



TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol VIII.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, APRIL, 1895.

No. 4.

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TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, APRIL, 1895.

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Trinity University Review.

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J. G. CARTER TROOP, M.A., Manager,
Trinity University, Toronto.

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.

OUR NEW
PROVOST.

On the 25th April *The Week* and other Canadian journals announced editorially the interesting and gratifying fact that Trinity University had at last obtained

a Provost. Readers of the London *Guardian* of April 3rd might have noticed, remarked *The Week*, that the Reverend Edward Ashurst Welch, M.A., had resigned the Vicarage of the Church of the Venerable Bede, Gateshead, Diocese of Durham, to take up important educational work in the Colonies. The work referred to was the Provostship of Trinity. Mr. Welch has a brilliant record. Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, obtained a First Class in the Classical Tripos when he took his B.A. degree in 1882, having won two years previously the Bell University Scholarship, and in 1884 he took Honors in the Theological Tripos. He spent a short time at the Leed's Training School in the same year, and was shortly afterwards ordained Deacon by the Bishop of London. From 1884 to 1886 he worked in London, and from 1886 to 1890 he was domestic chaplain to the late distinguished Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot. In this connection he resided with the Bishop and was also brought in close contact with those who were preparing for the Orders in that Diocese. Mr. Welch's brilliant academic record, his wide practical experience, and his intimate connection with the Bishop Lightfoot insure his being a sound scholar, a man versed in affairs, and a theologian of wide and liberal sympathies. Private letters from England confirm the high opinion, officially expressed, regarding the new Provost, and many congratulations have been received. Trinity is most fortunate in obtaining the services of a man who has already won marked attention amongst the great of the old home. Mr. Welch is expected to arrive in Trinity early in the autumn. Judging from the appreciative words of *The Globe* and *The Mail and Empire*, he will receive a kindly welcome from a larger circle than those immediately interested in the welfare of Trinity University.

A TOKEN
OF REGARD.

A number of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Body took advantage of Mrs. Body's presence in Toronto lately to present to her a beautiful solid silver tea service,

as a small token of the great esteem and regard in which the ex-Provost and his wife are held by their former associ-

ates in Toronto. The presentation took place at the residence of Dr. Grasett, Simcoe street, a goodly number of those actively interested in the event being present. Hon. G. W. Allan was the spokesman for the assembled guests, and Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., responded for Mrs. Body. The remarks of both these distinguished gentlemen were all that could be desired, and admirably expressed the feelings of the company. An address to Dr. Body from the Corporation is now in the hands of the engraver. It will be forwarded to him about the second week in May.

SOME PLAIN
WORDS.

At the Medical Convocation held recently at Trinity University the Chancellor, Hon. G. W. Allan, congratulated the medical students, who thronged the gallery, on their excellent behaviour during the ceremonies, and remarked that they set an example which it would be very gratifying to see followed by other students whose privilege it was to occupy that place on similar occasions. The Chancellor's kindly hints indicate only what has been very generally felt by the guests at our annual Convocations of late, that the behaviour of the students in the gallery has been both unbecoming and extremely annoying. An incessant clamour is no evidence of wit, though to judge from the self-satisfied air of those who lead in the uproar, they mistake it for such. To make so much noise that no speaker on the dais can be heard even by those surrounding him, let alone the audience, is not clever nor is it funny, it is simply rude and selfish. We hope that the conduct of our fellow students at the next Convocation will be all it ought to be and in harmony with the traditions of the place. We like plenty of life and snap in the gallery. Little jokes at the expense of the dignitaries on the dais are enjoyed by everyone, providing they have wit to commend them. And songs are always popular. But let us remember that we students are not the only people in the hall and that our guests have some claim on our attention and consideration.

THE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY.

It is strange, yet true, that the regulations of the University Library are so lax that men may keep a text book without complaint, for a twelve-month or so. Being almost essentially a library of reference such books should be back on the shelves for the convenience of others as soon as their time of issue expires. Men should not be so thoughtlessly careless as to keep an important book out indefinitely when others wait its return. But then flesh is mortal and liable to err—but not so an Entry Book. Such a volume should bear in black and white the record of the removal of every book from the library shelves, and what's more, should be made practical use of. Our Entry Book may be in existence and in full working order, but what comes of it, when we never see overdue books posted or hear of effort made to recover them? No, they stay out until the man returns them at his own free will and at his own time.

TRESPASSERS
ON TRINITY
GROUNDS.

When spring arrives upon Ontario shores one of her first visits is to the beautiful grounds of Trinity, and in her train the robins and songsters hold high carnival. But, alas! Close in their wake comes the small boy with his deadly sling shot. He is a vandal in many other ways too, as the stump of a handsome young

tree in the ravine, will testify, while several beautiful elms have had fires built at their roots. And what is a greater crime than the maiming of such mute though stately witness of the flight of time? When the college authorities stopped the Queen street youngsters from playing football in the ravine, they might have just as well excluded the young barbarians who drive away the birds, and mar the beauty of such grounds as ours. There are signs too, posted at each gate, yet people daily tramp over the cricket crease, newly clothed in tender green, and still soft from spring rains. The grounds are not open, neither are they a short cut for a time-saving populace, who heed no signs unless clothed in the majesty of the law. Oh, mighty faculty, clothe them thus, we pray thee!

RADICALISM.

