



TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol. XI.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, MAY, 1898.

No. 5.

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Trinity University Review

A Journal of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

VOL. XI.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, MAY, 1898.

No. 5.

Trinity University Review.

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H. C. GRIFFITH, Business Manager,
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Literary contributions or items of personal interest are solicited from the students, alumni, and friends of the University. The names of the writers must be appended to their communications, but not necessarily for publication.

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Editorial Topics.

THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR.

At last Sousa's appeal to "let loose the dogs of war" has been answered by a fiery and impetuous nation, and the war-cloud, which has been hanging for so long over the Western continent, has burst. The match which fired the train was lighted by Congress when they passed their memorable resolution, but there is still a good deal of doubt as to the nature of the magazine which has now exploded with a good deal of fire and an immense amount of smoke. Is it that feelings of outraged humanity have at length awakened Americans to a sense of their duty, or that Uncle Sam is casting covetous eyes on the brightest jewel in the crown of Spain? As regards the theory that the end and aim of the United States is to make themselves independent of all other countries by gathering under her flag, countries producing all things which are necessary for the daily life of her people, Cuba could hardly be said to be necessary to the States, as although she is perhaps the richest garden of the world, yet the Southern States of the Union are also large producers of the articles by which Cuba herself has become famous. It has often been said that Cuba, when freed from the Spanish yoke will have a dark future indeed, unless she is able to enter the Union, as it will be long before a firm government of any kind is established and the country recovers from the effects of the protracted and devastating war. Of the issue of the present conflict there can be no doubt. A nation, whose history can in all justice be said to be drawing to its close, fighting for the sake of the glory and chivalry of the old days, can have little hope of ultimate success against a nation of practically unlimited resources, directed by men of the most energetic type, and, as the civil war has shown, second to none in individual courage and daring. Both countries are woefully unprepared, and it may be months before any decisive blow is struck. In the meantime war talk goes on merrily, the sale of daily papers increases to an enormous extent, and indeed it is safe to say that never was a war reported in such detail as this one; reports are received, confirmed, discredited, confirmed again and finally given to the public as gospel truth. The public is becoming a little skeptical, and now takes a great deal of war news *cum grano salis*. When

the end comes, and the time arrives for straightening diplomatic relations, and adjusting international difficulties, some light may be thrown on the real cause of the war. The word "sugar-trust" has been mentioned and seconded, but although there are unscrupulous men in every country who will stick at nothing to attain their own ends, it would be an act of the greatest injustice to the American people to believe them incapable of being actuated by a genuine desire to relieve the suffering of the wretched reconcentrados, and to drive the barbarous Spaniard from his helpless prey.

TRINITY AND QUEEN'S.

Queen's University has paid a tribute to Reverend Canon Low, Rector of Almonte, in conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Canon Low is one of the most prominent clergymen of our Church, and is a graduate of this University of whom we are very proud. The honour is all the greater, considering the fact that it comes from the representative University of the Presbyterian Church. The Reverend Canon has always been known to take a deep interest in any movement which might tend towards greater unity in the world of religious thought. We congratulate Canon Low on having won such recognition from Queen's, and welcome the event with satisfaction as a sign of the substantial good feeling which exists between two great religious bodies, which may pave the way for a much closer relationship in the near future. And here we would like to suggest an act on the part of Trinity, which would bring honour to herself and which would assuredly aid in bringing about a much desired result in bringing two Universities into closer touch with each other. Principal Grant, of Queen's, is one of the most prominent Canadian University men of the day. He is a man of the highest attainments, of deep learning and profound thought, and is, moreover, we are glad to say, a personal friend of many of our own Faculty. Would it not be a graceful act on the part of Trinity to offer to Principal Grant the highest honours she can bestow, and at the same time honour her own list of graduates with so prominent a name?

OUR ALUMNI.

The exit from College of the members of the Divinity class is an occasion for serious thought. The going out of the graduating class is, and must be always a matter of regret to those whose privilege it is to remain longer. To both those who leave and those who stay it means the breaking of many ties of friendship, the severance of associations which are for many of us the most pleasant of our lives. But there is consolation in knowing that our Alumni are, or should be, still members of our College Society, if not in body, "much more in spirit." The end of our course of study here should be the beginning of a life-study which should bring around us constantly a memory of College days. The mere obtaining of a degree, or of letters testimonial should by no means mean the end of our connection with our Alma Mater. Never, perhaps, did we feel the need of maintaining such a connection more than at the present time. The University, like many others, unfortunately, is passing through a critical period of its existence, and the benefit that our alumni can bestow upon it is inestimable. We hesitate to say that anyone is unwilling to do his share towards placing Trinity in the position she ought to occupy, but we are almost forced to believe that many who go out are inclined to forget their duty to those

who stay. True, our graduates are entering upon wider fields of labour, which must engross much of their time. They must take their part in the solution of the present day social, political and religious problems, but in this very sphere they can use no small influence which must rebound, directly and indirectly, to the benefit of their Alma Mater. We hope this year's graduates will not be wanting in this respect. We are aware that they, like other classes that go forth, might find some things that during their course here did not reach their ideal of perfection. Yet, to their College and its Faculty, they owe more, perhaps, than they can at present estimate. Those who are now going out should try to realize that their connection with their College is by no means severed, that from those who have received much, much also is required, that they have a duty towards Trinity quite as much as those who are actually or personally interested in its present welfare. We have no doubt of the power such a sentiment can wield. To our graduates we extend our heartiest good wishes for their prosperity and success, and trust that among the other things of life their duty to their Alma Mater will never be forgotten.

THE COLLEGE AND OURSELVES. The late examinations can furnish another fruitful theme for thought. The results of the Easter supplementals came home to those interested, and to us all alike, with surprise and regret. It is useless to make excuses for such a state of things, however far our sympathies might lead us to do so. The remedy lies with ourselves. And it is a duty to ourselves, to the Faculty, and to those who are most deeply interested in our welfare to exercise that remedy as soon as possible. We do not wish to speak only to those interested in those examinations, but to all. With regard to ourselves, such results bear witness, in most cases, to wasted opportunities, and we owe it first of all to ourselves to make the best use of those that remain. With regard to the College is it not evident that we have been too regardless of the fact that *our* prowess in athletics and *our* records in Examination lists are what make Trinity's present reputation? Without reference to their comparative value, these are the two departments which intending University men consider in making their choice. To those by whose kindness we are here, our duty is most obvious. Now, if we are honest with ourselves our duty will be clear. We have received a goodly heritage from those who have gone before, and we each share the responsibility of handing it on unsullied to those who come after. In a word the future is in *our* hands. If we are true to ourselves and to Trinity we must use to the best advantage what talents we may possess, some in presenting to the outside world a creditable examination list, some to give Trinity a respectable place in the field of sport. Real College spirit is best maintained, and our loyalty is best exhibited by avoiding everything which might tend to lower our reputation in any way. To the Final Year especially, does this apply. This is the last opportunity they will have of contributing to our reputation in athletic or of adding to our Honour Lists. To them, and to all, there could be no better watchword for the present term than to uphold by deed and act the culture and true ideal of education which has been the characteristic of life here, and to maintain the reputation of Trinity now entrusted to them.

