



THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC STEAMSHIP ABYSSINIA WITH THE ROYAL PARTY.—The scene depicted in our engraving is one that the people of Victoria will not soon forget. Even in ordinary circumstances the advent of one of these fine monarchs of the western ocean is a sight worth seeing. The Abyssinia is one of a fleet of vessels, famous both for equipment and speed, which were once in the service of the Cunard line. They sail, as a rule, every fifteen days from the harbour of Vancouver for China and Japan—the route which they traverse being some 800 miles shorter than that which has its starting-point at San Francisco. The trip takes from twelve to fifteen days to Yokohama, and from seventeen to twenty to Hong Kong. At Yokohama connection is made for other ports in Japan, Eastern China and Corea; and at Hong Kong, for Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, N.Z., Levuka (Fiji), Batavia (Java), Calcutta, and other points in Australasia, Oceania and the East Indies. The Duke, Duchess and suite had, on the whole, a most satisfactory voyage and expressed themselves as highly pleased with all the arrangements. Our "commissioner" had the honour to be one of the first to greet their Royal Highnesses, and to receive from the Duke expressions of kindly remembrance of his former sojourn in Canada. It is not unworthy of mention that a portrait of His Royal Highness adorned the first number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the publication of which, by the managing-director of this paper, was begun in October, 1869. His Royal Highness was also pleased to signify his approval of the *Dominion Illustrated*, copies of which, that came under his notice in India, had reminded him of the years spent in the Dominion. As our next issue will be entirely devoted to the rejoicings at Victoria—will be a Victoria number, in fact—we will not anticipate our commissioner's account of the proceedings. On Thursday, the 22nd ult., at eleven o'clock, the steamship reached Vancouver, and their Royal Highnesses were met by Mayor Oppenheimer and the City Council of that place, and the resident officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An address of welcome having been read by His Worship, His Royal Highness made a gracious reply and thanked the authorities and people of Vancouver for their loyal greeting. He was glad, he said, to find himself once more on Canadian soil. It was quite a new experience for him to come into a city only three years of age, and he was perfectly astounded at its size and thrift. The afternoon was spent by His Royal Highness in driving about the city and Stanley Park with Major-General Sir John McNeill and Mayor Oppenheimer. In the evening the Royal Party dined with Mayor and Mrs. Oppenheimer and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Abbott. They went aboard the special train immediately after dinner and left Vancouver at 8 o'clock in the morning. Both the Duke and the Duchess and Colonel McNeill spoke frequently of the wonderful progress of the young city, whose churches, hotels, civic buildings, private residences and other manifold signs of prosperity were a constant surprise to them, after living so long in the East with its millennial traditions and averseness to change. The impression made on the Vancouverites by the Royal Party was all that could be desired, and that go-a-head community is now more loyal than ever. The readiness with which their Royal Highnesses, notwithstanding their limited time, acceded to the request of our representative and allowed themselves to be photographed, deserves the gratitude of all our readers, who are also indebted to the enterprise and tact of Mr. Brownlee, who was our spokesman on the occasion.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.—Some particulars regarding these gentlemen and their important mission to Canada will be found in our editorial columns, to which the reader is referred.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.—King's College, which is to celebrate the centenary of its foundation this month, may fairly claim to be reckoned amongst the ancient institutions of the country. The original promoters of the college were Loyalist refugees, the chief of whom was Dr. Charles Inglis, who played a brave part as assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, during the Revolutionary War, and was in 1787 consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia, being the first colonial bishop. He may be regarded as the pioneer of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. His first care on coming to the province, which then included New Brunswick, was to secure a grant from the Legislature for a Boys' Academy at Windsor, and this done, he set himself to work to establish a college. When sufficient funds had been obtained by public and private benefactions, he secured the services of Rev. Dr. Cochran, formerly Professor of Classics at King's (now Columbia) College, N.Y., and the college was opened in the summer of 1790. A royal charter, conferring university powers, was granted by George III. in 1802. It is estimated that about 200 students, representing nearly all the best Loyalist families of the Maritime Provinces, passed through the college before the granting of the charter. The college is inseparably connected with the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury being *ex officio* Patron, and the Bishop of Nova Scotia, Visitor, but no religious tests are imposed on students. The college is situated just outside the town of Windsor, on a hill sloping towards the south

