

The Rev. A. G. Mortimer, B. D., is off on a summer trip to the Old Country.

The Rev. Alban Greaves may now be found by his many friends at Ivy Depot, Virginia.

H. C. Coxe, '81 by some mysterious hand, has been borne to Australia in search of the fickle goddess Fortuna.

Trinity College School has sent us an unaccountably small number of Matriculants this year, but promises greater results next season.

The Rev. Professor Clark, will assist the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of the Church of the Incarnation, during the Advent Mission in New York City.

R. W. Garrett, B. A. '80 is now numbered among the followers of Æsculapius and may be found with the professors of the Royal College of Physicians affiliated with Queen's University as Professor of Practical Anatomy.

"A paradox, a paradox, a most ingenious paradox."

How is it that some six good Trinity men of valor approved, some few mornings since would have been sensibly unwilling to have even said *boo* to a goose.

We shall lose from College next year two of our editorial staff, Messrs. C. Scadding and T. G. A. Wright. The latter will hereafter be found at Omemec and we wish him the same measure of success which has attended his brilliant career here.

The atmometer received careful attention during the absence of Prof. Haslem, upon a botanizing excursion, from Messrs. Boyd and Anderson, who showed wonderful proficiency in mathematical calculations, proving the recording of the instrument as entirely at variance with the normal condition of the atmosphere.

The Rev. T. D. Phillips, M. A. '58, with characteristic generosity, has again offered a bat for the best score made in Trinity cricket matches. The Institute is also under obligations to this venerable cricketer for his contribution to the Reading Room in the shape of the *Living Church*. We expect to see Mr. Phillips on Convocation day maintaining Trinity's *prestige* at the wickets.

Mortality evidently abounds in the former editorial boards, as we have to chronicle the submission to the dictates of Hymen of J. Travers Lewis, B. A., and Rev. Fred E. Howett, two of the first staff of this paper. We have only to hear of the resignation to fate of W. M. Crittenden, now of the Buffalo *News*, to complete the trio. We extend to the benedicts our sincerest wishes for their future welfare.

We regret to learn that Lieut. J. Earl Halliwell, '79, was severely wounded at the battle of Batoche, but believe that he is now convalescent and homeward bound.

The Rev. H. G. Parker, who has contributed liberally to our columns, we regret has been compelled to

relinquish work at Trenton and hie to England for a year, by order of his physician.

Of this year's divinity men, Messrs. C. Scadding and R. Harris will go to Buffalo, in the diocese of Western New York, to assist the Rev. S. R. Fuller, Rector of St. John's Church, in evangelistic work in that parish. Mr. Fuller has recently adopted a system of ministration similar to that practised by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford in New York. Mr. E. A. Oliver, B. A., will supply the place of the Rev. C. B. Kenrick, M. A. '83, at St. Paul's Church, Portland, New Brunswick, while the latter is absent in Europe recuperating his health. Messrs. Farncomb, Symonds, Snowdon and Hooper will be ordained shortly, the two former by the Bishop of Toronto and Messrs. Snowdon and Hooper by the Bishops of Huron and Ontario respectively.

A curious, well-thumbed Cashmere manuscript written upon birch-bark, and bound in primitive style in hog-skin is a recent contribution to the library by the Rev. G. T. Carruthers, M. A., '62, Chaplain H. M. East India Service and obtained from "Damudar, Pundit, of Srinagar, Kashmir." Sept. 5th, 1881, the Rev. T. R. Ware, C. M. S., acting as interpreter. The volume, which is at least three hundred years old, is written in Sanskrit, but the characters are Cashmere. Under the euphonic title of "A paraknana" it discourses upon rites and ceremonies in fifteen chapters, some of which bear the queer captions of "Bakinbakihrakana," concerning drinking; "Vanaprostoprakana," retiring to words with wife; "Prayaschalaprakana," how to obtain forgiveness of sins.

*Tempora Mutantur* and all the rest of it, nor is the L. W. C. an exception to the rule. Where once the brawny athlete was wont to regale his friends and admirers—and who shall tell their number?—with beer extracted from the bottle by the process known to science as that of natural suction—the effeminate crystal he despised—and with cheese, which in some respects much resembled the good measure of Scripture, viz., in being "pressed down" yet "running over;" nor must we omit the feast of reason always proffered when the awe-struck (?) listeners sat *gaping* as their host in his own person ran up huge scores in contests about which cling only the magnifying mists of tradition, or slaughtered wickets on fields yet unrevealed to grosser eyes by the shadowy future. Here the loved one of the muses dwells and intellect over muscle reigns supreme. True the hero of a hundred fights—on paper—is still a dweller in the land, but *Tradere* has gone, and the outraged ears of the corridor suffer no further pangs at the slaughter of the Israelite(s), the "Merchant of Venice" rests in peace upon the library shelf save when aroused from his mosaic slumbers he lives again in the person of Mr. S— *chen fugaces*, but, hark, 'tis the second bell, fond scenes, alas! I am compelled to leave thee, lest I miss my chances for the "under cut."