

self-sacrifice, especially when the date of convocation has fallen during the session of Parliament at Ottawa.

Feeling that no recognition of your services would be so acceptable to you as the gift to the University of a portrait of yourself as Chancellor, we have subscribed for the picture now to be unveiled and, in making the presentation, we would express the earnest hope that you may long be spared to preside over the University, and that all its members may be inspired to imitate the example you have always set of devotion to duty in all the relations, both of public and of private life.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

April 7, 1897.

THE CHANCELLOR'S REPLY.

I find it difficult to express in fitting language, how deeply I feel the all too kindly and generous terms in which you have spoken of my connection with this College and University and of any services which I have been able to render as a member of the Council and as Chancellor of the University.

While I am very sensible that all I have been able to do for Trinity scarcely merits the high appreciation which you have expressed, I can at least claim that I have been actuated by the earnest desire to help on the noble work of building up this, our Church of England University, the foundation of which was laid five and forty years ago by that great and good prelate, the first Bishop of Toronto.

The mode which you have chosen to mark the twentieth year of my office as Chancellor, in the gift to the University by the members of Convocation, graduates, and undergraduates of Trinity of my portrait as Chancellor, is especially gratifying to me, because I venture to believe that it expresses the more than kindly feeling of the donors towards myself personally, a feeling which I appreciate and value most deeply.

I thank you most sincerely for your kind wishes that I may continue to preside over this University. It is an honour which I prize more than any other distinction.

I nevertheless feel that the time cannot be far distant when I ought to make way for younger men, who may do much abler service, though not, I may venture to say, with a more earnest love for Trinity than has actuated me during the long years in which I have had the honour and privilege of filling this chair as Chancellor of the University.

MEDICAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Following the good precedent of last year, the doctors who claim Trinity for their ALMA MATER held the meeting of their association in Convocation Hall on Wednesday, April 7th, under the presidency of Dr. Mitchell of Enniskillen. The election of officers for next year resulted as follows:—President, Dr. Elias Clouse, Toronto. Vice-Presidents; for Toronto, Dr. Rowan; for Western Ontario, Dr. J. O'Reilly, of Guelph; for Eastern Ontario, Dr. Tilley, of Bowmanville. Graduates' Representative, Dr. Eadie, Toronto. Secretary, Dr. H. C. Parsons, Toronto. Treasurer, Dr. Elliott, Toronto. Auditor, Dr. Harris, Toronto.

The following honorary members were elected:—Doctors Price, of Philadelphia, Ferguson, of Chicago, Park of Buffalo, Carstairs, of Detroit, Brown and Powell, of New York, and Sir Wm. Hingston of Montreal.

Notice of motion was given of a proposed change in the constitution which should provide for the election to the committee of a representative from the Ontario Medical College for Women.

Papers were read by Dr. Wishart (for Dr. Dillon Brown, New York) on "The Value of Anti-toxine in the Treatment

of Laryngeal Diphtheria," by Dr. J. L. Davison on "The Legal Significance of Certain Classes of Injuries," and by Dr. Harold Parsons on "Bone Lesions following Typhoid Fever."

In the evening a most successful dinner was held at McConkey's. The past president, Dr. Mitchell, presided. The invited guests were Dr. O'Reilly, Barrister, Simpson, and Dr. Dwyer, of St. Michael's hospital.

Dinner over, Dr. Mitchell proposed the health of the Queen. Then followed the toast to Trinity Medical, proposed by Dean Geikie, and responded to by Dr. Campbell. Dr. Powell proposed "Our Alumni," and Drs. Sheard, Shaw, of King, and Niddrie responded. The health of "Our Guests," was proposed by Dr. Sylvester, and the gentlemen honoured replied. Dr. McEachern was called upon and spoke briefly. Dr. Sylvester proposed the toast of the Legislature, and Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., replied. Dr. Temple was called upon and responded briefly. "The Ladies," was proposed by Dr. Andrews, and responded to by Drs. Parsons, Tilley, and Campbell. Those who contributed to the enjoyment with a song were Drs. Gordon, Bain, Parsons, and Dr. Callendar. The evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one and the gentlemen dispersed early.

BY RIGHT DIVINE.

I.

A broad streak of yellow spread across the western sky, against which a single white cloud, drifting aimlessly above the horizon line, stood out in strong contrast; depths of purple, o'erbrimming their ruddy boundaries, welled softly upward and mingled almost imperceptibly with the saffron; over the river, over the fields on either side, and over the wood towards the left, where the birches loomed from the shadows in long slender lines of white, a mist was falling; the heavy fragrance from acres of clover-bloom cloyed the heated air.

Thankful Lester stood watching a figure that was fast disappearing in the gloom. Her sunbonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, revealing the beauty of the upturned face, the graceful poise of her head, and the loosely braided masses of hair. As Jack Allan's figure became lost to view in the gathering darkness, she jumped lightly down the bank to the river-edge and, seating herself in her canoe, swept gently into the mid-stream. The mists deepened as the canoe was paddled noiselessly down the river; the red, and the orange, and the purple had faded to a dull cloudless gray and all along the shore sounded the shrill cry of the crickets, the piping of "the pied-frog's orchestra," and the murmurous swishing of the water against the stones. A plover's call trilled out from the far distance, then died away in the silence and the night. Fireflies gleamed above the marshlands like flames of nature-sacrifice. The moon's silver edge grew larger and larger behind a fringe of pines until the huge ball seemed poised upon the spiked tops. Then Thankful rested her paddle on the gunwales and, leaning forward with it still grasped in her hands, let the canoe drift where it would. The night wind fanned her flushed cheeks and, having dipped one hand into the water, she passed it wearily over her forehead.

"It is best for us both" she said to herself. "I do not love him. He will get over it—they all do—and then everything will be as before. Why can't people stay friends? I wonder!"

Jack Allan and Thankful had played together as children, had passed through the little school together, and then when life seemed so sunny, so broad, and so full of new and hitherto unknown joys, Jack had discovered that this friendship of the years, this happy, care-free existence had given place to a strange life, had opened into some won-