

valueless. Historical pictures may be copied by skilled workmen, but the fine touches need the master hand, and usually escape the copyist in spite of himself. I doubt whether Carlyle's French Revolution would be very telling in French. To see such treasures as they are, and the having seen and known them is a distinct and valuable possession, we must seek them in their own lands, in plain English, must learn the languages in which the great authors wrote. We have to sow that we may reap, and the seed is study and thought.

Nor is the enjoyment of our own great masters possible without like seed. An untaught eye cannot see the beauty of Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and one must be trained to enjoy Lord Bacon's Essay's and Charles Lamb's, and Ruskin's Modern Painters. What preparation is needed for the full enjoyment of John Inglesant, and having made it what a harvest in that one book, "the great romance of the nineteenth century." If it be said that to read foreign literatures one must neglect one's own, I would say that each one studied adds to our knowledge and appreciation of our own, by explanation, by contrast, by exercising the critical faculty, by educating the imagination, by calling out powers of admiration, and by teaching the beauty of fitting words. A white rose is all the lovelier to our eyes that they can see the contrasting loveliness of a red one, and we see more beauty in one of Canon Liddon's sermons, because we can read and admire one of Pêre Hyacinthe's.

Those harvest wreaths with their glory of color are fit emblems of the glory of our harvest from many a never-to-be-forgotten book. It may be said that "Harvest is first something to do good with, only secondly to get good from, of what use is this harvest?" To those who are gathering it and are willing to use it no full answer seems possible, the uses are so many. First the beauty of fitness in which they delight and which has been transfused into themselves must show itself in words written or spoken, and gain hearing, respect and admiration which they may use to good effect. Such possessions are a constant resource and like fresh air to the body. Keep the mind fresh and vigorous and ready, and in this nineteenth century a man should use every mental faculty he possesses if he is to be an efficient soldier in the fight against evil and folly and ignorance. He will fight better for reading Plato, he will fight better for reading John Inglesant, always provided he has the mental gifts without which he cannot read to purpose any more than a man without arms can use his sword. Any one who has had to teach with a faculty for teaching knows well how every book he reads, if worth reading, supplies him with some illustration, gives him some hint, and, though reading much he must needs forget much, yet he develops a curious instinctive power of choice as to remembrance and forgetfulness. Moreover, the restfulness and content which are infused into life by love of books, are a help toward that character on which others lean with assurance of obtaining aid. Helpfulness,

content, teaching power, a habit of steady persistence, skill in the detection and defeat of error, these are not offerings to be despised at our Harvest Festival. Neither is the faculty of enjoying beauty. Without it Bernard of Morlaix would never have written his description of Heaven, nor Dante his Paradise. We are not Dantes, nor Bernards, nor Kehles, but the more beauty we can see in the one great Book, and we learn to see that beauty by examining and understanding other beauty, the more likely we are to absorb and to reflect its teaching in its fulness because a sense of proportion has been educated in us. Of course an underlying life working in and through our learning is presupposed, but this is not a sermon. Beauty of form, of light and shade, of colour, are never without influencing power, and the more our lives are filled with them the wider will be our influence and the greater our harvest yield, not to gather in and offer in part but to present as an ever growing whole.

BELFIELD.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE CRICKET WORLD.

The day after Mr. A. C. Allan, '87, took his degree last June, he joined the Toronto contingent of Mr. G. G. S. Lindsay's team of Canadian Gentlemen Cricketers, at the Union Station, and set out on, what may justly be called, a new departure in Canadian Cricket, namely, an English tour. We say new departure, because, although a team purporting to be a representative team of Canadian Gentlemen, crossed the "briny" in 1876, there was yet an element of professionalism about it, besides not being entirely Canadian by birth, nor by any means representative, whereas this team of Mr. Lindsay's, which also included another Trinity man in the person of W. W. Jones, laid claim to being thoroughly representative, and an important element of it was that it consisted only of Canadians by birth, a fact of which the Canadian Cricket world can well be proud in the light of the high measure of success attendant upon the team's efforts, notably at Lords, against the "country" M.C.C. We tender Mr. A. C. Allan, who came out fourth in batting, and second in the bowling averages, and Mr. Jones, who came out third in the bowling, our hearty congratulations and thanks for the manner in which they upheld the reputation of Trinity Cricket. Moreover, Mr. Allan scored 113 runs at Lords, for only once out. It may be of interest to those who were at College with him, to know that while playing against Gloucestershire, the team was joined by "Bunty" Lewin, who has donned the broadcloth and shovelboard.

Mr. Jones has just returned home after an extended tour on the "continong," with several of the team. "Wally" says his French was *par excellence*, the best of the lot, and was only surpassed by Mr. G. G. S. Lindsay's "German (?)." Mr. Allan is at present doing some shooting in England, having just completed a tour of the lake