



TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

A Journal devoted to the interests of the Undergraduates in Arts and Medicine, and the Convocation of Trinity University.

Vol. III.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, JANUARY, 1890.

No. 1.

WILLIAMSON & CO.

BOOKSELLERS.

HALFOUR STEWART'S Lessons in Elementary Physics	\$1 50
GRAY'S Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy	6 00
GRAY'S Manual of Botany	2 50
SCHILLER'S Belagerung von Antwerpen	60
SCHILLER'S Die Kraniche des Ibycus	40
WHITE'S Livy, Book 23	90
MERRY'S Homer's Odyssey, Bks. 1-12	1 50
CRAIK'S History of English Literature	2 50
ARMSTRONG'S Organic Chemistry	1 25
ROULIER'S First Book of French Composition	50

5 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

Established - 1842.

GEO. HARCOURT & SON

First-Class Tailoring,
Clerical Tailoring,
Gents' Furnishings,
College Robes,
Surplices and Stoles,
Cassocks,
Clerical Collars,
etc., etc., etc.

43 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

Books for Students and others.

Pastor in Parochia. By the Right Rev. W. Walsham How, D.D.	\$1 20
The Double Witness of the Church. By the Right Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, D.D.	75
The Bible in the Church. By Brooke F. Westcott, D.D.	1 00
A Manual of Christian Evidences. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A.	75
The Love of the Atonement. By the late Right Rev. R. Milman, D.D.	1 25
Lectures on Pastoral Work. By the Right Rev. W. Walsham How, D.D.	75
Illustrated Notes on English Church History—Volume I.—From the Earliest Times to the Dawn of the Reformation. Volume II.—Reformation and Modern Work. By Rev. C. Arthur Lane	33
Companion to the Greek Testament. By A. C. Barrett, M.A.	1 75
The Epistles of St. Paul. The Galatians—Philippians—Colossians and Philemon. By the Right Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D.	3 00

ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON,
76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

JAMES PAPE.

- FLORIST -

Bouquets and Cut Flowers to Order.

78 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Telephone 1461.

HEADQUARTERS FOR STUDENTS'

Theological Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, etc., etc.

SPECIAL TERMS TO STUDENTS.

A. G. WATSON, Manager,

Toronto Willard Tract Depository, (Limited),
Corner Yonge and Temperance Streets, Toronto.

STANTON

The PHOTOGRAPHER,

1 Adelaide West, Cor. Yonge.

P.M. Clark & Son

TAILORS

—AND—

Gentlemen's * Haberdashers,

95 King St. West,

TORONTO.

WINE & SPIRIT Merchants.

Delicate Sherries from \$4 per gal. to \$18 per doz.
Fruity and dry old Ports from \$4 per gal. to \$20 per doz.
Dinner and after dinner Clarets from \$5 to \$30 per doz.
Spirits from the leading distilleries of Canada, England, Holland, Scotland, Ireland, France.

Alicante, also the wine for the Holy Communion.
Little 1/2 doz. hampers for the Holidays.
Catalogues can be had on application. An inspection of the Vaults is solicited.

OLIVER PORTER & CO.

(Successors to QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO.)

16 KING WEST, TORONTO.

MY GREAT SPECIALTY.

S. B. WINDRUM,

THE JEWELLER

NOTED FOR FINE

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

DIAMOND RINGS, WEDDING RINGS.

Silver-Plate Ware, All Spoons and Forks, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Gold and Silver Head Canes, Marble Clocks, Communion Ware.

Watches and Jewellery Repairing by the best workmen. Discount to Ministers and friends. Tennis and Cricketing Goods, Footballs and Boxing Gloves. Manufacturing and Repairing a Specialty.

31 KING STREET EAST (UPSTAIRS).

W. C. MURRAY, The Fashionable Tailor,

279 YONGE ST., TORONTO. Branch Store: 501 QUEEN ST. WEST.

A Large and Varied Stock of Gentlemen's Furnishings always on hand.

OXFORD PRESS.

Timms, Moor & Co

23 ADELAIDE ST. EAST,

TORONTO,

Have for years made
a Specialty of

Ecclesiastical and Scholastic

PRINTING.

EXAMINATION PAPERS,
HONOR CARDS,
CARDS OF MERIT, ETC.
Got up in First-Class Style and at
Reasonable Rates.

CONFIRMATION,
BAPTISMAL, AND
MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.
Send for Samples and Price Lists.

**Misc and General Printing of every
description.**

23 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Harry A. Collins,

HOUSE FURNISHINGS,

No. 90 YONGE STREET.

LAMPS TO-DAY!

Long winter nights require plenty of
light, and what better light than lamp-
light?

Gas in its place is good, indeed, we
couldn't do without it; but in the past
few years there have been so many im-
provements devised in lamps that the
modern artistic lamp far surpasses any
gas-jet for softness of light, brilliancy and
reflecting powers.

We are headquarters for lamps—that
means we sell every style, kind and des-
cription of modern art lamps, table lamps,
piano lamps, banquet lamps, in polished
brass, in Bisque and in bronze.

The prices are low, when quality, beauty
and finish are considered.

Harry A. Collins,

90 YONGE STREET.

TREBLE'S FOR GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, COLLARS, JERSEYS, SCARFS AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

Legal.

JONES BROTHERS & MACKENZIE,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS & SOLICITORS,
Nos. 5 and 6 Canada Permanent Bldgs.
CLARKSON JONES. BEVERLEY JONES.
GEO. A. MACKENZIE.
English Agent, JONAS AID JONES, LONDON, 99 Canon St.

WM. P. ATKINSON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c.,
21 YORK CHAMBERS,
No. 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR. CARLE ADDRESS,
WM. SETON GORDON. "ARDEN,"
A. J. WILLIAMS. TORONTO.
ARMOUR, GORDON & WILLIAMS,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
15 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

McMICHAEL, MILLS & McMICHAEL,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.,
OFFICES—54 CHURCH ST.,
(Corner King Street), TORONTO.
TELEPHONE No. 640.

