

behaviour; to the left, the juvenile, miscellaneous pamphlets and Reviews suspiciously original, the most Anglican of Sermons and Wesley's Discourses (a child among its neighbours), each squeezed into his allotted space, in brilliant bib and tucker—the swaddling clothes of thought! "Mr. —, will you construe, if you please?" Yes, our reveries were often fore-shortened—the edge of our appetite allowed to rust. "Mangling done here." Where? Ask the traditionary freshman—the mythical hero of that gossiping breed—ignoble pilferer of a laundress' sign board and the defamer therewith of the Library door posts—most irreverent application.

But, even with her grim exterior still unaltered, Trinity is not what she was. I was a pious pilgrim lately. The new Hall and even the labyrinth of corridors were spick and span with paint and polish. Everything trim and tidy, the old Pigeon flown—Pigeon (shrewd bird!) who feathered his nest and left it, nest egg and all, a legacy to his feeders. And now her tradition, the *genius loci*, surely, is about to quit her—and with the Provost how much! Her children must indeed perpetrate his name on the foundation—a life too closely knit to hers to permit of an absolute severance.

But in the hospitality of her residents, Trinity is still a house-hold—still her old self. The long "churchwardens" are yet forthcoming when ten o'clock closes the dictionary, and Pigeon's perfunctory successor dispenses college beer at the buttery, with all its old savour still, albeit the double-eared pewters are gone. A pleasant reminder—a delicate compliment, surely, to our youth and its frolics! Those were jolly days. To meet up in the "wilderness," with three-legged chair and coal box, bench and hearth-rug—well used to their load of songsters and smokers—grouped around the fire, each one with his pleasant story—friendly gossip. Then the porter's inevitable ring—the College curfew—and out with the candles from the dresser to shed their "lustre and tallow" on undergrad. and gown. "Οπουδωμεθ'!" had ever Greeks such lungs? "Now, hands all round!" and "Auld lang Syne" echoes through the dark passages till the very picture of our Founder, hidden away with college plate and vestments—to be ceremoniously introduced each year at Convocation, flanked by mouldy red curtains—starts and shakes in its canvass. The expostulatory figure of the "Professor-in-Hall"—expectant target of an ægrotat-shower next

morning—the signal for the clearing! Six hours later the chapel bell! It hangs in its "pepper-box" still, I find, aged perceptibly—a trifle more garrulous and asthmatic. Do any of my old year (the venerated eighteen hundred and never mind how many) remember the humorous protest of an imaginary graduate that appeared in "Επισκοπών" long ago? May our anonymous friend, the author, forgive my memory's shortcomings!

Though distance may blind me,
Old faces remind me,
And fond fancies bind me
To sweet by-gone times;
Yet there's no hale-swellung,
No vision-dispelling
Memento more telling
Than Trinity's chimes.

Ah! thought most unseeing
To ruffle my teeming
Heart in its fond dreaming.

Kind *Mot'rs*, of thee!
As memories e'er see in
The mind's clear eye moisten
A tear, comes the voice in
Thy befitting me.

Ye ears, whom those halting
Tones still are assaulting,
So fitful and faltering

"Twixt treble and bass;

I ween that ye never
Their music will sever
From memory's ever

Retentive embrace!

For if there's a pleasure
Ye'll mentally treasure
Hereafter when leisure

Permits you to muse,
'Twont be the harsh twanging,
The discordant clanging,

The growl and falsetto,

Remembered too well;

The jangling *duetto*
Of Trinity Bell!

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of the Rev. James Bovell, M.D., which took place in the island of Nevis, on the 16th of January last. Dr. Bovell was one of the best and firmest supporters of Trinity, taking an active interest in furthering every measure conducive to her welfare. On the foundation of the College in 1851, he accepted the position of Professor of Physiology and Natural Theology, and continued his lectures, in the Theological and Medical Departments, until 1870, when he was obliged to go to the West Indies.

Much of the present prosperity of Trinity is due to his unwearied exertions in her behalf during his Professorship. Many of our readers—those, at least, who were students here during that time—will remember his kindly smile and words of sound advice. Men who were privileged to listen to his lectures, and those who knew him in his private life, have carried away with them to their homes part of his spirit, and the good seeds he was enabled to sow while here are bringing forth fruit throughout the whole Dominion; these men indeed will recognise, to the fullest extent, the great loss which the College has sustained in his death.

And not only have we, as a College,—owing more than we can express to his active and

efficient interest—to mourn his loss, but the Church at large will feel deeply the death of one who did so much for her welfare, and aided her councils so greatly by the sound advice which his large experience enabled him to give. While a layman, he held the position of Lay-Secretary to the Diocesan Synod for nineteen years, and won the respect of all with whom he had to deal.

During his sojourn in the West Indies, he was induced by the Bishop of Antigua to take holy orders, and was enabled, through his holy office and his knowledge of medicine, to do an incalculable amount of good among the coloured people in that part of the world. He came back to Canada in 1877 on account of ill-health: but feeling the importance of his duties in the West Indies, he returned thither in April, 1878, contrary to the strong and urgent requests of his innumerable friends, and to the advice of high medical authority.

We cannot do better than conclude this very imperfect account of the life and labours of him to whom we owe so much by taking a few words from the *Dominion Churchman*:—"Those who knew him best can bear witness to the purity, the guilelessness, the absolute unselfishness of his habitual conduct: with them there can be no question whether, in the grand purpose of his life, he did or did not follow in the footsteps of his great Master."

THE WAY-SIDE CROSS.

It standeth there a simple cross,
Old and rough and grown with moss,
Yet around it come and go
Visions strange of long ago.
Knight on high adventure bound,
Hunter with his hawk and hound,
Friar grim and lady gay,
All alike kneel here and pray—
All who ruled the world of old
E'er hearts and crests were bought with gold.
See, along the toilsome way,
Comes a pilgrim old and grey!
Faded, drooping in his hand
Bears he palm from Holy-land.
Before the cross he low doth bend,
Alott to Heaven his prayers ascend;
Then heart lightened on he goes,
Here relieved of half his woes.
But, alas! those days are fled,
Chivalry hath long been dead,
Beauty, too, hath lost her charm,
Sanctity's no shield from harm.
But, the cross, at the foot of the hill,
Stands there yet, and ever will

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When the sun has left the sky
And sunk into his western bed,
When other songsters homeward fly
And twilight dim o'er earth is spread,
When tired nature's hushed and still, [will.
Then wild and mournful cries the Whip-poor.
When longer, deeper grow the shades,
And one by one the stars appear;
When darker grows the forest glades,
Then, through the woodlands echoing clear,
And nearer, sadder, wilder still
Hark to the wailing of the Whip-poor-will!

R. T. N.