

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

The paths of Freshmen lead but to the Bob.

The registration in the first year is the largest since '03 first put in its appearance. Already the number of new students is 58, of whom 22 are women. The Bob Committee are rejoicing in the abundance of material upon which they have to work.

During the summer Victoria lost by death two of her prominent men—C. W. Walker, B.A., B.D., the genial director of the Glee Club for the past two years, died at Kingston on the 16th of June, of typhoid fever. On the same day R. T. Anderson, '04, was drowned at Go Home, Georgian Bay. The latter's place as scientific editor of *Acta* it will be hard to fill.

J. R. Van Wyck, '02, is again in his old haunts. He has registered for his M.A. degree in fourth year Political Science.

The Y. M. C. A. held an informal reception to new students on Wednesday afternoon at 4 p.m. After an hour spent in introducing the new men to one another and to the old members, the regular devotional meeting was held.

Annesley Hall, the Victoria residence for women, is at last open, and, judging from the number of boarders, its success is assured. The building is practically filled, there being 50 women in attendance, of whom 32 are taking the full undergraduate course.

R. C. Armstrong, '03, who leaves soon for mission work in Japan, was given a rousing send-off by the men of the College the other day. "Armie" carries with him the best wishes of all his fellow-students.

E. H. Jolliffe, W. P. Near, E. Forster and J. H. Wallace, all of '03, have received University fellowships for the coming year. They, with several ex-members of '03 in the present Senior class, form a strong representation of the vigorous class that has just left these classic halls.

Last year Victoria surprised even herself by her showing in the Mulock Cup series, being defeated by a few points by the team that won the cup. This year, with practically all the old men back and some promising Freshmen on hand, there is no doubt that by the time the series begins Victoria will have a team that has even chances with any other.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The annual gatherings of the Alumni have always been times of interest and stimulus, and certainly the last gathering did not fall short in either of these respects.

Several features combined to make the meetings unique. This year the opportunities, both of social reunion and of common devotion, were exceptionally great, because of the generosity of the College authorities in inviting all the Alumni to stay in the College building during its entire session from September 29th to October 2nd. The experiment proved itself acceptable beyond all expectations, and the little touch of old college days, the haunts made dear by pleasant memories revived, the good-fellowship of men bound together by the tie of common love for Alma Mater—these were some of the many influences which made the week one of pleasure and profit, of happiness and helpfulness to all.

The programme included a variety of subjects, and touched the spiritual, intellectual and practical sides of the life work of many men. "Some Present Conditions of Canadian Church Life" were ably discussed by the Rev. C. J. James, M.A., of Toronto, and by Principal J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L., of Ridley College. A paper on "The Teachings and Influence of F. W. Robertson and Phillips Brooks," was dealt with by Professor Wrong, M.A., of the University of Toronto, and was one of the most finished and scholarly contributions of the session. On the same high plane of efficiency must be mentioned Rev. Carey Ward's racy yet brilliant paper on "The Bible and Recent Criticism." The crowning jewel of all was put to a brilliant setting in the magnificent treatise by the Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D., LL.D., on "The Place of the Death of Christ in the New Testament." It was the fitting tribute of a great man to a supreme subject.

Space forbids the enumeration in detail of the various addresses

given throughout the sessions. The responsibility of the Church to discharge its duty in contributing to the elevation of the national life, and of missionary enterprise abroad, was enforced. The unique position of the theological colleges in occupying the pivotal point of vantage was set forth. The honorable part which the College had borne in the past in the Forward Movement of the Church was taken as an indication of the greater task which awaited her. From beginning to end the keynote was one of opportunity and responsibility in service to be rendered to Christ and His Church.

The formal opening of the College took place on October 6th, when Principal Sheraton delivered an able lecture on "Higher Criticism."

Much-needed changes have been wrought in the College. The old reading-room is now a pretty reception room. The Refectory has been repapered, and now looks very cheery.

We regret that the large number of Freshmen prevented the continuance of several Arts men in Residence.

We welcome Messrs. Trumpour, '00, and Ben Olie, formerly of the class of '04, back to Wycliffe.

Rev. T. R. O'Mera has been appointed Lecturer in Pastoral Theology and the Study of the Bible.

C. I. R. F. U. SCHEDULE, 1903.

October 17—U. of T. at McGill.

October 24—McGill at Queen's.

October 31—Queen's at U. of T.

November 7—U. of T. at Queen's.

November 14—Queen's at McGill.

November 21—McGill at U. of T.

MAID'S LOVE

O loneliness of solitude,
When the heart's love is far away;
Who, who shall say
Whether it be a blessing to be wooed?
What joy or sorrow knew I yesterday,
A little child whose only doing good
Was to obey?

Child-innocence is sweet, but does not last—
Thank God, it does not last.
And now I have two voices in my heart,
And one is young, and cries, "Yield, and rejoice":
The second is a whisper from the past,
That pleads, half-hearted, with the other voice,
"Have mercy, and depart."

Surely I must have slept, and in my sleep—
For some strange bounding in the blood I felt—
A madcap god had borne me at a leap
From that same common land where I have dwelt
Into a magic country, where all ill
Unite, and every ecstasy of bliss,
Where heaven is one step above the hills,
And every valley is a black abyss.

C. T. RYDER (Harvard Monthly).