

Quo hinc abeuntem nos inter amœna omnia et luxuriosa vitam agentes et voluntate et precibus prosequemur.

Præsentō tibi vice-Cancellari Virum Reverendissimum Petrum Trimble Rowe, Episcopum Alaskanum qui dignitatis jure ad gradum Professoris in Sacra Theologia admittatur.

Mrs. Welch has handed to us a copy of the very neat and artistic programme of Canon Sutherland's "Afternoons with Shakespeare's Heroines." We notice that the readings are five in number, beginning on Saturday, February 22nd and continuing on the succeeding Saturdays, until March 21st. The heroines chosen for these dates are respectively Imogen (*Cymbeline*), Beatrice (*Much Ado About Nothing*), Lady Macbeth, Rosalind (*As You Like It*), and Perdita (*The Winter's Tale*) which should make certainly a most interesting course. The entertainment to take place on March 16th, and which we have described above, is called a "Shakespearean Drawing Room." The expenses connected with these readings is comparatively trifling, and those who have it in hand have been enabled to put the tickets at the very low price of \$1.50 for the course, including April 16th; tickets for April 16th alone are \$1.00.

### COLLEGE CUTS.

The editors of the REVIEW hope it is not too late to wish all our readers, graduates and under-graduates, sympathizers and strangers, those who have a lively interest in the affairs of our grand old College and those who have the misfortune not to have a Happy New Year. May the graduates in the wilds of the far west, in the most comfortable east of our native land, or in whatever part of the world they are now making themselves felt,—may each and all as he enjoys the delights of the festive season, and settles down to rid the heavy feeling of his holiday dinners through wreathes of dreamy, comforting smoke, think of his second dear mother, and wish her in turn a happy and prosperous New Year.

Most of us have heard of a certain worthy dean of one of the colleges at Oxford who had an amusing and often embarrassing manner of tangling up his words and phrases. He always meant to say the right thing, but a heavenly absent-mindedness often caused the "squeer dean" (for so he was called) to make unconsciously what are commonly known as bad breaks. A heavenly intellectual soaring, then, we may say was the cause of the dean's many ludicrous blunders, but it must have been the lack of a higher education which caused the lately acquired head to be announced, when calling the other day, as the "property" of Trinity College. And yet when we think of it, the term is particularly applicable to the above named gentleman, judging from the numerous calls he has had since his arrival not only from every institution within our university but also from without—the public at large seem to have a mortgage upon this peculiar piece of "property." An anecdote of a similar sort is associated with this. Imagine the feelings of a certain gentleman and wife and daughters being announced at a crowded drawing room as "Mr. and Mrs. Foote and the Misses Feet!"

The Chimmie Fadden Roun' de table order of after dinner Rose Leafs holds "up ter de limit," meetin's each day in our friend "de bar-keep's drum." The bowery vernacular has been rapidly acquired, the subtle sayings of Mr. Fadden interpreted, and de "conk" of de members replete with literary matter of the highest order. A limited number of membership tickets are available by scraping yer clothes for a plunk and sendin' to der secretary of de jint.

Exams. are over, and by this time the results will have

been out, the fortunate ones congratulating themselves and being congratulated, the unfortunate consoling themselves with the fact that "there are others." A cold, cheerless place is Convocation Hall on occasions such as these; a small cyclone whistles down the back of one's neck and the Bishop and former Provost gaze from without their portraits in an unsympathetic, reproachful way, so tantalizing in their learned appearance to many a woefully unprepared one tearing his hair and chewing his pencil in sheer desperation. This reminds us that, the days of chewing pens is past, and likewise the days of exam. paper so variegated in color. 'Tis pity to lose such an old-time institution as this; the rivalry in collecting the several hues is no more, as is a most excellent substitute for note paper for the Arts man and sermon paper for the Divinity man. The article which has taken its place is far inferior in quality, and is generally left severely alone.

It is rather hard for the reading man, or for one who has retired for the night after a hard day's work, to be constantly disturbed by certain mortals, both inconsiderate and apparently stupidly irrepressible. Of course we are all more or less inconsiderate, but to be deliberately and selfishly so is an unpardonable fault. When men who have finished writing set out with the avowed purpose to give vent to their exuberance, and consciously disturb the less fortunate, not only in their own corridors, but in others', such conduct is, to say the least, childish and inconsiderate, and borders on the selfish. The same remarks apply to the disturber of one's slumbers. Deliberate inconsiderateness is a relic of school-boy days, and as such should be relegated to its proper place.

We find that the following omissions were made from the "Geological and Natural Collections Report" of our December number, viz: Twenty urchins of the fresh water order ('98 series); numerous sponges of varied classes; one star—face of the Norway genus, and several fossils of the antediluvian order. The latter collection, we may remark, which was in such a deplorable state some time ago, has been thoroughly overhauled, well dusted, and rearranged to the great satisfaction of the students in this particular department.

One Sunday morn, with good intent,  
Two faithful ones to matins went;  
St. Margaret's, vulgo, Pegs their shrine,  
(The vulgo's where we draw the line).

One was a British bull canine,  
The other—well—a friend of mine,  
A learned, classical divine,  
And minister at Peggie's shrine.

Their destination duly reached,  
The rector prayed, the other preached;  
While Isaac (British bull canine)  
Was shut beneath St Margaret's shrine.

A Briton ne'er a slave will be  
To insult or indignity.  
A Briton bold was our canine  
Imprisoned 'neath St. Margaret's shrine.

For up for liberty he stood,  
Up rose each drop of British blood  
'Gainst this far being from condign  
Imprisonment, 'neath Peggie's shrine.

Then anger, passion, rage up pent  
Within his soul gave awful vent,  
And ne'er such havoc, I opine,  
Was wrought before 'neath Peggie's shrine.

Coats, hats, and glossy silken tiles,  
Of fickle Fashion's latest styles,  
Did outraged liberty confine  
To dire doom, 'neath Peggie's shrine.

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