

works. But surely we have had enough of that kind of thing. Mr. Austin is a journalist of wide reputation. He, together with Mr. Courthope, founded the "National Review" in 1883. He has had responsible posts on several other leading English papers. Altogether we wish to say that we do not join in the almost universal outcry against Mr. Austin's work and against his appointment to the laureateship. Tennysons do not spring up every day, and Mr. Austin is a poet and a credit to England and to English literature.

THAT SPRING POEM.

THE REVIEW is a little short of spring poems this year for some reason. In fact we haven't any. We feel the lack keenly, too. We have had our largest waste-paper basket emptied and cleaned all ready for the usual deluge of spring poems, but they have not "deluged" a bit, and the waste-paper basket yawns hungrily and reproachfully beneath our elbow. There are still some posts in Trinity we sincerely trust. Where are they? We feel uneasy. It must be the storm cloud of examinations which has darkened the souls of the votaries of the poetic muse. Small blame to them. If Byron had had an examination looming ahead of him every spring we venture to say that Childe Harold would have rested peacefully in oblivion as far as Byron was concerned. And yet surely the soul of some ardent Divinity man recently finished work for the year might have been stirred by the sights and sounds of spring around him, and have soared from the musty atmosphere of Butler et al into the finer air of Parnassus. Come to think of it though, the results of the late examinations must have made a few of them sore as any eagles ever fledged. Probably they let their imagination soar so much in Convocation Hall during the momentous week that they have, as it were, broken its wings. However, whatever be the cause here we are without a spring poem, and we feel as badly about it as a lady who cannot afford a new spring hat. To do justice to such a theme in a matter-of-fact editorial column is out of the question, but here goes.

Dear old lady Trinity does put on her Sunday best in the spring and early summer. The grass gets green (we believe) here before anywhere else, and if anyone cares to take the matter in hand we think if he goes to the south side of the chapel he will find a dandelion or two already. There is a great deal of truth in the remark some one made once that one cause of the affection Trinity men bear their Alma Mater is the attractions of Trinity term. The old place looks so well and there is so much outdoor amusement, tennis, cricket, etc., that this term is deservedly popular. But there are those June examinations again. They thrust themselves into notice in the most brazen way. However, pleasure and pain are such only in relation to their opposites, so perhaps even examinations are not an un-mixed evil. Everything seems to be in a fair way to make a successful term. The cricketers are hard at work and the tennis court is in constant requisition. With regard to the latter a series of inter-year games, or some meetings with outside players we think would be a good idea. There is a good amount of work being done as well as of play as the many sported oaks testify. To all appearance there will not be such a slaughter this June as there was last. The Divinity examinations this spring were very satisfactory on the whole, as a glance at another column will shew. In about five weeks the June struggle begins. A short, sharp tussle and ho for the summer vac. There is plenty to be done in College first, though. There are all the cricket matches yet to come, and the Twenty-fourth and Convocation Day are important events in Trinity. So let us buckle to work and see to it that this term is a successful one in work and play, in examinations and athletics.

DEATH OF CANON LOGAN.

We regret to chronicle the death of the Rev. Canon Logan, in whom another staunch friend of Trinity has gone over to the great majority. The following account of his life we take from *The Church Evangelist*:—"Canon Logan came to this country from Scotland in his early youth, and being possessed of a liberal education he was at once employed as assistant in the Niagara District Grammar School. While thus employed he conceived a strong desire to enter the ministry, and went to the Theological College at Cobourg to prepare for his sacred calling. He was ordained in 1850 and appointed to the laborious mission of Manvers and Cartwright. He spent twenty-two toilsome years in this charge, which after many years was divided into two missions, each large and laborious. In 1872 he was appointed to the parish of Fenelon Falls, where he laboured till obliged by the malady which finally caused his death, to retire from active work, still retaining his Rectorial rank. In 1891 his Lordship, the present Bishop of Toronto in recognition of Mr. Logan's long and faithful services, appointed him a Canon of St. Alban's Cathedral. Canon Logan could not bear his enforced inactivity and so undertook an active canvass in behalf of the Superannuation Fund of his Diocese. He also rendered constant assistance at St. Alban's Cathedral, at St. Bartholomews, St. Luke's and elsewhere, until obliged to cease work by the increasing painfulness of his disease, (caused it is said by long and constant riding on the saddle). With marvellous courage and patience he underwent no less than seven prolonged surgical operations. But every time and with increasing frequency, the fell disease broke out again, until through mere exhaustion he sank under its growing power. Canon Logan was a reading man of high attainments and was throughout his career an orthodox clergyman of the moderate high Anglican type. He will long be remembered by all who knew him as an honest, earnest, good man; kind and affectionate in his disposition and gentle in his manners."

We regret to record the death of Archdeacon Lough, of Bermuda. Dr. Lough was in his sixty-fourth year, and had been thirty years rector of Paget and Warwick. The Bishop of the Diocese said of the archdeacon in a recent sermon: "If I were asked to point out his chief element of success in life, I should say it was his general proficiency, combined with the undeviating energy and honesty of purpose." Possessed of a clear and powerful voice and of musical ability, he maintained the services of the Church with much efficiency. Earnest in his calling, his parishioners of all classes had in him an untiring visitor, who invariably made himself at ease in all emergencies. Socially, he was always of a happy temperament, considering his life in society conducive to his higher and especial duties. Were space at command it would be easy to multiply instances illustrative of Archdeacon Lough's worth and work, outside of immediate parochial duties, which, in themselves, are usually of a routine nature allowing but slight latitude. Those who knew Archdeacon Lough will remember him with feelings of pleasure, and his work in the Church with a deep sense of gratitude, while posterity will regard him, in the retrospect, as having contributed largely to the permanent stability of the Church of England in Bermuda.