

urer's report showed that this deficit was not only paid off but that a surplus of about forty dollars is now on hand. It will, therefore, soon be possible to make a substantial and much needed increase to the books in the library of the Institute. The Council has certainly devoted its best energies to promoting the general welfare of the Institute, and its efforts have been cordially recognized and appreciated by the members at large. The securing of the dining-hall for the meetings was a most acceptable stroke of business, and has been well worth the expense incurred.

NOTES.

A MEETING of the local branch of Convocation at Peterborough was held at Mr. Davidson's house on the 4th inst. The Rev. Mr. Davidson presided, and expressed regret at the absence of the Provost, who was prevented from coming by stress of business. The Rev. Prof. Cayley spoke of the excellent work done by Convocation in the past term. At the last general meeting the Chancellor stated that almost all enlargements of the curriculum and teaching staff in the last few years had been due in the first instance to Convocation. Convocation had the supplies and necessary funds at the start, and then after a time the permanent endowment had, in many cases, be procured. Last year Convocation made the following among other grants out of its income derived solely from the annual fees: \$375 to stipend of Fellows; \$400 to chair in History; \$400 to lectureship in Modern Languages. Prof. Cayley concluded by dwelling on the necessity of sustaining the important work of Convocation and urging all to continue their membership and strive to obtain new members. As a result of the deputation and meeting, a considerable number of new members have been added to the roll of the Peterborough branch.

* *

THE death of the Rev. Dr. West, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, was recently chronicled in the English papers. When the Rev. Provost Body was in England in 1884 he received much help and advice from Dr. West, who has been a good friend of Trinity ever since. Dr. West also took much interest in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., a University conducted very much on our own lines, having a Divinity school attached, and being under the direction of the Bishops of the fifteen dioceses in the South.

* *

THE Rev. Wm. Grahame, formerly Rector of Thorold, who died on the 25th ult., took his Divinity course at Trinity about twenty years ago. After a long illness he passed away in consequence of a serious operation, and was buried at Oakville, where he had lived for six years or more. Half of his library he bequeathed to Trinity, the other half going to the diocese of Niagara, where he had laboured throughout his clerical life. A number of valuable books have thus been added to our library on the maintenance of which it has not been possible to spend as much as is desirable.

A SCENE IN NEW ZEALAND.

OFF in the nights when winter's blasts are keen,
And with harsh sway the Storm King reigns supreme,
Beside my hearth I weave fond memories;
And in my listless musings oft-times turn
To where the breakers fret a rock-bound coast,
Beneath the glimmering of the Southern Cross.
To thee, Zealandia, by farthest seas,
I turn, my Fancy wanders to thy shores,
Thy scenes are ever fresh and ever green.

I do remind me of the times I sat,
Far from the busy hum of crowded streets,

Upon thine upland solitudes, and watched,
In the clear and sunbright atmosphere,
The sea-birds as, with harsh discordant cries,
They soared above the billows of the main
That stretched beneath in limitless expanse;
Or followed with a curious gaze the course
Of far-off vessels beating out to sea,
And inward sailing to the little port—
A tranquil haven after storm and stress—
That lay, beyond the jutting cape, within
An amphitheatre of craggy hills,
Obscured from view; or idly wandering,
With cautious footsteps, where the summit's marge
In sheer descent dropped downward, hearkened to
The murmuring of the breakers far below.
I still remember how (though many a year—
Time's swiftly-flowing tide—has passed since then),
I sailed with genial friends, a merry crew—
But sooth to tell indifferent mariners—
Upon the waters of the land-locked bay;
Or haply ventured, in a tossing craft,
Beyond the lonely beacon by the cliff,
Where on swift wing the myriad albatross
Circle unceasingly their vagrant flight,
To tempt the fitful humours of the deep.
And I recall—a pleasing task—what time
(Twas April then, but autumn in that land),
We climbed, Arthur and I, the rugged steep,
O'ergrown with ferns in wild luxuriance,
To gain at length—'twas ample guerdon for
Some hours of toil—the summit of the mount,
Waikari called *—what vision met our gaze!
Would that I had an artist's brush to paint,
Or gift of golden speech to tell aright,
The beauty and the grandeur of the scene.

I see before me, thro' the mists of time,
The purple hills, with heathery garment clad,
Bathed in the brilliant sunshine of the south;
And far beyond a chain of mighty Alps,
Vast mountain ranges, whose majestic peaks,
Uplifted to the boundless vault of Heaven
And crowned with garlands of perpetual snow,
O'erlook on further side the western sea,
And hitherward the wide-extending plains;
And stretching for many a league before
My lofty coign of vantage are the fair,
Green pasture lands where browse the countless flocks
Of rich-fleeced sheep, in brief security.
I view the prospect far away, beyond
The eastward country, of the ocean-plain,
Upon whose waters as they glisten in the sun,
Dotting the infinite expanse of blue,
Are passing ships, homeward and outward bound;
Like phantoms soon they vanish from the sight,
Sinking below the dim horizon's verge.
I see—beneath its sheltering, cloud-capped hills,
Where many a time on summer days I loved
To ramble and inhale the mountain air—
The far-off, quiet city, almost lost
In groves of eucalyptus ever green;
The river, by its margins willow-fringed,
Wending its languid journey to the sea;
And trimly-ordered farmsteads, simple homes,
Where dwell a thrifty yeomanry who till,
Throughout the yearly round of seasons mild,
With ample recompense, a yielding soil.
While flowing thro' the treeless wide champaign,
Fed by innumerable cataracts,
That leap in narrow lines of snow-white foam,
With many a fall, from out the riven sides
Of soaring cliffs and high o'ershadowing crags,
And swol'n by frequent autumn rains—
Are mountain-torrents that, with headlong speed,
Impetuous, seek the wild freedom of the main.
A scene remembered once beheld.

And when
The day had all but gone, the tired sun
Was sinking to its rest beyond the hills,
And dreamy quiet held the mountain side—
The sighing winds had fled, the leaves were still,
The weary songsters voiceless in their nests—
After sweet wanderings in the silent woods,

* Situated north-east of the Canterbury Plains, in the south island of New Zealand.