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Editorial Topics.

MANY subscriptions due this journal for the year 1890 still remain unpaid. The lists for the previous year are also not without gaps. It is absolutely necessary that these subscriptions be paid without further delay. An insignificant matter to the individual it may be, but when there are many individuals the matter is not insignificant to THE REVIEW.

THE DEAN TRINITY seems more like its old self now that the Dean has returned. He has been greatly missed, and it is indeed no small pleasure to have him with us again. We are glad to know that Dr. Jones's trip abroad was a very happy one, and that the rest and change have not been without their good effect. If the Trinity men were prevented by the vagaries of the train from giving the Dean the welcome they had arranged, yet in their hearts his welcome was as warm and true as if it had had every outward expression.

THE ANNUAL DINNER. WITHOUT doubt the Dinner this year was a more brilliant affair than any of its predecessors. It is becoming more recognized as a great institution of the University, to miss which is to miss something that is most delightful, and at the same time most instructive, so far as the life and work of our Alma Mater is concerned. Inspired by the presence of so large a number—for at the tables were seated nearly a hundred and fifty, and the balcony was crowded with ladies—the speeches were cheery and bright and to the point. In fact most of the speakers were in their best form, and toast and response went off with a snap and vigour that was most enlivening. It is only right and fitting that Trinity and Trinity's rulers should be the chief theme of the speeches. Honour to whom honour is due, and there is much due to this University and to those to whom its governance is entrusted.

POLITICAL SCIENCE. THE large and representative audiences which have greeted Dr Bourinot at each of the lectures he has so far given in his course, must be gratifying not only to the eminent lecturer, but also to the University authorities, whose public spirit is greatly to be commended. The honoured Provost of Trinity is thoroughly in touch with the spirit of the land he has made his home. A man of wide sympathies and interests, he is not content to stand on the bank and watch the national stream of life sweeping by. He throws himself into it with all the zeal and vigour of the native Canadian. Combined with his great and acknowledged intellectual force, there is a moral enthusiasm, a lively faith, which does not always accompany mental pre-eminence. Such men are rare, and their power conspicuous. Dr. Bourinot's graceful words in acknowledgment of all that the Provost had done to promote the study in Canada of the Canadian Constitution and kindred subjects, found a ready response from all those present on the occasion.

"A SOCIAL DEPARTURE"

WE have heard a good deal about Canadian Literature. Earnest and eloquent attempts are sometimes made to prove that there is a Canadian Literature, and that it languishes in unmerited obscurity. We yield to none in the fervour of our patriotism, but our belief is that all that our people have produced of "literature," in the highest sense of the word, is sufficiently recognised and appreciated.

When Kirby wrote "Le Chien D'or" he came very near writing a good book. His mistake is want of condensation. He is diffuse and prosy. He gives one the impression of having resolved to put all he ever thought or ever knew between the covers of one volume.

Before Roberts there was much verse produced by Canadians, but no poetry. Roberts has done some good work and gained more than local recognition. He lacks the spontaneity, the simplicity, the tenderness of Lampman. With Lampman's book Canada makes a distinct contribution to English poetic literature.

And now Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, with her "Social Departure," places this country amongst the contributors to English prose literature. "A Social Departure," as every one now knows, is a book of travel, but it is as unhackneyed a book of travel as can be imagined, a book of travel conceived and written in a thoroughly original and happy vein. The author makes no pretence of having acquired a complete knowledge of countries which she saw as a tourist only. We are treated to no statistics, no lists of objects of interest, no profound political and social reflections. We simply see, in a succession of vivid pictures, what Miss Duncan saw herself.

And what Miss Duncan saw, she saw with keen, sympathetic, humorous eyes. This last quality, her humour, sparkles delightfully on every page. "Orthodocia, as her name implies, is an English girl. No fond transatlantic parent ever thought of calling any of us Orthodocia. It would be impossible to find a godmother to take the responsibility." The distracting multitude of travelling impediments is "our hated aggregate." The Hindoo candidates for employment "all sala'amed so persuasively that a choice was painful." The following conversation takes place in Egypt:

"But aren't you going to ride the camel?"

"Certainly not! Would you like me to make another exhibition of myself?"

"Orthodocia," said I solemnly, "one ought not to consider anything in connection with an *Impression*."

In Ceylon the waiters wore their "long, sleek, black hair drawn back by a large tortoise-shell comb. We thought at first that the comb might be an idiosyncrasy of the hotel, a compulsory measure adopted for the sake of the soup, but we soon discovered it to be a Cingalese masculine vanity of the low country. The Kandyans do not wear combs, and you will remember that the British had more difficulty in subduing them than their low-country brethren who were given over to the pomps and vanities. Trincomalee in the south was probably taken while the garrison was making its toilet."

Miss Duncan rigorously abstains from "fine writing," but every now and then a captivating bit of word painting slips into her narrative without constraint or affectation. We select a passage at random. "We walked back along the