

plicity and unworldliness, enhanced the charm of his lovely character, even as a delicate aroma enriches the beauty of the rose. His generosity found expression in many ways. His philanthropic schemes were numerous, and the charitable societies of Toronto have lost in him one of their warmest supporters. The ragged newsboys looked upon him as their especial friend. His warm sympathy with those in trouble, his ready assistance in cases of distress, his unflinching kindness to dependants and employees—all this deserves to be remembered, the more so as such acts were always unostentatious, and known to few besides those concerned. Only a short time before his death, learning that a college servant had illness in his family, and that the doctor in attendance had recommended some expensive sanitary improvements, Sir Daniel sent for the man and pressed upon him a cheque for one hundred dollars, which he was to return only in the event of his being able to afford it. Remarkable was the affection entertained for him by the veteran college bedel. It is literally true that Sir Daniel's death killed our much-missed Robert McKim.

In his social life Sir Daniel was one of the most charming of men. Given to hospitality, he delighted to see round his board and in his home circle men of various walks in life. He was always a genial and kindly companion, brimful of humor, and ever ready with interesting stories of the distinguished men whom he had known here and in the old land.

No wonder, then, if our University is in mourning. No wonder if at last Thursday's Convocation, amid all the eulogies bestowed upon our noble institution, amid all the congratulations showered upon our new and worthy President, there was an undertone of sadness which affected even the usually boisterous gallery. No more shall be seen among us that erect and striking form, crowned with snowy locks; no more shall be heard that silvery voice with its chaste and copious eloquence; no more shall be felt the warm touch of that vanished hand. Yet his work will abide, and so long as the University of Toronto lives the name of Sir Daniel Wilson will be remembered and revered.

H. R. FAIRCLOUGH.

[ED. NOTE.—We feel sure that the above article, penned by one who has been privileged to enjoy an enviable personal intimacy with our late President, will be gratefully received by our readers.

#### PRESIDENT LOUDON.

**I**N the preceding columns, touching reference has been made to the great loss our college has sustained through the death of its revered President. There remains the propriety of extending the hand of undergraduate welcome to his newly-appointed successor. The warm and unqualified testimony to his worth and ability by the Chancellor and others best qualified to judge, leave no need for our tribute to the many high qualities that he carries to the discharge of his responsible duties. Known to the students and by the Faculty, thoroughly acquainted with our Canadian life and aspiration, loving learning for its own sake, he is sure to have a mighty and determining influence over our University

life. His convocation address proves a close study of our students' wants and a sincere sympathy with them all, and this, we think, is the first essential to smooth and successful administration.

We wish for President Loudon a long and happy career, and trustfully hope that, under his kindly and fostering care, our University may move steadily and healthily on to the fulfilment of the promise of its spring.

#### PRAYERS.

The softest sounds of music fill  
The vast cathedral, stealing  
Within poor souls whose storm they still,  
A thousand people kneeling,  
Uplift a prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

Amid the thousand there are three  
Most vainly praying, praying,  
Man, woman, maid—sad verily  
The words that they are saying  
In their mild prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

The man beseeches that the past  
Be barren to his sowing,  
And that the evil seeds he cast  
Be fruitless in the growing,  
In his mild prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

The woman pleads the hungry grave  
Take not her child, whom, dying,  
Will ought in earth or Heaven save?  
While she is sobbing, sighing,  
In her mild prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

The maiden begs the grace of love  
Which has been so denied her,  
She begs it by the love above  
And for the love beside her,  
In her mild prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

And who can hear the voice that rings  
From out the hidden Heaven:  
Seek not irreparable things  
For they shall not be given,  
For any prayer  
To God where'er  
He may be—  
Oh, pity!

EVELYN DURAND.