and ornamented with tall and graceful elms. In the rear of the college is the cricket field, and behind that a wood of spruce, diversified by hill and dale, through which the direct road to town picturesquely winds. The main college building, shown in our engraving, was begun in 1791, and for many years served all the purposes of lecture rooms, hall, library, chapel, and residence for president and students. A second building, for the residence of the professors, was erected in 1855. This was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and its place has been supplied by detached cottages. The library and convocation hall, a handsome free-stone building, situated on the slope of the hill, below the main building, was erected by the Associated Alumni in 1865. The library, it may be noted in passing, is a very valuable one of about 10,000 volumes, and contains some rare bibliographical treasures. The chapel, which stands beside the main building, and is connected with it by a corridor, was built in 1878, chiefly through the liberality of the late Edward Binney, of Halifax, as a memorial of the Rev. Dr. Hensley, sometime Professor of Divinity at the college. The college staff at present consists of a president, five professors and two lecturers. The president, Rev. Dr. Willets, is a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and before his appointment to his present position was favourably known as Head Master of the Collegiate School. Three of the Faculty—Professors Butler, Vroom and Jones—are graduates of the college, the latter being also a graduate with honours of Heidelberg. Prof. Kennedy, vice-president, is a graduate of McGill, and formerly held the position of Professor of Natural Science at Acadia College. Prof. Roberts, who is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, is already well known to our readers.

THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL AND MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET MATCH.—Some time ago it was announced that the Cricket Club of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, would play a series of matches with the McGill, Montreal and St. James Cricket Clubs of this city. On Thursday, the 29th ult., the first of the series came off between the Bishop's College School and McGill College clubs. It is this match which is illustrated in our engraving. The pitch was in excellent condition and the weather all that could be desired. Captain Smith, of Bishop's College, won the toss, and selected to send his men to the bat. The boys showed excellent form, and their fielding was all that could be desired; but the bowling of Mackie and Muir, and the batting of Muir, Robertson and Langley proved too strong, while the fielding of McGill was very good, Ramsay, at coverpoint, being especially noticeable. The match resulted in a victory for McGill by six wickets. The following is the score:

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL (LENNOXVILLE).

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Heneker, b Muir.....	0	Heneker, b Muir.....	2
Stewart, b Mackie.....	5	Stewart, b Mackie.....	0
Brice (Pro.), b Muir.....	15	Brice, c Hamilton.....	10
Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	3	Kaulbach, b Mackie.....	11
McLeod, b Mackie.....	4	McLeod, run out.....	6
H. S. Smith, b Muir.....	2	F. W. Frith, b Mackie.....	0
F. W. Frith, run out.....	0	H. S. Smith, c b Mackie.....	9
Drury, b Mackie.....	0	Drury, c Hamilton.....	4
E. C. Smith, b Muir.....	0	E. C. Smith, b Langley.....	0
Crosby, b Mackie.....	0	Stone, run out.....	0
Stone, not out.....	0	Crosby, not out.....	0
Byes.....	3	Byes.....	2
Leg byes.....	1	Leg byes.....	1
Total.....	33	Total.....	45

Bowling Analysis.

	B	R	M	W
Mackie.....	49	13	5	5
Muir.....	45	16	4	4

MCGILL COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Prof. Moyle, c McLeod, b		Patterson, b Smith.....	0
Brice.....	3	Robertson, b Brice.....	3
Ramsay, b McLeod.....	0	Hewitson, not out.....	1
Mackie, s't'd Frith, b Brice.....	3	Yates, c Stewart, b Brice.....	0
Muir, c Crosby, b Brice.....	24	Muir, b H. S. Smith.....	0
Yates, c Kaulbach, b Brice.....	2	Hamilton, not out.....	4
Hamilton, E. H., c and b			
Brice.....	0	Total for four wickets.....	8
Hewitson, c Frith, b Brice.....	9		
Langley, b Smith, H. S.....	4		
Oughtred, b Brice.....	0		
Patterson, not out.....	7		
Robertson, run out.....	14		
Byes.....	4		
Wide balls.....	1		
Total.....	71		

COLLINGWOOD HARBOUR.—Our readers will find in this engraving a characteristic Canadian scene, representative of the awakening commercial life of our great inland ports at this season of the year. Collingwood, as they are aware, is a thriving incorporated town and port of entry, on Notawasaga Bay, on the south shore of that portion of Lake Huron known as Georgian Bay. It is in the County of Simcoe, and is less than a hundred miles from Toronto, with which, as with all the other chief centres of population and trade in Canada and on the continent, it is connected by railway. It contains several flourishing factories and a number of stores which do a large business with the surrounding country. Its lumber, grain and produce trade is extensive, and its shipyards and elevators are well worth seeing. Some notion of the character and extent of the grain trade at this port may be obtained from the fleet of vessels shown in our illustration, the first to arrive this spring. It carries an aggregate freight of 400,000 bushels, from which statement it may be imagined what the business yields during the season and how many men must procure employment from it. The harbour of Collingwood is one of the finest in fresh water within the boundaries of

the Dominion. The dry dock connected with it is capable of receiving the largest class of lake vessels. It is kept constantly occupied, under the management of the Great Northern Transportation Company, which has a large number of steamers running from the port. The scenery at Collingwood is in harmony with its great natural facilities for trade, and is much admired by visitors.