GILBERT PARKER. The prospect of a visit from Gilbert Parker has awakened great interest in Trinity, and we are eagerly looking forward to the coming of one of her most distinguished sons. Not only as Trinity men, but also as Canadians are we proud to claim the clever author whose books assume a deeper interest when we consider their origin. Mr. Parker entered Trinity in 1882; soon became lecturer in elocution

and left in 1889 to take up journalistic work in Australia. We have all seen and rejoiced in his success and the popularity of his books, and most of us have enjoyed to the full his "Trail of the Sword," the interesting "Seats of the Mighty" and others of his pen productions. He has travelled extensively of late years, having as his headquarters London. We hope to be fortunate enough to secure an hour or so from his busy life and short stay in Toronto, and to have a lecture or address by means of which the Alma Mater, and Toronto in general, may have an opportunity to know better one of whom we are all so justly proud.

THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

"Greatness no longer depends on rentals; the world is too rich; nor on pedigrees—the world is too knowing."

Beaconsfield.

* * *

There are times when one's self, one's inmost nature, seems strong upon one, like the heavy brooding of a clouded atmosphere; a chance thought, mayhap, comes suddenly in the form of a revelation, and one's heart with its deep emotions, its throbbing sensitiveness and its wonderful untold mysteries is laid bare and exposed in the light of some new sentiment or impulse. It may be but for a moment, but, "that bright moment's unexpected glare shows us the best and worst of what we are."

It would be better were we more given to introspection, and the study of those emotions and sentiments that struggle for expression, and are repressed by our failure to recognize their struggles.

If we are grossly moral or grossly immoral the facts have to be met face to face; we can't hide them from ourselves no matter what aspect we present to the world. Everyone is more or less of the *hypocrite*—call it by some other name if you will—and if it were not so, society would soon develop into a general libertinism or a seething, conglomerate mass of expressed passions, good or otherwise.

By introspection we grow to know the strength of our sentiments, the true nature of our other self, and profiting by this knowledge can develop to a greater extent some opposing, but latent trait, when it is needed to balance some undesirable characteristic.

There is an introspection that brings morbidness, and dissatisfaction with oneself; then is it time to banish that false modesty which will not give an honest recognition to the other and better side of one's nature; those better qualities are there in everyone, and self-appreciation or rather self-recognition need not be assertive in the least degree. "Know thyself," has a thoroughly practical application, especially in these days of close competition and rivalry.

* * *

"Life is intense," the thinker cries,
'Alas,' the butterfly replies,
Were life intense to me, as you,
My wings would scarcely bear me through."

* * *

Almost daily one hears the remark, "He has missed his vocation," and surely of all words there are none more full of utter hopelessness.

The choosing of one's life-work is an inevitable epoch in the lives of most men, and but few realize to the full extent how much this choice means.

We see every day those rolling stones who light first upon one vocation, then upon another, failing in each to find anything of a desired restfulness; perhaps, after many trials some congenial occupation is stumbled across, and is entered upon with readiness, lacking, however, that fresh settledness of purpose which was, of necessity, lost or at least diminished by the days of wandering.

Again we see men who have thoughtlessly entered upon

some occupation to find out only too soon that they have indeed missed their vocation. They struggle on through the years without enthusiasm, amid uncongenial surroundings, settling down to a methodical and prosaic existence, utterly devoid of everything save its own deadly monotony. Life goes on from day to day in the same hum-drum way and these victims of fate keep bravely on, depending upon the one wretched *existence* for the wherewithal to provide something of happiness in that little glimpse of *life* which, mayhap, they are able to secure apart from their daily occupation.

One's profession is one's life-work and it should at least be congenial. Some children are reared from infancy with a certain destiny fully arranged for them by ambitious parents; they are trained in lines fitting them for that destiny; every influence, every subtle art is continually brought to bear, to bend the growing character in a certain direction, and very, very often dismal failure is the result.

A free choice is the only thing that can lead to a happy decision in this matter, and it should be careful, deliberate and final.

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

Emerson.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

We publish below a clipping from the "Ottawa Citizen" in reference to the recently celebrated anniversary of the appointment of His Grace, the Archbishop of Ontario to the Episcopal Bench.

His Grace the Archbishop holds a degree from Trinity, and is a well known friend of our college.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE.

A recent issue of the "Canadian Freeman," the well known Roman Catholic organ, contains the following tribute to the Anglican Archbishop of Ontario, on the occasion of the celebration, at Kingston, of the 50th anniversary of His Grace's ordination and his 36th year on the Episcopal Bench.

"On the 25th March last His Grace, Dr Lewis celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of his appointment to the See of Ontario. His own immediate congregation fittingly honoured the auspicious occasion, and all our citizens, without distinction of creed, joined heart and soul in the well-deserved tribute of affection and love to him who, in that long period of time, has ever merited the best regards of all who value true worth of character and goodness of heart. The Freeman cannot allow the opportunity to pass without laying at the feet of His Grace of Ontario its humble wreath of respectful appreciation; and to convey to him through its columns, the heartfelt congratulations of our Catholic community of this city. We cannot be but forever grateful to him for his recent expression of condolence on the death of our own illustrious and lamented Archbishop, the memory of which shall always live in our thoughts and affections as the courteous act of the true Christian gentleman and scholar. We dare to say, of the many tokens of personal esteem received by His Grace on his thirteenth anniversary, there were none more sincere, none more hearty, or more grateful than are the felicitations of his Catholic fellow-citizens. May His Grace of Ontario live long to enjoy the filial devotion of his own flock and the affectionate regard of all his fellow citizens, without distinction of creed or nationality."

This is so unique an instance of Christian harmony that it deserves to be broadly published.

On Saturday, Mr. McLay, Lecturer in English in McMaster University, and Mr. Wm. Hardie, Classical Master in the Perth Collegiate Institute, visited College and dined in Hall.

THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE OF DILSBERG.

Being an incident in the life of one John Mitchell, Captain of the Guard at Heidelberg Castle, as told by him in the year of grace, 1662.

"And so you're English, youngster? I knew you for a foreigner when I saw you, chin in air, gaping about the courtyard. I knew you for an Englishman when I saw you scratch your name on the fountain. You're seemly young to make your native land too hot for your inhabitation. Love you not the Stuarts?—Oh, your father would sit in judgment on God's anointed, and for his sins you wander. Pray God your banishment may not be so long as mine! For forty long years, save the year I served under our Rupert against the traitor Cromwell, have I not set eyes on my native land. When gallant Rupert left here two years ago to crown your king—your king, boy—I fain would have made one of his train. No, I must sit here and mount guard over this mountain of masonry while he and his sotted Germans gaze on dear old London and on her slender wenches. Hast seen a slender maid in the Palatinate? Nay! she breeds them not. Your look of sadness proclaims you not the Puritan your father is. 'Tis sweet to hear your voice, boy; come with me to my quarters and we will steep ourselves in the sweetest tongue on earth. Though it shames me to confess it, I mouth my mother tongue as strangely as a German would plum pudding. Yea, 'tis a beauteous place, and those mountains I see you gazing at are full of roe deer which make uncommon good sport. These Germans drive them down the mountain-side between nets which ever grow narrower until at last the poor beasts plunge into the Neckar, only to get their throats cut, which is not sport but butchery, say I.

