

Few realize how great is this change until the return in the autumn, when the absence of old-time faces and familiar voices cannot but impress us strongly. We see rooms changing hands—rooms that abound in associations connected with their former occupant; we behold a transformation of these dens, new furniture, new pictures, new tastes displayed, and then, perhaps for the first time, the dread reality forces itself upon us and makes us fully aware of the many changes, and that another year has passed from Trinity's portals and the enfolding arms of the dear old alma mater.

This is probably the saddest feature of our life here; friendships cemented by a continuous residence under the same roof are severed; affections warmed by mutual happiness and mutual aims are subjected to the trials of separation and circumstances that may prevent a sustaining of the bonds thus formed. Our ways, of necessity, diverge; the various members of each year become scattered; outside interests engross our minds and the sterner realities of life are comprehended probably as never before. But with all the changes that must creep one by one into our lives, we shall ever realize how much we have derived from the association of these three years—some of us from more—of almost constant intercourse. We cannot help seeing the benefits of such a life; the foibles overcome or at least diminished; the sentiments imbibed from many sources; the affection engendered in our hearts by the love of the truest friendships; and in after years, in looking back we shall see those friendships hallowed by time, made sacred by association, and strengthened by the remembrance of how much was given us in them.

Friendship is the sweetest of all sentiments, and many do not realize the depth of such a relationship until a separation has come—such a separation as is now imminent for many of us.

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"For each life we lose is a sun in our lives that would be dark if there were no love in them, and when it goes down to its setting in our hearts, the last light of love's day is very deep and tender, as no other is after it, and the passionate, sad twilight of regret deepens to a darkness of great loneliness over all, until our tears are wept, and our souls take of our mortal selves memories of love undying."

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To those who have read and enjoyed the works of Mr. Gilbert Parker, the pleasure of meeting him on June the first was more than gratifying.

His charming personality and genial manner won the hearts of all, and every Trinity man could not but feel a thrill of pride in claiming the clever novelist as part and parcel of the alma mater; that he is still a factor with us was evidenced by his warmly expressed sentiments relative to Trinity and his life here. His lecture, so beautifully expressed, came up to the fondest expectations of the most sanguine.

Another source of (shall I say it?) gratification to some of us, a solace in much and deep misery, is a calm, deliberative contemplation of the fact that one of Canada's most distinguished sons left College without taking his degree—but it may be a tender point!

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"With aching heart and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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"Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness."

GILBERT PARKER.

On Wednesday, June the first, Mr. Gilbert Parker delivered his lecture, "The Art of Fiction," in Convocation Hall. The lecture was in aid of S. Hilda's building fund, and was under the auspices of the University. A large audience was present, and upon the platform, in addition to the members of the Faculty, were Mr. Goldwin Smith, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. G. R. Parkin and others.

Mr. Parker is a son of Trinity, and was a member of the College between '82 and '89, but it is not only as Trinity men, but also as Canadians that we are proud to claim this clever author.

The Provost introduced Mr. Parker to the audience with a few neatly turned remarks. After a few happy remarks in opening, Mr. Parker referred to the origin of the art of fiction, pointing out that as an art it does not go further back than the time of Louis XIV. of France, while Anglo-Saxons cannot point to great writers of novels anterior to Thomas Nash, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne. Nevertheless, the novelist still is the oldest artist of all, existing and potential in the musician, the painter and the architect, all of whom were tellers of stories. "Language was then in its infancy, unformed and limited, and the sensuous, passionate intellect of man seeking to record its impressions, its memories and its deeds, and to fashion the beauty of imagination into concrete forms had recourse to these other arts—these outward and visible signs of an inward grace, these ciphers or symbols of the expanding soul. Centuries passed, language grew. Then came the story-teller out of the scarlet distance—the simple story-teller as we find him in Egypt still, in Syria, in Transylvania, in India, Turkestan, Cairo, Damascus, Bokhara, Lahore and Samarcand—who told his stories by word of mouth, without pay or reward, to those who listened, even as the parochial story-teller of Quebec tells you stories now on the front stoop of his house, in the sitting room of the little tavern, or round his camp fire by the river and in the woods. And after all there is little difference between Beauce and Bokhara."

Mr. Parker then traced the development from the story-teller of the bazaars into the poet and up to the days when the Elizabethans composed fiction in verse and the Spanish picturesque novel had its period of influence before Cervantes laughed it away. He noticed the present universal fashion of writing novels, and drew attention to the ephemeral nature of many much-lauded works, and from this passed to a consideration of the elements of success. He touched first on popularity, pointing out that the feeling of the world seldom is entirely wrong and that the great thing which a novelist must do is to tell a story. Emphasis was laid on the need for a grasp of the facts of life. "A man must know truth to write fable. To write a successful burlesque you must know thoroughly that which you burlesque. To write a successful parody curiously enough you must have the feeling of the great work which you parody, and to write a fantasy you must be possessed of real life."

Discussing the subject of schools of the art of fiction, the lecturer observed that literature cannot be reduced to an exact convention. In addition to the sensuous temperament or feeling for nature necessary for painting or music or sculpture, a purely logical intelligence is inevitable. The art of fiction may be learned, but cannot be bought. A "school of fiction" means simply that some writers have seen fit to imitate another writer. He protested against labels such as "romantic," or "realistic" or "symbolistic," "certainly no great book can be so arbitrarily labelled." Further on, Mr. Parker said:—"To my mind, the writer, the novelist with the true instinct, does not stop to think whether he shall write a book which is realistic or a book which is romantical. If he does so much the worse for him and for his readers. So soon as he sets out to follow a