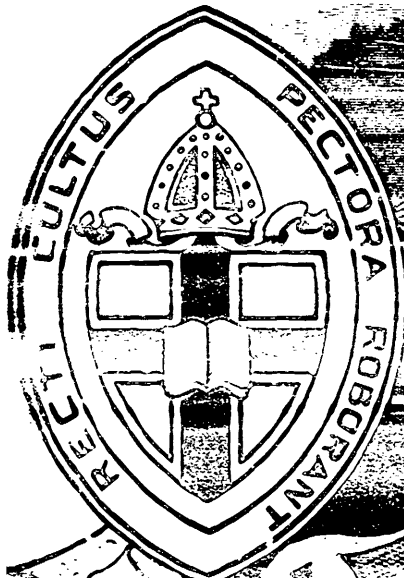


"Ihic est aut nusquam quod quærimus"  
Horace.



# THE MITRE



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF  
Literature  
University Thoughts  
and Events

VOL.  
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# THE MITRE.

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# The Mitre.

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## SERMON

— BY THE —

REV. F. G. SCOTT

— ON THE OCCASION OF THE —

Departure of the 2nd (special service) Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment

— FOR —

SOUTH AFRICA

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, QUEBEC, SUNDAY,

OCTOBER 29th, 1899.

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee."—Deuteronomy XXXIII-27.

These words are taken from the blessing wherewith Moses blessed the children of Israel before his death. The great patriot had led the people successfully from the land of captivity and through the weary deserts of Sinai, and now on the borders of the Promised Land the call comes to him to lay

down his arms and hand over the leadership to another. Before he ascends the rugged mountain of Nebo, from whence he is to view the land that he himself may not enter, he blesses the assembled host, and gives them, at the close, for a watchword the words which I have chosen as my text to-day—"The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms, and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee."

It was a momentous time in the history of Israel. It was a time which demanded a watchword to give union and cohesion to a people waking, in the vigor of national youth, to a sense of patriotism and divine mission. They stood at the gates of dominion, with fierce hordes confronting them, and giant difficulties to be overcome; yet with the sense that their cause was God's cause, that their achievements were to be His achievements, that their glory was to be His glory. "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms, and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee."

My brethren, as we look back to that far away time, when the wandering tribes from Egypt broke the power of effete Canaanite civilizations and finally set up a Kingdom in Jerusalem, under a sense of direct mission from Jehovah, we are filled with amazement at the marvellous unity in the working out, through the course of history, of the prophet's prediction. Crude and barbarious as may have been Israel's idea of their choice by Jehovah, hideous as may have been to modern eyes, trained to Christianized warfare, the form of vengeance wreaked upon their fallen foes, by the people of God, we can nevertheless see, looking back over three thousand years, that the half civilized tribes, pouring from the southern mountains into the valleys of Jordan, animated by devotion to God and law, bore with them the charter of the world's freedom.

The sense of mission, whatever may have been their national faults, and they were many, kept them a distinct unit amid the surrounding peoples, until at last the dream of prophet and lawgiver and psalmist was fulfilled, and of a meek Hebrew mother whose soul had been prepared by the religious influences of Israel's past history, He was born whose birth made all men brothers, whose death can make all men kings. From one end of the earth to the other, modern civilization, directly or indirectly, traces its origin to the birth of the God-Man among the people of the race whose watchword of old was "the Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

My brethren, it is in no spirit of blind patriotism, nor is it with any sense of incongruity, that I pass from the divine mission of the Hebrews of old to that of the Anglo-Saxon peoples of to-day. We stand to-day as an Empire, comprising one-fifth of the human race, in the van of civilization. The charter of the world's freedom, once grasped by the warrior hands of ancient Israel, surely rests now in the keeping of England and her great daughter empire of the West. Israel's Sinaitic law is our law, Israel's God is our God, and with a wider conception of responsibility than Israel ever at-

tained to, we go to the ends of the earth proclaiming human liberty and the Christ of human salvation. Yes, my brethren, what is the empire of which we are a part? It is not a mere collection of subservient peoples adding to the revenue and importance of a small island to the north-west of Europe. No; it is much more than that. It is a vast federation of peoples of all nations, tongues, languages and creeds, joined together in "liberty, equality and fraternity" by common laws and a common love to their real or their adopted mother. England and England's flag, must remain the symbol of our common patriotism. But the British empire, the empire of the future, the empire rising with the sun of a new century, is founded in deeper principles than mere sentimental devotion to the land of our fathers. The principle underlying it is the liberty and brotherhood and welfare of man. We conquer and advance. Wild lands come under our sway. Savage races are subjugated, or turn to us for protection. But all, with what result? With the result that the waste lands are cultivated, the hidden mines of the earth yield up their treasures, continents are spanned by vast railways, and the bed of ocean by electric cables, with the result that the savage is brought under the yoke of civilization; and religion, education and commerce raise him almost to the level of a European. But this progress has not been, nor can it be, unaccompanied by difficulties. At the present time our race in its general advance, is brought face to face with forces that retard, not merely the growth of the British empire, but the principles of freedom and humanity which underlie it. The nineteenth century is confronted in South Africa with a remnant of the seventeenth. Our brethren, oppressed by an intolerable tyranny, cry to us for help, and we, a republic under a monarchical form go to crush a despotism under the form of a republic.

Cruel and terrible as war is, if it be, as I believe it is, at times a dread necessity, there could not surely be a cause worthier the enthusiasm of a great people, than the giving of light, liberty and religious toleration, not only to those oppressed in the Transvaal, but, in the end, to the oppressors themselves.

Surely, if we go forth firmly, fearlessly and mercifully, to fight in such a cause we can feel like Israel of old, that "the Eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms, and that He will thrust out the enemy from before us."

And you my brethren who are privileged to go forth under the flag of our Queen and the Empire, are the representatives of a great people, formed of various creeds and nationalities and languages, but blended in a common law and a common love for the liberty which makes men—men. The call to arms from the Motherland has sent a thrill to the four corners of the earth. The Empire which has been knit together by community of race, by commerce, by railways and by cables, is to be drawn now into an absolutely indissoluble bond by the voluntary sacrifice of blood and life on a com-

mon battlefield. No ordinary departure of troops to the front is yours. You are the pioneers of a new era in our history. The importance of this day is not to be measured, any more than was the importance of the great battle in the Plains hard by, according to numerical computation. We have taken a step, a step on the threshold of another century, which is destined in time to put an end to the distinction of colony and motherland, and will finally give us a voice in the conduct of the Empire.

Surely, to those going forth as champions in a noble cause, I cannot do better than to commend to you individually the watchword of Israel's—nay of England's strength—"The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

There may come moments to some of you, in the irksomeness of discipline, in the pause before the battle charge, in the silence of lonely picket duty, or during sleepless nights on the hospital pallet, when the memory of the parting service in these hallowed walls—walls which, during this century, have seen many heroes arm at the call of duty—will come back to you with the comfort which even the bravest need, and you will feel that in life and death "The Eternal God is your refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Then like the knights of old, consecrate to-day your hearts and swords to God's service, and you who are communicants draw near to the altar of God and receive the strength which comes from the Body and Blood of Christ. You are not a wild horde let loose in savage warfare, but Christian men armed for a great cause. Keep then your lives pure—pure as the memories of your Canadian home. Be sober, as men who can face danger without artificial courage. Let the talk at mess and in camp be clean, and above all remember to pay regularly the daily homage of prayer to your Heavenly Father. Do not be ashamed to confess Christ before men.

Go forth, then, under the protection of the Triune God, in the consciousness of right, in the strength of manhood, in the pride of patriotism, in the certainty of victory. The eyes of the Empire and the world are upon you. Your honour will be our honour, your welfare cause for our ceaseless solicitation at the Eternal throne, and your blood, if God calls upon you to shed it will be our glory from generation to generation.

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## Bishop's Musical Faculty

THE DOMINION COLLEGE OF MUSIC

MONTREAL.

The Dominion College of Music, Montreal, which forms the musical faculty of Bishop's College, was founded in 1894, by a few of the leading

musicians of Montreal who felt that the time had come when Canada should have musical examinations of her own. The College started, like all others in a very small way. In 1895 it was incorporated by an Act of the Legislature of Quebec, and was affiliated for musical degrees with Bishop's College. Its aim was, as set forth in one of the articles of the charter, to teach and to conduct examinations in music in the province of Quebec, none of the members to receive any financial gain for their connection, the whole fund being applied to furtherance of the art of music. During the first three years of its existence the College confined its energies to the conducting of examinations in various parts of Quebec and Ontario, the examinations being based upon the lines of the leading musical colleges of England. The examinations have been most successful, and the diplomas of the College are now eagerly sought for. Some idea of the development in this respect may be gained, when it is stated that at the first examination held in Montreal four candidates presented themselves, while at the last examinations held in June 1899, over one hundred candidates entered their names for the various tests. For the theoretical diplomas of the College, the examiner is Mr. J. B. Lott, Mus. B., Oxon., F. R. C. O., Organist of Lichfield Cathedral, England. The first candidates to avail themselves of the privileges of University affiliation, were Mr. W. H. Jackson, and Miss J. E. Howard, who, in due course proceeded to the degree of Mus. B. of Bishop's College.

In 1897 a teaching faculty in connection with the College was opened, and is now located at 944 Dorchester Street, Montreal. Its faculty comprises the best known and most highly cultivated musicians in the province, and all branches of practical and theoretical music are taught within its walls. Class music is also taught at very cheap fees, thus enabling those of limited means to study some department of music or other. The teaching department is governed by a Board of Management, who are directly under the control of the Council. The advantages offered by Bishop's College to diploma holders of the Dominion College are as follows:—

These Candidates holding the diploma of Associate in Music, are allowed to proceed at once to the second part of the Mus. B. examination, the diploma of Associate being taken as an equivalent of Part I. Mus. B. Those who hold the diploma of Licentiate in Music, can proceed directly to the Final examination for the Mus. B. degree, the Licentiate diploma being reckoned as equal to the first and second parts of the Mus. B. examination.

THE PRESENT OFFICIALS OF THE COLLEGE ARE:—

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Percival J. Illsley, Mus. B., Montreal, Registrar.		William Reed, Toronto.

*Percival J. Illsley.*

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## MAIN DE JUSTICE.

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On the banks of the Nipigon at the close of a sultry day in August, a woman stood gazing upon the glories of a sunset which sent forth its crimson darts across the sky as if waving a sympathetic adieu to the solitary watcher. Had Naqua been at all familiar with English poetry there might have come to her memory the words, "I see the mystery of your loneliness"; but she was only a poor Indian, and the beautiful ending of the day suggested no familiar lines. Still, who could doubt, as she turned away with bowed head, that the scene had brought to her mind some thoughts which moved her deeply, though in an adaptation of Indian environment. Just two years ago she stood on the same spot, and at her side was a man, not an Indian, but one from Wasvh Nesagewun—"from the far east,"—as he had told her. In her reverie, she recalled how eloquently he had pleaded that he loved her. Half mockingly she now repeated to herself his truly commendable efforts of expression in a language in which he was but two years old. Faulty, indeed, was his wording, but then his gestures were decisive,—clearly unmistakable. And yet today, Naqua stood alone. She was not broken-hearted, she mused, possibly she was slightly disconsolate; but then if he was satisfied, why so was she; and she shrugged her shoulders as if to assure herself of her perfect disinterestedness—a quality which man seems incapable of possessing, but one that is often found in woman. She reflected on his words, "I cannot live without you." "Ah, then," she added, "I saved him, poor fellow! Fortune had smiled upon him in the fur trade and he would be rich. But he had gone and left her, and her friends said he would not return. And yet she was his wife. Slowly her soul began to burn within her; the indifference she had striven to assume gradually deserted her, She felt herself scorned. "He will regret it," she cried, "I will assuredly be avenged." Savagely she tore the neckerchief from her throat and flaunted it jeeringly in the wind; then, with the passionate fierceness peculiar to her people, she rent it in shreds—his gift. The evening had become quite dark; shuddering in the cold wind, she drew her shawl closely about her, and made her way towards her little home.

