

ranks of the musical societies of Canada. Indeed, our musical faculty would perhaps become our principal standby. Instead of the slight and very questionable fame which, however undeserved it may be, we possess throughout the country at present our musical graduates by filling organist's positions, and spreading far and wide an able and thorough system of teaching, might carry the name and good reputation of their University into places where it has never even been heard of. What a benefit it would be to the country at large to be provided with a *bona fide* degree, granted for a certain proficiency in music which should be tested by regular and uniform examinations, instead of being exposed, as it is to a lamentable extent, to the quackery of ignorant impostors who, in the absence of such a degree, usurp the places which should be filled by able and carefully instructed men. Trinity has missed an opportunity, such a one as she will probably never have again, but even yet, though our chances are small compared with what they were, an active move in this direction might accomplish a great deal. Why is this move not made? It is surely high time. We have a nominal faculty; we have a professor. Yet we have seen nothing of him this year. Is it that he is not sufficiently backed up by the authorities, or that his age and health incapacitate him for the active fulfilment of his office? It is a responsible position—one that might be made much of. There are many of the best musicians in the country who, we imagine, would jump at the chance of obtaining such a position as the professorship of music in Trinity College, a position, the need, the necessity, of which is so urgently and widely recognized among musical circles in Canada, and which for this reason they could turn to such excellent account both for their own fame and that of the institution with which they might be connected. The remedying of this want would gain for us a universal esteem and respect which we have never yet won, and which seems to be as far away from us now as ever. This is a matter which should recommend itself to the careful consideration of the active friends of the College.

#### EPISKOPON.

Father Episkopon still survives, and his precious volumes, as many as are left of them, are our most interesting monuments of the past. We regret to say that several of the best of the old volumes, long watched and tenderly fathered works of the pen-weary fingers of forgotten scribes, have been lost from the Institute Library, abstracted we suspect by the hostile hands of those whose misdeeds have been rather sharply criticized in its sometimes too truth-telling pages. To the perpetrators of such a deed, if any exist, we have only to say that they are taking rather a selfish revenge in depriving the Institute of the most valuable works in the Library: works which can never be restored. Revered Episkopon has been one of the prevailing spirits among our residents ever since the time, some twenty-three years ago, when Trinity men invoked the jovial spectre to their aid, in driving out dull

melancholy, and appointed a scribe, his high priest here in terrestrial matters, to write out under his mysterious guidance the results of his merry inspiration working in the fertile brains of the humourously inclined; which scribe was and is assisted by the counsels of three editors unknown, who, being appointed by the secret rite of Episkopon's succession, are to this day the subject of endless speculation and unwearying research; inasmuch that every student within these walls, relying upon certain indisputable evidences which have brought themselves in contact with his ocular and auricular senses, has his own particular list incontestably proven of this mysterious council of three, and which he is ready to defend surely to the satisfaction of every one, even against the scribe himself, who doubtless often laughs in his sleeve at the ingenious but mistaken speculations of the Episkopon's followers. Now this jolly male muse, unprepossessing though he certainly be in his ungainly representation as a skeleton, portrayed in ink on the title pages of his volumes—rather rudimentary skeletons too sometimes, according to the proficiency or deficiency in anatomic knowledge of the designer—this masculine muse, we say, has from what is with us time immemorial fulfilled a twofold function as amuser and instructor. On the well remembered nights, when, after the eleven o'clock bell has rung, the College curfew for the extinction of the gas, his faithful friends and followers are gathered together over their pipes in the largest and most comfortable room in the building, and the wise and witty though often rather personal sallies of the Episkopon, as they fall from the fond lips of the scribe, are greeted with shouts of hearty laughter from audience, of whom the unassailed laugh because there is a good joke, the lampooned because it is the best thing they can do under the circumstances, on these occasions he certainly fills the place of the amuser. His office as instructor is easily seen in the manifest improvement in the subsequent conduct of those unfortunates whose failings have been sternly but wisely reprov'd by the witty tongue of the observant, and omnipresent old invisible censor. There are several stock subjects which call forth the genius of the Episkopon in almost every volume—such as the St. Simon, and St. Jude's steeple-chase—an old theme—as old as the Episkopon himself—when the strong and athletic of the college—and there are always a good many of this class to be found among us—muster courage (and courage it needs) to pant and puff over two miles of marshy ground through the October mud and mist of the Ravine—the Ravine so beautiful in spring and summer, so exceeding cold, wet and dismal in the autumn. Most of us admire their pluck but envy not laurels, won at the expense of so much comfort. Then the dinner that follows, the renowned St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner, to the luxurious student the most important event of the year, when the weary victors of the race indemnify themselves for the discomfort of the afternoon. The Episkopon has generally something to say too about St. Patrick's day, from time immemorial a special holiday among us—though what St. Patrick has to do with Trinity men we know not—still the case stands that some caprice in olden time has made him one of the students patron saints; and on his day some one is sure, by too earnestly devoting himself to its celebration, to lay himself open to the pointed rhymes of the poet. There is a fine pen and ink sketch in an old volume of Episkopon—some of our graduate readers will doubtless recollect it—representing St. Patrick, a genuine stumpy, ugly, comical-looking little Irishman, infinitably drawn, sweeping from the porch with a broom the obstructing Dons in the form of several disagreeable little

+ For good use, March 1881