"And you would know how it is that I have frittered away my best days in a foreign land? My father was a poor gentleman in the train of our gracious Princess Elizabeth, who married the Elector Frederick of the Palatinate. I, a lusty boy, motherless and relationless came too, as a page. My young tongue wrapped itself rapidly around the cumbrous German speech and soon I was friends with every soldier in the garrison. Oft, indeed, would I shirk my duties in the household to sneak off to the barracks and there like a sponge to suck in the rudiments of soldiery. I grew fast, and was large for my years, so I was put at soldiering for a trade earlier than usual. For forty years have I followed it with little to show save a few scars and a great longing for my native land. When were you in the town? I fain would hear its latest news. But such a Puritan vessel as you, will carry news of the Merry Monarch, but poorly. Tut! Tut! you're as full of questions as Perkeo is of wine. 'Tis to tell a man that old age comes apace to ask him for tales of his youth. Nay, nay, a Puritan tongue turns such speeches but clumsily. But I will humour you, boy, and from the background of mine experiences will I conjure up a tale which I will give you for the very love of chattering in mine own tongue.

"I was but a lad when the great Thirty Years' War broke out. Soon we heard that the Bavarians under Tilly were in the Rhine valley. 'Twas plain that Dilsberg must be strengthened, for 'tis a stronghold indeed. Not seen it! 'Tis but a step up the Neckar. A lofty hill like a sugar loaf around whose base the Neckar makes a great loop. Dilsberg sits like a coronet on its smooth brow, with her steeples and battlements ever outlined against the sky. On the other side of the river, in the middle of the loop, is Neckarsteinach with her four castles, one, Schadeck, perched high on a cliff, and three others in procession on a low spur of the mountain, which for some distance foils a noisy trout stream from joining with the Neckar.

"I was named as a sub-officer in the Dilsberg garrison

and for some days a dreary time we had of it, perched six hundred feet in the air with naught to drink save sour wine and heavy beer. Then we got news that the castle of Heidelberg was beleaguered and 'twas not long before a man, bloody and breathless, clamoured at the gate crying that the castle was taken and that he was the bearer of important despatches. And verily he was, for they had saved the Secret Treaty whose publication was to lay bare the treachery of the allies. It had been stolen from a Monk who was its bearer, and Tilly would give his eyes for it. The papers were taken by the governor and every preparation made for an immediate siege. That night we turned in, breathing the heavy atmosphere of suppressed excitement—which one always feels before action. Meanwhile the garrison was strengthened by about an hundred men, who had escaped from Heidelberg and who straggled in all that night. Next morning when I went into the courtyard to mount guard I found the enemies' banners in sight, and the siege commenced.

"Tilly saw at once our situation. His field batteries could do us no harm—assault by storm was impracticable until we were weakened by disease and famine, so he set in to make a strict blockade and to starve us to surrender. Our garrison was not large, though ample enough to defend the small circuit of the walls so that, on shortened rations, we could do well with a small supply of food. Of water we had plenty, and Tilly knew it, for there is the famous well down to the living water of the Neckar. Fancy Tilly's wrath and amazement at no sign of surrender as the weeks grew into a month or more! Winter approached and his plans were bitten into, day by day, by that tiny mass of stonework smiling down on him in the autumn sunshine. Of course every one in the walls knew from whence the supply of fresh food came, but the secret of the passage was in the keeping of only six men. Three officers in Dilsberg; in Neckarsteinach, three trusted burghers sworn under the most stringent oaths. Incredible as it may seem, such a passage, three-quarters of a mile long, existed and was used. It opened into the shaft of the well, about eighty feet below the surface, and after several turns, as though the diggers had lost their way, opened again in the cellar of a house in the Neckarsteinach market square. On market days, twice a week, food was brought into this house and from thence to Dilsberg. That was why Tilly gnashed his teeth. Though the legend of its existence was common with the peasants their hatred of the enemy prevented talk and, by using caution, we had no trouble. Many a jest had we as we ate the goose which had waddled quacking away from Tilly's horse not forty-eight hours before!

"Things went on quietly thus for about six weeks. It was again my turn to go through the passage and to conduct the food to the hungry mouths above. The well stands in the castle court, so we chose six at night for our start, as the men were then at evening mess and the court empty. Then I was hurriedly lowered and the rope drawn up. In emergency I could climb up hand-over-hand by the chain of the bucket. One would think the air in a shaft closed for such a distance would be foul, but if the lower end was left open, a draught ran up to the Dilsberg end as though it were a chimney. The passage was high enough to stand erect in, but it slanted very steeply and the rough stone steps were uneven and slippery.

"I had gone about three hundred paces or so when I slipped and swinging my arm to catch myself struck my lantern against the wall and put it out. The darkness that closed in on me was something awful. It seemed to press against my heart and stop its beating. The dampness seemed to be part of the darkness. I groped for a tinder box, and a thousand curses on it—in the hurry I had left it behind. I had no stomach for climbing the chain so there was nothing for it but to grope my way to the other end. So I started, always touching the right

hand wall, for I knew that there were two openings on the left. One where the old diggers had evidently lost their way and which soon ended in the living rock; the other longer and full of noxious gases.

"As I came to the first turn a sharp, quick blow on the chest almost knocked me down, and then the clatter of steel on the stones. 'Praise God for my brave links,' I muttered, as I threw myself forward to grasp my assailant. But he slipped through my fingers and dashed off down the passage in that inky darkness! I followed, my soul afire with rage. Preserved from falling by a miracle, we dashed on like fiends possessed. Then we turned to the left. Suddenly there was a crash and a horrid rattling mixed with the unknown's curses. In a second I was on him, and we were writhing and twisting together. At last my dagger found his throat and I felt a warm stream strike my face as the great artery pumped away his life. As I arose and stepped back I found what had tripped him—a skeleton, a mouldering, reeking skeleton. Where was I? Then I noted the air—'twas heavy as though I breathed poison and my head whirled, and felt huge, and light, and empty. I rushed forward in a great unreasoning desire for God's fresh air. On, on I staggered, until I felt a crash on the forehead and the warm blood in my face. I was dimly conscious that I had run into the jagged wall. The loss of blood must have cleared my head, for I tottered on with stronger steps. Suddenly I fell against a stairway and slowly crawled up its uneven winding steps until all ended in a blank.

"Drop, drop, drop; first I heard something faintly falling with regular beats, then the noise became a series of increasing crashes, each striking me on the chest and almost suffocating me. Then they grew slowly fainter until they almost died away. Now they come heavier again—heavier, heavier. I started up with a rattle in my throat that was the ghost of a shriek. It was dark with that same terrible darkness. I was lying on a broad step and from above somewhere, water was softly falling. The air was horribly thick but not with the poison of that grim hole below. With aching limbs and throbbing head I slowly began to crawl upward. At the next turn of the steps I saw a faint, gray streak. New strength coursed through my blood and soon I was peering through a slit in the stonework. When my eyes accustomed themselves to the faint starlight, I saw a narrow strip of dank earth before me and then another wall rising higher than I could see. 'Twas the dry moat of a castle, but I noted naught but the freshness of the air, and that I drank in as a man would the Elixir. As I sucked in great draughts through this God-given hole my head gradually became clearer and I sat me down to think. I was evidently in a long forgotten passage to one of the three castles. From the fact of the dry moat I realized it must be Hinterburg, the only inhabited one of the three, and—by Bacchus, I cursed when I thought of it—at present Tilly's headquarters! Go back, by the beard of Moses, no? I had as lief walk barefoot into hell. 'Twas up and trust to young blood and native wit. And young blood served me better than native wit, which gave me a most dastardly desertion.