Late into the lonely watches of the night she sat carefully stitching together a little birch-bark box. The bottom she strewed with dead leaves,



and stoically she drew the plain gold ring from her finger and placed it in its little coffin. It would reach him; it must. Silently she gazed into the fire in deep thought, though with the expressionless face peculiar to her people, till slowly her head drooped forward and she fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The icy breath of winter, the soft soothing air of spring, the luxurious "laissez nous faire" murmurs of summer, and the deep solemn moan of autumn, had followed each other in quick succession. Thus twenty years rolled by, still echoing with the melancholy moan of many, still surging with the glad song of few—years stained with tears, and garnished with bliss. Things had changed among the Indians of Nipigon Lake. Houses stood where wigwams had been pitched, and here and there was a brave attempt at cultivation. But the whole presented an aspect suggestive of a vain effort to shake off the mantle of character which each succeeding generation bound more closely with the scarf of habit.

In front of his house stood the Makeday wekuneah—"the faithful shepherd."—around him lay the homes of his sheep whom he had guarded for the last twelve years. Time had pressed heavily upon him; wrinkles were conspicuous about the corners of his eyes and mouth, and the black hair had become a steely grey. He was not only a little sunburnt by the glare of life, but weatherbeaten by its storms and hardened by its blasts. Just now this veteran of the woods was gazing anxiously down the footpath for the approach of long expected visitors. The now famous fur trader had grown very rich of late, and, with his young wife, was for the first time in twenty years, visiting "the old hunting ground" in which he was still interested for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Hearty was the hand shake, joyous the welcome, given on their arrival, and with becoming pride the old clergyman ushered them into his humble home.

The evening meal was finished and the gentlemen sat smoking their pipes, and chatting about the splendid resources of the western land. The young wife, finding herself somewhat *de trop*, arose, and excusing herself, passed out into the cool night air. The men continued their conversation. Gradually they drifted back to the days of long ago, and the visitor asked: "Did you know a tall, stately woman, Naqua I think they called her?"

"Naqua," replied his host softly, "Naqua with the sad and searching eyes? Yes; I know her; she is buried just outside";—he turned abruptly and pulled the curtain—"you can see the spot from here."

It was late September. Autumn winds rose eager for their work of death, and moaned sorrowfully among the trees. Night had folded her starry curtain above Nipigon Lake, and darkness had settled upon hill and dale. It was a melancholy night, full of dreary phantoms presaging a dismal morrow.

"Yes," continued the clergyman, Naqua always puzzled me. Quietly

she passed away in the faith, in perfect peace." He paused and thoughtfully took his pipe from his mouth—"One circumstance which impressed me much at the time," he continued, "was her selection of a startling passage of scripture which she insisted should be placed on her grave, ROMANS XII, 19, I think." The listener for the first time lifted his head; he held his breath, and half tremulously his lips parted; his face was drawn and pale. The speaker, too much absorbed with his own thoughts, did not notice him.

Slowly the visitor arose, and walking towards the fire-place leaned his elbow on the mantel. His thoughts went back through many years, and the faint, delicious odor of violets seemed to steal up from the ashes on the hearth, as the face of a queenly woman rose before him. His reverie was broken by the clergyman who had taken out his old bible, and pointing to the verse he had mentioned he read it aloud. With solemn emphasis he repeated the words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Suddenly the distant rumbling of thunder broke into one tremendous crash; the lightning flashed in at the window, and the celestial brilliancy revealed the deathly pale face of the fur trader, who had fallen to his knees as the thunder seemed to re-echo the words of the reader, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Above the wind and storm outside arose one heart rending scream, striking terror to the ear of the guest and host alike. Wildly the stricken trader rushed in the direction of the cry; with unflinching finger the vengeful goddess appeared to point him to the lonely grave.

In vain the clergyman struggled bravely to keep up with his wildly excited "Livant Courier" but when he did arrive at the grave, his eyes fell upon a scene before which time recoiled defeated with its all encircling curtains of passing years. On the lonely grave lay the young bride with her face upturned to the Heavens which had so cruelly scathed her with an electric flash.—One hand lay across her breast and with the other she pointed with majestic silence to the Epitaph.—

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

*G. E. R.*

### A BACKBITTEN BITTERN.

A PETER PIPER PARALLEL.

A bitter biting bittern  
 Bit a better brother bittern;  
 And the bitten better bittern bit the bitter  
 biter back,  
 And the bitter bittern, bitten  
 By the better bitten bittern,  
 Said:—"I'm a bitter bittern-biter bit, alack!"

If this bitter biter-bittern  
 Had not bit the better bittern,  
 Which made the biting bittern a backbitten  
 bittern to be.

If the better bittern, bitten  
 By the bitter biting bittern,  
 Had been the bitten bittern and the bitter  
 bittern he,

And if this better bittern  
 Had bitten the bitter bittern,  
 And the bitten bitter bittern and the better  
 biter bit—  
 Could this bitten bitter bittern  
 Call the better bird backbiter?  
 And could you somehow understand the  
 right and wrong of it?

*The Weekly Scotsman.*

## OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE.

## II.

The University of Oxford, like all others, is educational in more senses than one.—Even the man who does but little work, and fails disastrously in the schools, has, before he 'goes' or is 'sent down', probably learnt something, not necessarily in the way of book learning but in 'general' education and culture. But after all has been said on behalf of such a 'general education', still the University remains primarily a teaching and examining institution. It is still a seat of *learning* rather than of 'general culture'; and the end of the University Course is the Degree.

Apart from Matriculation and Responsions or 'Smalls', which admit a man to one of the Colleges and the University respectively, there are two Public Examinations which must be taken for the B. A. degree, 'Moderations' which comes, shortly before the middle of one's University career; and the 'Finals' which come at the end. There are two courses open to an undergraduate, the 'Pass' and the 'Honour', though the Degree is the same in either case. A man can take both 'Pass Mods' and 'Pass Finals' (know as 'Groups') or 'Pass Mods' and 'Honour Finals,' or vice versa, or lastly Honours in both. In the last named case four years are necessary for the requisite reading;—in the others three are sufficient; and most Colleges would hardly allow a man to take more than three years over a purely Pass Degree. The Pass Exams need not detain us long. Pass Mods is comparatively simple, but what there is to be done has to be well known. For the Final Pass Exam, there are a number of 'Groups' (such as Greek and Roman History—Political Economy—Theology—Two classical authors, *e. g.* Aristotle the Ethics I-IV, and Livy, three Books.) of which the candidate has to pass in three. But for a man of fair ability they do not involve much hard work, because they can be taken separately and not all at once. It is a charge brought against the University,—that it lets the Pass men through too easily;—and the charge has some justification. But the frequent accusations brought against both Oxford and Cambridge, that they allow too much idleness, are, as a rule, grossly exaggerated since the proportion of Honour men at both Universities is very large, and increasing. Moreover to some the Pass Exams are by no means a sinecure.

'Honour Mods' are taken in either Classics or Mathematics; and by far the greater number of Undergraduates take the former. It may perhaps seem rather hard upon the man who is, say, specializing in Modern History that he should possibly so be prevented from taking Honours in Mods;—but as a fact, very many men take Honour Mods in Classics, and then go on to read History for their Finals. The present system works well, and is almost necessary in an Old-Country University where the Classic spirit still strongly prevails. In Classical Mods papers are set in Homer, Vergil

Demosthenes, Cicero, (translation); three special Groups (such as (a) three Greek plays, (b) four Looks of Tacitus (c) four books of Plato's Republic,—etc)—unseen translation—Latin and Greek Prose—Latin and Greek Verse (optional)—general and 'critical' subjects—also two special subjects chosen from a number,—those usually taken being Logic, and either Roman Poetry, or Aristotle's Poetics, though these artistically inclined often take Greek Scripture.

The Examination takes place in March seventeen months after the beginning of one's course, lasting shortly over a week: and the 'lists' are published some five weeks later. (Pity the poor examiners, five of them, examining well over two hundred men, who each take some fourteen papers;—each paper to be looked over and marked by two examiners separately, and when they cannot agree, by a third!) The list contains three classes, besides a 'gulf'—euphemistically and officially styled "*satisfecerunt* examin-atoribus",—in which are placed those few candidates who have not qualified for Honours, but are granted a Pass. Of the 'dead ploughs' (who are very few in number) let us say nothing! The defect of the present arrangement is that, with the largely increased and still increasing number of candidates, the classes are too large; and possibly ere long a Fourth Class will be added, or the Second Class split up into two Divisions. Within the separate classes there is no order published, but a man can generally find out his marks informally through his College Tutors.

There are a number of Final Honour Schools of which a man can take one. First among them is 'Greats' or the School of 'Litterae Humaniores', which combines three subjects in one. 1.) the Greek and Latin languages; 2.) Greek and Roman History, done largely in the original authorities (Herodotus etc); 3.) the outlines of Philosophy based on the theories of Plato and Aristotle whose ideas are traced through to their modern developments. The whole School is too wide for a man to attain all-round perfection in: consequently it becomes rather necessary to specialize in one part of the subjects, provided that the rest is brought up to a certain standard. But as a matter of fact about as many 'Firsts' are given for general 'all round' soundness, as for special brilliancy in any one department. As will be seen, the School is based upon the Classics, and so it is often, though not quite correctly, known as the 'Final Classical School'. A candidate who is not a Classical scholar can do well in it, but there is no doubt that he is handicapped: and such men generally get good 'Seconds' rather than 'Firsts'.

The Modern History School comes next and attracts nearly if not quite as many candidates. Very few Firsts are given in it, but the Second Class is always a large one. Other Schools are Law, Modern Languages, Oriental Languages, English Language and Literature, and Theology. Not many men take the last named School; largely no doubt because it is felt that Theology should, if possible, be read *after* some other school,—which

generally means, away from Oxford. 'The English School is of recent foundation, and so far seems to be mainly patronized by the Women Students. At all the Public Examinations black (or at least dark) coats and white ties are prescribed, as well as Cap and Gown. But if the June weather is very hot, the Examiners kindly close the eye, if candidates divest themselves of the uncomfortably hot black coat. In fact last June, it was a case of 'general strip' immediately after entering the room! The Schools begin for the most part early in June the results being published in July or the first week in August. All the Final Examinations are supplemented by 'Viva Voce,' which however are not as a rule very formidable. If a man's class is certain on the strength of his written work, his 'Viva' is a mere formality. In case of doubt however he may have to undergo a cross examination of some length from two of the Five Examiners who sit facing him. But the Examiner who takes you in hand is as often as not favourable to you, perhaps against the others, and is 'running you for what you are worth' and sometimes fairly drags the right answer out of you! Hence the practical advice given by a College Tutor. "Make the best of your Viva, and *don't* answer in monosyllables"!

