

lege, the narratives appear substantially as they were first written. The trio of whom they were written have long since quit the scene. So have their colleagues in the professoriate of that day. Sir Daniel Wilson and Young of Edinburgh, Beaven of Oxford, Cherriman of Cambridge, Chapman of London, Hincks of Belfast—all have “crossed the bar.” And so, probably, has many a gownsman who sat under them. To their successors, whether professors or students, and to the older graduates especially, these pages, imperfect though they be, may, it is hoped, not be unwelcome. They are a simple recital of the life-history of men who were intimately associated with the early fortunes of the University of Toronto, who, with others of the old régime, gave of their best to help to make it what it is to-day, who were eminent as scholars and teachers in their several departments of learning—true to worthy ideals of public duty and service, and who passed off the stage with “honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

J. K.

TORONTO,
DECEMBER, 1914.