"The stair now grew much narrower and was evidently in the thickness of the wall. Suddenly I came to a level place, and as I put my hand out to feel, it touched a wooden partition and a dog barked. Then I heard the deep growl of a man's voice. My heart stopped and I stood petrified, my hand touching the oak. Then another voice growled deeply and the voices lapsed into the low murmur of a broken conversation. What was I to do? Plainly to stand as silent as Lot's wife turned to salt until they retired, and then to open the panel and escape through a window. "Restlessness soon overcame me and I began feeling about. Before long I found another opening leading up, and up I crept. I had not gone far before I saw a little flicker of light and creeping forward I found myself on the groined

ceiling of the room beneath. The spot of light was a spy hole hidden in the moulding of the arch. To this I glued my eye, and as it was cleverly placed I could take in almost the entire room below.

"Twas about ten paces square, panelled with oak to the spring of the arched ceiling. A heavy table was in the middle before a fire, from which a thin blue spiral curled up as it sought its vent in the ceiling. Two men sat at this table—one I knew well by sight, the other even better by hearsay. One was old Von Steinach, the last and most unworthy of a cut-throat crew of feudal barons. He sprawled in his chair looking over his great paunch with bleary eyes at the wreck of a fowl which was strewn on a platter before him. With one hand he fingered the greasy bones, slowly dropping them to two lank hounds, who fought with loud yappings in and out among the legs of his chair. His right hand was on an immense beer mug which made many journeys to his flabby face.

"The other was Tilly! He had quartered himself on the baron, but war is war, so he made no guest-like effort to mould his features into a more affable expression for his host. His face was brown as a Moslem's and deeply wrinkled, but yet with a pleasant look, if one saw not the cold glitter in his eye. His moustachios were trained to a fierce point, and his beard cut close about the oval of his face. On his meagre body was a cuirass which he wore over a red tunic. One long red sleeve lay on the table, out of which protruded a thin nervous hand toying with a wine-glass. For some time I lay thus on my belly in a dust born of ages taking in details which generally one would be blind to. For instance, the table had a long crack, Tilly's glass was green, and all that was left of one dog's right eye was a glaring red socket.

"From his constant glances at the door, 'twas evident that Tilly was expecting some one. The baron's body began to heave regularly and his breath to whistle soft through his lips. Ere long a man-at-arms announced a name that made me start—Johan Pelz? Here was more treachery, for was he not one of the burgers sworn to the secret of the Passage? I could feel the rage waxing and growing hot in my body. As they spoke it took complete mastery of me. 'How is it?' said Tilly. 'Your Highness, the man is even now climbing the chain in the great well. He has killed the officer sent down for food and will open the gates on the stroke of midnight. Your men must be near as the alarm will be given immediately.' 'Very good, very good, but why not tell me the whereabouts of this passage that I may send in a column by that way also?' 'Your lordship, I am sworn.' 'On a point of honour,' sneered Tilly, 'thou'rt full of honour—but hark ye, not a crown wilt thou get until I know.'

"I could see the man wavering even though my rage had blinded me so that the scene seemed blurred and the voices distant. 'Tis an oath, your lordship, an oath, but if your lordship will pay me even now I will give him a plan showing him where the secret treaty is undoubtedly hid. I was a boy at Dilsberg and know her secret panels. 'Tis a more certain way than by torture,' he added. As he put his hand in his breast for the paper I slid down the slanting stonework, rushed down the stairs and with one kick sent the wooden panel to slivers and burst into the room dagger in hand.

"I saw the baron's face blanch and his jaw fall. Tilly's skin grew ashen gray under its tan, and Pelz looked like a man already dead. What a sight I must have made! My face was clotted with my own blood and with another's, my clothes bloody and grimy, and my eyes burning with a rage that swayed me as the wind sways a river reed.

"The very hounds were silent. Not a sound was heard save a gurgle from the baron—and then the thud of my dagger hilt on the traitor's breast bone. He fell heavily across the fire and the hissing embers sent up a cloud of white steam.

"I took the paper from the table, turned and went toward the passage. As I stooped to go through the narrow opening, I saw Tilly had recovered himself and was rushing at me with drawn sword. I stepped up the stairway to wait for him but he turned to the right and I heard his jack-boots crashing their way downwards. My blood was afire with killing. I laughed and muttered, 'Thou'lt get a rare bellyful of gas down there my game cock!' Now upwards and escape!

"I crossed the ceiling and plunged into another stair which was so narrow that either shoulder brushed the stonework. I came to a panel and listened—no sound. I thanked my fortune for an empty room.

"No, a short cough, and from a female throat. There was no time to lose, so I ran my hand over the wood until I felt a knob. This I turned and the panel opened softly. I was in the bed-chamber of a woman. The baron's daughter I knew it to be, for what else feminine was in the castle?

"It had naught of furniture save a spotless little bed, which shone white against the dark woodwork, two chairs and a white-robed dressing table. At the table she sat, her back turned to me. I could see naught of her but the youthful lines of her figure and the queen-like poise of her head. 'Sweet Fraulein, I pray you scream not.' She turned. Even in the midst of flight for life, with the instinct of killing not yet gone to sleep within me, I felt a pang of regret. She was not as beautiful as her back had promised. I was young and looked for beauty.

"But I caught a glance of her soft brown eyes, startled as they were. 'What do you here?' 'Fraulein, 'tis a long story and it suffices to say that I am one of the beleaguered garrison, that I have found foul treachery to-night, that I have choked it and that now I fain would escape through your window.' 'Tis too high, indeed, you will be dashed to pieces,' she said in her soft voice. I opened the case and looked out. A sheer drop of forty feet to the dry moat beneath. Oft have I noted that men in perilous positions have some cursed tendency to flippant speech. 'Your father seemed somewhat startled at my coming in upon him unannounced,' I remarked with a sickly smile. She frowned. Little did either of us know that in the room beneath the Baron already stiffened in his chair, with gaping jaws and glassy eyes. 'Tis an unseemly time for jesting, steeped as you are in another's blood'—I felt abashed. Hoarse shouts and tramping of feet came from below. Out in the moat grew a fir whose feathery top barely reached the level where I stood. It was far out and naught but a brave leap could touch it. I stood on the window-sill. 'Fraulein, pray for me.' 'God be with you,' she murmured, 'against the enemies of our land.' 'Twas not a dark night, for the heavens were ablaze with stars. I could see Dilsberg black and jagged against the heavens, and far below the Neckar complained over her rocky bed. Then I leapt. A swish of air by my face and I struck the tree with terrific force. I was tossed from one branch to another; often they broke with loud reports; often they stood firm and rigid, cutting and bruising me cruelly. With a crash I was on the ground and for a moment I lay half stunned. A man appeared on the parapet above me. I leapt up and as I swung myself over the low outside wall I saw a flash and heard a bullet splatter against the stones. In a moment I was in the dense shade of the fir trees and in half an hour in Dilsberg, near dead with fatigue and excitement.

"Tilly raised the siege three days later. Winter was on his heels and he could wait no longer. 'Twas well he went, for we had soon starved, as he watched the victualling of Neckarsteinach with an eagle's eye. Now, boy, art satisfied?"

Mr. W. G. H. Bates leaves for England shortly to enter the Imperial Army.