Such are the University Exams; and like all others, they are prepared for by private reading, Tuition, and Lectures. Private reading is especially important owing to the fact that the three terms together only last six months; so that a large amount of work (especially text reading) must be done in the Vacations, and away from Oxford. For tuition, each College provides its own Tutors from among its Fellows, at least for the more important subjects. 'Mods' and 'Greats' men often have two tutors, Fellows of their own College, to whom they go once a week, or three times a fortnight, for an hour;—taking to them, in the one case Proses or Verses, in the other Essays on historical or Philosophical subjects. After the Composition or Essay has been read, the tutor discourses to the student for the rest of the hour. There is a certain amount of private tuition done by independent 'coaches' residing in Oxford, but for most Honour men at least the College Tuition is sufficient. Nearly all the Lectures are inter-collegiate; some few are given by the Fellow of a College simply to undergraduates of that College;—but most are public;—and the student has a more or less free choice of lectures and lecturers throughout the different Colleges, though of course Tutor's recommendation influences his decision. Lectures are generally given from 10. a. m. to 1. p. m, each lasting a little under the hour, since a few minutes are taken off at either end in order to enable men to get from one College to another between times. Often however an enthusiastic lecturer discourses right up to or beyond the hour; and as a not infrequent result receives soon after a note from another lecturer in a different and distant College, to the effect that 'Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B. and asks him if he would mind ending his lectures some minutes before the hour; otherwise the undergraduates attending both lectures, and having far

to walk; always come in late to the second, and so miss the first part of his, Mr. A's, lecture'. At which request Mr. B. is sometimes inclined to 'kick'!

A very large proportion of the Fellows are engaged in tutorial work of some kind. The old fashioned, fossilized Don, holding his post till death or matrimony, is now practically extinct. Fellowships are now generally given either with some definite duty, tutorial or otherwise, attached, or under the name of 'Prize Fellowships,' for some two or three years only. The authorities of each College superintend the work of its undergraduates; and besides the Public Examination of the University, there are the College Examinations or 'Collections' generally held at the end of two terms out of the three, which are of importance, though of course not recognized by the University in any way. While the University examines, the Colleges teach, and each College can refuse to keep a man if his work proves unsatisfactory.

A 'scholar' is a scholar of his College, rather than of the University. Every College offers a number of Scholarships and Exhibitions; the examinations for which are mostly held in November, December, and January; and the scholars and exhibitioners elect come into residence the following October. Some Scholarships and Exhibitions are closed to certain Schools, or to men who can fulfil certain conditions laid down by their Founder, such as birth in a certain county. But the radical changes introduced by recent Royal Commissions have had the effect of throwing open some of these; and now there are many more open than closed. Nearly all scholarships are to the value of £80; and exhibitions are generally worth £50 or under. Scholars and exhibitioners wear distinctive gowns, (the 'Commoners' gown being a hideous 'rag'), and have a certain official preeminence in their Colleges. Thus, within the same year, the Scholar is always held Senior to the Exhibitioner and Commoner. With the privileges are some duties, such as reading the Lessons in Chapel, but these are neither numerous nor arduous.

Before closing, a few words must be said about the other educational work done by the University, or under its auspices, in various departments. Firstly the Ladies have now acquired a distinct, though still rather informal, status within the University; having three Colleges or Halls of their own. But their privileges are limited. They can attend all lectures, and receive tuition for the Honour Courses, but are still debarred from the Degree, and, strictly speaking, they are only examined 'by courtesy'. Into the difficult and dangerous question of Women's degrees the present writer dares not enter. Tradition is still against it, in the old Universities of England. At Oxford an attempt was made to introduce the change not long ago, but the proposal was thrown out in the preliminary stages; thus we did not have the battle which raged at Cambridge about the same time. But though the matter is now at rest, it is only the calm before the storm; and no doubt both sides are or soon will be arming for the fray. It is not unlikely that the ladies will

win in the end, but it may be a case of "the end is not yet".

The influence of both Oxford and "that great Mathematical Institution called by courtesy the Sister University" (as an Oxford man once called it!) extends beyond their own borders. Both Universities give Local Examinations with Certificates in various 'centres'; and every July in conjunction they examine nearly all the Public Schools of the country, giving Higher and Lower Certificates, the former of which grants exemption from 'Responsions'. But the most important agency for outside education is the "University Extension", by means of which courses of lectures on various subjects, mostly but by no means entirely historical, are given in numerous places throughout the Kingdom. Nearly every year, a "Summer Meeting" is held at either Oxford or Cambridge, during the long vacation, when Extensionists of both sexes flock into the city, and for a fortnight combine Learning with Festivity, and Education with Jollification. The Extension system has at times been criticized, partly on the ground that the knowledge so imparted is cheap, but there can be no doubt that the work done is good, and the lecturers are often men of the highest attainments.

The only other 'direct' means of education, that need be mentioned before closing, are Public Lectures given on various occasions; the most noted of which is "The Romanes Lecture" founded by the great Scientist G. T. Romanes, (a Canadian I believe), which is delivered once a year by some eminent personage. Among recent Lecturers have been Mr. Gladstone, on 'An Academic Sketch'; Prof. Huxley, on 'Evolution and Ethics'; Sir Archibald Geikie, on 'British Scenery and British Poets'; Mr. John Morley, on 'Machiavelli'; and Prof. Jebb, of Cambridge, on 'Humanism in Education.' With this reference the second article of this series must close.\*

G. O. S.

\*An interesting, though short and consequently rather inadequate, article on "Picturesque Oxford," with illustrations, appears in the November 'Munsey.' Only the supposed picture of Brasenose Gateway no more represents Brasenose than it does 'Bishop's.' The illustration is of the Bodleian Quadrangle!

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## ARTISTS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

Life feeds on death, and in life is seen only the new birth of what was dead—a renaissance. So from the decay of the past, art in its golden era drew nutriment and strength.

Long before the Roman Empire reached the height of its glory, the decline of ancient art had begun. In Rome the outward form of the Greek original survived, but its spirit was gone. And throughout the existence of the Empire the decay was rapid; till in the Byzantine school the last stage was reached, and there began a revival.

Though not sudden, the reaction was marked and discernable in the work of such men as Cimabue, who was first to shake off Byzantine conventionality and to go to nature for inspiration. While after him followed others, each struggling to cast off the bonds that shackled his predecessors. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries witnessed this struggle, its success and its fruit.

Now to catch a breath of the Renaissance atmosphere, to feel its lively growth, is possible only by contact with its characters and a view of its work. With such a purpose, a brief sketch of a few of the artists and of the products of the Renaissance will be profitable.

In the valley of the Arno, at the little castle of Vinci, an illegitimate son was born to Ser Piero da Vinci. The boy was legitimized and was brought up with his father's lawful children, whom he excelled in every study and sport. While wandering through the forests about his home over the mountains, and in the vale of the Arno, he added to book-lore an intense love for nature. Till by untiring diligence, Leonardo da Vinci became not only a good musician, mathematician, poet and artist, but was well versed in science and philosophy. In life his one object was to know.

Leonardo's personal character is peculiarly fascinating and interesting. He was a "youth beautiful on the promenade, magnificent on horseback, and terrible with the sword," affable, generous, tender-hearted, fond of pleasure and of society. Often when walking in the market he used to buy caged birds and set them free. But in the acquisition of knowledge, no natural gentleness could stay him. At the table he would tell funny or horrible stories, so as to note the varying expressions of his guests. Again and again he attended the executions of criminals to study their faces, and during the death agony to watch the contorted contractions of their muscles. By such actual experience alone could he know certainly. As he once said, that though some said he was wrong, yet he knew he was right for his facts were obtained by "simple, pure experiment, which is our real mistress". Experiment was the basis of his work.

Versatility was his most noticeable characteristic. For not only was he refined and graceful in form and feature, but in feats of horsemanship and of arms, he was strong, brave, and skilled. With equal ease his hand could bend a horseshoe, or sweep the strings of a lyre. His blow was as powerful in combat, as his touch was delicate in painting. While his voice was "as ready for the discussion of Archimedes or Aristotle, as for singing improvised love-sonnets, or wooing the not unwilling ladies of the court".— But though seemingly able to do anything, credit was due not to inborn genius, but rather to indefatigable industry. He did almost everything except do nothing.

In painting, Leonardo's work may be described with great brevity. At all times, he delighted to "lose himself in a refined and graceful mystery".



And to this quality in his pictures is due their subtle, pervading charm. Besides he discovered the secret of expression—a depth and power of expression equalled by no other man. He is the only artist that ever truthfully painted a smile.

Without doubt the greatest of Vinci's productions was the Last Supper. Strange to say, considering Leonardo's great care and the length of time he usually spent on a painting, this work occupied only three years. It was painted for the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie at the command of the Duke of Milan, who was anxious to have the picture completed with the utmost despatch.

One day as Leonardo stood long in contemplation of the picture, the prior of the convent rushed to the Duke, complaining that the artist wasted time. Whereupon Vinci was sent for. The story is told by Vasari thus: "Leonardo, knowing the prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had not chosen—to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length concerning art, and made it perfectly manifest . . . that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be labouring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas . . . to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. . . . That there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that beauty of perfection and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity Incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that would properly represent a man who . . . had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying the Lord and Creator of the world. With regard to this second, however, he would make search; and after all if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior".

On The Last Supper, Leonardo worked hard and continuously. He rose at day-break and toiled steadily till evening, often forgetting either to eat or to drink; while often for three or four days he would stand in contemplation of what he had done. And sometimes when in a remote part of the city, he would mount his horse and ride at breakneck speed to the convent, make a single stroke on one of the figures, and then ride back again. At other times he wandered through the streets, carefully scanning each face that he passed; and in the little book he carried in his girdle, he sketched those he wished to preserve. It is said that more than any other of his works is The Last Supper founded on the outdoor study of faces.

Although Leonardo had undertaken a vast labour, he did not hesitate,

but worked carefully, vigorously, and reverently. All other faces were finished before he dared to attempt that of Christ; and when he did so he felt himself incompetent for so great a task. And when he did try to paint the head of the Saviour, as he used to say, it was impossible to restrain the trembling of his hand, it was vain to conceive a face worthy of the Son of God, until at length in sheer despair it was left unfinished. The least perfect part of the picture was the figure of Jesus.

This magnificent production of Leonardo, as now seen, contains not the least particle of the great artist's handiwork. Inundations have stained it; inferior workmen have daubed it in attempts at restoration; a doorway was cut through the wall on which it was painted; Napoleon's soldiers made a stable of the convent and amused themselves by shooting at the apostles' heads; and during the Austrian invasion the imperial arms were nailed over the head of Christ. Finally a painter, named Barozzi was employed to repaint it, which he did so thoroughly that Taine was forced to remark that the Lord's Supper itself was no longer visible.

*E. S. K.*

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TWICE TOLD TALES.  
(WITH APOLOGIES TO HAWTHORNE.)

