

When men realized that the Queen was dead, not a few felt that the sun which had cheered the empire for three-score years was casting shadows towards the east. Not a few, filled with gloomy forebodings, pointed to the fact that the greatest army that ever left Britain's shores lay in apparent evil enchantment before a few marauding bands, all their skill and bravery and self-sacrifice being, apparently, of no avail. The cry of nearly every European nation was *delenda est Britannia*. The uneasy ones reminded us that our leading statesmen were "in the sear and yellow leaf," and that there were, apparently, no young men ready to fill their places. We were reminded that what was true in state-craft was true in literature and social life. We were told that we had no great authors, while laziness and fast living were only too characteristic of the rich, the middle classes and even of the poor. These were a few of the dangers of which we were reminded, and even the stoutest-hearted felt that the social and political heavens were overcast. Yet the nation was not panic-stricken. History had taught her lesson, even if all had not learned it, and culture had done its work if all had not profited. Ten centuries of experience had braced the nation for the struggle, and already, before the royal mourning is laid aside, men are feeling that the uneasy ones were right when they said that Britain's glory was in the twilight. It was the twilight, but it was the twilight that preceded the dawn. If the university teaches anything it teaches that nations are neither built nor overthrown in a day, and a thought like this which had been wrought into the very life of the nation gave it a steady nerve and a hopeful outlook in its darkest hour.

#### A SUCCESSFUL CLOSE.

THE Political Science and Debating Club the other evening concluded a valuable series of meetings by an address from Professor Shortt. As Mr. J. S. Willison said of him at the alumni conference, Prof. Shortt is a man who has done more work, with less public recognition, than any other public man we know. Political Science is, deservedly, one of the

most popular courses on the curriculum of this University. The students feel that the head of the department, Prof. Shortt, is thoroughly conversant with every branch of the subject broached. Moreover, matters are discussed in the class with fearlessness and candor, with the one object of gaining the truth, and of helping the students to face the problems of life for themselves. So when the president of the club, Mr. J. D. Byrnes, B.A., announced on the programme that Prof. Shortt was to address the last meeting of the club, everybody slated the lecture as one of the things that must be attended.

The subject was one of live interest; "Britain and Her Colonies." A summary is out of the question, but we have said the last word when we say that among the many good things we have heard from the professor, this was one of his very best. The club has put the University under obligation by furnishing it with this really excellent lecture, and the series of live discussions provided for '00-'01.

#### NUNC DIMITTIS.

SLEEP, Lady, for the hour of peace,  
That comes to all has come to thee;  
And welcome was the late release  
That set the weary prisoner free.  
For thou from sun to sun hast reigned,  
Thy name is borne on every breath;  
A single crowning boon remained,  
The last and greatest gift of Death.  
So long the lonely traveller dreamed  
Of her far journey's joyful end,  
That your imperious summons seemed  
The gentle whisper of a friend.  
By duty bound to heavy state,  
Whence all the old delight had fled,  
How did her anxious spirit wait  
The call of her beloved dead!  
For still her girlhood's soul she bore,  
Too tender for that Royal part;  
And the more calm her brow, the more  
In secret bled the woman's heart.  
But her so sorely tortured breast  
Had such a heavenly patience learned,  
That scarce her nearest kindred guessed  
How sharp the hidden anguish burned.