The sea of progress and of evolution has been rising higher and higher upon the sands of humanity, washing away and reforming them at the beat of its waves. But, alas! the billows seem to rise too high and to beat too hard upon the shore. We can compare the toppling crest about to break to radical thought, the burst of the wave is the final collapse of the exaggerated ideas, and the receding wave the reaction which invariably follows. Then the waters close in, finding their level and ever rising higher upon the sands. Mark the wave of scepticism, that growing for ages reached its climax in the last century. It has burst now, the flood has ebbed back and returned to its level again in the form of the scientist who no longer rails at the church nor calls it a relic of barbarism. He recognizes its influence in the moulding of ages gone, and feels more than ever its presence in the world of to-day, even though he rejects the supernatural and strives to place the Religion of Humanity on the pinnacle of faiths, making self-sacrifice the cardinal virtue and selfishness the deadly sin. To our infinite joy, a billow lately gathering, has burst about us and is sweeping back from our shores. It is the radical in literature, beauty and drama. The miserable school of literature which caters to unhealthy tastes, the distorted ideas of the beautiful, and maudlin drama, which exposing the sores of social life to the morbid view of humanity offers no cure for them. All three are going and may they never return. Another wave has been gathering through the centuries, it is the emancipation of woman, but the thought growing more gradually and reasonably has slowly evolved the woman of to-day—and who of us grudges the change? But let her keep in check radical ideas of dressing, of social relations and of personal freedom, lest she over-topples the wave, and the bursting billow sweeps her progress back for years with the undertow. This constant beating of the sea on human sands has washed away whole classes, and cast new ones upon the shores. The aristocracy has changed from one of blood to one of wealth, a step down in the fact that the plutocracy of to-day have the powers of the old aristocracy, without any of the tribal or family feeling which held society together in the days gone by. Beneath the glittering crust of nineteenth century advancement there are loud murmurs of discontent, which augurs the advancement of the few at the expense of the deterioration of the foundations of society—the working classes. How is this to be remedied? Surely not by radical ideas, nor in new or untried experiments in government, but instead by the same slow evolution which has raised us from barbarism.

Guelph Herald.—"The house was more than fair considering that this is the flag end of the season."

THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

It is hardly to be expected that the members of a university in Ontario should be indifferent to the proceedings of the recent Commission in regard to the trouble at the University of Toronto. It is with no unfriendliness that we approach the subject, and with no exultation over the troubles of our greater neighbour. Whatever hurts the University of Toronto must hurt the cause of education in this country, and specially in this province. That incidental advantages might result to other educational institutions can, with us, in this case, hardly come into consideration.

We have not yet the report of the Commission, but the public sentiment on the subject is pretty well ascertained, and is not likely to be much affected by the coming report. On many points of interest we cannot here touch. We must content ourselves by referring to some matters of collegiate interest, and therefore of special interest to ourselves. If our first thought is, that those universities have reason to congratulate themselves which are not under the government of the province, this reflection is made in no ungenerous spirit. We believe it is equally the conviction of those who have the interests of the University of Toronto most at heart. In more ways than one, these troubles have arisen from, or have been fostered by, the sense of the connection of the university with the Government.

Another thing on which there seems to be no difference of opinion is, that the Commission was altogether a mistake and a confession of weakness. THE REVIEW has never been slow to advocate the rights of students, if there has been any hint of the invasion of them. But, so far at least, we have not adopted the plan of having the discipline of a college managed by the undergraduates. We believe, on the contrary, that a firm and decided rule in a college is a benefit to all concerned. Of course we hold that the regulations imposed and enforced should be of a reasonable character—in fact, should be of such a character, that all undergraduates, having any claim to be called gentlemen, would adopt them, even if they were not enforced by authority; and we do not believe that any other regulations will permanently work. But it was a monstrous request, when the students demanded a Royal Commission for the purpose of inquiring into the merits of the professors. And it must be confessed that the ministry showed great weakness in practically granting this request. This would, of course, be denied. It would be said that it was not the Commission asked for by the students, but a Commission appointed by the Government; but this is mere moonshine. It was the same thing, and it was worked in the same way as that must have been.

The outbreak of—shall we say?—the rebellion was not quite pleasant. If Mr. Montgomery behaved well, then Mr. Tucker and the committee did not behave quite well. Mr. Montgomery, it may be said, yielded under constraint. He did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and made what amends to the authorities it was in his power to make, handing over the fulfilment of his engagement to Mr. Tucker. Whether the latter gentleman would have satisfied the authorities, we can hardly tell, as, in what he did, he was acting under the instructions of the committee—with whom, it was supposed, martyrdom could have no connection, seeing that, according to the old saying, "a committee has neither a soul to be saved, nor a body to be kicked." Under these circumstances, we can hardly blame the authorities of the college, if they dealt with them individually.

It would be a serious task to appropriate the amount of blame to students on the one hand and to the authorities on the other. Neither party comes out with flying colours

or with credit. But they have taught other colleges some lessons if they are willing to learn them. For example, they have taught the necessity of mutual confidence between rulers and ruled, and, in order to do this, the necessity for perfect straightforwardness on both sides. Students should be dealt with as gentlemen, they should be told plainly what they may do, and that they may not do; and every allowance should be made for possible misunderstandings. Beyond this, there should be no shilly-shallying. When authority has spoken clearly, there must be obedience or expulsion. No institution can exist on any other terms. *Il faut se soumettre ou se demettre.* X.

THE STORM MOON.

(Founded on an Indian Superstition.)

I.

UPON the golden antlers of the moon's
uncertain light,
The Indian's silver powder-horn nor sways
nor hangs to-night.

II.

O'er the pine-tipped eastern hilltops floats
the mellow-crescent bow,
Sailing softly over silent pools where
murm'rous reeds bend low.

III.

Whisp'ring am'rous salutations to the
dreamy-lapping waves
As they tread the golden pathway which
the molten moonlight paves.

IV.

On the faintly-trembling margin, and afar
pale astral gleams
From the heaven's vestal altars dimly
glint in ambered beams.

V.

Slowly stealing over shadows and the opal
mists that rise
Floating like a weird wraith-maiden
silently toward the skies.

VI.

O'er the meadow-threading courses of the
liquid-purling stream,
Where at noon-tide swallows circle and the
iris-blossoms dream.

VII.

Tapered edges upward curling through the
rifted cloudlets drift,
And o'er the deserted tepe ruddy-tinged
the moonbeams sift.

—H. Cameron Nelles Wilson.

AS TIME GLIDES ON.

For over half a century it had stood on the landing of the great wide staircase, ticking away the hours and days of time's horologue.

The mahogany case had grown black with the passing of the years. The rich carvings had deepened their tone of colouring, and assumed a richness that naught, save time itself, could impart. Similarly tinted were the panels that formed a background for the old timepiece.

Through the painted oriel the sunbeams fell upon the dial, resting upon the whiteness in mingled rays of crimson and gold and scintillating amber; then, shifting silently, they gleamed upon the wainscoting and polished floors in hues softly opalescent.