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Search the far regions of the North, penetrate the most distant corners of the South, journey towards the rising of the sun and follow it on its westward course, and could a better spot on earth be found, from which to view the meteoric display, than our own beloved Bishop's. At any rate some of the Arts students thought a better place could not be found.

Sweet slumber wrapped in its fond embrace all of the Arts inhabitants except two, who, with Machiavelian cunning, laid the foundation of a plot whereby they might cheat Nature of her needed rest, arousing from their sound morning sleep their unfortunate fellow creatures. It is not chronicled how these two managed to keep awake—whether they used alarm clocks, those hideous disturbers of sleep, or in turn kept watch, or slept with one eye open, or sat up all night—any way it is certain that about three o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth the College was aroused, to a man, to see the meteoric display.

The hallways at once became a scene of life and action. From each room rushed out a man, in various states of dress, or rather undress. One had a foot-ball suit on, another a sweater and another was conspicuous with a tan boot on one foot, a black slipper on the other. And another as yet hardly awakened advanced to the window and gazed for a few minutes, in awestruck silence, at the moon, labouring under the impression that it was a meteor of unprecedented size and brilliancy. Even Grumps had his curiosity

aroused and made his appearance upon the scene, Authority, in somewhat negligee apparel, a close second. Only one man refused to get out of bed, but his was a chronic case. And now comes the sad part.

When all this motley group had gathered with keen expectation, their eyes fully freed from sleep, several things were lacking; the perpetrators of the hoax, and the meteors. A perceptible chill was caused in the atmosphere. Soon the chill was succeeded by a hot wave of indignation at the jokers, and a loud clamor arose. Thereupon Authority intervened and commanded the conspicuous black and tan young gentleman to retire. He, being perfectly cognizant of the suitability of this advice and likewise a trifle sleepy, at once made his exit from the scene. Therefore the others simultaneously took the hint and their departure. And again silence reigned supreme, and it was the morning of the seventeenth day.

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The wintry sun had sunk and had been succeeded by the pale moon just peeping over the hill-tops and casting upon the ground long gloomy shadows interspersed with silvery streaks. From the College windows the electric lamps darted forth cheery beams of light, as if to assure the wayfarer that here at least was shelter from the cold and chill of night. The rattling of dishes, suggestive of comfort to the inner man, came faintly from the distant kitchens, and from the chapel there floated dreamily upon the frosty air a slow and solemn chant,

In the Arts building men were gathered in groups, smoking, chatting, and in some instances studying. Suddenly the electric lights began to grow dim. Silently, slowly they faded until in a moment the carbon filament cast a mere red glow. And then the light went out. Into the hall on the second flat the men groped their way, to borrow comfort—and matches—of their neighbors. But neither of these articles were just then available. As they stood in the gloomy hall two forms, shapeless, unseen, brushed past almost silently, and the chills played tag along the spinal columns of the listeners, whose breaths came and went in tremulous gasps as the soft swish of the unseen visitors was heard down the corridor in the direction of the steps which, formerly, led to Paradise Alley. Then all was silent again. Hearts began once more to beat and someone, more reckless than the rest, ventured a feeble laugh, cut short in its very feebleness by an apparition. Apparently from the steps at the end of the hall, there came a luminous object not far from the ground and then another, and stealthy steps were heard. What could they be! Was it Roger's ghost? The spots certainly had an unearthly appearance. Or was it the spirits of former exams coming in death procession to revisit the scenes of their horrid triumphs? The thought was too terrible to be given utterance in words. The light spots grew steadily larger. It is impossible to tell what might have happened but at that moment someone exclaimed "Why, it's candles!" And so it was, two candles, one in the hand of a learned divine and the other held by a student close behind.

They had come in the dark from the chapel to procure lights and were now on the return journey.

But lucky t'was that a certain church dignitary was not there to see. For is it not written in the archives that candles shall not be carried in procession?

*Nescio Quid.*

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## "HARROW"

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"Oh, the great days in the distance enchanted,  
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun:  
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,  
Hardly believable forty years on!"

*School Song.*

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A stranger who chanced to find himself on the platform at Baker Street Station, about six o'clock on a Wednesday evening towards the middle of September, would be simply bewildered by the scene that would greet him. Boys everywhere, nothing but boys. From the tall *sixth-former* in all the pride of glossy silk hat, immaculate tail coat, and incipient moustache, to the little fourth form scapegrace,—at this moment, thank goodness, a little bit sobered by the parental talking to he has just endured—all are here and all are looking eagerly forward to a new term and a new year of school life: for the Harrow autumn term is opening, and woe betide the boy who fails to answer his name at "*Lock up*" on the first evening.

A journey of about thirty minutes and the Hill, which has long been in view is reached and there is a general rush on to the platform to secure the "*chaws*" or town-boys who are eagerly waiting to "*Carry—your—bag—please—sir*". Then the well known trudge up the hill, and at last we reach the old wooden gate in the wall and pass through our yard into the house of which we are members. Just a few minutes for a chat with old friends, then the bell rings and we troop down into the hall; our house master comes in and after a few pleasant words of kindly welcome, calls over the roll. Then supper follows and the eager discussion of the doings in the holidays, and the critical inspection of the new boys. The chances of the house in the house footer matches are discussed; shall we have any "*flannels*" this term, is a most weighty question. At nine-thirty the bell rings for prayers, and after prayers each boy goes to his own room, which he is not allowed to leave again that night on any pretext, and at ten sharp out go the lights.

The next morning the whole school assembles in "*Speecher*" and the School list for the term is read out and boys disperse to their various class rooms where the list of books for the term is read out and the work for that evening set. The rest of the morning is spent in getting the books from the school bookseller, and then comes dinner—always at 1-30, and the usual

Thursday half-holiday—for we have three halves a week, and on Friday morning Harrow wakes up for *first school* at 7-30, finds everything settled down and in order, and the regular routine of the term begins. All works smoothly from now save for the occasional unexpected entrance of some nervous and excited new boy into the Sixth form class room: for he has forgotten where his class ought to be, and doesn't yet know the name of his form master. At the very outset, in describing life at Harrow we are met by a serious difficulty. Are we to take work or games first? Well it is a trite saying, but none the less a true one; "That the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton", so we will begin with the games. But a pause must be made even here. How nearly that quotation ended with *Harrow* instead of Eton, few except Harrow boys know. The Iron Duke's elder brother was a *Harrovian*, but unfortunately on one "*Governor's Speech day*" he headed a mob of boys who destroyed the carriage of a very unpopular *Governor* who was visiting the school, and as he also was particularly prominent in the procession that carried the fragment through the town in triumph, it was thought necessary by the authorities that he should seek "fresh fields and pastures new".

One result of this was that his young brother who was at the time entered for Harrow, followed his elder brother to Eton, and the school on the hill lost one glorious name she might have added to the long roll that includes names such as Byron, Peel; Palmerston, Manning, Newman, and Aberdeen, to take only a few of them.

It is the September term and footer is the order of the day. After dinner off we go to change, the head of the house sends the "boy in the house" or fag for the day, down to Powell's for the footers, and we run down the hill past the *Music room*, the *Butler Schools*, and the *Stinks Schools*, to our own great "Footer field," the munificent gift of an old boy—where at 2.15 there will be fifteen *house games* going on. with an average attendance of thirty five boys per game of footer is compulsory at Harrow, and though a little, a very little leniency may be shown to a defaulter for the first two days, after this the punishment that follows failure to attend punctually is swift and merciless. The *coup d'oeil* from the hill is striking, nearly six hundred boys, all in white flannel knickers, and shirts, varying in in colour according to their house—for each house has its own colours. However we cannot follow all these games at once; so let us choose one where the game is very keen; it would be hard indeed to find one where it is not. Over on the left of the field those scarlet shirts make a brilliant patch of colour, even among such bright surroundings. We cannot do better than follow their fortunes. The game as played at Harrow is different from *Socer* or *Rugger*; it is in fact a sort of combination of the two adapted to the very heavy clay soil on which we have to play.

The game is played by two teams of eleven players each; but in the

house games many more play on each side. The base poles have no bar and are supposed to be of unlimited height. Anything between the posts, whether along the ground or high up in the air is a base. The field is placed as follows, two backs, two men on each wing—top sides and bottom sides we call them, and five centres. The off-side rule is the same as in the Rugby game. No handling the ball is allowed, except where a fair catch off a kick entitles the catcher to a free kick, with a three yards run. Hence the cry "*Yards*" we hear so frequently.

In the house matches, the houses are drawn against each other, and the winner of each match goes on to the next round. The final or "*Cork House*" match is played on the last Saturday of the term, before practically the whole school, amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

In the next article I shall try to show the real importance of the *house* system, and house life, as a factor in the success of our great English Schools.

*Harroviensis.*

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## ODDS AND ENDS.

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I A propos of the present state of affairs between civilization and barbarism, we are reminded of an antithetical definition of those two terms. Civilization, it says, stands five miles away and buries its enemies under cannon balls, while barbarism knocks those, unfavourable to it, down with a club. No doubt the former is a much more expensive process than the latter; but the misanthropist has a feigned excuse ready, as a cloak for his real joy, saying that this civilized age of ours, with its wonderful money-producing power, must be pleased with so genteel a method of spending accumulations which would otherwise in the long run become a superfluity. The intellect must be looked after. So they welcome the beginning of another war—wishing perchance that barbarism and civilization might extinguish each other completely. Unless they—The Grumblers—might escape to behold the consummation of their dearest wishes.

Others would also wish to escape; they whose self-sized consciences cannot entertain the idea of a big power such as the British Empire pouncing upon the Boers, a simple-minded people, straight-forward, generous and kind. The most bare-faced vandalism, they call it, an unmitigated atrocity and one which will undoubtedly bring upon its authors, the wrath of the powers that be. They cheer Kruger and would be pleased to shake the hand of Oom Paul and tell of their undying love for him, his land, and, incidentally, for his gold. He has lately shown some liking for that of other people.

The answer to all of which is plain. The Boers resemble somewhat the student young at college. If he knows his position, holds his tongue and is

willing to learn, he is taught gently, initiated, as it were insensibly into the amenities of the life in which he finds himself; but if the character of his character and behaviour is unapparent to himself, he—well he has to go through several processes in training ending in rare cases in expulsion. If he escape it is because his pathway lies apart from those of others and is never crossed by them. An isolated and undeveloped life.

In another college—the world—all men are students. Its terms are of unstated lengths, its courses various and its examiners, mankind. The diplomas are power, fame, wealth and so on; but few get them. Its watchword is progress.

Nations as well as individuals enter it but few graduate; they are expelled. Assyria, Greece, Rome, entered upon the course but disappeared without finishing. Why? They did not carry out the conditions of graduation. The law of complete progress was not realized. Hence they are gone leaving as a legacy, their shortcomings as well as their successes to present students. France, Germany, Russia, England are the senior students now, but will they get through? Will the President of the college reward them? Are they adapting themselves to the paramount law; that law, inattention to which, must lead to their ultimate decadence? Are they helping forward that divine event, "towards which the whole creation moves"? We do not know but we are certain that if they are not, their disappearance is but a question of time.

