

land. Sir John's second son, the Honourable Sir Francis Colborne, K.C.B., rose to the same position in the army, and served with great distinction in the Crimea. The title is at present held by the grandson of the first baron, John Reginald Upton Colborne, who succeeded his father in 1888.

From 1843 to 1849 Lord Seaton held the position of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and on his return was presented by the Queen with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. In 1854 he was made full General and Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, and on the death of the Prince Consort succeeded him as Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. From 1855 to 1860 he commanded the forces in Ireland, and during his term of office was chosen a Privy Councillor. On the 30th of March, 1860, he was appointed Field Marshal; his health was now failing, and on April 17, 1863, he passed quietly away at his residence, Valetta House, Torquay, Devonshire.

"He had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die." All through his life he had felt that the credit for the final repulse of Napoleon had been given to those who had only in a minor degree deserved it, but never once, save in an occasional good humoured private letter, had he made any reference to his feeling. The heroes of Waterloo are gone along the self same path as Numa and Ancus; the cockney tourist and the professional guide prowl now where once the fate of empires trembled in the balance; the very aspect of the ground is changed, and little remains of the low ridge where the unconquerable British infantry barred the path of the despot; but the memory of Sir John Colborne still endures not only in the record of his martial glory, but in the nobler record of the great schools which he founded. In the pleasant islands of the Channel, or in the stately Canadian city which he loved so well, great centres of learning testify to his humanity and love of culture. May the boys of Upper Canada College long continue to uphold the great traditions of the school, to find high and noble inspiration in the life of their illustrious founder, a modern Bayard, "*Sans peur et sans reproche!*"

W. L. GRANT.

The Little Fat Man—His Story

FIRST PRIZE STORY

The train drew slowly out of the Union Station. A little fat man carrying a large valise entered the car and seated himself complacently by my side. Being very talkative, after asking me if I came from Toronto, and how far I was going, he gave me a great deal of information about himself. He was going back (so he said) to his native town. A moment later, calling my attention to a ravine we were passing, he meditatively remarked that it was like the scene of an adventure in which he had taken an active part.