Many years before had the clock been placed in the old manor—it was the new manor then—and ever since it had been slowly ticking away the months that were covering the gables of the house with moss, and hiding the crumbling stones beneath a mass of verdure, where, in the spring-time, the birds mated and built their nests, twittering under the eaves.

It had witnessed the coming of the young squire as he entered the door, his bride leaning upon his arm, while through the open doorway the perfume of the apple blossoms floated into the new house, filling the rooms with waftings of subtle fragrance.

It had watched the young wife, in her quaint lilac gown and hat of waving plumes, rest her head upon her husband's shoulder, as she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his, too happy for speech; had seen the love-light that illumined his features as he bent and lightly kissed her white brow and trembling lips. And then like a saintly benison the sun-rays glinted through the windows resting tenderly upon their bowed heads. Hand in hand they ascended the wide, oaken staircase, and together they paused before the clock.

"It is starting life, as we are," he said, "and God grant that the passing hours bring us lasting love and peace."

"With thee at my side it could be naught else," she replied.

The sun sank behind the hills, leaving a bank of rosy-hued clouds, flecked with gold and tinged with emerald and deep sea-purple. Lights glowed in Rushleigh Manor.

The warm spring breeze swept through the large hall with its polished floors and glimmering candles, leaving an odour of hawthorn blossoms and opening buds. One by one the guests were coming, for was it not to be the merriest house-warming of the year! With blushing cheeks the young bride glided among her friends, giving a shy glance to one and to another—a look of happy consciousness. Her dress glistened in the candle-light, and the soft rustling of satin was heard when she moved. And then like a far-away dream, the music of the harp trembled softly on the air, rising gradually until it filled with tumultuous harmony the rooms that were now echoing the sound of dancing feet and merry laughter. The bride and groom led the stately minuet, passing with joined hands down the wide hallway, threading their way through a maze of sparkling eyes, glistening gems and flowered gowns. Too quickly sped the hours, but not until the dawn-angels had stolen from between the golden bars of the east and awakened the sleeping world, did the manor sink into slumber.

A twelve-month and more ticked away. Spring with its blossoms and singing birds ebbed slowly out on the year's tide, and like the soft-rushing waves that sweep along the shore, Summer came. The manor garden, surrounded by its high stone walls, glowed with myriad flowers—roses of every hue, pink hollyhocks, and great fragrant white lilies, that seemed to burn in the noon-tide glare. But sweetest among them all was the squire's wife. Day after day, she walked among the beds of bloom, a damask rose held carelessly in her belt, or a perfumed lily resting above her heart, a sweet content in her eyes and her lips parted in a dreamy smile.

The flowers faded, the lilies drooped upon their stems, and through the leafless trees the setting sun could be seen far beyond the hills, illumining the grove and flooding the valley in golden light—Autumn had come.

The days passed by. Silently out of the gray sky a few flakes fluttered, until, falling more quickly, they buried the leaves that lay upon the ground in a wondrous cloak of red and yellow and brown. It was the first snowfall.

The shadows deepened; lights glinted through the manor

casements, and in the huge fire-place in the hall the logs were heaped high, and the crackling of flames, as they floated towards the dark chimney, almost drowned the sound of the wind that moaned through the trees and about the gables.

The squire and his wife sat in the light of the fire; the candles flickered and wavered, casting weird shadows upon the old portraits and armour that adorned the walls, and upon the clock on the stairs.

A new tenderness shone in the young wife's face, lending a touch of hallowed beauty that had not been there before. The cradle by her side swayed softly to and fro, and a low-sung lullaby, sweet beyond all expression, filled the room with its murmurous cadence. There was a wondrous mother-love, a hope of great things to be, revealed in the ditty—a sadness mixed with a hitherto unknown joy.

The child grew, and in a few years his presence added a new life to the manor. As the years glided on other child-voices rang through the house and new blossoms gleamed in the garden. Young boys and maidens matured into men and women, and fled one by one to grace firesides of their own. Still the old clock on the stairs kept telling the days and the years, as they fitted into the past. At last, one only remained—the first-born, and around him centred the lives of the squire and his wife, both white-haired now.

One day a new bride came to the manor, no fairer than the one who had opened the new house a full twenty-five years ago.

As then, the old clock ticked its welcome, and again, like a saintly blessing, the sun shone upon their heads through the stained windows. Again, the house was filled with mirth and laughter, and, as at the first wedding, the harps resounded through the halls.

A year passed away, and once more the cradle rocked before the fire, but no mother's low lullaby hushed the babe to slumber. Alone sat the young squire, gazing at the glowing logs with an unutterable sadness, for his thoughts were in the moonlit graveyard, where, beneath the snow, his bride of a year slept beside his parents. The moon-rays streamed through the windows, moving across the floor in silvery streaks; the old clock ticked loudly and the candles grew dim. The nurse stepped softly towards the cradle, and the squire lay back in his chair with closed eyes.

As the father watched his child growing with the years, a new spring of love seemed to rise in his heart. He taught him to say "Mother," and every night he would lift him up to her portrait for a good-night kiss, and then would carry him up the wide staircase to look at the clock and listen to the rhythmic swing of the pendulum. A wreath of holly had been twined about the dark wood many months before by hands that were now folded above a stilled heart. He would not have it removed though dust had long since covered the shining leaves and withered berries.

Then came the time when the curly-headed boy would run up the stairs himself, and looking back would laughingly beckon his father. Life then seemed to revive in the old manor.