One student we have omitted—The Transvaal. No nation, small or great, lives unto itself in the world-college. The tardy or self-satisfied are hurried on and if they will not march in time, have to be whipped up or die. It is a law of progress. And so we have the real motive of the war, a motive realized by but a small proportion of those now in hostile camps. For them the wrongs of the Uitlanders are the inspiring motive, and the money-changers at home count, in anticipation the wealth they will amass in "Federated South Africa". Let us not be hard upon them. They are only unconscious instruments in the hands of a Power which uses nations as well as individuals to accomplish His purposes.

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II Only a leaf torn from my calendar,—October on paper consigned to the waste-basket and October in reality to the regions of the past. Gone with its little ironies, miniature joys and enormous sorrows. It is housed somewhere waiting even now to be sought out and made famous by some hunter searching for diamonds amidst the accumulated dust of time's treasure house. He will sift them slowly and carefully and discover,—nothing; and then for time October will be no more. Only in the councils of the Infinite will there be a record. But that is enough.

Mayhap some of the pessimists have disappeared with it glad(?) to shake off a life not worth living and relieved at being ushered into an exis-

tence in which they realize that all things work together for good, that evil seems to be a necessary antecedent to good and that without obstacles to be overcome, goodness would be only a name. So we plod on ready for a little joy, prepared for a little sorrow, thorough stoics or optimists until called from dreams to reality.

What is this October anyway? A month made up of so many days, hours and minutes. An infinitesimal portion of time. But Octobers make up life. It is a life in miniature. Looked at through the microscope of finiteness it is beheld, a large scene variegated in tint full of contrast, from the deepest shadow of human distress to the most roseate hues of young life seeing in anticipation what should be; but viewed through the inverted glass of eternity, it is reduced to a mere speck and of value only because that speck is a microcosm, an integral part of the universe. And therefore this October—and all octobers—is secure in its niche in the scheme of things.

But what is it for man? To some the turning point of life, the birth of life, the entrance into its grandeur, the embarkation upon the sea of great hope; to others the birth of death, the beginning of the journey upon the dark billows of despair; to most a unit, one of many as similar as the dings of the bell in the market-place.

But life is not measured solely by intervals of time, or we might compare a Gladstone with an aged rustic. Man makes time's intensity. Hence one life is longer at twenty than another at one hundred years. The experience of a "yes" or "no", the "death-telegram", a laugh or a sob may mean an age, while the humdrum of ten years may be a blank. All is included in the mystery of time, that conundrum solved in eternity.

I walked in May, that month of all  
the year;  
Old time's fond youth, soon gone but  
never drear.  
The trees responded joyous to my  
song;  
And flowers peeped out,—a bashful  
maiden throng.  
The sun, on high, made suns upon  
the ground;  
The leaves all shimmered; and a  
murmuring sound  
Spread through the woods. 'Twas  
like a spirit voice  
Communing with live nature; help-  
ing me rejoice.

Another voice I heard, 'twas like the  
note  
Of bird, or music from the throat  
Of silver harp,—so beautiful yet  
wild.  
Near and more near it sounded; and  
a child,  
With hair just lighted, by the sun's  
pure beam,  
With eyes clear-sparkling, sending  
back the gleam  
Of nature's youth, came dancing to  
my side.  
The sight was joy itself, this world's  
enduring pride.  
The burden of her song was "Time";



she stopped,  
 And artless questions asked me.  
 Then she dropped  
 A courtesy, resumed (strange voice!)  
 her rhyme,  
 And ever iterated "time" and "what  
 is time".  
 I turned to watch a squirrel had  
 crossed my way,  
 Perplexed a child sang such a rond-  
 elay:  
 When lo! above me, sang the self  
 same fay,  
 That song of "time" and "time's the  
 time for play."  
 Amazed I looked. No child, no child  
 was there.  
 The sprite had vanished. Vanished,  
 in thin air,  
 The image of my vision. But the  
 lay  
 Sticks to my memory. "Time's the  
 time for play".

\* \* \* \* \*

Again we loitered by a sylvan mere.  
 Life was a joy. The wife of just a  
 year  
 Talked nothingnesses sweet as is the  
 kiss  
 Of June-fraught breezes, with their  
 perfumed bliss.  
 The water lapped the shore with  
 soft caress.  
 Around, and in and out from each  
 recess,  
 The birds flew chattering, like a na-  
 ture choir;  
 And, from their moving wings, the  
 sun-flash glinted fire.

And Gertrude marvelled at the pic-  
 ture spread  
 Before our eyes. Before, beneath,  
 o'erhead  
 She saw the glory of the God of  
 love.  
 In silence pondered we this treasure-  
 trove.  
 She broke the silence. "Time! how  
 fast it flies.  
 The day it brightens, grows, how  
 quickly dies!"  
 I clasped her in my arms. "Say  
 darling why  
 Is it you speak of time and fly and  
 die?"  
 "And what is time" I asked. Her  
 soul distressed,  
 Beamed at my utterance with a look  
 has blessed  
 Full many times my soul in God  
 above.  
 For then and since her answer—  
 "Time is love".

\* \* \* \* \*

The vista long, of fifty years, I see—  
 A road most fair—the road of roads  
 for me  
 The end appears. Not darksome  
 though alone  
 I view't. The wife of years has  
 gone.  
 Has gone to welcome, on a distant  
 shore,  
 The life is shattered here. And  
 this—no more—  
 I ask for, just a summons given.  
 I know what t'is now. Time's the  
 start towards heaven.

*Ded.*

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

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### DIED

At Montreal, 19th. November, 1899,  
 Sir William Dawson, C. M. G., L. L. D.  
 F. R. S., F. G. S., etc., etc.

Late Principal of McGill University.

The death of Sir William Dawson, the distinguished ex-principal of McGill University, removes the greatest land-mark in the history of university life in Canada. A man who has for the last third of a century stood *facile princeps* amongst his compeers as the head of a university, as a man of letters, as a scientist and as a citizen is truly an unique figure in the history of any country. Such has been the career of Sir William Dawson in Canada.

The numerous biographical and other sketches that have appeared in the press from all parts of the Empire make it unnecessary to offer any here. But it is as a token of our fraternal feeling towards a sister university as well as on the part of Canadian citizens that we tender this slight expression of our respect.

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It is with no small degree of satisfaction that we note the appreciation with which the first issue of the Mitre in its new form has been received. To feel that our efforts are being appreciated by our readers is to feel that we have not labored in vain.

The change which the Mitre has undergone is certainly one of the most radical which falls to the lot of the college paper. Little is left of

the original Mitre but the name. Everything speaks of the new order of things: the management has come into other hands, the size has been altered, a new cover has been substituted, a new printer has been engaged. These changes are at once apparent.

Such changes and innovations must of necessity be attended by danger, but the Mitre seems to have been singularly fortunate in this respect. Although of course the first issue may have suffered more or less from errors, in the confusion of sudden alterations, we trust that they will soon be corrected and the paper brought to a degree of perfection befitting the original intentions of its staff.

In changing the shape of the Mitre we are following the dictates of expediency and the demands of the public. Although the former shape may have become endeared to many of our readers, there was yet room for improvement and we hope they will find in the new shape sufficient to recommend it to them, for it is the size generally accepted by the whole reading world to-day, one which we could do no better than adopt.

The cover of previous years did not extend beyond the bounds of necessity but we have attempted to unite utility and beauty and to produce one which shall be at the same time characteristic of a college paper and representative of the University.

A college paper has to rely upon the liberality of its friends and supporters for the larger share of its contributions, but it is especially to our Alumni that we wish to make

our appeal. We hope that they still have enough interest in the College organ to send in items of personal interest and such articles as may be of common advantage. We beg to tender to them, and our other readers also, a word of advice. Let not the qualms of modesty prevent you from sending in your productions. No one can be a fair critic of his own productions. We are certain that the history of literary efforts will prove this beyond a doubt. And the editor appreciating this fact has been known to invigilate a writer as he was engaged on work of this nature and to obtain the article immediately on its completion and thus he has saved some of our most brilliant articles from the grave of so many literary efforts—the waste paper basket. Therefore we hope that this appeal will have its desired effect and that they will give us more opportunity to exercise our judgment.

With regard to our different faculties we wish to say a few words. Though their degrees of interest may vary we are certain that a share in our pages will be highly desirable to them. It must be of advantage to all educational institutions to have the means of sharing in the greatest of all educators—the press. Although we can make but a modest claim to such an advantage we think it is still a just one. Here is a means whereby professors and students may meet upon common ground, to impart their messages and express their grievances, a convenient channel by which to reach the ears of authority, and if there be

any instruction to be imparted here is a permanent form in which it may be cast, to be in lasting evidence.

Again in regard to those whose aspirations might lead them to the realms of literature and who might not find it convenient or satisfactory to give their productions to the public at large, we wish to place at their disposal our columns where the emanations of their pen may be placed before those to whom they will appeal with peculiar interest. In such ways as these the college paper has a territory and an office which are entirely its own and which merit the efforts and attention of all to improve.

Therefore we feel certain that the various faculties will not be backward in appreciating this fact and that our board of directors will quickly have its vacancies filled and that all the faculties will be represented in the College notes and that our contents will truly represent every educational aspect of our University, that they will portray every phase of our University life and indelibly reflect University thought and present it in its fullest light and prove a lasting bond of union.

In this issue we begin a series of historical and descriptive sketches of the various faculties of the University with the article on the Musical faculty. In publishing such a series of articles we are actuated by a twofold intention, to make our faculties more widely known while at the same time presenting the necessary data in an attractive and readable form and we think that such a

series should prove interesting not only to the casual reader but especially to our Alumni, who, it is probable, do not feel quite the same interest in the current events of the University as the undergraduates. Therefore it seemed to us that a series of sketches of the University, embodying as it must the history of their own times, would at once revive their flagging interest while

proving instructive to us.

There can be no doubt that a history of the faculties will be inspiring to those who read it, upon reflecting, as we must, that these same faculties have been built up by self-sacrificing efforts of individual men. But this is more applicable to the older faculties, the later ones having been founded in more prosperous times.

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### Mitre Exchanges

McGill Outlook. (McGill University.)

Quebec Diocesan Gazette.

"The Varsity" (Toronto University.)

Trinity Review. (Trinity University, Toronto.)

King's College Record, (Windsor, N. S.)

St. John's College Magazine, (St. John's College University.)

"The Student," (Edinburgh University.)

Richmond Guardian (Richmond Quebec.)

"The Windsorian", (College School Windsor, N. S.)

Ottawa Review, (Ottawa College.)

Church Times, (Milwaukee, Wisconsin.)

The MacMaster University Monthly, (Toronto.)

Reveille, (Norwich University Northford, Vt.)

Harvard Monthly (Harvard University.)

College Topics, (University College, Toronto.)

Manitoba College Journal, (Winnipeg.)

Clarion (Stanstead Wesleyan College)

Montreal Diocesan Gazette.

Cambridge University Review.

Argosy (Mount Allison University Sackville, N. B.)

Queen's University Journal, (Queens, Kingston.)

University Monthly, (University of New Brunswick, Fredericton.)

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## THE COLLEGE.

