

risers far down the towpath. Then a few men in shorts and blazers, the advance guard of a multitude, appear round the bend. More runners; and now with a little imagination one can distinguish the black and yellow of the Brasenose colours. At this moment the sunlight flashes on the spray from the black oars of the head boat as she rounds the corner by the willows. The din on the bank increases. Rattles are sounding furiously. Everyone is shouting at the top of his lungs, but through all the noise and clamour you may be sure that the voice of the coach reaches the ears of each man in the eight. If bow is rowing short, or pulling with his arms, or breaking any other commandments of the rowing decalogue, that voice will reach him and tell him of his crime. Presently a pistol shot is heard. "By Jove, we must be close; that means a quarter of a length." As I speak, the B.N.C. boat clears the corner, and a second later a shout of delight goes up as the bow of the Magdalen eight shoots round after it. "A quarter of a length!" "Five steering round after it." "A quarter of a length!" "Five steering in the gut!" "Good old stroke! Now watch him spurt!" Such are the remarks one hears on all sides. More boats appear, accompanied by a medley of colour upon the far bank. And now one can distinguish the shouts, "New College!" "Magdalen!" "Brasenose!" "You're gaining!" "Keep it up!" "Only a few more strokes!" Pistol shots, rattles and bells sound indiscriminately as the first two boats, with the excited crowds encouraging them, near the barges. Magdalen is making a vigorous effort to bring off the bump, but the B.N.C. crew are working like like heroes, and, strive as they may, the former seem unable to reduce the distance which separates the boats. The Magdalen eight is decorated with a large cluster of lilies, and in front of the flowers the little cox, resplendent in scarlet blazer and embroidered lilies, with his hands and lines on the edges of the boat, bends forward, watching and waiting for his opportunity. A vigorous spurt in the second boat is at once answered by the leader, but the latter is visibly weakening. A shout of joy rises from bank and barge as it becomes evident that, inch by inch, Magdalen is creeping up. Hardly a foot now separates the boats. Nearer, nearer still. They are overlapping! At the 'Varsity barge the B.N.C. cox turns round and with a swift turn of the tiller attempts to wash off his pursuer. But the Magdalen cox knows better than to lose his chance of the bump by trying a series of ineffectual shots at the rudder. He keeps his boat on her course until her nose is nearly opposite the Brasenose stroke thwart. Now he turns in. A moment more and the B.N.C. cox throws up his hand, "A bump! A bump!" The runners on the bank appear to go mad with excitement. Bells and rattles combine in a continuous uproar. Someone fires four revolver shots in immediate succession. A dog, infuriated by the noise, runs amuck down the towpath. Both crews stop rowing a second or so, then they quickly paddle to the side to allow the other boats to pass. I turn and look at my cousin. She can hardly speak. Her cheeks are pink, her eyes flash with excitement. "Isn't it grand?" she gasps out at last—"we're head after all!"

TIS.

Book Reviews.

THE ARCHDEACON, by L. B. Walford. London: George Bell & Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark; pp. 274; price, cloth, \$1.00; paper 75 cents.

THE ARCHDEACON is a bright, chatty and very readable society story. The early chapters would seem to have been written when the author, or rather authoress, was in the best of animal spirits. The Ravelstons and Yorkes are quite delightful, each in their own way. The violent first love-making of the young Oxonian who had hitherto

passed for a book-worm with a dread of society life is very entertaining. How Mr. Theobald Yorke, the unsophisticated, blossomed into a sleek and worldly Archdeacon under the tutelage of one Chester, it would take too long to relate. He then, twenty years after, meets his first love. Sorrow and Theo's early ideals have made a woman of her. Success and Chester's training have slain the man in him. To tell more of the story would spoil it for the reader. The situation is full of moral as well as social piquancy. The Archdeacon's love story is worth reading.

VICTORIAN ERA SERIES, Charles Kingsley, by C. W. Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely, Author of "Village Politics," "Christ and Economics," etc., etc. Toronto: Copp, Clark; London: Blackie & Son; pp. 195; price, 90 cents; 1899.

The VICTORIAN ERA SERIES has certainly been successful both in its subjects and also in its writers. The present volume is the eleventh and there are more to come. The Christian social movement is the main subject of this volume rather than a minute biographical sketch of Kingsley—and quite rightly. His wife has written his "life." Dean Stubbs here relates the story of Kingsley's connection with Christian Socialism. The Dean is well equipped for his task, and is keenly interested. He takes Canon Overton to task for omitting the name of F. D. Maurice from his "Anglican Revival"—published in this series—and after showing how much England owes to Maurice, the genius behind Kingsley, he takes up in order: Kingsley's early life, the country parson and village problems, village citizenship, politics for the people, the Christian Socialists, the science and duty of health, and personal characteristics. In a word the "Civic Conscience" is the central thought of this bright, eager and very useful record of a life from which in Canada we have still a great deal to learn. In this country how much depends upon whether the best men will throw themselves into municipal and political life, or whether they will leave these things to adventurers! Kingsley's life shows how a man can lift the life not of a congregation only but of a community. A goodly number of citizen-priests—lay and clerical—is one of the wants of our time. Kingsley was to Eversley what Chamberlain and the late Doctor Dale were to Birmingham. And he shows others how they may become not only spiritual guides but public benefactors.

Convocation Notes.

EDITORS.

A. H. YOUNG, M.A. THE REV. H. H. BEDFORD-JONES, M.A.

In consideration of a grant of \$75.00 a year this space is set aside for the use of the Convocation of the University.

While Rev. G. F. Davidson was engaged in his work as Travelling Secretary, at Ottawa, he fell a victim to the Grippe for some days. He is well again however, we hear, and making use of many opportunities, in the Ottawa churches to reach the congregations. We hope his addresses will have practical results and aid in making his work for Trinity very successful.

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The general meeting of the Toronto Local Association was held in the dining hall of the College on Monday, March 20th. Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, President of the Local Branch, presided. Letters of regret were read from the Chancellor, from Dr. Geikie and from others. Owing to the small representation at the meeting, but little more than discussion on various University topics took place. The following officers were elected, with power to fill any vacancies which may occur during their term of office:—

President.—Mr. L. H. Baldwin.