D. McMICHAEL, Q.C. CHAS. McMICHAEL.
JAMES A. MILLS. A. J. W. McMICHAEL.

BIGELOW & MORSON,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.
18-20 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.
GORDON BIGELOW. F. M. MORSON.

MURRAY & MACDONELL,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS,
No. 2 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.
HUDSON W. M. MURRAY. A. C. MACDONELL.

N. FERRAR DAVIDSON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
11 EQUITY CHAMBERS,
Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO.

KINGSTONE, WOOD & SYMONS,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AND NOTARIES,
North of Scotland Chambers,
18 AND 20 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.
F. W. KINGSTONE. S. G. WOOD. DAVID T. SYMONS.

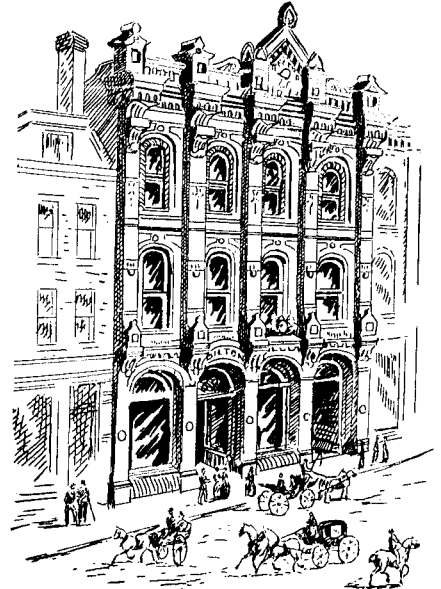
OTTAWA, ONT.

Stewart, Chrysler & Lewis,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Supreme Court and Departmental, Solicitors' Agents
for Canadian Bank of Commerce, Union Bank of
Canada, Etc. Commissioners for Quebec
Province.
McLeod Stewart. F. H. Chrysler. I. Travers Lewis.

THE STUDENTS'
Hair Cutting & Shaving Parlor
AT RUSSELL HOUSE, 215 YONGE ST.
Patronage solicited. W. H. CHIN, Prop.

*The ALE and STOUT
of JOHN LABATT, LONDON.
is undoubtedly the BEST.
TRY IT*

Bilton Bros.



TAILORS AND FURNISHERS,
69 KING STREET WEST.

**Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS** CURES
CONSTIPATION.
With all its effects, such
as Headache, Bad Blood,
Foul Humors, Poisoned
Secretions, and the gener-
al ill-health caused by
IRREGULARITY OF THE BOWELS.

GORRIE, ONT.
In the Spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as
everybody in my neighborhood knows. My
trouble was caused by obstinate constipation.
One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me
entirely.
WALTER STINSON.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

Vol. III.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, JANUARY, 1890.

No. 1.

Trinity University Review.

A Journal of Literature, University Thought,
and Events.

Published in twelve monthly issues by Convocation and the Undergraduates in Arts and Medicine of Trinity University.
Subscription: One Dollar per annum, payable in advance. Single numbers, ten cents. Copies may be obtained from Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison, 76 King St. East, and Messrs. Vannevar & Co., 440 Yonge St. Rates for advertising can be obtained on application to the Manager. All subscriptions, remittances and business communications to be addressed to

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

Literary contributions or items of personal interest are solicited from the students, alumni, and friends of the University, to be addressed to the Editors, Trinity University, or Trinity Medical College, according to their department. The names of the writers must be appended to their communications, but not necessarily for publication.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

Convocation:

F. BARLOW CUMBERLAND, M.A.	REV. PROF. SYMONDS, M.A.
<i>Arts:</i>	<i>Medicine:</i>
REV. E. C. CAYLEY, M.A.	R. MCGEE, M.D.
H. H. BEDFORD-JONES, B.A.	C. MACKAY.
T. T. NORCATE.	JAMES THIRD.
J. GRAHAM ABBOTT.	R. A. BUCK, B.A.
J. G. CARTER TROOP, <i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>	R. V. FOWLER, B.A.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER:

EDITORIAL TOPICS—	
Dr. Bourinot's New Honors.....	3
<i>The Canadian Churchman</i>	3
Robert Browning.....	3
Two Great Scholars.....	3
Mr. Goldwin Smith's Forthcoming Volumes.....	4
Canadian Copyright.....	4
Many Littles Mak a Muckle.....	4
THE DISCIPLINE OF ROBERT DELISLE.....	G.A.M. 4
DEAD IDEALS—A POEM.....	G.A.M. 7
ROBERT BROWNING.....	E.C.C. 7
TYPES OF TRAVEL.....	Mrs. Molson Spragge 8
HERE AND THERE.....	9
LOVE—A POEM.....	J.G.B. 10
LITERATURE AND POLITICS.....	Carter Troop 10
THE PITIFUL MAN—A POEM.....	A.B. 11
COLLEGE NEWS.....	11
PERSONAL.....	12
CONVOCAATION—	
Notes.....	13

TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE

EDITORIAL TOPICS—	
La Grippe's Evil Deeds.....	14
Co-education of the Sexes.....	14
Hospital Appointments.....	14
Quack Medicines.....	14
COLLEGE NEWS.....	
PERSONAL.....	14
THE LOUNGER.....	15
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Hospital Appointments of House Surgeons.....	J. Brown, M.D. 15
SELECTIONS—	
Homeopathic Soup.....	15
Character.....	15

Editorial Topics.

WE beg to offer Dr. Bourinot our congratulations on the decoration which Her Majesty the Queen has lately been graciously pleased to confer upon this distinguished Canadian—the Companionship in the Order of S. Michael and S. George. Dr. Bourinot is, we believe, the first Trinity man, indeed, in all probability the only man educated in a Canadian university, who has ever received this honor from the Queen. It is but fitting, and eminently natural, that a Trinity man should lead the way. We are glad to note also that Dr. Bourinot has been elected a member of the Corporation of Trinity University.