### DIVINITY NOTES.

With the approaching of the winter season the good old game of Rugby Foot-ball is taking its departure once more from our campus. In

these notes one point may be noticed in connection with our fairly successful Team of this year and that is the large number of divinity men, as compared with former years, who

have shown a lively interest in this game, some maintaining and some winning envied positions on the team. This good sign is one which should not be overlooked or depreciated. Surely men who are being educated for the Ministry need as much if not more, to have their bodies properly developed and strengthened as men who are being educated for secular pursuits. And not only does a good old rollicking game of Football answer this requirement, but as well as calling forth and putting into play the energies of the body, it puts to the test and so disciplines those of the mind, thus teaching the player self-restraint as well as giving him strength and vigor. It is a matter for congratulation that the divinity men are alive to these facts and are assisting so materially to maintain the good name in sports which Bishop's always has among her athletic competitors.

The first meeting of the Brotherhood of Readers for this collegiate year was held in the Library Friday, Oct. 27th. The Warden presided, and the following new officers were elected:—ViceWarden, Mr. C. W. Mitchell; Secretary, Mr. F. G. Le Gallais.

On Nov. 10th the fortnightly meeting was held at which Mr. C. W. Mitchell read a very instructive paper on "How to promote Christian fellowship among the laity." It was unanimously carried that the Rev. Dr. Scarth be requested to continue, at the next meeting, his very practical address,—the first part of

which he delivered last term. It is to be hoped that Dr. Scarth may be followed by other of the neighbouring clergy at future meetings, who may also deliver practical hints arising out of their experiences in Pastoral care.

On Friday evening Nov. 17th, the Lord Bishop admitted, with the usual service, the following gentlemen into the Brotherhood:—Mesers. Weagant, Cowling, Major, Shewen, Gordon, Baker, Rennison, and Mr. G. O. Smith.

With this increased membership a good year is promised for the Brotherhood; may it prove to be one fruitful of much good both to the members themselves and also to those people with whom they come in contact in their capacity as members.

Twice daily does common prayer ascend in our beautiful Chapel for those who are engaged in hostilities in South Africa, and for a speedy and peaceful termination to the war. More fully do our hearts go out when we remember the Canadian Contingent now on its way to demonstrate the loyalty of Canadian hearts and the unity of the Empire. And Lennoxville feels proud that one who is a graduate of this place and was once a Divinity student here has gone with our Canadian Volunteers as a minister to their spiritual wants. The Rev. J. Almond, with his very manly qualities is well known to us all, and his Divinity friends particularly wish him every blessing and success in the great yet

responsible work entrusted to him.

Last term a fund, called the Richmond Memorial Fund, was started by the students for the purpose of purchasing a brass tablet, to be placed in the Chapel, in memory of the late Henry E. Richmond, and of the noble manner in which he met his death. An opportunity is here taken of reminding old students and graduates, who knew and admired the deceased and who wish to subscribe to the memorial, that they must do so as soon as possible as the Committee wishes to be able to close the fund this term. Communications may be addressed to the Treasurer of the Richmond Memorial Fund.

Mr. Callis, was absent during a part of the last week in October attending the consecration of Emmanuel Church, Dennistown, Maine. Under the Rev. J. S. Hart, Mr. Callis has done excellent work in that neighborhood, and the erection of this church is a material proof of successful labor.

On Sunday Oct. 27th the following Brotherhood men were away taking mission work:—Mr. C. W. Mitchell, at Bury, Mr. Aytoun, at Dixville, Mr. Tannar, at Thetford Mines, Mr. Callis, at Dennistown, Mr. Roy, at Coaticooke, and Mr. Carroll, at Compton.

Bishop Dunn has been devoting two days of the third week in November to the divinity students in

hearing them read and preach. The students always find his Lordship's visits very beneficial and his practical hints in regard to reading of the greatest possible use.

Our Missionary Society always endeavours to have each term a sermon preached under its auspices in the Chapel. For this term we have been very fortunate in procuring the Rev. Dr. Hackett, Principal of the Montreal Diocesan College, as preacher. Evensong with the missionary sermon by Dr. Hackett, will take place on the usual day, St. Andrew's day, at five o'clock. In the evening the public meeting of the Society, for the Michaelmas term, will take place in the dining hall when interesting papers and speeches will be given. Outsiders are cordially invited to attend both the service and the meeting.

Capt. Carter has kindly given two very interesting "talks" to the divinity students this term on the "Church Society."

Mr. Tannar for the rest of this term has given up his mission work at Thetford Mines and is succeeded by Mr. Balfour.

In the Senior Rugby Football Match, in Ottawa recently between Ottawa College and Montreal, Mr. Rothera, figured as referee. Before leaving the "battlefield" Mr. Rothera was complimented by both teams for his fair and impartial decisions.

The friends of Mr. A. W. Dunn will

be sorry to hear that he has been obliged to abandon for the present his course at Leed's Theological School owing to poor health. At present Mr. Dunn is in the south of England where we hope his health will soon be restored to its old time vigor.

Mr. Caffin has given up his lay reader's work in England, and has entered Lichfield Theological School.

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### ART'S NOTES.

We take this opportunity of conveying the sympathy of the Arts men to a fellow-student in his illness. And it affords us great gratification to hear of his improved condition. Surely there is no need to say that we miss Stevens, not only in athletics, but also personally.

In China, there is a custom permitting a person to hire a substitute to go to prison, or to be executed. Now the advantage of such a custom is obvious. It not only removes the the necessity of being put to great inconvenience, but to many a poor man it gives the opportunity of making an honest living. And were this privilege of hiring a substitute allowed students in examinations, we are positive there would be fewer supplementals, and also a much higher standard of work. However, we drop the matter for the present, merely suggesting that at a future day it shall be discussed by the debating society.

Attila, the Hun, boasted that,

where his horse's hoof had trod, the grass was forever withered. In like manner the harmless-looking caterpillar might speak of the havoc he works among the stately elms and sturdy maples. So all through life unnoticed causes bring greatest evils; and a little enemy is formidable from his very insignificance. Even in our University, a subtle foe makes constant war upon the crops of matches and of tobacco. Therefore the science option men are asked to rack their brains for a way to rid us of this pest.

To lay down rules of conduct is not the purpose of the Arts Notes; yet there are times when it is necessary to assume the functions of a moral censor. For the other day, one of the freshmen was heard to say that he expected to receive by mail "some paintings by the best artists in the world"—one of them by "Rosa Bonheur, the best artist in the world." But—oh, lack of veracity!—when the paintings arrived they were only photographs.

Now in the first place, we ask what right has a freshman to set himself up as an art critic? But if he does so, he ought surely to criticize well. And we venture to say that no one with a knowledge of painting—and but few who lack it—would dare to call Rosa Bonheur the "best artist in the world." Furthermore, speaking of photographs as "paintings" shows an ignorance both of photography and of art, so great that we hide our head and blush for our ingenuous comrade, to whom we

offer the advice, Be silent and you'll not say what you do not know.

There is a report that our aged friend, the quasi-preparatory man, is seeking the position of professor in physics. If the rumour is true, and if the authorities are seriously considering the matter, we take pleasure in recommending the nautical gentleman as a neat penman, as cleanly and respectable in appearance, and as confident in his own powers. With such qualities no one would venture to predict his failure as a lecturer.

Hereafter there are to be two examinations a day—so rumour whispers. Life is short, and to save time the horse must go twice as fast. Now it is true that a draught-horse can slowly, steadily labour all day long, and yet grow fat. But drive the same animal at a gallop, and soon it is brought down to skin and bones.

Life is short, but over-haste makes it shorter. A reasonable share of toil is good for all; but a strain weakens men mentally and physically. In fact the lazy man's load is always large; and whoever carries little is better able to carry another time. And after writing for three hours in the morning, in what condition to write three hours more, in the afternoon, is a student?

"Get up all your work before examinations: then you will have no trouble." This advice is good; but nobody denies that the last few hours of 'touching up' are of the greatest value. By a little time thus spent,

the slippery points of a subject are firmly fixed in the mind. After two examinations on the same day, however, no one is able to do this necessary, final studying. No one is able to do it, not only because of weariness, but also on account of lacking time. And now considering these facts, and knowing the examiner's object to be not how much they can get a man to do in a day, but how well they can get him to do it, surely we need not expect to be weighted down with 'double days'. The authorities know well that mental overloading brings poor results.

"How do you do so as not to say ambiguity?" the English language is very flexible; but never so flexible as when in the mouth of an Irishman. If there is a possible way of turning words so as to give them a curious meaning, the son of Erin will do it. Now this trick is one of the charming features of Irish character; and the quoted sentence is given not to ridicule, but to illustrate the Hibernian's lingual twist. Indeed we hope that such expressions will keep *recurrin'*.

At the end of a table in the dining hall, the High Church Party, Mephistophles, and Mr. Oxon are vehemently discussing whether, or no, our acts result from the pursuit of pleasure, or the fulfillment of duty. The disputants follow a train of thought, which during a meal brings them back four times to the same point. Indeed it has been a question of who could chase their tail around the faster; for neither side



has advanced a step. In the meanwhile, non-combatants are waiting for one or other of the arguers to leave the circular course, and to pursue a straight path to the goal of pleasure or duty.

The debating society settled beyond question, that the intelligence of the present generation is superior to that of past ages. Now as if to emphasize this decision, a figure greater than Darwin arises to clinch the argument for evolution by a mighty discovery. And as, through the receding years, we look back on the shadowy forms of departed scientists, some on their knees busily scratching in odd corners of the earth, others wielding pens pregnant with theories, we are elated to think our lot is cast in an age when these labours shall reach their culmination. While searching in the laundry, Professor Borneo discovered the missing link!

When departing it is surely quite pleasant to 'leave behind us footprints on the sands of time'. And although we have seen no footprints of Mr. Conklin about the buildings; yet in the air there floats back to us the echo of his recitations.

A few of us went to Sherbrooke not long ago, to study the drama. 'For Her Sake' was a far better performance than was expected; but the stage furniture might have been improved. Where the hero said, "Aha, Olga, my beloved! I have found you living luxuriously with silks, satins, and jewels" *and horse-hair*

*sofas* might have been added.

As to the prosperous condition of the University; we report a can of tobacco by the bedside of the invalid High Church Party; while cigarettes were found on the persons of one of the Heavenly twins, of Sir Redvers Buller, and of the Weary Worker. While the Eel was able to afford a trip to Sherbrooke and a theatre ticket. In fact the market may be considered firm.

History repeats itself, but sometimes with slight variations. This old saying is applicable even to handwriting on the wall. One incident in ancient history records difficulty in the translation of the writing, but the point in question at Bishop's is the authorship of the writings.

It will be a shock to most of the Arts students to learn that the parrot, which has hitherto graced the halls of the Divinity house and made the welkin ring with his brazen shrieks, has been condemned to undergo the seclusion of the Janitor's room, that last asylum of so many familiar objects. It is rumored that his language, acquired from the Divinity students, was the cause of his incarceration in the lower regions. We trust that he will have no bad influence on the vocabulary of the lord of that abode.

Certainly it is expected that a man will increase in virtue and knowledge as he continues his course. But in the case of chapels our freshmen have left no room for improve-

ment: for if they put in fourteen chapels a week, now, how many will they want to put in during their senior year.

Many risks are undertaken in the interests of Science. Men have been known to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the vain endeavour to pierce the secrets of chemistry. But when a man attempts to extract oxygen from potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide, in a glass flask, by the application of intense heat, one result is certain; the flask will be broken and the man will have to pay for it. The object seems to be the satisfaction of breaking flasks. In such a case break them by the dozen and get them cheaper.