He was a beautiful child—with the face of an angel and golden curls that rippled over his shoulders. His blue eyes were like those of his mother, wondering, unfathomable, and his mouth sweetly tender. Unlike most children of his age, he possessed a dreamy disposition that seemed to shrink from contact with outside things. He loved the birds, the flowers, the portraits, and above all, the old clock on the stairs. He made it his confidant, and many were the secrets whispered into the black mahogany case, as he stood on tip-toe lest any hear the tales so full of mystery and adventures, amid the garden trees. His life was made up of imaginings and mind-creations of his own. For hours he would sit upon the landing, listening to the ceaseless "tick-tock"—perchance to fall asleep to dream of fairies that

danced upon the dial, played with the black hands, hurrying them around as they drove the frightened moments into eternity. Then the sun shining upon his curly hair and velvet suit, transformed the lace of his collar into an exquisitely wrought net-work of gold. Sometimes he awoke with a start, but seeing the old clock he would laugh and the time-piece seemed to the child to smile in sympathy. Reassured he would then run down the stairs and pass out into the garden's sweetness. Thus the years sped swiftly by, until six summers were numbered with the past. His father adored the child, whose every word and action recalled countless memories of his dead wife. Sometimes an ominous flush or unwonted languor in the boy caused a vague apprehension to arise, but he would clasp him the closer, kiss the burning cheeks, afraid to meet the thought of a possible separation. To him the child was the embodiment of his dreams, his lost life. In the evenings he loved to sit in the garden with him upon his knee, and tell him of the angel mother who had never seen her child.

During the long days in which his father was away, the boy would roam through the gardens and the house, exploring odd nooks and crannies, then tired out he would seek the stairs and sit down beside the old clock, lost in his day-dreams.

One afternoon he seemed more tired than usual. He was sitting in the sunshine on the stairs, watching the sun-rays as they stole through the window, painting the floor in mosaics of purple and amber and rose. He leaned against the side of the clock and his eyes closed. The dark-tinted time-piece seemed to feel his presence and to tick more softly. A cluster of honey-suckles that he had brought from the garden slipped from his fingers; his hands fell listlessly at his side; the clock chimed five, but before the last echoes died away the child-heart had ceased to beat.

The hours dragged on and the sun sank below the horizon's ruddy rim, but the hands of the old clock on the stairs had not moved—its life, too, was over.

H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

"THE MAGISTRATE" ON TOUR.

THE morning of April 24th, the opening day of the Dramatic Club's tour, was beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the warm, bright morning sun as the company assembled at the Union Station. The brightness of the day seemed a happy augury and, as it turned out, was really a foreshadowing of the pleasant character of the whole trip. With all this to cheer us it was a merry party which was soon speeding westward.

Arrived at Guelph, our first stopping-place, we made our way to the Wellington Hotel, noticing with not a little flutter of excitement the familiar red and yellow posters announcing the performance of *The Magistrate* that evening. Our indefatigable business manager, Mr. G. A. A. Saunders, had been beforehand, and everything was ready to receive us. Mine host, Dave Martin, was kindness itself.

After luncheon the party separated, some to visit the various points of interest in the town and others to differ, but perhaps more congenial occupations. Some, we grieve to say, actually were unsophisticated enough to visit the opera house—a most unprofessional procedure. Others (and it is whispered that these were the most fortunate of all) were taken to the snug rooms of Mr. Daly, the U. S. consul at Guelph, and were received right royally.

As the day advanced a few drops of rain fell. This was a little damper to the general hilarity, but with the evening the clouds rolled away from the sky and consequently from the faces of all, restoring our somewhat interrupted cheerfulness.

A quarter past seven saw all at the theatre where everything was in readiness. I must say that everything would not have been in readiness but for the efforts of our business manager, who quickly convinced those concerned that we were not to be imposed upon.

They have a very pretty Opera House at Guelph. It is quite new, and is finished tastefully in light blue and yellow, and, save for its being rather poorly equipped with scenery and properties generally (doubtless on account of its recent erection), we found it satisfactory for our performance.

The curtain rose to a fairly good-sized audience composed chiefly of the fashion and beauty of the city. We were not greatly disappointed at not having a packed house, as we had not counted on it at Guelph. The piece went well but was not quite up to the standard of the subsequent performances. This was owing to there not having been a really good rehearsal before we left home on account of some members of the company having been very busy with examinations up to nearly the last moment. In consequence the piece dragged a little in one or two places. However, the audience had a good laugh and a pleasant evening, and that was the main thing.

A weary party assembled at the Wellington after the performance, and went (more or less early) to bed. With the prospect of catching the 6.20 train next morning there could be no staying up late. It was a fearfully early hour for those who had been as busy as we the day before. But it could not be helped, and rather subdued and melancholy we were soon *en route* for Woodstock.

The "call" had said 5.30, and the hideous hour seemed to have its effect, for Woodstock safely attained the company retired to rest till luncheon after which it amused itself in various quiet ways. Mr. Saunders, however, with Messrs. Cleworth, Osler and Props made their way to the theatre, there to strike terror into the numerous attachés by the rapidity of their questions concerning "borders," "flies" and "floats."

Financially this town was not an unqualified success; in fact it furnished the smallest audience of the tour, but the members of the cast were on their mettle and the audience proved itself to be kindly appreciative. A number of gentlemen came behind the scenes to tender their congratulations on the excellence of the performance, and we retired to our hotel—the Oxford—tired, but far from down-hearted. Any hastily formed ideas about bed and rest were quickly dispelled by the arrival on the scenes of a number of festive spirits—jolly good fellows all—in whose company we enlivened the night with song and story till an early hour.

Brantford was reached at 10:30 a.m. Friday, without any event of importance happening, *i.e.* no hats or overcoats were lost in the frantic endeavors of the gentlemen to carry the ladies' luggage from car to car. We heard the usual remarks on landing at the station: "De English blokes," from the small boy, and "Palmer's Stock Co." from the better educated of the community, standing about the platform, but we really couldn't help the predominating caps, and the professional bearing, which must have called forth these compliments, so leaving our admirers in happy ignorance we boarded a trolley. Brantford is ahead of the other towns in this respect,—and duly registered at the Kerby House.

