

that by attending every evening chapel they can, by some occult process convert the fifty per cent. so gained into the sixty per cent. required. A truly beautiful feat of imagination to be rudely dispelled when the unfortunate ones arrive at that period of term which requires that they keep every chapel or lose the said term. Then follows tea, after which the wise and studious ones retire to their rooms and prepare to burn the midnight oil. Smith does the same. He disregards the inviting appearance of his favourite meerschaum, and throws his desk with books. Now, surely, he is going to grind. Perhaps. He opens one and proceeds to make a calculation as to whether he can't make that all up the night before examination. Figures can't prevaricate, and with a sigh he is beginning to acknowledge the imperious necessity of setting to work at once, when a knock is heard. "Come in," and Robinson appears. "What, grinding. Oh, you sap. Come round to my room and have some coffee." Smith feebly urges the necessity for his working, when Robinson demonstrates conclusively that Smith's calculations are utterly wrong, and that there is time enough and to spare in which to get up the work. Smith hesitates. Robinson presses his advantage. Alas for the vanity of human resolves. Smith accepts the tempter's invitation, and the evening which was to be devoted so steadily to overcoming the manifold difficulties of Demosthenes and statistics is devoted to coffee and conversation on every imaginable topic, not forgetting the last outrage in the shape of a display of unmitigated cheek on the part of some young freshman coupled with dire hints as to what would have been his fate in the old heroic days, and the merciful consideration exhibited by the present seniors. And so with tales of the "derring-do" of olden times, when seniors ruled with the iron hand without a velvet glove, when percentages were not, and lectures existed merely to find the professors something to do, and many regrets as to the degeneracy of our own days, Smith wiles away the time with his faithful pipe between his teeth, and his favourite pewter at his elbow, until the hateful bell which has pursued him with his vindictive clangings all day, "tolls the knell," not of parting day, but of the turning out of the gas, and Smith wends his way in darkness to his couch, cannot find his matches, breaks his shin over a coal-scuttle, and finally sinks to rest with the conviction that he has spent a very pleasant evening, and that grinding is nothing but a delusion and a snare.

T. B. A.

At Convocation this year, the Degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M. A., of this University, and Head Master of Trinity College School. It is the highest distinction in the gift of the University, and, we believe, the first instance of its being conferred on one of our own graduates.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

TRINITY TERM, 1883.

THE first issue of *The Week*, the new literary journal, which, if merit be a criterion, ought to achieve a great success, contained some verses by Mr. Lampman. We must congratulate him upon making his appearance before the public in a journal of such high character.

WE have much pleasure in calling attention to a letter appearing in this issue advocating the admission of the Rev. Professor Jones to the degree of D.C.L. Everyone must agree with the writer of that letter in what he says as to the paramount claims of the Dean to any distinction the University has to offer. Such long and valuable services as his should certainly meet with some recognition.

THE battle relative to the State aid for University College goes fiercely on, and the papers are full of letters with arguments *pro* and *con*. We must say that the friends of the University of Toronto are working well. We hear that organizations are being formed all over the Province for the purpose of presenting their claim to the Government in the strongest manner, but the present aspect of political affairs is such that it is very doubtful whether, when the Local House meets, the present Government will be in a position to invite any contest into which personal as well as political considerations would enter. We do not notice anything novel in the way of treating the subject. All its supporters still take the same old ground of the University of Toronto having been founded by the State, and therefore entitled to State aid whenever it may consider it necessary, apparently, quite ignoring the fact that the money has to be drawn from the amount raised by taxation by the Local Government. It is evidently, in their eyes, quite a fair thing that the University of Toronto should be supported by the taxes of people who have a most decided objection to its system. For ourselves, as a taxpayer, we most distinctly object to paying for the endowment of University College quite as much as we should to paying for St.