It would be inconsiderate and unsympathetic, to say the least, on our part, if we did not voice the sincere sympathy that we feel for our divinity brethren, who seem to have been so summarily dealt with by the hand of authority in the deprivation of their faithful oil stoves, which have so long provided them with the cup that cheers. Especially do we feel for that gentleman who had just bought a splendid article, a double burner, for the ruinous sum of thirty cents. We have a further regret, and that is that those gentlemen who are all so very anxious to dispose of their stoves, should have neglected to take advantage of our advertising columns and thus brought their wares not only before the rising generation of householders, but also have commanded the attention of the many economic housewives who

scan our columns.

If those gentlemen should be shy of this form of publicity we venture to give them a further suggestion as to the disposal of their sooty goods. Let each of these budding divines obtain an exeat from the Vice-principal and on the next Wednesday take the high road to Compton, each armed with his stove, and, by the way, not forgetting to don his gown and mortarboard. Otherwise much dignity and status would be lost and the sooty stoves would be too much in evidence, fair sport for the wit of the country critic. Having arrived at their destination, the Ladies College, let each in turn submit his stove to the lady principal and her charges and we guarantee that those, if any there be, who fail to secure a sale will be rewarded with such kindly smiles and words that the hardships of the long walk will be forgotten and stove selling will prove a pleasant variation from the dreary drudge of Brown and Pearson.

The use of the cap and gown by outside students is fast becoming general and *contra bonos mores* only a historic phrase. It is a cause of great pleasure that one, who formerly wielded an evil influence, is forsaking the error of his ways and is becoming a model student in this respect. Such a combination as a gown and an ordinary cap is now never worn by him.

The much-maligned wind is again in evidence. Last year it was accused of tearing down notices and tying chairs to the dining table. But this year, profiting

by practice, it has entered upon a new and subtle course of action. It, for what else would venture upon so hazardous a course, has lately busied itself altering words in official notices.

we have discovered that one of our readers is possessed of a histrionic accomplishment technically called *civilized reading*. Soon, we believe, we are to be treated to a specimen of this reading in chapel. After this we would advise a course either at the Klondike or Central Africa.

One of our most esteemed fellow students, who comes from a colder clime, awoke the other morning and found it was hailing. He wept and bewailed the fact, alleging that it would prevent his attendance at Chapel. Attracted by his lamentation another student inquired why it made him weep. With a sob, number one replied "It reminds me of home."

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### PERSONALS.

*"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind."*

Graduates and friends, the Personal columns beg your attention for a few moments. We are striving to make ourselves of interest to all of you, a link as it were, to the past, for we know how pleasant it is to have our memories of old friends recalled and to learn their whereabouts. But it will be obvious that

this cannot be done without assistance from you, for it is otherwise impossible to trace each one's career. Therefore we ask you whenever possible, and as soon as possible, to send us such items as may be of interest not only to the present College, but to members of your own year.

Bishop's, too is represented in the Canadian Contingent. Rev. Mr. Almond, Arts '94, has been appointed chaplain by the government.

Rev. F. G. Vial, Arts '95, is curate at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.

Rev. W. H. Moor, Arts '98, has charge of St. Paul's Church, Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. N. C. Lyster, Arts '95, is stopping at his home in Richmond, Quebec.

Mr. F. G. K. Alexander, Arts '98, is engaged in business at Little River, East Gaspé.

Mr. W. L. Carter, Arts '98, is studying Medicine at McGill, class of '02.

Rev. F. C. Taylor, Arts, '98, is stationed at Omaha, Neb.

Mr. C. C. Woodside, Arts '98, is in business at Worcester, Mass.

Mr. F. G. LeGallais, Arts '98 is pursuing his Divinity course at Bishop's

Mr. J. A. Johnson, Arts '98, is pursuing the study of Medicine in McGill, class of '02.

Mr. L. Miller, Arts '97, is principal at Lennoxville Academy.

Mr. P. Callis, Arts '98, is completing his Divinity course at Bishop's.

Rev. B. Watson, Arts '94, is curate in St. Matthew's church Quebec.

Rev. W. E. Patterson, Arts '97, is stationed at Milford, N. H.

Mr. T. Donnelly, Arts '94, is second master in Westmount Academy, Montreal.

Mr. E. T. Dunn, formerly of Arts '00, is engaged in special artistic work in London.

Mr. J. A. Wilson, formerly of Arts '00, is engaged in commercial work in Sherbrooke.

The familiar face of Mr. Ralph Merry del Val Noyse, Arts '99, was seen here a short time ago. He attended the Teacher's Convention at Montreal and reported the Kindergarten Department as exciting most interest.

## EPITAPHS.

Epitaphs Who are they?

NO. I

The Long Divine, quite English in his speech,  
Lies here in peace: no nickname and no  
sneer,

No whispered word that suited not his taste,  
He'd list to, as it floated to his ear.

His lofty mien, in life he made imposing:

In death, no doubt, the gentleman's  
*re-posing*.

NO. II.

Here lies the Adress! Pause as you pass by,  
Look on this tombstone, heave a gentle sigh.  
When stagey savours oft assailed her nose,  
Hating the stage, in death she sought  
repose.

NO. III.

Beneath this stone lies what remains of I—  
The greatest man is surely doomed to die!  
Beside me rests the gentle Infant fair,  
Through life intrusted to my tender care:  
When in the city he was wont to roam,  
My duty 'twas to see him safely home.

Now as in death, within the tomb, we lie,  
I keep him still near my decaying eye.

*Sertum.*

Much conjecture arose after the debate last evening, whether or no the decision rendered by the judges was in favour of the Transatlantic *Or(r) Kransatlantic* side of the house, and the question remains, was the a *Ward* justifiable.

To Our Nautical Friend.

You re merely in the "Prep", now,  
But when you older grow  
Full many things you'll find out  
Which now you ought to know.

## DEBATES.

*Oct. 16th.*

Resolved—"That the standard of Intelligence as exhibited by the present generation is inferior to that of past ages."

Affirm.—Mitchell, Davies, Gordon.

Neg.—Balfour, Cowling, Curran.

Side Speakers—Prof. Holme, Rankin, Krans, Major, Vibert.

Critic—Mr. G. O. Smith.

Judges—Carroll, Shewen, Weagant—in favour of the negative.

*Oct. 30th.*

Resolved—"That the present Imperialistic policy of the United States is both expedient and justifiable."

Affirm.—Messrs. Orr, Krans, and Carroll.

Neg.—Messrs. Ward, Major and Vibert.

Side Speakers—Messrs. Smith, Rankin, Rothera, Weagant, Shewen, Thompson, Baker, Renison.

Critic—Prof. Holme.

Judges decided in favour of Affirmative.

*November 13th.*

Resolved—"That the proposed fast Trans-Atlantic Line, is both practicable and beneficial."

Affirm.—Messrs. Thompson, Rankin and Seaman.

Neg.—Messrs. Callis, Weagant and Wheeler.

Side Speakers—Prof. Holme, Messrs. Carroll, Shewen and Vibert.

Judges—Messrs. Krans, Ward and Orr.

Critic—Mr. G. O. Smith.  
Decision in favour of the negative.

*November 20th.*

Resolved—"That the wide-spread influence exercised by the journalistic press of the present day is not for good.

Affirm.—Messrs. Smith, Rothera and Shewen.

Neg.—Prof. Holme, Messrs. Wadleigh and Wurtele.

Side Speakers—Messrs. Crowley Carroll, Renison, Krans, Gordon, Vibert, Orr.

Critic—Mr. C. W. Mitchell B. A.

Judges—Messrs. Rankin, Davies and Thompson.

Decision in favour of the affirmative.

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## ATHLETICS.

Since the last number of "The Mitre" went to print the football team has figured in two matches, both against its old time opponents from the ancient capital, and has managed to come out on top in one, though it met with a sad reverse in the other.

The first was played on our own grounds on Oct. 15th. and from a spectator's point of view was one of the most interesting and cleanest games ever played in Lennoxville. The Quebecers were a heavy lot of men and the general opinion seemed in their favour, but after the first fifteen minutes of play it was evident that they were not in such good condition as our men, and the hopes of "Bishop's" supporters ran high.

Rothera kicked out for Bishop's and a series of scrimmages followed in which the greater weight of the Quebec forwards told, and the ball was worked up to the College twenty-five yard line. Bishop's got the ball and good kicking by the halves brought it into Quebec territory, but a free-kick for Quebec returned it, and shortly after Stocking made a pretty run and secured a try.

Quebec, 4; Bishop's, 0.

The ball was again kicked off and after some long punts by the halves a Bishop's man got possession of it near Quebec's twenty-five yard line, it was passed out from the scrimmage that followed, and Rothera secured a try, which was converted.

Quebec, 4; Bishop's, 6.

## THE TEAMS AND OFFICIALS WERE

## BISHOP'S COLLEGE

Spafford	Back
Bonelli (capt.)	Half-back
Rothera	"
Abbott	"
H. Wurtele	Quarter-back
Findlay	Scrimmage
Balfour	"
Burrill	"
Ward	Wing
C. Mitchell	"
Thompson	"
Roy	"
Cowling	"
Renison	"
Shewen	"

Referee, Hall.  
 Umpire, Tofield.  
 Timekeeper, Rankin.

## QUEBEC

Pugh
Bieber
McNaughton
Stocking
Henderson
Gibson
McNeil
Kingwell
Rev. J. Almond
Scott
Ratray
Butler
Campbell
A. N. Other
W. Pugh

In the second half the better training of our men told greatly and they had things pretty much their own way, though they only managed to secure one more try. Rothera converted this, and time was called shortly after, with the score;

Quebec, 4; Bishop's, 12.

In the evening the Football Club entertained the Quebec team at

a dinner which was greatly appreciated.

On Oct. 21st. the team went to Quebec considerably weakened by the loss of Thompson, Abbott and Roy. Quite a number of men took advantage of the excursion so there was no lack of supporters.

The day was anything but an ideal football day, cold, with a very high wind.

## THE TEAMS LINED UP AS FOLLOWS

## BISHOP'S

Spafford	Back
Bonelli capt.	Half-back
Rothera	"
F. Mitchell	"
H. Wurtele	Quarter-back
Findlay	Scrimmage
Balfour	"
Burrill	"
Ward	Wing
C. Mitchell	"
Renison	"
LeGallais	"
Cowling	"
Weagant	"
Shewen	"

Referee, Robinson  
 Umpire, Hill.  
 Timekeeper,

## QUEBEC

Pugh
Stocking
Tofield
Henry
Henderson
Scott
Foote
McNeil
Rev. J. Almond
Watson
Bieber
Schwartz
C. Scott
Campbell
T. Pugh

Quebec won the toss and elected to play with the wind,—or rather hurricane.

Rothera kicked out, but the Quebec halves took advantage of the wind and played a kicking game with the result that Spafford was forced to rouse three times in the first fifteen minutes. Tofield forced his way over the line bull-dog fashion and was awarded a try, which was not converted. Spafford was forced to rouse three more times before half-time was called with the score;

Bishop's, 0; Quebec, 10.

In the second half Quebec played a scrimmage game which was much more suited to their greater weight. Tofield dropped a goal for five more points.