The rest of the morning was passed in booming the show. The genial manager of the house, with *The Magistrate* on his back, followed by Mr. Saunders manfully bearing that painful importance of his, made numerous calls on the good people of the town and were extremely lavish in distributing their cards (dodgers). The ladies and the more fortunate male members of the troupe enjoyed a very pleasant drive, and were loud in their praises of the beauty of the vicinities. Beyond Mr. Posket's sitting on a deceptive

baggage truck, turning a somersault, and leaving a large mark on the hotel wall with his head, the rest of the morning passed off quietly. The afternoon was spent in strolling about the town, and accepting our friends' numerous invitations. The officers of the 38th entertained several of the party in their new quarters, and Mr. Bithomaster bewildered the crowd with various feats of magic. In comparison with the houses in the other towns, the Brantford theatre is small and rather cramped, perhaps because it labors under the advantage of being more ancient, still behind the scenes it is more than ordinarily well equipped, and we were made thoroughly comfortable. A good audience was in front, in fact the most enthusiastic of the trip. We may flatter ourselves that *The Magistrate* never went better. We all assembled in the parlor at the hotel afterwards, sung ourselves hoarse, were charmed by Mr. Cleworth's recitations, and were convulsed at the actions of Lugg-Harris, who really gave a very creditable performance of *The Magistrate*, without the assistance of the rest of the cast. The Brantford Seargeant of Police was a delighted spectator and was so pleased with his reception that he must needs see our sleeping beauty, Mr. Business Manager, much to the latter's alarm. "Axeas," said Mrs. Posket as the ladies said good-night, "we rely on you to keep the men in order," "certainly my darling" said Axeas submissively as he winked the other eye.

In Hamilton we suffered under disabilities in the way of competition against a host of good attractions, local and otherwise, still the house was not bad numerically, and was extremely fashionable. The piece lost something in briskness owing to a mistake in having the stage set too roomily; still it went well and the audience was not slow to show its appreciation of Pinero's subtle points. The rigid rule governing our personal arrangements was released on this the last day of the tour and the majority of the company accepted the hospitality of friends. At the home of our popular comedian, Mr. A. B. Pottenger, a most enjoyable "Tea" was tendered us, and we had an opportunity of meeting some of Hamilton's fairest. Luncheon parties were also in order, and on Sunday afternoon we were again entertained by Mrs. O'Reilly at "The Willows." It was with feelings of sincere regret that we found ourselves on the train speeding towards Toronto and a return to the every day life. The trip was most successful throughout and one and all found enjoyment even in the inevitable worries attendant upon the travelling Thespian. Among our pleasantest memories will be this tour which, we hope, was of a nature to reflect credit on Trinity and her institutions.

The ladies of the caste have earned our sincerest gratitude and appreciation. Their artistic portrayal of their several roles was commented upon in accents of highest admiration in every town, and the cheerfulness and patience with which they endured the various vexations and trials of "one night stands" was such as to gain for them the lasting regard of every member of the club.

Upon mature deliberation, the red ribbon has been awarded to Brantford. The officers of the 38th and others were most kind, the former in placing their quarters at our disposal, and Manager Fillinaster has earned our appreciation not only for the way in which he "boomed the show," but also for his successful efforts to make our stay genuinely enjoyable.

Through some mistake, the "call", as posted in Hamilton read:—Ladies and gentleman of the company will assemble at the waterfront at 6.55 p.m., when a row-boat will leave for Toronto.

The Brantford cabman's face was a study when Mr. Achille Blond, having driven to the station—three-quarters of a mile—in three minutes, handed him four five-cent pieces and boarded the train.

ST. HILDA'S AT HOME.

CONVOCAION Hall witnessed an unusual scene on Thursday, 25th April.

Through the unwearied exertions of Miss Playtor, kindly assisted by the Rev. Prof. Huntingford, the noble hall which has so many pleasant as well as painful associations, was converted into a pretty drawing-room, where the many friends of St. Hilda's College assembled shortly after eight o'clock.

The dainty programmes bore the names of some of Toronto's most noted musicians, and the repeated encores attested the delighted appreciation of their hearers. Miss Houston, Signor Pier Delasco, Mr. Tor Pyk and Miss Connie Jarvis, sang in a manner which would have satisfied a far more critical audience, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street gave two violin numbers most charmingly. The unavoidable absence of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, was announced by the Rev. Prof. Jouis, who, in a short address, set forth the difficulties of St. Hilda's College, and introduced the Rev. J. C. Roper, who had kindly consented to make known the aims and needs of that institution.

After a few general remarks, Mr. Roper pointed out the claims which St. Hilda's, as the women's residence of Trinity University, has upon all church people.

The need of a building with accommodation for an increased number of students was strongly urged, and the inadequacy of the present residence for College requirements was also shown.

Mr. Roper suggests that those of our kind friends who have already promised us sums of money conditionally, should pay over these sums now, that the interest might be used to supply the deficit in the maintenance fund.

When the programme was finished many of the guests went to call upon the Rev. Prof. Clark and Mrs. Clark in their library in the east wing.

CONVOCAION.

For some time the Executive Committee has been preparing a pamphlet setting forth the position and claims of Trinity and the advantages offered by her to students who wish to take a university course. It is intended that it should be distributed throughout the high schools of the country, for it is too often the case that when a student makes up his mind to go to college, he is ignorant of the peculiar advantages which Trinity is able to hold out to him, and so it does not occur that perhaps it would be the best college for him to enter. What we want to do now is to bring it about that the country should know about Trinity, and if a student does not come here, it shall be because he has decided that in his case it is better for him to go elsewhere, and not from sheer ignorance. Naturally great care has been bestowed on the circular, for it is possible that it may do us much good. St. Hilda's College and its claims are not forgotten in it. We present the following extracts, for, though some of them are familiar, still they are facts, which bear repetition, and we have found by experience that they are liable to be forgotten.

"The University of Trinity College represents the Church of England in the Province of Ontario, inasmuch as the Archbishop of Ontario and the Bishops of Toronto, Huron, Algoma, and Niagara, are in virtue of their office, them-

selves members of its governing body and have the right of nominating sixteen other members."

"Ever since its foundation, the University has been carrying on successfully the regular works of an Arts course. This work it is now better able to do, than ever with the recent increase of its staff and equipment. The classes are so constituted that individual attention, which is always desirable, and indeed essential, can be given to students."

"A large and well appointed Residence, conducted on the model of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, with resident professors, gives undergraduates opportunities for that intercourse with the staff, and with one another, without which a college course counts for very little. A new and well-equipped gymnasium, an open-air rink, a tennis-court, and a campus of several acres, make full provision for healthful exercise through participation in the various sports in their season.

