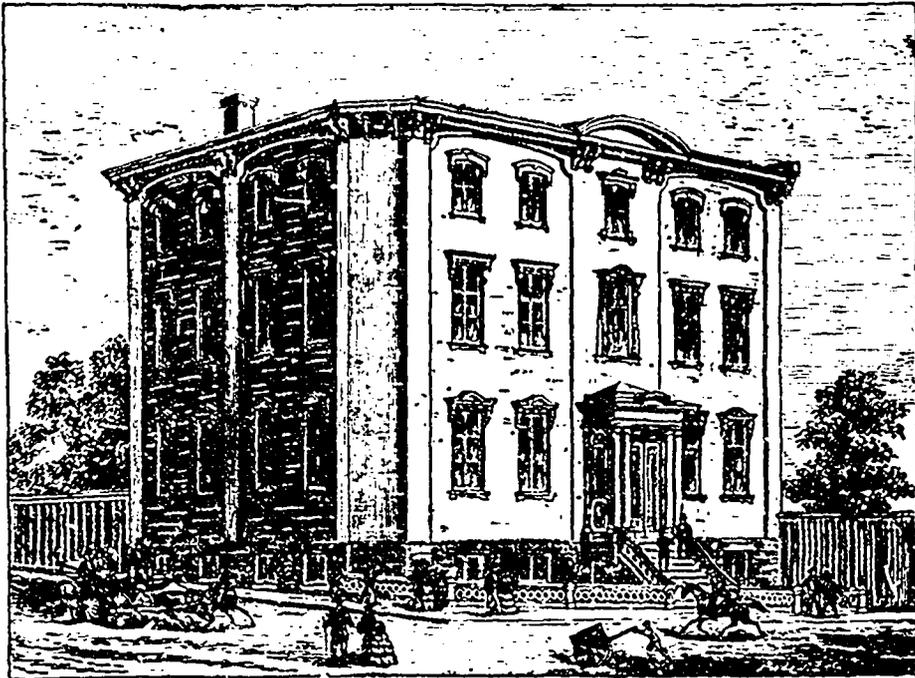
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