THE advent of the *Canadian Churchman* is an event of the greatest importance to the Church in Canada. Edited by the Reverend Dr. Clark, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in this University, the journal is guaranteed at once an intellectual and spiritual significance, and a freedom from party prejudice which will undoubtedly command for it the interest and respect of every Churchman in Canada. For its typographical excellence the publishers are to be specially congratulated. It compares favorably with the best work of its kind both in this country and the neighboring republic. May the *Canadian Churchman* long flourish and abundantly prosper.

IN another column THE REVIEW pays its homage to the splendid genius of Robert Browning, the illustrious poet, who died on the evening of the 12th December, at the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice. Poetical and picturesque in the extreme, says an English correspondent, must have been that little flotilla of gondolas which crossed the Venetian lagoon in the pale wintry sunset, conveying the honored remains of Robert Browning to their temporary resting place in the island cemetery. It is meet and right that a poet such as he should find his last abiding place here below,

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

On the last day of the old year, in the presence of many friends and admirers of the dead poet, the great Abbey received within its noble walls all that was mortal of Robert Browning. The dense fog which prevailed throughout the services gave an unusually sombre effect to the funeral.

WE regret to announce, that since our last issue, death has carried off two of the greatest of Christian scholars and noblest of Christian men: we refer to Bishop Lightfoot who died at Bournemouth, and Dr. Doellinger, who died at Munich. Dr. Doellinger, it will be remembered, was the leader of the old Catholic movement, a secession from the Roman communion, which took place in Germany and Switzerland in 1872 in consequence of the decree concerning papal infallibility which was promulgated in 1870. Dr. Doellinger will be remembered as a strenuous opponent of this new dogma and also as a great scholar. Bishop Lightfoot's is a name which should be dear to all English churchmen, as a true man, a devoted friend, a great scholar and a good Bishop. Asso-

ciated with Westcott and others he has been a leader in the defence of Christianity against the formidable attacks of the Tübingen school, and he has lived to see its recoil. His fame will rest upon his editions of St. Paul's Epistles and his splendid monograph on the Ignatian Epistles. We hope in our next issue to have an article, by one who was his personal friend, on this man "who never forgot the Bishop in the scholar nor the scholar in the Bishop," and was beloved and honored by all.

ADMIRERS of Jane Austen, of whom, despite the attractions of modern fiction, there are many, will be delighted to learn that a biography of the gentle satirist is soon to appear from the brilliant pen of Professor Goldwin Smith. The volume will form one of the shilling issues of the "Great Writers" series, published by Walter Scott, of London, and will comprise, besides a memoir of the novelist and a critical estimate of her work, an analysis of and commentary on the novels, in elucidation of their plot and the characters introduced. It is understood, we are glad also to announce, that Dr. Goldwin Smith has consented to the preparation, for private circulation among his friends, of another volume, which will interest classical students and lovers of poetry. This is a translation in English verse, of some of the gems of the Roman Muse, chiefly illustrative of the domestic life of the Romans, under both the Republic and the Empire, and exhibiting the humor, the pathos, the wit, the satire, and other characteristic qualities of the Roman poets. The translations, many of which we believe are singularly felicitous are from Lucretius and Catullus, among the later poets of the Republic; from Horace, Ovid, Propertius and Tibullus among the poets of the Augustan age; and from Lucan, Seneca and Martial among the Roman poets of the early Christian era. The volume, as we have said, is intended only for circulation among the friends of the distinguished author. Mr. Goldwin Smith does not need to be told that these are legion, and the volume, consequently, will have to appear in the form and after the methods of the publishers, that the wants of those innumerable friends may be satisfied.

THE subject of Canadian copyright, at first blush, does not seem to be a deliriously interesting one. It is, nevertheless, a subject not only of literary but of national importance. By the British North America Act Canada was given control only over local copyright, not over copyright which should affect the interests of authors in the United Kingdom. From an early period—1842 we think was the date—Canada was permitted, however, to import foreign reprints of British copyrights on certain conditions, and on these foreign reprints, in the main, has she nurtured her youth and delighted and instructed her maturer age. From the period of the concession of 1842, English authors and publishers have objected to the privilege granted to Canada to trade in these reprints, and have even gone the length of accusing the Canadian book trade of conspiring with American publishers to rob the British author of his interests in his literary work. To these accusations Canada has had tamely to submit, for she was unable to remedy the wrong complained of unless she were permitted to legislate on copyright for herself. The Imperial authorities have always denied her this right, and have even vetoed Canadian legislation in the interest alike of Canadian publishing industries and the British copyright owner. Where private arrangements have been made between the English author and a Canadian publisher, native reprints have appeared, the market has been protected against the American literary pirate, the native industries have been aided, and the copyright owner has had a royalty on the

sale of his work. Why could not this plan be extended by permitting Canada to make her own copyright laws, and thus, with due protection of the British author's interests, legalize Canadian reprints? The advantages to be derived from this course, to the British author as well as the Canadian publisher, are manifest. We should then be able to command our own market, to protect it from the intrusion of the flood of piracy from the other side of the line, to aid our own publishing firms, printers and paper-makers, and most important of all, to recompense the author for his work. But there is still a greater argument. Were Canada permitted to make her own copyright laws, she could refuse, without reciprocity, to respect the interests of American authors in the Dominion, and so turn the tables on our neighbors, and possibly compel them to agree to an international copyright between the United States, England and her colony. Why are our hands so foolishly tied in this matter?