"There are also several undergraduate societies, the most important of which are the Athletic Association, and the Literary Institute. On payment of a fee of \$5 per annum to the former a student has a right to membership in all of the athletic clubs of the college. The Literary Institute holds weekly debates and has a large common-room of its own, with a piano, newspapers and magazines and a well-stocked library entirely independent of the University library. Thus Trinity not only makes provision for the intellectual development of her men, but also recognizes the fact that their spiritual, physical, and social sides require cultivation.

"No religious test is required for admission to lectures, though all students are required to take Pass Divinity as a part of their course in Arts, and to attend a proportion of the services in chapel varying according as men are resident or non-resident. The only condition laid down in any case is submission to the rules and discipline of the University."

Unexpected obstacles have turned up to hinder the carrying out of the lecture scheme, which was broached in these columns some time ago, and which the Executive Committee has been attempting to put into practical shape. The winter being now over, the scheme as a whole cannot, we are afraid, be worked until next autumn, but the practical way to work it can be more carefully considered during the summer. Meanwhile the clerk is in communication with several places, and probably lectures in various towns will be given before the June examinations come on, and people begin to feel they have earned their summer repose. If any of our friends would like to have a popular lecture delivered for any object, the clerk will doubtless be happy to open communications, and on finding out the kind of lecture that is wanted, will do his best towards getting an able man to deliver it. It would be understood that the lecturer's expenses would be paid, and that he should have the right, if an opportunity presents itself, of saying some words for the good of Trinity and the extension of Convocation. In accordance with the resolutions passed at the graduates' meeting held in March, the clerk has sent a circular to as many of the recent graduates as he can reach who have not yet joined Convocation, asking them to become members, and thus make that body more of an alumni association than it already is. It would be of more value, however, if those of our graduates, who are already members, would induce, or, at least, try to persuade the others of their year, whom they can reach, to join also. They can get hold of their companions though an appeal from the clerk is put aside till a more convenient season, which season, too often, never comes, and in many cases it is almost impossible for the clerk to get the addresses of past students, whereas those of the same class frequently do know it.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

May I venture to trespass on your space whilst I ask of the Divinity students of old Trinity that they neglect no opportunity of perfecting themselves as public readers and as public speakers before they leave College and begin their life's work!

I believe that every man can if he will only take the necessary pains, not only read well but also speak intelligently upon ordinary subjects. Surely the importance of these accomplishments cannot be over estimated in connection with the training of the clergymen of our Church. In the proper reading of the Services and Lessons alone there are vast possibilities for usefulness in carrying on the work of religion in the world, on the other hand who can not tell of opportunities wasted and people almost turned away from our churches by a slovenly or a harsh, stilted reading of God's word.

Men of Trinity, there is room for great improvement in your ranks. Many of the recent graduates read and speak well, but not a few have left the College without the first proper notion as to manner, tone or emphasis in reading, and if they have improved afterwards it is no credit to their college course. Even now I hear some Arts men complain of Chapel Services spoilt at times by wretched reading by Divinity men. Surely, if such things exist they deserve attention both by the faculty and the men.

Yours, etc.

"CRITICUS."

TORONTO, March 31, 1895.

P.S.—The above was written before seeing THE REVIEW for March with its pointed remarks on the same subject.

College Chronicle.

SPORTS.

WITHOUT in any sense wishing to detract from our obligation to those who have upheld the game of baseball in Trinity this season, we must protest against the management of the team in consideration of the basis upon which our IX. exists. Trinity has not set up to be a power or even a factor in the game of baseball, but, on the contrary, has tolerated it only as a means of training during the damp weather for the important work of cricket. The club of course has a certain recognition and is always included in the estimates of the Athletic Association, but we do not regard it in the same light as cricket and football, and have sought for it no position among the various city clubs.

This being the case, with what view to the fitness of things have our captains in the past two years accepted challenges from clubs of the first rank, such as that of Toronto University and the Beavers? As we are not seeking laurels on the "diamond," but are rather passing the time, our captains should confine their attentions to clubs in a similar position. Fiascos such as we have seen lately on more than one occasion do not redound to the credit of Trinity, and, to those whose sole medium of information is the public press, they place us in a position supremely ridiculous.

Brantford Courier.—"The Trinity Dramatic Club will be heartily welcomed back here on some future occasion."

Woodstock Sentinel Review.—"The young ladies and gentlemen brought out every point of Pinero's exquisite humour in a manner that would do credit to a professional company."

COLLEGE CUTS.

Convocation Hall, the abode of both the spirits of Revelry and of Labour, has been taken possession of by a fairy band from our affiliated college on Shaw street. The men's furniture, accustomed to lolling and smoke and bohemian ways, looked strangely stiff and on their Sunday best manners as they posed in the drawing room positions into which our Professor of Classics had laborously pushed them. The programme was excellent, the hostesses were charming, and all went well, for the audience, unlike most fashionable listeners, unbent themselves so far as to show appreciation and give hearty applause. The well worn old floor seemed calling for a waltz but the lady principal said nay, so with a few murmers, consolation was found in the refreshments supplied by "Jrilly," the steward. This is the first time St. Hilda's has taken possession of the Hall—as hostesses, we mean—may it not be the last.

There was a sound of revelry in that detached part of "tuggery" in the east wing the other night. Corks popped right merrily, and from gruff to high, many of our familiar chapel reading voices could be heard singing worldly songs as they quaffed the foaming beverage in celebration of their passage from the wilderness of examinations. Good-bye, merry men, some of ye have gone forever, and sadly will we feel your loss, even though we will be compensated by the noble band still with us.

A column was promised from S. Hilda's, but as they left college for the vacation, there was no "gulf to be passed in regard to the inner workings of female resident life, and as an account of spring millinery has been denied us, we must go to press without the aforesaid column.

Trinity has suffered much from the severe criticism of the local press, possibly because "a man is no prophet in his own land" or because the writers of the sporting notes do not know us as they ought. But a balm has come to our wounded feelings from the "Barrister" and the REVIEW, for the college generally, expresses her appreciation of the first, manly and impartial notice of this winter's Hockey career.

