

His death was a signal for general mourning, for the venerable old man had outlived all the enmities and jealousies of bye-gone days, and he was mourned alike by all. Business was suspended and everyone joined in showing respect for the dead ecclesiast, statesman and educationist; and the faculties and students of University of Toronto, Trinity, Victoria and Upper Canada College formed part of the procession to the grave.

In conclusion, I will give Dent's summing up of the subject of this sketch. "Bishop Strachan was a man by no means devoid of human frailties, and there were points in his character which savored more of the politician than of the ecclesiast. That his Christianity was sincere, however, and his Churchmanship zealous, are facts which no one acquainted with the circumstances of his long life will venture to deny. His memory is justly regarded with the reverence due to the strength of mind, unflinching courage, and life-long devotion to his principles. He lived through a critical period in the history of the Church of England in Upper Canada, and took a foremost part in all questions relating to its welfare." G. W. Ross, '99.

MORAL STORIES.

ADAPTED FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

No. 1.—*Inquisitive Henry.*

When little Henry Jackson came to school he was told by all the lads of his acquaintance that he must never let himself be seen in the library. They said it was very bad form, and only plugs went there. But Henry was very inquisitive, and he thought he should like to see what there was in all the buildings. So one day he found himself sitting at a bench in the library, chewing his wad of gum and looking curiously about him. Soon he noticed that none of the plugs were chewing gum, and that they seemed to be contemplating him with great wonder and interest. Stealthily he removed his wad and stuck it up on the under side of the bench. But speedily the arduous toil of those about him began to make him ill and faint, and he was but too glad to make his escape. Then when it was too late, he remembered that he had left his wad of gum behind him. He resolved to go and seek it next morning. He took with him a book that he might read a-while and so let no one guess he was looking for any-thing. But, alas, he was not quite sure where he had been sitting. He took a place at random but his gum was not there! He dared not move about, for when he tried it, all the plugs looked at him as if they would gladly have knocked his head off, so little did they like to be disturbed in their industry. It is now many days since then, and every morning and afternoon he resumes his search, but in vain. The saddest of all is that he must always read a few pages in his book that the others may not suspect him. Poor little Henry! How well we may learn from his sad tale that an idle curiosity may lead us into the worst of temptations, and that if we once do wrong, we can not but continue to do so.

No. 2.—*Ungrateful Polly.*

Willie Jones has been at school only one year, but he has already developed an affection for Polly Smith. It is no common affection however. He says it is a *Platonio* one. Yet Polly has not developed a *Platonio* affection for Willie (nor in deed any other kind of an affection). She has been at school three years, and says Willie is but a silly boy.

One afternoon they both went to the *At Home* given by the boys and girls who are to leave school this year. Willie asked Polly for several promenades, but she said, turning up her nose, that she would like to have a few numbers with persons who were not quite children.

This was a most un-kind speech, but Willie wiped his eyes and forgave her. He even nobly resolved to heap coals of fire upon her head. A happy thought came to him. Several of the lads about to leave school, who were much older than he, had spent all summer growing long luxurious whiskers. They looked quite aged and reverent, and, indeed, for some days after their return to school had been mistaken for their grand-papas. Willie went to Polly and said politely to her: "May I introduce some of my friends to you?" And she replied spitefully: "You may, if you will remember that I am not teaching a kindergarten." Willie made no response, but hastened off to a lad who had long luxurious whiskers. He told him that Polly had said she wished to meet him. (This was not quite true, but Willie preferred seeing Polly happy to being the father of his country.) The lad was much flattered, and he soon was asking Polly for a promenade. In the meantime Willie was looking for more lads who had whiskers. When he had introduced the second, Polly seemed very desirous of saying something to Willie, but he saw what she wished, and he was too modest to stay to let her thank him; he hastened to fetch up another of these lads. Now Polly suddenly went out into the hall, and tried to hide herself in the darkness. Willie well knew that she was now much ashamed of her harsh speeches, and thought to himself how wise he had been to heap coals of fire upon her head. He brought up yet another lad, who had whiskers down to his watch-pockets, and introduced him to her, and without waiting for Polly to ask his forgiveness he rejoined his companions. Polly walked about with three of the lads Willie had introduced to her, and then, although all her little friends seem unusually gay and glad-some, especially those who were near her, she said she was not feeling well. A voiding several lads with whiskers who hurried towards her with their promenade cards, she retired into the cloak-room and hastened home. But, strange to say, she has never spoken to Willie since; and although she wrote him a letter it was one which caused him much grief and pain. This story can not but teach us how prone many little girls are to reward kindness with ingratitude.

FESTE.

McGILL VS. VARSITY.

On Friday, January 28th, at 8 o'clock sharp, in the Conservatory of Music, corner of College Street and University Ave., the annual debate between McGill and Toronto will be held. The chair will be taken by Prof. G. M. Wrong. The program consists of musical selections, an essay by J. T. Shotwell, a reading by N. E. Hinch, and the debate. The subject is a live one, dealing with the English aristocracy's effect on the life of the nation. Messrs. J. G. Inkster and H. Munroe will defend the University of Toronto, and all who come will be treated to an enjoyable evening. The Literary Society have put forth extra effort to make this public function a success in every way, and would like to see the hall filled to overflowing when the program starts at 8 p.m. sharp. Students and friends all welcome.

Perhaps very few students are aware of the fact that our University has a Student Volunteer Band, which is making a name for itself in University circles, both in Canada and the States.

The Band of our University has been requested by the editor of the *Student Volunteer*, the official organ of the S.V.M., to unite with the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and the North-western University of the States, in contributing articles on the workings of the Band in their respective colleges.

Our Band has sixteen volunteers, and meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.