WE must once more appeal to those subscribers to THE REVIEW who have not yet paid their subscriptions for 1889. It will surprise many no doubt to be told that little more than one tenth of our subscribers have been considerate enough to discharge their indebtedness to THE REVIEW for last year. To each individual no doubt one dollar seems a very small and insignificant sum, but when, say a thousand individuals each owe a journal one dollar, collectively these dollars make up the respectable and efficient sum of one thousand dollars. The expenses of this paper are now double what they used to be, and yet no advance has been made in the price. From all quarters we receive words of encouragement and praise and hearty appreciation. Evidently THE REVIEW is popular. Our circulation has doubled itself during the past year. And yet how great are the arrears! We would remind our readers that subscriptions are payable in advance, and we would beg those who are about to send in their dues for last year kindly to include the sum for this year also.

THE DISCIPLINE OF ROBERT DELISLE.

MY father, amongst other narrow and intense convictions held to the opinion that a son should be left to choose his vocation in life with absolute freedom from parental guidance. To such an extreme did he push this theory that he positively refused to give any counsel to his sons, as the time arrived for each to make a decision on this momentous question. He had himself received a good education from his father and had been left to his own election at a similar crisis, and he alleged that what was right in his own case must be right in ours. It thus happened that my brothers and myself successively entered and graduated at the university, that the former drifted into various occupations, and that at last it came to my turn, the youngest of the Courtenays, to choose my path in life. I had no predilection for any one profession or business above another, but I esteemed opportunities for hunting and fishing for roaming by woodland trail or crystal stream, above anything else in the world. In these circumstances it came to my knowledge that Patrick Glyn, a lumberman and contractor of great reputed wealth, was looking for a young man of fair education and sturdy physique to act in a general clerical capacity at a newly-opened milling station on the Georgian Bay. I applied for the post, and, with the aid of some friendly influence, was appointed.

I had been at Moose Inlet for nearly two years, gaining a knowledge of boards and book-keeping, and indulging my taste for sport to the full, when I learned with surprise that

Robert Delisle was to pass the summer at our settlement. Delisle and I had been in the same year at college, and had taken our degree together, he with every honor within the reach of a candidate, I with more credit, I fear, to the good nature of my examiners than to my own accomplishments. While I had set out on a business career, as I have stated, he had returned to college for the two years' divinity course. I had never liked Delisle. He had seldom joined in our social gatherings, much less in those boisterous frolics in which I was often the leader, and I thought him arrogant and overbearing in his intellectual superiority. The announcement, therefore, that we were to be close neighbors, and, indeed, inmates of one house—for the house of the superintendent, where I obtained my meals, was the only place in Moose Inlet where a college-bred man would be able to get anything eatable—gave me no pleasure. Yet on reflection, the prospect became less disagreeable. Two years spent in preparing for the ministry must have wrought changes in Delisle. The same period had certainly wrought changes in me. My objection to divinity students, generally, had vanished. In my comparative social isolation and in long sojourns in the awful silence and solitude of the woods, I had learned to look somewhat into my own soul, and had seen there needs of which I had scarcely dreamed. Delisle's seriousness would not repel me, as it once had done; perhaps he could help me in matters concerning that higher life of which I had caught glimpses, and of which he must have a larger vision. But apart from this I felt the need of social intercourse on a higher plane than that of mill hands, shanty-men, and free grant settlers, and for the sake of such intercourse some acerbities in a companion might be put up with.

It was in the beginning of July that Robert arrived upon the scene. He had completed the full term of his divinity course, and, as he told me, was looking forward to ordination in the autumn; in the meantime he had come north, at the suggestion of Patrick Glyn himself, whom he had accidentally met, for three months of mission work, and bracing air. He seemed dreamy and absent-minded, and looked with a disconsolate air upon our unromantic surroundings, the gaunt saw mill with its tall, black flue; the brown frame "store," and its proximate rows of cottages of the same hue and material; the less pretentious log cabins in gardens where the stumps still held sway; the granite ledges obtruding everywhere, like the backs of ossified, half buried monsters, and the strip of charred forest encircling all. But I could not complain of any want of cordiality in his greeting, and he strove to evince an interest in my occupations, and in the simple folk with whom I made him acquainted.

As to these latter, they were inspired with a feeling of awe for the young "minister" which was never lost. Services were instituted at once, and as all were glad of any novelty (an annual mass by a traveling priest, and an occasional address of a revival character from a transient *colporteur*, were about the only religious ordinances we knew) every one, even the French Canadians, attended. I cannot say that Robert was successful in impressing or interesting his hearers from the extemporised pulpit in the store-room which we converted into a church. He was a fluent and forcible speaker, and had gained mastery of language and power of logic since I had heard him at our college literary meetings. But he talked over the heads of all of us, without tenderness, without passion never for a moment producing the impression of one living soul pulsating in sympathy with another. For not producing such an impression I should not blame him too much, as many orthodox preachers fail to do so, but I confess I was disappointed. In private, Delisle was often moody and irritable; but I frequently

found him a delightful companion. His range of reading had been wide, and he possessed gifts of observation and imagination which surprised me many a time when we were together in canoe, or chamber, or forest, or on the grand headland where we often went to drink in the refreshing western wind. On the subject of religion he never spoke, so that I, in my inexperience, was left to wonder at the apparently small proportion of the thoughts which might be assigned to that matter by one whose life was supposed to be consecrated to its cause.

A month of the cloudless summer had floated over us, when Moose Inlet was excited by another arrival. This was the advent of no other than the great Glyn himself, accompanied by an elderly lady (his sister), and his only daughter. A handsome steam yacht bore the party into our little harbor one still afternoon, and the granite bluffs returned, with interest, the report of a mimic cannon. The superintendent and myself were summoned on board the yacht, before we had recovered from the surprise which our employer had prepared for us by this unannounced appearance. Delisle, whose presence had not been forgotten, was also courteously invited to accompany us. We all at once responded to the summons.

Mr. Glyn was as boisterous in his welcome as a rough and good-natured Irishman could be. He was loud in self-congratulations on the happy idea which had inspired the purchase of the yacht. He was thus, he said, enabled to make a summer tour of his mills, timber limits, mining locations, etc., in comfort, and even luxury, enhanced by the company of his women-folk, whom he introduced as Mrs. Tracy, his sister, and Miss Estelle, his only daughter and child. It added to the brilliancy of the scheme that they also should enjoy the lake breezes during "this confounded weather."