"They went, were seen, they conquered." The Dramatic Club has returned from a successful tour. Even in Guelph they partially lived down the remembrance of the misadvertisement of the Banjo Club. They have carried Trinity's name and glory abroad, and have proven themselves actors of more than usual merit. What more would mortals wish?

Knowing Trinity as we do to-day, in her maze of buildings and well trimmed grounds, we can hardly imagine the time-stained walls of the old building standing in all their unsoftened lines of newness against a landscape rural in every detail. The old entrance hall was also the dining-room, there too, were the early Convocations held, and probably the old rafters have many times rung with festivities of S. Simon and S. Jude. Upstairs, in what is now the stately hall of the University Library, chapels were held and a singularly rickety lectern, it is said, often fell over, to the immense amusement of the men. In those good old days beer was doled out to all and the struggle for that which the teetotallers refused often led to many a merry contest. Father Episcopon, more enthusiastic then than now, wandered the corridors oftener and more searchingly, while, between the vigilance of Grand Inquisitors and the sporting members of the Pelican Club, the Freshman learned the straight and narrow way. There are legends too, even to the origin of the college colours. At a cricket match, they say, wanting a distinguishing badge, one of the men cut up a red and black tie and distributed it, hence the Rouge et Noir of Trinity. Take it or not as you please, we give it as we received it. A Rugby boy, who by the way, was the best classical scholar

ever at Trinity, introduced his school's great game for the first time into Upper Canada, and many a good drubbing did Trinity give 'Varsity. But alas, 'tis changed now! The "Lit." in those days was in full swing, and the debaters settled the problems of the day with as much assurance as we of the present. A faint echo has come down the Avenue of Time to the effect that even then they debated on the chapel question—but out dread thought! Passing outside we find Queen street a dusty country road, but as such hot roads, especially in their period of transition to a city street, are not interesting, we will turn for relief to the Ravine. It is picturesque even now, but then it was doubly so in the fact that through it meandered a lovely little stream. Some poetic prophet said that this brooklet should hereafter be famous in scholastic song, that it would be regarded as the Cephissus of a Canadian Academus, the Cherwell of an infant Christ Church, but, alas for human hopes, it now runs underground as a sewer! At that time, on the steep mound which overhung the Gore Vale Brook, were probably the remains of a Block House which once commanded the western approach of York. It may be interesting to Trinity men to know that in the valley of the stream a little further down was an old log brewery of local repute, but which turned out beer irreproachable. Such was Trinity. Both she and the town have grown, and let us hope ever will. We may add, the brewery has grown too, and a new one stands in the old one's place—but that, of course, makes no difference.

PERSONAL.

A VERY interesting and somewhat unique presentation has been recently made to Prof. Montgomery for deposit and exhibition in the museum of our University. It comes from the Rev. Canon Logan, M.A., a resident of this city, and consists of an "At Home" card and eight autographic letters from the late Bishop Strachan to the Rev. Wm. Logan, and bearing the signature "John Toronto." The card is an invitation from Bishop Strachan to Mr. Logan to be present at the ceremonies and other proceedings attendant upon the laying of the corner stone of Trinity College building on Thursday, the first day of May, 1851. At the meeting of Trinity graduates, held in the College dining-hall a few weeks ago, Canon Logan in a brief speech referred to the fact of his being present on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone. The Canon is still vigorous, and takes a deep interest in the work and prospects of Trinity University.

Mr. G. C. McTAVISH has donated to the University Museum a fine collection of prehistoric flints and bones from Dordogne, France. There are upwards of one hundred and thirty flints and cherts from the localities, Les Eyzies, La Madelaine and Laugerie, in Dordogne. They represent the beginning of the Stone Age in Europe, and are among the earliest samples of human workmanship known. There are several lumps of the matrix or rock matter, having the flints and broken bones imbedded therein, just as they occur in France. For the purpose of comparison with the aboriginal workmanship of North America, these specimens of the handicraft of primitive European man will be very useful. They are appreciated by the

curator, and the thanks of the University are due Mr. McTavish for this donation.

MR. J. F. RONTHWAITTE has contributed two specimens of rock salt, or halite, to our collections. They were obtained at Northwich, Cheshire, England.

THEOLOGICAL AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Executive Committee of this society for 1895-6 was held on Thursday, March 28th, at 2 p.m., in the first vice-president's room. There was a good attendance, it being particularly pleasant to have present an old Trinity man, the Rev. H. P. Lowe, M.A., now curate of St. George's. Mr. Lowe is taking a great interest in the society, and there is no doubt that it will be greatly benefitted in having the assistance of one who has had such experience in the missionary field. The following gentlemen have been asked to read papers next year:—Messrs. Swayne and Johnson, B.A., China; Rev. G. L. Starr and Mr. Dymond, Theosophy; Rev. A. V. De Pencier and Mr. Seager, Kidd's Social Problems; Messrs. Gwyn, B.A., and Rutherford, Oxford Movements of 1832 and 1892. As under the new arrangement more adequate time is given for the preparation of the papers, they will no doubt be unusually entertaining. The subjects, too, are of great interest to all, not only to divinity students and those who intend to study for the Church, but also for "all sorts and conditions of men." Moreover, they are the questions of the day, questions which we are all expected to know something about. The "Social Problem" is every day becoming of more practical importance, and any one who can give the least assistance towards the solution of the problem is doing a service to mankind in general of no mean importance. For these reasons the Theological and Missionary Society hope that all the men, Divinity and Arts, will study these questions themselves, and give the benefit of their researches to the college through the discussions which will follow each paper.

Several of last year's officers are leaving us. The first vice-president, the Rev. H. M. Little, although he is leaving college, still retains, we are glad to say, a place on the executive committee. Mr. Davidson, who has been secretary for the past two years, leaves in June. It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Davidson's zeal and work on behalf of the society. Every one acknowledges how indefatigable and unselfish he has been. The treasurer, Mr. Baynes-Reed, also has left for "other parts." His services as treasurer and on the executive committee will not soon be forgotten. Of the executive committee of last year, Messrs. Francis B. A., Chadwick, B.A., Spencer, and Madili are all men whom we can ill afford to lose, and with whom we regret to part. We wish them every success in their new "spheres of influences."

