

The study of such lives helps us to realize that Christianity is as capable of exercising as strong a power over a man now as it has ever been. It is interesting to bear in mind in these days when many regard the practice of holding missionary meetings and services as love's labour lost that Patteson was led to devote his life to the missionary cause by hearing Bishop Selwyn preach. At the conclusion of the paper, the Dean read an extract from a sermon by the late Canon Liddon, delivered on the Sunday after the news of Bishop Patteson's death reached England.

SPORTS.

With the close of the football season began a period of stagnation for athletics of all kinds. The go-between weather of early winter effectually puts a stop to all sports and there is nothing to do but sit down and wait for ice. The season's prospects as far as can be judged at present, are sufficiently encouraging to cause everyone to chafe at any delay in getting started. There will be abundance of material to draw from and altogether it may fairly be expected that Trinity will put a strong hockey team on the ice this season. Mr. McMurrich, who, we are pleased to know, has been elected a member of the Ontario Hockey Executive, has made a very satisfactory arrangement by which Trinity's first game comes off on January 18th, thus giving us what we have not had before, viz., a week's time to get into some sort of fighting trim. In the first round we meet Hamilton and Barrie, both of which teams intend to have a look in somewhere.

In the formation of the Inter-collegiate Hockey League a most excellent deed has been accomplished. In view of the combinations of banks and other teams into leagues it has become necessary for the various colleges of Canada to combine and assure their existence as a, or perhaps the, important factor in the game. To Mr. Davidson, until lately President of the McGill Hockey Club, belongs the chief credit for this move and if the hopes at present entertained of its success are but partly realized Mr. Davidson will have conferred a lasting favor on inter-collegiate athletics in Canada.

The meeting of delegates was held at Ottawa on Saturday, 22nd, Trinity being represented by Mr. E. S. Senkler. The officers of the League were elected and considerable business of various kinds was transacted.

It is intended that each club shall contribute towards a trophy.

The rink at last looks respectable. New four-foot cushions and a proper levelling have worked wonders.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, Mr. E. G. Osler was elected a member of the Executive Committee.

If any proof of our need for a gymnasium were required, it has been furnished by the numbers of men who have taken advantage of the new apparatus during the last few weeks. There is not much material set up as yet, but what there is, is the best, and its general use is an indication of the kind of support the gymnasium is to receive in the future.

COLLEGE CUTS.

"A Merry Christmas" comes from the little round "man in black," as he dispenses ticket checks to the various mournful applicants. "Thank you, sir," says a particularly mournful one, but how can he enjoy the festive season with four "Supps" as the first instalment of Christmas boxes, and the suspiciously black looks that

greet him on his arrival home. Why, O why should "peace on earth, good will towards men" be grossly violated, cruelly transgressed by the authorities of Trinity College, why will they persist in spelling Xmas, Xams, to the great discomfort of so many youthful sensitive souls. Can the said men in power guzzle their turkey and plum-pudding with never a thought of the misery untold they've wrought to many a household throughout the realm. Hearts of adamant, chilly, cold, forbidding creatures, why is it thus? The Thespians one and all, deep in the mire groan from out the lowest depths—yet not all—he of the raven locks is still alive to protest against the conspiracy. Where is moderation, my dear sirs? Decimation isn't in it, with the wholesale slaughter that has taken place.

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He's an Arts sinner and with his left shoulder as advance guard he walked up and took his paper in Apologetics like a little man. He thought it was a rather strange name to give his subject, but, nevertheless, he struggled manfully with it for half an hour, till a tap on the shoulder and a suppressed chuckle behind him, awoke him to the fact that he had the wrong paper. —London Review of the Apologists—just issued.

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C. H. Carlton, '93, writes in glowing terms from Brasenose College, Oxford, which he entered last fall to take a course in honour history. From all accounts Bert is having a good time, is doing his best to hold Trinity stock up, and helping to immortalize "owld '93." He entered in the Stranger's race at the Jesus College sports, an event open to the whole country, and but for an unfortunate accident, viz., the breaking of the spikes of his shoes, stood a very good chance; as it was he led the field at the last 50 yds., so we expect great things from him in the future. He is loud in his praise of what may be termed the cosmopolitan spirit shewn by the different men. According to him the day of cast iron distinctions is one of the past, and the freshmen far from having to run the gauntlet on coming up, are, on the contrary, made rather much of. Their state of probation is supposed to have taken place in the large public schools (unfortunately, in this country, these indispensable factors of the juvenile weal are few and far between) and a man is taken for what he is worth, and his capabilities not forcibly put to the test, as is generally the case on this side of the Atlantic. His hands appear to be pretty full. As a stranger from the colonies, and a B.A. at that, he is an object of more or less curiosity, and consequently is in great demand, and is kept pretty busy seeing and being seen. At a public meeting the other day he ventured to take exception to some remarks on the colonies, made by one who meant well, but who, not being a colonist himself, was naturally not so well posted as a genuine thoroughbred; his exceptions were rather pooh-poohed by the said honourable gentleman, but were listened to very attentively by the audience. Oxford, according to him, as the train to the newsboy, is one big circus, something on all the time. He has seen Father Trenholme in his Cowley garb, but the latter's thoughts were evidently in some transcendent sphere, far from the maddening throng, for he passed by without a word. Jean Baptiste Courtenemong, another of the immortal band is at New College, and he intends looking him up soon. Football, he says, is a little too swift for him, but several have asked him to hold himself in readiness for the position of cox. Bert ends up with best wishes to all his old friends at Trinity, and best hopes for her success, and promises to do all in his power to boom her stock on the other side. THE REVIEW wishes him success in all his undertakings.