

little differences and petty quarrels which may arise between two universities in the same town. Then long live football! greatest of all sports; and here's a hand to Varsity, may their shadow never grow less!

It is always easier to "welcome the coming" than to "speed the going guest."

It is easier to meet the newly arrived freshmen with words of exhortation, than to bid farewell to the graduate who is passing from among us into a more extended Trinity, for how could the world be better described? THE REVIEW wishes them every success in their future career, and may they never forget who made them what they are, for though old Time is even now hurrying them further away from their undergraduate days, just as surely as he is forming embryonic Episcopon scribes and presidents of our clubs in the lower forms of our schools, yet a Trinity man is a Trinity man forever, and no one may forget the College that took him, all unformed from the pit whence he was digged, and turned him away—a man.

THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

It is hard to draw a fair comparison between the war which the United States has just brought to a triumphant conclusion with Spain, and the glorious campaign of General Kitchener in the Soudan. Every allowance must be made for the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, to whom a war, successful or otherwise, must ever prove disastrous, and that England is always "in training" as it were, for such little expeditions as that against the dervishes. But, try as we may to be lenient in our judgments and impartial in our criticisms, we cannot help saying, when we hear of the grewsome stories of wounded left lying in ditches, of camps pitched three miles from any water, of men starving in New York State:—"England would never have done so!" In individual bravery the American soldier occupies a high place among the warriors of the world, but an army of heroes can do nothing against a modern fighting machine. The Romans won battles against braver men than they. Organization and equipment determine the efficiency of a modern army and General Shafter's (or General Miles', which was it?) command was strikingly lacking in these two essential points, while Kitchener's campaign from beginning to end seems to have been one of the most brilliant triumphs of army management in the whole records of English History. A civilian may be pre-eminently qualified to take a prominent position in the army. Kitchener is a civilian, so is Roosevelt. But what of the numbers of civilians whom the United States War Department rewarded for political support by appointments to responsible positions in the army, when there were plenty of experienced veterans and able West Point graduates to fill the places, and to whom the mismanagement and disaster of the war are in the main to be attributed? The exploits of Dewey and Schley and the heroism of Hobson cannot be dimmed by grave errors and deplorable accidents in other departments of the war, but how will all this go down to history? Who will receive the greater prominence, the soldier achieving brilliant successes in the fever breeding marshes and under the tropical suns of Cuba, or the soldier dying on the train on the journey northwards, and being delivered over to his anxiously waiting relatives—in a coffin? Whose effect is the more lasting, the sword of Shafter or the pen of Alger? Time will show.

Mr. Davidson has been appointed travelling secretary for Convocation. A more judicious choice could hardly have been made. Trinity's interests are certain to be furthered wherever this eloquent speaker is heard.

THE ANNUAL CONVOCATION SERMON.

PREACHED BY HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA.

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13-14.

These glowing words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, dictated during his imprisonment at Rome, some twenty-six years after his conversion to Christianity, reveal a universal principle underlying all true work, and animating every true worker to the end of life.

Man, in order to be successful, or even to be happy, must have a purpose;—not merely purposes, most people have many—but one supreme purpose dominating all others, marshalling into line the varied forces of his manhood and ordering effectively the battle of his life.

Be it in the domains of business or of pleasure, in the world of Science, of Literature or of Art; be it in the arena of politics, or in the fields of moral and spiritual reformation, nothing of importance can be achieved by any one who is not, as we say, in "dead earnest," possessed by an indomitable will to succeed, a determination which, welding all the energies of mind and body into one, makes success almost a certainty by bringing the accumulated weight and momentum of his manhood to bear upon his task.

It is no new lesson invented by Christian teachers. Let modern science say what it will, the whole universe of God is aglow with it. Everything exists for a purpose. The sun, moon and stars shine to give light upon the earth; the rain descends to make it fruitful; "the grass grows upon the mountains" to feed the cattle, and the flowing spring "gives drink to every beast of the field." In this world "nothing walks with aimless feet." Wonderful in design and execution are the countless creations, contrivances and adjustments of Nature, from the bird, whose lightness and strength enables it to cleave the sky with grace and ease, to the earth worm, burrowing in the soil to restore its exhausted fertility;—all, as sceptical science admits by the phraseology it uses as it denies the fact,—all reveal the existence and the supremacy of purpose. All seem to cry with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "This one thing I do."

But St. Paul's words have a far deeper significance. They tell us that *man*—who is, under God, the end and sum of Nature's mighty travail,—man is gifted with mental and moral intelligence in order that he may have a conscious purpose, and by his purposing may achieve his destiny. His purposing is no mere mechanical obedience like the outreaching of the lower creation. He is a free agent; at liberty to choose his own ends. Yes, he may purpose what he will; but upon his purposing depends his future. His character will be what he makes it by the aims he chooses. His choice will bring its own reward. If his life-purpose be a noble one, thrilling every fibre of his being with holy energy, it will lift him to the very gates of heaven. But if it be a base, unworthy passion, it will degrade him to the mouth of hell. He is like God in being free to choose; and if he choose the good, he will become like God in character.

If we have ever marvelled that noble gifts should often prove so fruitless; that "high intellect should be unfolded in all its strength and subtlety" only to be wasted; or if we have ever pondered over the singular grandeur of some simple devoted life—it were well for us to ask if we have not here the key. Does not all that is greatest in human life and achievement come from obedience to St. Paul's principle, "This one thing I do?" And is not that the noblest manhood and most powerful for good which is absorbed in the noblest of all purposes—doing God's will?

But perhaps you think the lesson a trite and a needless one. Certainly there never was an age when the need of concentrated effort was more fully recognized. It is true that we are confronted in many quarters by appalling self-