We note with pride and pleasure that the Rev. F. W. Kennedy, a graduate of Trinity, who lately went out to Japan, has made such progress in the language that now he is able to celebrate in Japanese.

Hamilton Herald.—"Needless to say the play was most creditably presented."

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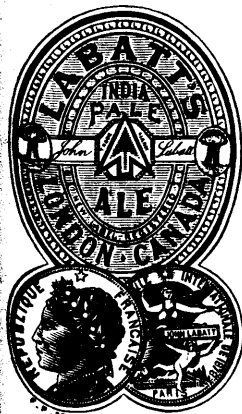
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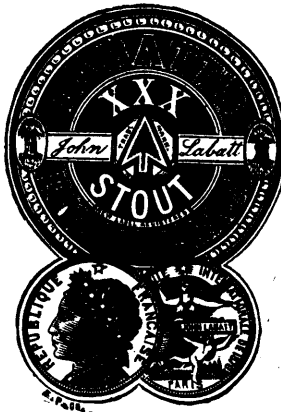


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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY PRESIDENT.

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31 1894.

Income

Received for Premiums	-	\$30,123,163 82
From all other sources	-	11,897,706 14
		\$42,020,869 96

Disbursements

To Policy-holders:		
For Claims by Death	-	\$11,929,794 94
Endowments, Dividends &c.	-	9,159,402 14
For all other accounts	-	9,789,634 18
		\$30,878,831 26

Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$83,970,690 67
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	71,339,415 92
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	11,366,100 00
Real Estate	21,691,733 89
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	9,655,198 91
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums &c.	6,615,645 07
	\$204,638,788 96

Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities, Company's Standard, American 4 per cent.	182,109,456 14
Surplus	\$22,529,327 82

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed	\$750,290,677 97
Insurance and Annuities in force December 31 1894	855,207,778 42

Increase in Total Income	-	\$6,067,724 26
Increase in Premium Income	-	2,528,825 84
Increase in Assets	-	17,931,103 82
Increase in Surplus	-	4,576,718 91
Increase of Insurance and Annuities in Force	-	51,928,039 00

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
 CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROWWELL	Treasurer
EMORY MCCLINTOCK L.L.B., F.I.A.	Actuary

HENRY K. MERRITT, Manager
 31, 32 and 33 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Toronto.

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 In our next issue.

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FINEST GOODS SHIPPED WITH
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Estimates on application for any
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This complaint often arises from Dyspepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is a most prolific source of suffering, causing

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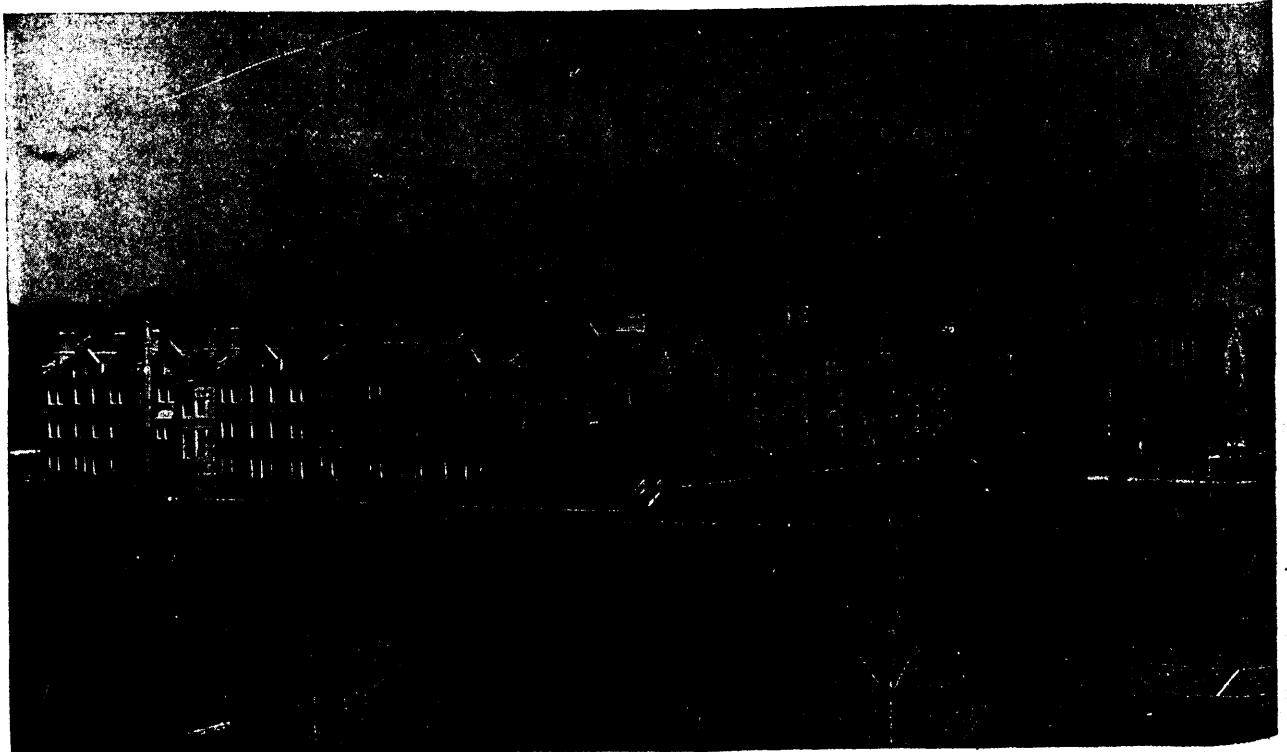
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The Wellington Scholarship in Classics of \$275 (\$80 and three years' tuition free).
 The Wellington Scholarship in Mathematics of \$275 (\$80 and three years' tuition free).
 The Bishop Strachan Scholarship in Classics of \$235 (\$40 and three years' 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).

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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. In affiliation is Toronto Conservatory of Music. Calendar, with full particulars, also Notice forms, etc., etc., should be obtained from the Registrar, address Trinity University, Toronto.