Mrs. Tracy was a timid lady who evidently had a constitutional difficulty in differing from any one. She assented cheerfully to her brother's optimistic comments. Miss Estelle made no sign of approval. Indeed, she looked exceedingly bored as she dropped for a moment the book which she was reading, and eyed us languidly from the soft cushions on which she was reclined. Under such a manifestation of indifference, I was not displeased when Glyn took the superintendent and myself forward and engaged us in a conversation on business matters. But I am quite sure that Robert Delisle was displeased that he was left behind to entertain the ladies.

Nevertheless, when, our conference at an end, Glyn took us back to partake of tea under the awning, Miss Glyn had shaken off her languor and was carrying on a civil conversation with Delisle. I noticed then that she was extremely pretty. Let me try and describe her as her image afterwards became imprinted on my memory. She was somewhat under the average height of women, but her form was so perfectly moulded that she did not seem short. She had a profusion of soft, wavy brown hair, eyes that were sometimes gray, and sometime blue, and a peculiarly beautiful complexion, colorless, but softly lustrous. This, with brilliant teeth, gave her, when pleased or animated, an effect which I can only call dazzling. He would have been a dull fellow whose blood did not run faster in his veins, under the stimulus of one of Miss Glyn's irradiant, innocent, caressing, and altogether bewitching smiles.

Delisle had been at first piqued at the young lady's demeanor. When, however, he had brought her to terms by turning his back and addressing himself exclusively to the elder lady, all resentment had melted away under Miss Glyn's graciousness, which she exerted with every charm of manner as if to atone for her previous neglect. Delisle had seen little of women's society; he was, I think, naturally

susceptible; never had he enjoyed such fascinating intercourse as this. When we left the yacht that night he was silent and absorbed, and I felt sure that a new feeling had found a place in his breast.

For the next few days I was occupied in a thorough investigation of business matters with my employer, who alternately bullied and bantered me, and displayed just that amount of shrewdness and vulgarity which I expected to meet with. During this time Robert and Estelle were thrown together constantly, apparently to their mutual satisfaction. Any man to whom Estelle Glyn chose to be agreeable must have found delight in her society. Delisle, on the other hand, was the sort of man who could not fail to prove interesting to one of the opposite sex to whom he himself was attracted. His handsome and intellectual countenance, his refined bearing, his well-stored mind and ready tongue would have awakened admiration even in a shallow girl. And Miss Glyn was not shallow. I was not altogether astounded when, Glyn having announced that he had nothing more to detain him at Moose Inlet, his daughter remarked calmly, "Father, you will, of course, ask Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Delisle to sail with us?"

"Well—well—" the parent spluttered, "I certainly hadn't thought about it. Don't see how it can be done. They've both got their work to look after."

"Oh, Mr. Courtenay must have a holiday," Miss Glyn said sweetly, betraying an unexpected solicitude for my welfare, "you've simply worked him to death since you've been here. And as for Mr. Delisle, I suppose his flock can live through one Sunday without a sermon."

Estelle was spoilt, of course; her father was her willing slave. Mrs. Tracy was appealed to to sustain the girl's caprice; she gave a terrified assent, and the thing was arranged. Robert insisted that I must go; Mr. Glyn discovered that I might be useful, and we both went.

Into the details of that eventful voyage, it is not necessary that I should enter. We threaded our way in perfect weather through island mazes, rocked on the long rollers of the lake, crept into dark flowing rivers encumbered by floating logs, and varied our cruise by frequent stoppages along the shore. It was the end of August before the *Esmeralda* steamed again into Moose Inlet on her way home. Delisle's flock had lived through three Sundays, instead of one, without a sermon; the young pastor in the delirium of a first passion, had apparently forgotten the existence of the flock altogether.

As the time approached when he must wake from this brief, delicious dream, to prosaic facts, he became greatly disturbed. He had not asked advice of me, nor taken me into his confidence, but it required no vivid imagination to picture his position and state of mind. We reached the Inlet early one morning; the yacht was to remain at anchor for the day; at dawn, of the following day, it was to sail southward. Delisle had an interview, in the very room where his services had been held, with Mr. Glyn; I guessed his desperate object and trembled for him. In the evening, on the *Esmeralda's* deck, I saw Delisle take a formal leave of Miss Glyn: she was as cold as a statue of Daphne; Glyn was curt and testy; poor Mrs. Tracy in a panic. The spirit of romance, I concluded, had been exorcised by what Mr. Glyn would probably describe as "hard pan."

Next morning there was nothing to be seen on the surface of our harbor but the circling gulls. In the days which ensued, Robert Delisle was pale, silent and dejected. On the third or fourth evening, he did not appear at supper, but a note was left for me in his place.

I am unwell and wretched. I must have a change. Take care of my few things till I tell you what to do with them. I want to thank you for your great patience with me. I have not been a pleasant companion.

R. D.

The brief, hot summer, which had leaped up like a flame, had vanished; the leaves of the maple glowed with the early frost, and a dull sense of the impending gloom of winter lay upon my spirit, when Robert Delisle returned. He did not tell me where he had been, nor did I ask him, but he was so blanched, and aged, and dishevelled, that I felt both pity and alarm. I did not, however, obtrude upon his trouble, knowing his pride, but endeavored to maintain towards him a cheerful and unconcerned demeanor. But, on the evening of his return, as we sat together before a crackling fire of logs, in my own room, and my pipe was lit, his story came out. I will try and give it as nearly in his own words as I can.

"Courtenay," Robert said, "I must tell you all. It will help me. I feel like going off my head if I don't get some relief. I love that girl——, you know that, of course. And she loved me, Courtenay; I cannot doubt that.

