

## THE SUN'S FUNERAL.

By R. T. NICHOI.

'Twas the golden evening fair,  
As I lay among the flowers,  
Heeding not the passing hours,  
Framing castles in the air,  
Like those far off cloud-built towers ;  
Listening to the brook's wild song,  
As singing sweet, romantic rhymes,  
Welling forth quaint, fairy chimes,  
It laughing skipped along.

In the meadows far away  
Rose a convent's Gothic spires,  
Tipped with yellow evening fires  
From the ebbing waves of day ;  
While the grove's sweet vocal choirs,  
Each in glowing, heartfelt notes,  
Were pouring forth such joyous lays,  
Holy, vesper hymns of praise,  
As joy would burst their throats.

And a bell with solemn toll,  
Like a strain of music choice  
Bidding care-worn men rejoice.  
Breathed a calmness o'er the soul  
With its deep, sonorous voice ;  
Crying sweet while sank the sun  
'Mortals, cease to strive and toil,  
'Cease your slavish care and toil ;  
'The weary day is done.'

Then a mournful murmur swept  
O'er the swelling evening breeze,  
Like the sighing of the trees,  
Like the voice of those who wept,  
Sad it floated o'er the leas :  
'Dies ira', came the strain,  
Very sadly slow, and faint,  
Like the widowed turtle's plaint ;  
Then sudden sunk again.

Not to herald labour's close,  
Had the bell that evening rung ;  
But to toll a knell for one  
Freel from this world's bitter woes  
Had it waked its iron tongue,  
Still the words it sung before  
Might be to dead as live addressed  
'Tired, way-worn mortal rest,  
Thy weary work is done.

And from out the convent gate  
Poured a train of sisters fair,  
Bearing on a load of care  
In all death's hollow state :  
While athwart the hazy air  
Spread the sun's last golden flow,  
And slowly sounded still the bell  
Rose the chant with solemn swell  
As sad the strain did flow :-

*'Requiesce Jeau pie,  
'Quod cum causa tua ror  
'Ne me perdas illa die.'*



THE PROVOST.

BY REV. C. E. THOMSON, M.A.

On Monday week good-bye was said to one who has for nearly thirty years presided over Trinity College. Naturally the group assembled at the railway station to wish God speed to Provost Whitaker and his family, consisted mainly of past and present students of Trinity College: but there were not a few besides of those who in other than Academical circles have learned to esteem them, and who were present to give them a parting salutation. Judges and Senators, clergy and laity, gray beards and youths, united to do honour to those who, for so long a time have been identified not only with Trinity College, but with the city in its best and highest aspects.

It may be permitted to an old graduate of Trinity College to contribute a few words in remembrance of the Provost's Canadian career. Thirty-one years ago the writer of these lines stood on the wharf to witness the departure of the lion-hearted Bishop Strachan, when he went to England in behalf of the projected Church University. In less than two years from that time Trinity College was formally opened, with Mr. Whitaker as Provost and Professor of Divinity, and Messrs. Parry and Irving in the Classical and Mathematical Chairs. The first term (a winter term) was one of some discomfort. The building was new,—only half of it, from the entrance eastward, being fit for occupation: the men were unaccustomed to Collegiate discipline and restraint. The Steward had a hard time of it, and I am afraid many voted him a tyrant. But on the whole we managed to get on pretty well, thanks, as I can see now, to the management of those in authority, whose tempers must at times have been severely tried. At this moment, probably, none feel a warmer attachment to the Provost than most of those earliest students upon whom he made his first experiments as a College Head,—and who, notwithstanding some irritation at the time, have learned in later years to do justice to the conscientiousness of his administration.