

tion prompt and energetic support. The graduates of other Universities are with commendable alacrity hard at work, and Trinity's sons will surely not prove themselves less solicitous for their *alma mater*. The holding of meetings in the principal towns and cities seems at present the best line of action to adopt.

After all, however, federated or not, the real strength of Trinity lies in the loyal, unreserved support given her by the Church in the Province, and especially by her own graduates. Relying upon their arm alone, Trinity has in thirty years trebled her original endowment, besides adding to the buildings the convocation hall and the new chapel. With her largely-increased Professorate, with over two hundred and fifty undergraduates, and an annual graduation list of nearly seventy, it may be safely affirmed that Trinity was never stronger or doing better work than she is to-day. Let it not be forgotten that it has not been the necessities of Trinity which have produced the demand for confederation. If our purse is not still so large as it might be, it is at least steadily growing every year. We have full confidence in our growth and development whatever the future may have in store for us, and thus we can have no possible inducement to take another step in the direction of confederation, unless our just demands are fully and frankly granted.

LITERARY NOTES.

BERMUDA: AN IDYL OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1884. Price, \$1.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, for December, 1883, there appeared one of those charming articles of Mrs. Dorr's entitled, "Bermudian Days," and, as she informs us, this has been made the germ of this present delightful book, recalling to those who have visited the Somer's Isles, days of perfect freedom, rest and quietness from the noise and turmoil of a busy common-place north. In the form of a description of a visit made to the Bermudas in 1883, the authoress really embodies a practical guide-book, not only for those in quest of new haunts upon the islands, but also for those seeking a few weeks of relaxation and recreation in a mild and balmy climate. Those who have been in Bermuda and found apparently after a few weeks "nothing to do," will be astonished at *Bermuda*, with its copious descriptions of many places entirely unexplored by the average tourist, of the, we might almost say, detailed accounts, narrated in a most pleasing and unstrained manner, correcting, at the same time, many hearsay statements. The Bermudians, in their native speech, invariably relate the tales of Tom Moore and his love, as the fact that Shakespeare, in the *Tempest*, honoured the three hundred and sixty-five midget isles, with an almost terrifying appellation. Here we find the versatility of the authoress presenting itself in the charmingly word-painted chapters devoted to these

particulars. The mere recalling of the happy scenes spent in "Paradise beyond Purgatory" (to paraphrase an apt quotation) brings homesickness to the mind, as if one were leaving a home of perpetual summer, where the workman feels too cold to ply his trade when the thermometer registers only sixty-two degrees in the shade, and the tired northerner is only too happy to explore serpentine paths or to idle away a few hours neath a yacht's lazy-swinging canvas and gaze over the gently-wind-skirted sea, so beautifully pictured in this book—an attempt at description we have never seen before:—

"Look! Far off on the horizon, the sky, azure overhead, softened to a pale rose-color. The line that meets it is a deep, indigo blue—a blue so intense that we can hardly believe it is the sea. Thence, through infinite gradations, the color faints and fades, from indigo to dark sapphire, from sapphire to lapis-lazuli, from lapis-lazuli to the palest shade of the forget-me-not. It changes, even as we gaze, to deepest emerald, which is then faded to a tender apple-green, touched here and there with rose. It dies away in saffron and pale amber where it kisses the shore, with long reaches of purple where the coral reefs lie hidden."

Ah, the very water recalls memories of social festivities by land and sea, of cave exploring expeditions, of—Bermuda would not be the picturesque place it is without it. The year of Mrs. Dorr's visit was the same as that of the Princess Louise's, and recalls the kindly and unostentatious sojourn made there by Her Royal Highness and the eagerness of the natives to gaze upon a real princess—an eagerness intensified a thousand-fold more than that occasioned by the beloved Bishop of Newfoundland's yearly visit. *Bermuda* also bears witness to the extreme quaintness, happiness and happy-go-lucky spirit of the inhabitants, while it supplies a chatty, comprehensive account of this winter resort, filling the chinks before bare between the works on the subject of Sir Henry Lefroy, Godet and Mrs. Eames' disconnected letters, published some few years ago, and forms an admirable hand-book as well as a beautiful story of the land

"In which it seemed always afternoon."

H. K. M.

IT IS always a pleasure to chronicle the deeds of Trinity men in any sphere of life, but it is, in this case, with special gratification that we reproduce below the poems, from *The Current*, of Chicago, written by two former editors of this paper, Messrs. Archibald Lampman, B.A., and J. Almon Ritchie, whose writings are fulfilling that promise which had its inception in these columns. A coming number of *Outing* will also contain an amusing sketch on "A Catamaran Trip on the River St. John," from the pen of the latter.

A JANUARY SUNSET.

Again the sharp night cometh, and again

The high, black city, girt for patient hours—

Like storm—defying giants proud of pain—

Holds up to nightward all her steely towers;

Across the bitter sunset and the cold

Soft fretted flush, wherein one sharp star shines,