Then the wind went down and "Old Bishop's" saw her finish.

The men played a plucky uphill game however, and at last Rothera managed to drop a goal with his left foot. It was a beauty, and saved us a whitewash. About six minutes later Tofield kicked a drop which went about three yards wide of the goal, but the goal-judge saw his chance and held up his hand. This discouraged us somewhat, and just before time Watson secured another try for Quebec; then Spafford was again forced to rouse, and a most unsatisfactory match was ended.

The score at time was,

Bishop's, 5; Quebec, 25.

Rothera and Spafford put up the best games for Bishop's,—Spafford especially distinguishing himself at Back.

In the evening the team was entertained by the Quebec men at a dinner at the "Hotel Victoria."

The following short extract from the Quebec "Daily Telegraph" speaks for itself,—"Lennoxville showed surprising strength and seems to have gotten together the best aggregation that has represented the College for years."

The Football Club owes its thanks to the college authorities, as well as to the steward, for the way in which they assisted in providing the dinner given for the entertainment of the Quebec team. That the dinner was appreciated was evident from the way we were treated while in Quebec.

It was a great pleasure to the members of the club that our beloved President Dr. Allnatt, and the other professors and lecturers were able to be present at the dinner.

Since the Rugby season finished some Association enthusiasts proposed that we organize a team and challenge one of the neighbouring towns to a match. The question was brought up at the first meeting of the Football Club, and after some discussion it was decided to try and arrange for an Association match with Compton. Mr. Callis B. A. was unanimously elected Captain, and accepted. The next day there was a good turn-out of men and, after the practise the captain felt confident that he could get together a very creditable team; but since then the weather has prevented further practise, and what enthusiasm there

was seems to have died out.

The Quebec team which defeated us itself met with defeat at the hands of the Westmount club in the Intermediate finals, by a score of 1 to 0. Quebec was much weakened by the loss of some of its best forwards who had joined the Canadian Contingent, and it may be safe to

say that if Westmount had met the team which played us in Quebec there would have been a different story to tell after the match.

On Saturday, Nov. 11th., Rothera went to Ottawa to act as referee in the Ottawa College—Montreal senior series match.

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## THE SCHOOL.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

On Oct. 10th. the School was agreeably surprised to hear that on the following day it should be paid a visit by the leader of the opposition, Sir Charles Tupper.

At about half past ten the next morning he arrived, accompanied by the Hon. R. H. Pope, Mr. Beaubien, and several other prominent men of the Conservative party.

The Chancellor and most of the committee of the School, also the professors and masters had assembled in the Bishop William's Hall, to meet them.

Speeches were given by Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. R. H. Pope, Mr. Beaubien, the Chancellor and by the Head Master of the School. The speech which no doubt interested the boys most, was that of Sir Charles Tupper, who, besides speaking of other subjects, asked the Head Master to allow the boys to have a half holiday. Then Mr. Beaubien, suggested that the School should have a whole holiday which sug-

gestion was enthusiastically backed up by the boys.

Mr. Pope, also spoke of the war in the Transvaal, of the hopes that Britain had of successfully ending it and of several other things of equal importance. He did not however ask for a holiday, doubtless because so many had asked for one before him.

After a few parting words from the Chancellor, the meeting broke up and three lusty cheers were given for Sir Charles and the other gentlemen.

The holiday question was settled by splitting the difference between the requests for whole and a half holiday by giving the School free for the rest of the day; an arrangement which was very much appreciated by all.

The Sir Charles Tupper half holiday gave Liberalism in the School its death blow; for who could be induced to support a party, which has never interested itself in our welfare, even to the extent of giving us a single free hour? As an instance of the base measures employed



by the Government to accomplish their own ends, we may mention that one of their supporters even went so far as to suggest that Sir Charles asked for the holiday solely in view of the approaching elections, while we acknowledge that the day certainly did much to promote the interests of the Liberal-Conservative party, yet we are too high minded to attribute any such motive to the kind action of the Leader of Her Majesty's opposition.

We greatly lament the recent prostration through illness, of several members of the Staff, and extend our best wishes for their complete recovery. We would take this opportunity of instructing the new boys, and possibly others as well, that it is to say the least, exceedingly bad form to take impositions to Masters when they are *hors de combat*. Such manifestations of zeal might cause the invalid a shock which might bring about fatal results.

Why don't the Masters get any supper this year? The dwellers in 3A and B are quite sure they deserve it and strongly advise them to demand their rights. The same people would also beg to suggest that celery, especially of the tender variety, much increases the savouriness of cold beef.

To the great delight of everybody we were ushered into our new Dining Hall for tea a few evenings ago. The new hall has proved to be commodious, airy and in every way delightful. As it is in the immediate vicinity of the kitchen, the tem-

perature of the toast has gone up almost to fever heat.

We do not wish to harp on the topic of food, yet we cannot refrain from making honourable mention of those self-sacrificing and public spirited individuals the snarers of hares. We trust that the knowledge that they are brightening the lives of their friends about the festive board, will cheer them on their eight mile tramps. May the supply of hares and hare hunters never decrease.

The Bishop visited the School on Wednesday, Nov. 15th. With his customary kindness his Lordship asked for a half, which the Headmaster was pleased to grant. On Thursday his Lordship addressed the School, urging us to contribute out of our penury, something towards the annual subscription for the church Society.

The war in the Transvaal, although the greatest interest in the minds of all Canadians, ought to be doubly so to the boys of Bishop's College School when they hear that there are quite a number of old boys engaged in it. They are:—

Capt. E. B. Vankoughnet R. N. who entered the navy in 1863. He served on the Great Lakes during the Fenian troubles in 1867—8. He also served in a naval brigade in the Soudan in 1884—5. He was present with Lord Bressford at the relief of Sir Charles Wilson and was severely wounded. He was mentioned in despatches, and was promoted to the position of commander. He received the Egyptian Medal

(Nile) 1884-5, and the Khedive's bronze star. He has recently been appointed chief of Transport to the British forces in South Africa.

Captain Gustave Joly de Lotbiniere R. E. of Quebec, who passed second out of seventeen candidates in the Royal Military College in 1884, entered the army in 1888. He has since been stationed in India and also at Aden. His latest appointment is Director of Railways in South Africa.

Captain H. E. Burstall R. C. A. passed through Royal Military College in 1887. He was gazetted to A battery in 1889; he was with the Klondyke field force at the time of the great rush. He is now serving as lieutenant with the Canadian Contingent in the Transvaal.

Lieut. George Cory of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers of Halifax was at the Royal Military College in 1891. He entered the army in 1895 and is now serving with his regiment at Ladysmith.

We are glad to be able to say that some of our old boys are playing hockey this year on some of the senior teams. As was stated in last week's Star, J. Gordan, K. Gordan and H. Hayward were playing for the St. Nicholas Hockey Club against Columbia University in New York. It is to be remembered that J. Gordan was captain of the hockey club last year and brought his team through the season in a most creditable manner.

Basket ball has once more start-

ed in the School owing to the recent fall of snow which has completely stopped all out door games. We hope that the School will have a team this year and will be able to arrange matches with some outside teams that the players may let us see some of their progress.

Two vacancies, those of choir Prefect which is held by the senior boy in the choir, and Laboratory Prefect a new position which has lately been inaugurated by Mr. Hudspeth, have both been most ably filled. The former was filled by Frazer-Campbell max. who has been for three years a faithful adherent to the choir, and the latter by Smith who is second only to Long John who was obliged to give up his favourite study, on account of his University exams.

The annual hare and hounds (paper chase), which has been a custom of the School for the last twenty-five years, took place as usual on All Saints' Day. As the weather was not all that could be wished for, several of the boys who would otherwise have taken part in it decided not to run. The hares chosen were Shearer and Meredith. who, when they were started at 2 o'clock, made for the G. T. R. track which they followed as far as Huntingville. From there they ran up the road, which follows the Salmon River, as far as what is known as the second crossing on the C. P. R. track, after that they cut for about two miles into the back country; where the supply of paper gave out and they were

obliged to strike for the School, which they succeeded in reaching a short time before Frazer-Campbell max., Pope major, Bonelli and

skin.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday morning the teams line up on the M. A. A. grounds as follows:—

B. C. S.

J H. Pope  
Carruthers  
Molson  
J.G. Greenhields  
Porteous (capt.)  
Cleveland  
Pattee  
Stevenson  
La Frenaye  
Telfer  
Shearer  
Warwick  
W. Robinson  
Fellowes  
Wadleigh

Back  
Half-back  
"  
"  
Quarter-back  
Scrimmage  
"  
"  
Wings  
"  
"  
"  
"  
"  
"

MONTREAL HIGH SCHOOL

Cambell  
Papineau  
(capt.) Hamilton  
Hackett  
McDougall  
Archibald  
Harrington  
Gurd  
Dickson  
Molson  
McMurty  
Wright  
Coverton  
Hackett  
McDonald

Greenshields major, who were the leading hounds.

The long looked for foot-ball match against the Montreal High School has come and gone, and we are glad to say that we have done better than we ever hoped to do.

A match was expected to be played against Loyola College but it was unable to be arranged as the College could not play except on a holiday and as Friday was not a holiday with them, the match had to be put off.

The team left by the Grand Trunk train on Friday Oct. 27th minus the service of De Peyre and Lawrence, which materially weakened the already slim chances of victory; but if anything it made them more determined to try and win.

Saturday morning opened with pouring rain and the wind blowing half a gale, weather by no means favourable to the chasers of the pig-

The High School won the toss and naturally chose to play with the wind.

Although we were thus playing at a great disadvantage we succeeded in holding them down to the comparatively low score of 3 to 0, which they obtained from a penalty kick from the field, and a touch in goal. With the wind in our favour and only four points needed to win it looked as if we had some chance of scoring a victory. A series of scrimmages followed the kickoff and we gradually managed to work the ball into the High School's territory. After a well followed up kick Fellowes secured the ball for a try, which Stevenson failed to convert. After this we obtained one more touch, followed by two touches in goal. The High School then seemed to waken up and by hard scrimmages and a good dribble well followed up Coverton succeeded in getting a touch without a try. Af-

ter a scrimmage on the High School line we succeeded in getting a touch without a try. The ball remained in the High School territory until

time was called, without further scoring being done on either side, the score remaining 14 to 7 in favour of B. C. S.

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### REVIEWER'S COLUMN.

Elementary Dynamics by W. M. Baker; (London, Geo. Bell and Sons; Cambridge, Deighton Bell and Co.)

We are glad to note Mr. Baker's book as another example of the statement that English educators excel in the writing of text-books. It is called an elementary text-book and certainly fulfils its function admirably. The different propositions are treated lucidly and for a text-book very completely. The proofs are clear simple and all that could be desired. The examples (and there are many of them) are handled in such a way as to lead the student to think for himself, a point lost sight of in many books of like nature. The examples given for solution are well graded and numerous enough to give ample exercise in the application of the principles of elementary dynamics. The attention of the student is drawn to the two systems of units used by scientific men and the chapter on units is important on account of the way the subject is treated and because, in Elementary Dynamics, this subject is passed over in most books with but slight mention. We wish the book the popularity it assuredly deserves among students and teachers of the science of dynamics.

*W. J. Rusk.*

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