Book Reviews.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.

The Growth and Administration of the British Colonies, 1837-1897, by the Rev. W. P. Greswell, M.A., author of "Africa South of the Zambezi," "History of the Dominion of Canada," etc. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Price 2-6.

This is the fifth volume of the *Victorian Era Series*, the previous issues of which have been noticed in our columns. The title of the work before us attracts at once. The present war is drawing attention to the colonial possessions of all the great nations. Moreover the last few years have seen a great change in the attitude of "official" England towards her colonies. This is due to several causes. The colonies themselves have shown unexpected powers of development and expansion. High tariff walls are shutting the door against English commerce. The trade of the colonies with the mother land has become a matter of great importance. At the same time, steam and electricity have united the various parts of the empire into one body. The cry of the "little Englanders," which was so strong in the "sixties," is at last entirely discredited. England's supremacy on the sea and in commerce is now clearly seen to be bound up with her colonial expansion. Mr. Greswell has evidently made a careful study of his subject. His references to documents and speeches betray great labour, and we acknowledge our indebtedness to him for a careful tracing out of the revolution in English parliamentary opinion as to the importance of colonial possessions. Well-deserved tributes are paid to Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his friend Charles Butler, pioneers in recognizing the importance of colonial expansion. Lord Durham and the late Right Honourable W. E. Forster, as well as Sir John Seeley, come in for their meed of praise. Mr. Goldwin Smith is severely criticized for his crusade against the colonial empire.

After dealing with the history of opinion on colonial expansion, our author treats in turn of the growth of the British-American, Australian and African colonies, and then takes up the question of colonial constitutions. Three of the nine chapters are occupied with Canada. A useful appendix contains an outline of the Canadian Constitution. On the whole the book is well worth reading, though lacking somewhat the charm of an attractive style.

THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

From the French.

Holding amid his court his wonted place,
Henry one day observed among the rest
A stranger, rude in dress and coarse of face,
And, wondering why this intruder pressed
Into his presence with such lack of grace,
He asked him: "What's your business, friend, I pray;
Who is your master?" In a tone of pride
The self-complacent churl made answer: "Nay,
I serve myself alone, no man beside."
"I pity you, my friend," the king replied,
"That's but a clownish master you obey."

Tis.

ST. HILDA'S NOTES.

On Monday afternoon, March 21st, the St. Hilda's Literary Society held their last meeting for the term. The most interesting feature of the meeting was the "inter-year" debate upon the respective merits of "The Sword, the Tongue, and the Pen." The cause of the Pen was advocated by the Third Year; that of the Sword by the Second Year; while the merits of the Tongue were upheld by the

First Year. The debate, which was listened to with much interest by an unusually large audience, was opened by Miss Whately, who read her speech. Her arguments were somewhat too vague to be convincing, especially when one or two forcible counter-arguments were brought forward by Miss Macdougall, whose manner, however, lacked enthusiasm, and whose language was somewhat marred by colloquialisms. Miss Marion Talbot spoke at some length and displayed an extensive knowledge of history, both ancient and modern.

Miss Constantinides then resumed the debate in favour of the merits of the Pen. She strongly denied that war could claim as its own the beneficial results attributed to it by Miss Talbot. Miss Goad answered her in a speech which betrayed the lack of careful preparation. Miss Brown spoke with much decision, and her arguments were forcible. She is, however, too much addicted to dogmatic assertion unsupported by proof.

The manners of the seniors, both Third and Second Years, call for the severest criticism—being lacking in dignity and seriousness—while the First Year, whose conduct in this matter was blameless, has, in accent, pronunciation, phraseology, in short, all that belongs to oratory and rhetoric, much to learn from their seniors—especially from Miss Constantinides, who was the best speaker as far as fluency and graceful phraseology were concerned.

The audience, being called upon to decide, gave their votes in favour of the First Year.

A musical selection, very well rendered, by Miss Kirkpatrick, a short paper contributed by Miss Harmer, bristling with morals but very interesting withal, and a few remarks by the President brought to a close perhaps the pleasantest and most interesting meeting of the year.

Theological and Missionary.

NAGANO BUILDING FUND.

The members of the committee appointed to look after the completion of the work begun a year ago in connection with the Nagano Building Fund, are energetically pushing matters forward. In the carrying out of their plans they need the hearty co-operation of every Trinity man. We undertook to pay for the building of a church in Nagano, for Rev. J. G. Waller. Now that the church will soon be opened for public worship we ought to see every cent of the debt paid off as soon as possible. The building would not have been begun so soon had not the undertaking been so strongly backed by the energetic efforts that were being put forward here last year to raise a sum sufficient to meet all expenses in connection with the undertaking. The church itself was an absolute necessity, as the rooms Mr. Waller used were too small to accommodate the people who attended the services. It is hoped that every Trinity man will try to do something during the coming summer towards getting together the thousand dollars still needed for Mr. Waller.

We are eagerly looking forward to a visit very soon from Mr. Waller, who, we understand, is to spend the coming summer in Canada.

* * *

The Secretary received a very interesting letter from Rev. F. W. Kennedy, another of our graduates who is working faithfully at Matsumoto, Japan. Rev. M. Kakuzen, who is known to some here, is assisting him. Two years ago the number of Christians in Matsumoto, belonging to the Church of England, including the members of Mr. Kennedy's family, numbered ten. To-day the register shows forty-two names. While at first it was almost impossible to get the people to attend the preaching

now they attend in such numbers that Mr. Kennedy cannot accommodate them all. For some time Mr. Kakuzen enjoyed the extreme pleasure of preaching to a congregation of one, whom however he was the means of bringing to the faith.

Seeing that Matsumoto is the second town of importance in the province of Shinani, it ought to have a church. At present the Christians assemble in a private chapel in Mr. Kennedy's own house, for public worship. This is, however, now too small to accommodate all the Christians. There is urgent and speedy need for a suitable building, especially as the railroad is about to be extended to Matsumoto. The church now holds the foremost place in Christian work there, but, unless a good site is secured now, before the railway is built, she will undoubtedly be pushed aside by the other denominations who seem to have an unlimited supply of money.

All this shows that Mr. Kennedy has a need, and that need is an urgent one—he needs a church—but first he must secure a good site which ought to be done *at once*. Who will help him in this work!

* * *

We wish every success to our members who have left the divinity class for the purpose of entering the sacred ministry. Of these the Diocese of Ontario claims four, the remaining four being divided between the Dioceses of Toronto and Niagara.

* * *

Mr. C. A. Heaven is to be highly congratulated on the very high standing he took in the recent examinations. May he meet with a like success in his future work!

* * *

On Friday evening, April 29th, a few of the men met in the Provost's Room to listen to a talk on missionary work in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle by the Rev. A. C. Kettle, who is on his way to England. Mr. Kettle gave some very valuable information concerning the work among the settlers, and on the Indian Reserves. All of the settlers and most of the Indians are being ministered to by the Church; and on the whole the progress made is very encouraging.

College Chronicle.

CRICKET.