"I couldn't speak to her plainly on our trip; that would have been a sort of treachery to her father, though I cannot say I respect him much. But I went to him about it the morning we got back here. Of course, I knew it was simple madness; what could a man with my prospects, or rather with no prospects, expect of him. But I had to do it; I could not let them go away and not say a word; nothing could be as bad as that.

"Well, he took it quite differently to what I expected. He didn't knock me down, or roar out, or do anything violent. He listened to all I had to say—it was not much—and then asked shortly, 'Have you any money?' I replied, 'None.' He gave a long whistle and then said, 'Do you expect to make any?' I said, 'No.' 'No man who has no money, and doesn't expect to make any, can marry my daughter.' This settled the matter. I was quite able to keep my self-control, and taking my hat, I gave him a polite 'good-morning,' and moved to the door. He called me back. 'Look here, Mr. Delisle,' he said, 'I like you. I've always liked you since I first met you down in the city. You've got lots of brains, and you can be trusted, two things which I find don't generally go together. You're a fool to throw yourself away on this parson line. Give it up. Come into business; I'll find you a place; I want men like you; and I know you'll get on. With your education and gift of the gab, you might go into Parliament. You would be a power there, and could help me immensely. Come now, think of this seriously. Take my offer, and in a year's time, if Stell is agreeable (and I think she likes you), you can speak to me of this matter again."

"Courtenay, I was thunderstruck! Can you imagine such a proposition, so unlooked for, so alluring under the circumstances in which it was made. I was overwhelmed by conflicting sensations. I knew not what to think or say. I felt that I was mechanically thanking Glyn and promising to consider his suggestion. I left him to go—anywhere. I know I found myself breaking through the woods like a wild thing, driven onward in a tempest of feeling. One picture kept recurring to me; it was the picture of Christ on the mountain-top, tempted of the devil, and the words rang through my ears, 'All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' But, stronger than this, was the thought, 'I must have Estelle, at any price.'

"I had arranged to row her towards evening to that lovely bay around the bluff—you know the one—Deadman's Cove is your ill-omened name for it here. I met her at the appointed hour. She was, I know, saddened by the thought of our parting, and that sadness veiled her in a tenderness which I had never seen before, and marvellously heightened her beauty. As we floated on I tried to tell her my feeling for her, but I could not; the words stuck in my throat; a terrible sense of constraint came over me. So I began,

instead, to speak of my prospects in life. Gradually I disclosed her father's proposition that I should enter business. As I proceeded, treating the suggestion seriously, hinting at its wisdom, extenuating the surrender of principle which it involved, she listened in silence. I saw that a change was creeping over her. At last she asked me, coldly, 'What do you intend to do?'

"She gave me no hint of her own wishes. I could not ask her to help me to a decision. 'For your sake,' I broke out in despair, 'For your sake, Estelle, I will accept your father's offer.'"

"It was all over then. She gazed at me with amazement, incredulity, pity, and then fell into deep thought. I know not what I said after that; only I know that I saw a great gulf between us which could never be crossed. Happily we were soon at the yacht again. When I had helped her up the side, and before anyone was in hearing, she turned her eyes upon me, and said in tones which cut me like a knife, 'You have taken me in!' The next moment she added, with a strange pathos, which hurt me even more than her scorn, 'And I thought you so noble!' You saw our leaving; that is the whole story. I have lost the two most precious things a man can lose—the woman of his love and his own honor."

He hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud in the anguish of his regret, humiliation, and self reproach.

It seemed a bad case. I had nothing to say, so I smoked for a long time in silence. But at length I began to see, dimly at first, and then more clearly, that, perhaps, nothing better could have happened to Robert Delisle than this sorrow. In the first place I was not prepared to believe that it could be desirable for any man that he should be the husband of Estelle Glyn. And in the next place it was fortunate for Robert Delisle that he should learn, as he must now have learned, and as I had learned before, how little his heart was consecrated to the sacred work of the ministry. He must now assuredly pause before taking the irrevocable step of ordination. And the travail of the soul through which he was passing would doubtless prove to be only discipline which he needed, such discipline as is needed by all of us and makes us better men.

We sat long into the night, and at last, overcoming my diffidence in a sincere desire to serve him, I found myself trying to tell him what I thought, and he was listening as meekly as a child. For the fact was that the whole nature of the man had broken up, as the ice breaks up in the resurrection of spring, and a more genial and fruitful season of the soul was about to set in.

* * * *

Some five years after the events which I have related, happening to be in Montreal, and walking upon the street, my attention was attracted to a very stylish equipage which was passing by. Suddenly the carriage was turned towards the pavement, and drew up beside me, and its occupant, a richly-dressed lady, beckoned me with an imperious gesture of the hand. I recognized Estelle Glyn, more dazzling than ever in the maturity of her beauty.

"Do you not remember me?" she enquired.

"Yes; you are Miss Glyn"

"I am Mrs _____," she mentioned the name of one of the most audacious and successful speculators in the country.

"Are you still at that Inlet place?"

"No, it is some time since I have been in your father's employment."

"That friend of yours—Robert Delisle—have you seen him lately?"

"I have not seen him since that summer. He left Moose Inlet about a month after you."

"Did he—did he go into the Church?"

"He did; but he waited fully three years before taking orders. At the time he was ordained he gave promise of the highest success in his vocation."

"And has not that promise been fulfilled?"

"On that point there may be a difference of opinion."

"What do you mean?"

"Madam," I said, not "many months ago Robert Delisle was killed on the bank of the River Zambesi, by some savages to whom he sought to take Christianity."

She uttered a sharp little cry, and fell back wearily upon the cushioned seat.

A moment later she gave me a cold bow, and was gone.
G. A. M.

DEAD IDEALS.

LIKE travellers who grow poorer day by day,
Still travelling and still spending, we resign
To the exacting years the dower divine
Of youthful feelings; trust, too soon the prey
Of chill experience; passionate thoughts that sway
Young hearts to ardors generous and fine;
And many fair illusions that do shine
Like stars to brighten life's untrodden way.

