

# Trinity University Review

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## Trinity University Review.

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## Editorial Topics.

OUR ADVERTISERS. WITH the last number, the '97 issue of THE REVIEW was completed. The financial success for last year was splendid, and it must be very gratifying to friends of the paper to learn that we were able to give a substantial present to the College Athletic Club out of our profits. The revenue from the advertisements in THE REVIEW is a very large factor in this success, and so surely all men in College and our outside friends should systematically patronize those merchants who so kindly give us their advertisements.

WE have to announce the resignation of MR. M'GILL'S manager of THE REVIEW. Under the able management of Mr. McGill, THE REVIEW has had a most prosperous year, and we have to thank the retiring manager for his painstaking efforts and ceaseless energy towards the sustaining of a good financial basis for the College paper. The sum of one hundred dollars has been given the Athletic Association, and THE REVIEW begins the new year with a clean sheet and the brightest prospects. Mr. H. C. Griffith was elected to fill Mr. McGill's place, and we are sure the position could not have been placed in more competent hands. Mr. Griffith's ability and enthusiasm are known and appreciated as was clearly shown at his election.

SYMPATHY. During the vacation a disastrous fire occurred at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa. The eastern wing of this splendid building was completely ruined, and a great deal of damage done by water to other portions. We extend our sympathy to our sister university in its misfortune, and trust that it will soon recover from the ill-effects attendant upon the same.

### THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

"GIVE me a pipe, plenty of tobacco, an easy chair, and I'd never consider myself poor," drawled a drowsy voice from the corner farthest from the fire.

This may have been a hint for the one chair, which,

needless to say, was not proffered, or it may have been an honest opinion vouchsafed in a spirit of philosophic meditation.

"Keep me supplied with good books and I'd consider myself wealthy," issued from the depths of the aforesaid chair, while a third source expressed the opinion that if he were furnished with sufficient of the needful to comfortably pay his sup. fees he would be far beyond the reach of any hungering after the mundane things of life.

It is hard to draw a line between poverty and wealth, a line defining the exact bounds dividing the two states "Enough and to spare" would for some constitute wealth, for others merely a comfortable removal from the more acute of poverty's pangs. The former, like Charles Lamb, would move along in a happy, blissful contentment of body and mind, realizing with a desperate ecstasy the folly attendant upon the needless expenditure of a few shillings to procure a coveted bit of old china or some worthless antiquity. Then they would settle down to contemplate the sacrifices necessary to reimburse the family coffers, all the while regarding the dearly purchased treasure with a satisfaction sweetened by denial. They would compare their substance with those less fortunate and consider themselves rich indeed. "Just above poverty"—surely an ideal state. Lamb says in the *Essays of Elia*: "It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat."

The latter class would look beyond their state and compare it with those whose wealth would be expressed by "to spare" with no place for a humble and satisfying "enough."

They would consider themselves poverty-stricken, never thinking of the "very poor" blessed with a contentment and peace sweet to contemplate, rich in the gladsome resignation of natures prone to accept the best in life while trying to put up with the worst.

No, thank Heaven, poverty is not entirely a bodily deprivation of this world's goods, but it is the failure to recognize life's happy undertone of love and sympathy and trust.

\* \* \*  
Balzac says that "a woman who is stupid, ugly, poor and good possesses the four cardinal points of misery."

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The following is clipped from the *London Daily Telegraph*:—

Army ballads, war songs and Rudyard Kiplings are indigenous and of all lands. It is only in that exquisite sense, quality, they differ. Our old foeman, that unapproachable savage fighting man, the Fuzzy Wuzzy or Hadendowa, whom I have met in the shock of battle at El Teb, Tamai, and elsewhere, sings of the prowess of his own arms and the immortal deeds of Tommy Atkins on these and other fields. He revels and rejoices in Tommy, just as Kipling has done, as a foeman worthy of his steel. With a fine contempt for other natives, and for Greeks, Italians, French, and Germans, Ingles Tommy is his ideal man, fearless and mighty. Since 1884-5 they have in native fashion been singing Tommy's praises at their festivals. Now he is their true friend, and, in their opinion, as good as one of themselves, for is not England going to be their mother one of these days as well as his?

I venture to give an easy translation of one of these Hadendowa war songs, which, like most rude ballads, has much repetition. The words are chanted in solo form, line