This sport, which constitutes the game of games, forms our chief amusement during the season upon which we have just entered. It is the game which has won for Trinity a name in the field of sport. Trinity has sent forth men who have taken the foremost place in Canadian cricket. In former days the College could put two strong teams in the field—both able to do effective work. Can this be done to-day? Yes, quite easily, if we make up our minds to turn out and practise—there is material in the College for two good teams. What is needed is a fuller realization of the responsibility resting upon every man who knows anything whatever about the game. Every man should feel that he ought to uphold the honour of the College in this sport as well as in others, as far as his ability will allow him. Our success in cricket during the next three or four years depends largely upon the efforts we put forward now. We cannot think of the past history of cricket in this College without a feeling of pride; but should we be satisfied with what has been done in the past? Let us not forget the present and the future in looking too much into the past. Let our aim be to rival the past in our achievements of this and coming years. Every man can do something in this direction if he only will. Surely success is well worth the inconvenience of turning out for the necessary

hour's practice each day! Trinity men, remember, we have got to keep up the honour of the College in cricket. Let us show our distinguished graduates, then, that the spirit they engendered here in this noble game has not by any means died out, but is being fostered in such a way as to bring forth good fruit.

* * *

So far this year the men have been very enthusiastic. The prospects for a good team are very bright. We are glad to say that a match has been arranged with Toronto University.

In former years this was an annual fixture, but for the past two or three years Toronto University has played very little cricket, and has not felt able to meet Trinity. Now, however, more interest is being taken in it, and we are very glad that we shall meet Varsity once more in the grand old game. It was decided not to re-engage Fleet for another year, and efforts were made to get Leigh, of Parkdale, but to no purpose. L. W. B. Broughall was elected captain of the first eleven, and after a lot of writing he has succeeded in drawing up the following list of fixtures.

- May 7. Woodbine C.C., at home.
- " 14. S. Alban's C.C., "
- " 21. Parkdale, C.C., "
- " 24. Toronto and Rosedale C.C., at home.
- " 28. T.C.S., C.C., at Port Hope.
- June 1. U.C.C., at home.
- " 4. Toronto University, Varsity grounds.

A glance will suffice to show that one well-known name is missing from our list, that of the Hamilton C.C. Unfortunately, so far we have not been able to come to an agreement about a date, but everyone knows how much this match is enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that a date will be arranged. Of course our cricket term is very short and naturally great difficulty is experienced in arranging matches. We hope also to have games with R. M. C., Ridley, and another with Toronto.

* * *

J. R. H. Warren was elected captain of the second eleven but resigned, and K. O. McEwan was elected in his place. He is arranging matches but has not yet completed his list which will be published later.

OBITUARY.

It is with deepest regret that we record the death at Iron River, Michigan, on April 14th., of the Rev. W. Macaulay Tooke, a graduate of '80. The deceased had been a great sufferer for over two years and unable to continue his clerical duties, his long illness being borne with much courage. He retained a strong interest in, and deep affection for, the Alma Mater. To the grief-stricken wife and family THE REVIEW extends the warmest sympathy.

Personal.

The Reverend J. W. Cooper was married on Wednesday, in Easter week, to Miss Daisy Martin.

Mr. H. C. Osborne leaves this month for France. It is his intention to spend the summer in Paris, in order to study French.

Mr. R. H. M. Temple, a graduate of last year has taken a commission in the Toronto Highlander regiment, and has commenced a three month's course at Stanley Barracks.

We are intensely sorry to have to chronicle the illness from typhoid fever of Mr. Leonard McLaughlin, '99, of the editorial staff of THE REVIEW. Mr. McLaughlin is most

unfortunate, having been laid up with an injured knee last fall, and we can only hope that his present sickness may be neither long nor severe.

Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, '94, has returned to Toronto from Chicago where he spent last winter. Mr. Wadsworth is one of our most loyal graduates, and we take great pleasure in welcoming him back, as we may now hope to see him in College from time to time. He has promised to play cricket with us this season, and will be a great acquisition to the team.

The Faculty entertained at dinner in Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in Easter week. Among others of their guests were Principal Henderson, of St. Catharines; Principal Merchant, of London; Principal Thompson, of Hamilton; Principal Gilfillan, of Bowmanville; Principal Strang, of Goderich; and Messrs. W. J. Robertson, of St. Catharines; Ambrose DeGuerre, of Galt; and George E. Shaw, of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute.

Among the Trinity graduates writing upon the Osgoode Law Examinations this spring, are Messrs. Cattanach, McMurrich, Bucke, Wadsworth, Martin, Osborne, Bell, Senkler, Bradburn and Temple. For some the dreaded siege is over, but for others the "sound of the grinding" is still low. That fellow-feeling which maketh wondrous kind, fills our hearts with sympathy, and we sincerely hope that the Trinity contingent, in particular, may come out well and bring honour upon their alma mater.

The Rev. W. A. J. Burt who for the past seven months has been serving at Gravenhurst as locum tenens for Mr. Machin, has been made Incumbent of the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, at North Bay, where he begins his duties early this month. His former congregation at Port Carling, where he officiated for six years, presented him before leaving for North Bay, with an address, silver tea service and tray, in addition to a gift in money, as an expression of their esteem, and in appreciation of his work among them.

Mr. Alexis Martin has removed to Victoria, B.C., where he joins the firm of Messrs. Martin & Langley. Mr. Martin has been identified with Trinity and Trinity sport for some years, especially during his course here, being president of the Athletic, and most enthusiastic in cricket and football. The handsome cup presented by him for the winners of the inter-year football series remains among us as an expression of his generosity and interest in the game. THE REVIEW extends all good wishes for his success in the far west.

Among the Trinity men who dined in Hall during Easter week were Messrs. Peter Perry, of Fergus; McGee, of Brockville; Wismer, of the Jameson avenue Collegiate Institute; and His Honour Judge Ardagh, of Barrie. Other guests in Hall in the same week were Professor Hale, of Chicago University; Professor Hutton, of the University of Toronto; Mr. A. A. Jordan, President of the Ontario Educational Association; Dr. M. Kelly, of Brantford, the newly appointed member of corporation; Inspector Knight, of Lindsay; and Professor Sykes, of Philadelphia.

In the present number of THE REVIEW we publish a story written by Mr. W. F. Hubbard, who left Trinity at the beginning of the College year to enter the University at Heidelberg, Germany. Since leaving, Mr. Hubbard has been very kind about contributing to THE REVIEW, thus showing that his interest is still with Trinity and her institutions. We have pleaded ere this in these columns for literary contributions from the students, alumni and friends of the University, and have met with but little response. Mr. Hubbard's example is a good one to quote, and may it be followed by others in the future.

College Cuts.

In this war crisis it is hard to decide which is the more tiresome of the two species which have sprung into aggressive being; the one which of a sudden discovers the throb of Spanish blood in his erstwhile Canadian veins, and on the strength of this discovery descends forthwith upon the glories of "old Spain," "what she has done in the past, and what she will do to the American eagle," etc., etc.; or the other, who insists upon our listening to the other half of the argument, and with American jingo spirit, boasts of what Americans intend doing, of American greatness and prestige, still alas! in the embryo. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate cause of these two elements will soon cease to be, and with it the boresome products called so suddenly to light.

It is hoped that before the June examinations the cause that prompted the following may have vanished, and that the "causes" may find some employment for midnight hours less "interesting" to their neighbours:

Nunc opus est iterum studiis: redivit, heu mihi, turba
Cuius vix cessat nocte dieque fragor
Nescio quid rancore M—— gulture cantat,
Inque vicem nugas, W—— ius ore fremit.
Jamque R—— us adest socius, tetroque tumultu
Absentem certant voce cedere F—— um.
Cur tamen hoc faciunt? Hac, credo, mente laborant
Ut cum "Divinis" se sociare queant.