And somewhere on life's pathway there are graves
Of dead ideals, raptures of a life
After the spirit and in scorn of ease.
Ah God! that we should live bereft of these!
Should call a truce to battle, in the strife
With the world's powers, and be convention's slaves!
G. A. M.

BROWNING.

BROWNING, Emerson and Westcott, are linked together here, perhaps, for the first time. Yet it is their good fortune to have many points in common. They are all of their century. They are all great thinkers and teachers. They are all on the side of that which is Spiritual, as opposed to that which is Material. They are all hopeful, thorough going optimists, prophets of aspiration. Their aims are high, their ambitions noble and they have exerted, each in his own sphere, a profound influence. Here they part company. Emerson unlike the other two, is not on the side of Christian thought though he owes all that is greatest in his work to its inspiration; nevertheless, he labored for young America; he strove to accomplish her spiritual regeneration; he made it his one aim to substitute for the question, 'Will it bake bread?' that other question "Will it save the soul alive?" It would be interesting to inquire why Emerson, who is continually bearing involuntary testimonies to the Faith which he rejects was not a disciple, but we have only time here to suggest that the refracting medium of a sterile Puritanism will account for much. But if with Emerson this testimony to the Christian Philosophy is unconsciously given, it is not so with Browning and Westcott. Christianity is that which they delight to honor, and love to defend. And both do this much in the same way—far more than is at first apparent. Westcott may be said to have had a two-fold aim. In the first place he is an Alexandrine in his modes of thought; as such Christianity appeals to him with special force, as a system which solves all the great problems of *thought*. In the second place, he is the teacher of an age whose main tendency is socialistic; as such, Christianity appeals to him as the essentially Social Gospel, as a system which solves all the problems of *life*.

It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, Browning and Westcott have influenced one another. Browning, as some one has said, knows more theology

than most Bishops, and this theology is not only both speculative and practical, but it is speculative and practical in the same way, and along the same lines, as the theology of Westcott, is speculative and practical. Again and again, throughout his work Christianity is introduced as illuminating all the greatest problems and as satisfying all the deepest needs which harass and perplex mankind. We have emphasized this factor in Browning's work, because it does not seem to have received sufficient notice. And, in an age like this, it is of no slight importance, that one of the most keen and subtle minds of the century, and, one too, well-versed in modern criticism should, in the world of Letters, be such a staunch defender of the Faith.

In reading Browning, one cannot help feeling that his love for Italy is also extended to Italy's greatest poet. The influence of Dante is often traceable, and their aims are not unlike. Both are terribly in earnest. The canvas of both is crowded with real men and women. Both wrote that they might influence their own, and all times, through purifying hope and cleansing fear. If Dante is at times concerned with those in hell, and Browning mainly with those who are rather fit candidates for purgatory, it is because of the difference between the ages in which each lived. Many for whom Dante wrote, were men whose lives were stained dark with crime.

Browning writes for men whose lives are stained by that which must have some paler name than crime, for those whose lives are overcast with irresolution's sickly hue, who fail, while they succeed, because their aim is low. And if Milton has made us almost at times admire the greatness of Satan, Browning has sometimes almost made us feel that nothing can be worse than that the man of great capacities should do nothing great, even though that something should be crime.

With regard to Robert Browning's alleged obscurity, we have a word to say. No one would wish to deny that his style is often difficult, and his meaning obscure, and much of his work is hard reading; but, having granted this, we are in no way disposed to allow the work of one of the greatest poets to be thus easily dismissed. Robert Browning has turned out a prodigious amount of work. All of it is not obscure. Much of it is delightful. Assuredly the bulk of his work is not a repertory of graceful amusement, but I think we can find a reason for this. Did not Napoleon, on one occasion, when wearied by the monotony of the ordinary subjects of dramatic treatment, exclaim, "Why cannot they find a greater subject in the delineation of tragedies of mind, as, for instance, my mental struggles and anguish over the execution of the Duc D'Eughien." A task not unlike this, Browning has often attempted, and to catch in words the play of thought and motive, is almost as difficult for the poet as it would be for the painter to catch the changing tints as they shiver over a glowing log. His method is here psychological and analytical. He is attempting in verse what Balzac and George Eliot attempted in prose; and if some people refuse to admit that George Eliot is a novelist, judged by the same standard, Browning, perhaps, is not always a poet. However this may be, he made this attempt, and if he has not perfectly succeeded, he is only one more illustration of how far high failure overleaps the bounds of low success. And his shortcomings are a more fitting subject for regret than for cavil. But how mighty is the failure!

It has been said that he loved power better than grace, the sublime better than the beautiful, the picturesque and the grotesque better than the harmonious. How true we feel this to be! The man is greater than his work. This greatness is the source of his moral and spiritual force. He is loving, passionate, strong, true, sometimes too natural. His eager spirit breaks the mould and refuses to be

controlled, even by language, "A fault?" "Yes, certainly," but we love him for it, as we love the broken accents of intense earnestness. And what electric shocks that earnestness can give! As an instance of his dramatic power in the delineation of passion, take this verse, from 'The Last Ride Together.'

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions—sun's
And moon's, and evening star's at once—
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moon-rise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

If we only had more space, we should like to quote from "Prospice," "In a Balcony," "In a Gondola," "Saul," "A Toccato of Galuppis," "Rabi Ben Ezra," "Love Among the Ruins," "Apparent Failure," "Abt Vogler," "Paracelsus," "James Lee's Wife," not to mention his greater works, in order to give some faint idea of the exquisite pathos, the musical instinct, the strong passion and noble inspiration of this poet-thinker, who loves no one so well as the man who fears not to meet death, because he has faced, and many times conquered, more formidable foes in life; and who hates no man so much as he who fritters away great birthrights held in trust for the amelioration of men. "He loved this life and could sing of it like few, and he did not love it the less or sing of it the worse, because he believed in another." He is gone. But we remember it is the author of "Prospice" that is dead. E. C. C.