SPRING IMPRESSIONS.

A MEDLEY OF POETRY AND PROSE.

The morning sun throws an emerald radiance over woods and fields, enchanting in their spring-tide beauty. Happy, silvery-winged birds are skimming o'er a pure blue sky, and some sober-coloured little songsters, merry for all their quakery looks, are twittering on the hedges and tree tops. The leaf buds are bursting and swelling, and the flowers are unfolding their long hidden loveliness. The water music of rippling streams purls in our ears, and the soft winds caress us with murmurs of delight.

'Tis spring, and the spring feeling, the gladness of spring is in our heart.

We are not always happy. Man was not made to be always happy; but when the spring sun shines upon us; when the spring voices sound in our ears; when the spring fragrance and freshness fill the air; when all nature rejoices in returning life, then that elusive bird called "Happiness," which we are forever pursuing, tarries with us of its own sweet will and sings a song so loud and clear that our little home bird, "Sorrow," hides its head under its wing and appeareth as if dead.

Our love for Spring has ever been deep and true, although until now, until we could obtain the sanction of Time to prove its worth, we made no protestations of affection, finding, as many young lovers find, more charm and romance in a secret love than in one known to the world.

Be that as it may, the communicativeness of our nature will no longer be repressed, and though to us be not given the "faculty divine," the power of expressing all that we feel and see in words which sound melodious to the ear and create for Fancy's eye scenes of beauty, yet out of a heart which hath ever been open to the sweet charm of Spring there cannot but escape a few earnest words in acknowledgment of that charm.

Then let earnestness be the substitute of eloquence, and believe us when we say that no true Irishman's breast, when beholding a display of his national colour on St. Patrick's Day, throbs with more enthusiastic pleasure than ours when our eyes are gladdened with the sight of woods and fields so fair and young in their greenness that they seem to grow greener even as we gaze.

Another lease of life and hope is given us "when the robin nests again"; for the spring time of the year recalls the spring-time of life and the glory of the fresh young earth brings back to us the hopes and dreams of youth. And, oh, what rainbow hopes have been ours, what bright, and to doubting minds, what impossible dreams we have dreamt! Even when too young, perhaps, to think seriously, did we love the hours of solitude in which we could dream, could look into the Future through Fancy's magic mirror and see therein beings which were to exist for us, flowers which were to bloom for us, birds which were to sing for us,—some day—some day.

And though we are no longer a nonsensical child, and though our human sympathies are as warm as it is needful for them to be without inconveniencing us by their heat (he that hath a taste for solitude is generally considered misanthropic), yet there are times even now when we love to wander alone into a realm of hopes and dreams very little different from the fairyland To-Come of our childhood.

And tell us not on such a bright day as this that 'tis unwise to be so sanguine and hopeful. 'Tis spring-time now, and though Despondency may visit us during the other seasons of the year, in the happy, buoyant, life-giving spring it seemeth impossible to be too hopeful, too joyous, too trustful.

We hope for blessings, and we believe that we shall get them, and to those who talk of "Blighted Hopes" we would say: There is enough pleasure in anticipation; there is enough charm in things hoped for though not possessed, and there is enough cheerfulness and courage given us through hoping to recompense us for all the "Blighted Hopes" that this world has to blight.

What a dreary, hopeless, effortless being is he who will not hope because he fears his hopes may be disappointed; who seeth nothing in the future worth striving for!

We can suffer with those who have suffered wrongs, perchance beyond the righting; we can weep for those whose hearts unnoticed broke amidst this world's great traffic; we can mourn for those whom the grave hath robbed of all that was dear to them, and can sympathize with those remorse-tortured ones, who, gifted with utmost divine wisdom, yet, wilfully turned from the guiding light and with eyes that saw all the horror and shame before them walked into the arms of sin.

Yes, we can feel for all these, for we have often gazed (though not in the spring time) into the melancholy deep of life; but we cannot, no, we cannot waste our sympathy upon one who can stand in the beneficial, wholesome spring sunshine and ask us despondently the question, "Is life worth living?" To such a one we can only reply, "The question is not whether life is worth living, but it is whether you are worthy to have the gift of life bestowed on you. The worth of life depends upon your own worth, and if, with all the spring influences around you, you can find nothing better