B.

Convocation Notes.

EDITORS.

A. H. YOUNG, M.A. THE REV. H. H. BEDFORD JONES, M.A.

In consideration of a grant of \$100.00 a year this space is set aside for the use of the Convocation of the University. Copies of the REVIEW are sent free to associate members who are not graduates and to Heads masters of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The regular meeting of the Executive Committee for April was held on Tuesday evening, the 19th, at 8 o'clock in the Registrar's room.

There were present Messrs. Worrell (in the chair), Kirwan Martin, D. T. Symons, the Reverends H. B. Gwyn, W. H. White, Professor Cayley, the Dean, the Registrar, the Provost, and the Acting Clerk.

RESIGNATION AND ELECTION.

Mr. Alexis Martin's resignation was read and accepted. Mr. Goldwin Larratt Smith, M.A., being elected unanimously to fill the vacancy.

ACCOUNTS AND MEMBERS.

An account of \$7.62 for postage was passed. Messrs. John Bushell, M.A., T. H. Wood, M.A., and J. de P. Wright, M.A., were declared full members.

CHAIRMAN'S RULING.

A ruling was given by the chair that, in accordance with the by-laws of the University, no Bachelor shall become a Master in virtue of his membership in Convocation unless his ten dollars be paid for fees due before the time of taking the higher degree.

EDUCATION SUNDAY.

The Provost reported that arrangements had been made for an Education Sunday at Stratford; Whitby; St. James' Guelph; St. Thomas', St. Stephens', St. Mark's, St. Margaret's, and St. George's, Toronto.

INCOME FUND.

Slips containing promises to the amount of something over \$30.00 from Divinity Alumni for the Income Fund were laid upon the table. The Registrar mentioned that the Income Fund for this year had already reached \$5,745.00. It now stands at \$6,000.

YEAR BOOK.

Mr. Worrell reported that he had been unable to arrange a meeting with Mr. Mackenzie, and that the Year Book matter, therefore, stands as before.

DINNER REFORM.

After a long discussion on the subject of the dinner, a motion by Mr. Martin was carried: 1—"That the gates be closed as usual on the night of the dinner.

2—"That on the night of the dinner the management be vested in stewards, resident and non-resident; the non-resident stewards to be appointed by this Committee, the resident stewards by the men at a College meeting; the resident stewards to have charge of the corridors."

LECTURES.

All correspondence about lectures is to be addressed to Henry Montgomery, Esq., M.A., Trinity University, Toronto.

The following is the list of lectures and lecturers for the session 1897-8:

The Reverend Dr. Welch, Procost of Trinity College—(1) George Eliot; (2) Cambridge Fifteen Years Ago; (3) John Bunyan; (4) Archbishop Laud; (5) Some English Translations of the Bible; (6) The Revised Version of the New Testament; (7) Religious Revivals of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

The Reverend Professor Rigby, M.A., Dean of Trinity College—(1) Oliver Goldsmith; (2) Richard Brinsley Sheridan; (3) Early History of European Universities.

His Honour Judge McDonald of Brockville—(1) P's and Q's; (2) The United Empire Loyalists; (3) From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Reverend E. C. Cayley, M.A., Professor of Theology in Trinity University—(1) Matthew Arnold; (2) Dean Church; (3) The Oxford Movement in Relation to the Church and the Age.

The Rev. E. W. Huntingford, M.A., Professor of Classics in Trinity University—(1) Decorative Art.

William Napier Keefer, Surgeon-Major, late H. M. Bengal Army—(1) A Campaign in Egypt; (2) Some Eastern Types.

The Reverend Herbert Symonds, M.A., Rector of Ashburnham—(1) The Religious Elements of the Poetry of Browning and Tennyson; (2) The Problem of Christian Unity.

M. A. Mackenzie, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in Trinity University—(1) Rudyard Kipling; (2) Sir John Mandeville; (3) Recent Polar Explorations.

A. H. Young, M.A., Lecturer in Modern Languages, Trinity University—(1) The Three Rings; (2) Faust; (3) Rousseau and His Social Contract; (4) King Arthur and the Holy Grail.

The Reverend J. C. Farthing, M.A., Rector of Woodstock—(1) Fresh Light from Ancient Monuments upon Familiar Truths; (2) The Nation's Debt to the Church.

The Reverend H. H. Bedford-Jones, M.A., Lecturer in Theology, Trinity University—(1) Sir Walter Scott; (2) Some Modern Novelists; (3) Hebrew Prophets; *(4) A Trip to England (Illustrated).

The Reverend W. H. White, M.A., Lecturer in Classics, Trinity University—Charles Dickens.

H. Montgomery, M.A., B.Sc., F.S.S., formerly Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the State Universities of Utah and Dakota, and President of the North Dakota State University—*(1) The Story of the Creation (Illustrated); *(2) The Mines, Mills, and Minerals of the Black Hills (Illustrated); *(3) North American Man in Prehistoric Times (Illustrated); (4) Minerals: Their Occurrence, Study, and Uses; *(5) Mining (Illustrated); (6) The Teaching of Science in the Common Schools.

H. C. Simpson, M.A., Lecturer in Physical Science, Trinity University—(1) The Alchemists; (2) Byron.

N.B.—In the case of subjects marked with an asterisk, a guarantee of probably \$5.00 will be required for the magic lantern used to illustrate the lectures.

TERMS FOR THE LECTURES.

The terms upon which the lecturers have agreed to lecture are:—

(1) At least two weeks' notice shall be given a lecturer of the date upon which his lecture will be required.

(2) The lecturer's expenses shall be paid.

(3) The proceeds of the lectures, over and above the expenses, shall be absolutely at the disposal of the organization under whose auspices the lectures may be given.

(4) When the lectures are given under parochial auspices, or under those of any Branch of Convocation, it shall be understood that the lecturer is to be allowed, at the close of the lecture, to set forth the objects of Trinity University and to make an appeal on behalf of Convocation.

University Examinations.

DIVINITY CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

The following is the result of the annual examination of the Divinity Class:

GENERAL PASS LIST.

Third year.—Class I.—Mr. Heaven, Mr. Wright.
Class II.—Mr. Howard, Mr. Bushell, Ds. Field.
Class III.—Ds. Bell.

Second year.—Class II.—Ds. Madill, Steacy, R. H. Occasional Student—Class II.—Mr. Kirkpatrick.
Passed in required subjects, Ds. Rounthwaite.

Conditioned in New Testament Canon, Mr. Sparling; conditioned in Biblical Knowledge, Ds. Johnson; conditioned in O. T. Introduction, Biblical Knowledge, Church

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HONOUR LISTS.

Old Testament Subjects.—Third year.—Honours.—Heaven.

Class I.—Wright.

Class II.—Bushell.

Class III.—Howard, Field, Sparling, Bell.

Second year.—Class I.—Madill.

Class II.—Steady, Johnston.

First year.—Class II.—Walker.

New Testament Subjects.—Third year.—Class I.—Heaven, Wright.

Class II.—Howard, Bushell, Field.

Class III.—Bell.

Second year.—Class II.—Madill, Steady, Johnston.

Patristics.—Third year.—Honours.—Howard, Heaven, Wright.

Class II.—Field, Bushell.

Class III.—Bell, Sparling.

Second year.—Class II.—Madill, Steady, Johnston.

Class III.—McCausland.

First year.—Class II.—Walker.

Church History.—Third year.—Class II.—Wright, Heaven, Howard, Bushell.

Class III.—Field, Sparling, Bell.

Second year.—Class II.—Steady.

Class III.—Madill, McCausland, Johnston.

First year.—Class III.—Walker.

Dogmatics.—Third year.—Class I.—Wright.

Class II.—Heaven, Field, Bushell, Howard, Sparling.

Class III.—Bell.

Second year.—Class I.—Madill.

Class II.—Johnston, McCausland, Steady.

First year.—Class II.—Walker.

Liturgics.—Third year.—Class I.—Wright.

Class II.—Bushell, Heaven and Howard (equal), Field.

Class III.—Sparling, Bell.

Apologetics.—Third year.—Honours.—Howard.

Class I.—Heaven, Wright.

Class II.—Sparling, Bell, Field.

Class III.—Bushell.

Second year Honours.—Madill.

Class I.—Steady.

Class III.—McCausland, Johnston.

Biblical Knowledge.—Third year honours.—Heaven, Wright, Bushell.

Class II.—Field.

Class III.—Bell, Sparling, Howard.

Second year.—Class II.—Steady.

Class III.—Madill.

First year.—Class III.—Walker.

Passed the first year examination in Hooker, Early Church History, and English Church History—Madill and Johnston.

Passed the first year examination in Hooker and English Church History—McCausland.

PRIZE LIST.

Hamilton Memorial—Heaven.

Judge Macdonald's prize for Biblical Knowledge—Heaven.

General Proficiency—Third year—Heaven.

New Testament—Third year—Heaven.

Old Testament—Third year—Heaven.

Second year—Madill.

Dogmatics—Wright.

Liturgics—Wright.

Reading Prizes.—First Prize—Rounthwaite. Second Prize—Bushell. Third Prize—Ds. Broughall.



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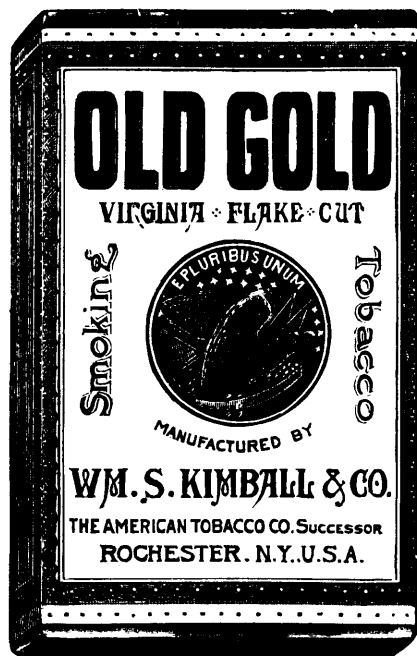
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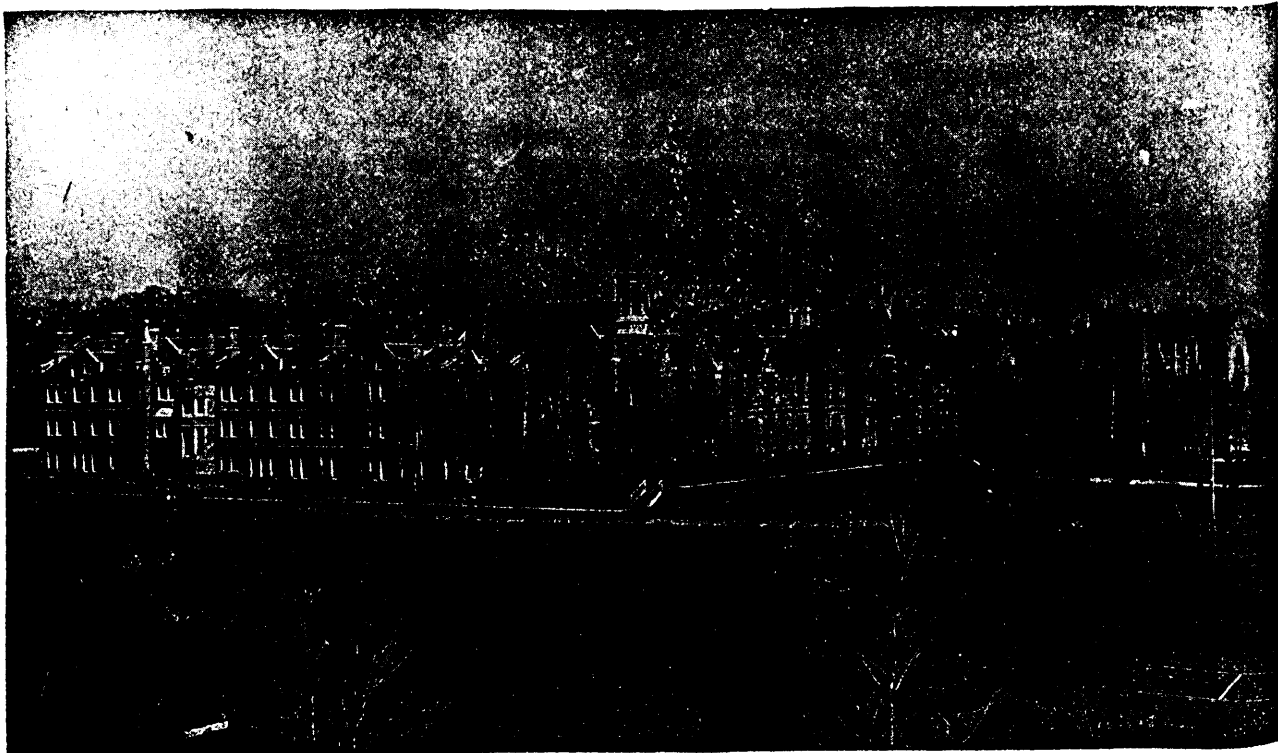
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The Wellington Scholarship in Mathematics of \$275 (\$80 and three years' tuition free).

The Bishop Strachan Scholarship in Classics of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Burnside Scholarship in Mathematics of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Dickson Scholarship in Modern Languages of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Dickson Scholarship in Physical and Natural Science of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Burnside Scholarship in English and History and Geography of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Pettit Scholarship in Divinity of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

In addition to the above, a Scholarship in Mental and Moral Philosophy will be awarded at the end of the Second Year, entitling the holder to one year's free tuition.

The Matriculation Examination may be taken at the various High Schools and Collegiate Institutes in the Province, or in the Convocation Hall of the University. A Supplemental Examination is held in October, in the Convocation Hall only. Pass Candidates must take Latin, Greek (or its substitutes—see Calendar), Mathematics, History, Geography, and English.

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Faculty of Medicine The Examinations in the Faculty for the Degree of M.D., C.M., are held in March. The following Medical Colleges are affiliated: Trinity Medical College, Toronto; Women's Medical College, Toronto; The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston.

Faculty of Law The Examinations of this Faculty for the Degree of B.C.L. are held in June.

Faculty of Music The Examinations in this Faculty for the Degree of Bachelor of Music are held in April. The affiliation is Toronto Conservatory of Music. Calendar, with full particulars, also Notices, Forms etc., etc., should be obtained from the Registrar, address Trinity University, Toronto.