TYPES OF TRAVEL.

It is surprising how few people are blest with the faculty of observation, consequently with that sense of the ludicrous which invariably accompanies it as an analoguous psychological quality. Probably of all the advantages the nineteenth century affords, none makes or leaves less impression on the great majority than travel. The average individual, we believe, might journey from Toronto to Timbuctoo, and return with the consciousness only that he had seen some niggers and some tropical trees in a very hot place. The gift of perception cannot be too highly prized, it is a magic wand which can convert the hard, dry facts of existence into amusing experiences and can touch the faults and foibles of humanity with the keen shaft of humor.

From the very commencement of a trip there is a fine field for observation in the American railway car be it the ordinary first class or the luxurious Pullman; a section may be less sociable than a steamship saloon, indeed its semi-exclusiveness tends to rouse all the inherited John Bullism of the Canadian who resents the intrusion of his unexpected travelling companion and the occupation of his effects, but it is a good platform all the same. In the improved Pullman the four sofa seats in the centre of the car, parallel with its sides, are exceptionally good vantage points for the study of humanity. During one of the long transcontinental journeys, now open to the enterprising tourist, as many types of travel may be encountered in a train as on an ocean steamer, the accredited school of the human race. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through a large tract of country which, if not positively uninteresting, is comparatively monotonous and discouraging to the seeker after the natural beauties of the Dominion. Hence the observing tourist may be pardoned for turning his attention from the contemplation of the outer object to that of the inner man. Keeping a sofa section we command the caravanserai on wheels.

Near us sit two Scotch women, the tired mother of three tired, troublesome children, whose disturbing influence is magnanimously resisted, on discovering that the party had been steadily travelling for three weeks from Glasgow, having come direct *via* Quebec, bound for Seatell, Washington Territory, which they will reach in less than four weeks from their native land. Scotchwoman No. 2 is also married, but, happily, childless, so she poses as companion and nurse by turns. Both these matrons will join their respective husbands, who have preceded them by a year, in the American Republic. They attract attention by the unruliness of their family, the breadth of their Scotesean dialect, and their persistent peculiarity of miscalling every ordinary object. Thus, all dogs to them became prairie dogs; all distant cattle, buffaloes or antelopes, all tents, wigwags, and in the mountain regions all Chinamen, working on the railway, Indians. They are so proud of their book knowledge of the country, its history and natural products, that their self sufficiency is a most amusing contrast to the usual curiosity of the tourist, which expends itself upon the loquacious and mendacious capabilities of the porter or conductor. We know a facetious official of the latter class, who, during a temporary delay in the Rockies, had all his passengers scouring the adjacent slopes after antelope, armed with sticks and stones, when no such animals were to be found within hundreds of miles of the spot. Alas for the credulity of the enquiring mind!

We had with us the pure and unadulterated type of a Down East Yankee, in shining alpaca duster, soft felt hat, and irritating chin whisker, accompanied by his bride, a gorgeous lady, attired in a brilliant checked green silk garment of the horse-cloth pattern, a compromise between a tea-gown and an ulster, fearfully and wonderfully made; it draws upon its surface and its wearer the attention of all beholders to its owner's evident and uncondemned approbation. This costume is completed by a brigand felt hat, with indented crown, encircled by a broad band of light green ribbon, and several yards of white tulle, whose superfluity is confined in a voluminous bow beneath the chin.

In violent contrast to this couple is an aggressive English woman, with a high nose and an incongruous fore and-aft cap, whose piquant lines throw her Wellingtonian features into high relief. Naturally, she wears perfectly straight skirts, probably divided, and, legally, she owns an attenuated, oppressed husband, who follows her meekly in an hourly excursion she makes up and down the car, presumably for exercise or fresh air, as she snorts and sniffs loudly during her promenade, irresistibly suggestive of a peripatetic sanitary inspector. As an anecdote we have an affluent British family travelling luxuriously in the drawing-room compartment in all the privacy of capital. The wife looks like a ripe apple, so smooth and ruddy is her fair fat cheek, and so wholesome her skin; she represents the prosperous matron and her lines have evidently always fallen in pleasant places. The husband is a genial-looking man, whose individuality takes the form of being united to a heavy Scotch bonnet which he is never seen without on one single occasion. There is, in addition, a mysterious section, whose curtains have been closed all day; towards evening, when the berths are being taken down and made up for the night, it disgorges its occupants. A plain, hard featured, middle-aged American, who falls in a heap on to the sofa opposite me, guessing "she had been car-sick most twenty-four hours." Meeting with no audible sympathy, though apologising to the passengers for her general appearance, she adjusted her pocket handkerchief over her countenance and subsided.

She has a companion in her berth, and misery, a country-woman, similarly afflicted. To her complaint she has sacri-

ficed every fragment of vanity after the manner of sea-sick womankind; she wanders restlessly up and down the centre aisle in pursuit of the exercise which the porter recommended, supremely indifferent to the effect of her blonde bleached *coiffure*, in which every hair stands on end as if shocked by electricity. Nature triumphs over art, and constitutional weakness conquers sex.

Last, but not least we have Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan and her companion, Miss Louis Lloyd, whose names are familiar to our Canadian readers. They are bound for Japan, as pioneers of female journalism, for a syndicate of newspapers in the Orient. Unfortunately, they are both poor travellers, victims of *mal-de-terre*. However, they struggled bravely with the malady, seeking air and consolation on the back platform of the Pullman, possessed with gloomy forebodings anent their Pacific passage to Yokohama. Such is life. Thus does the typical tourist appear, unconsciously, to the observing traveller. E. M. S.

Here and There.

IN the course of a casual stroll, a few days since, I happened to drop into the *Toronto Art Gallery*. Probably the name does not carry much of an impression with it; and seeing that this the first of Toronto's Annual Exhibitions of paintings, was only opened to the public on the 22nd of last November, it is hardly likely that the enterprise has proved much of a "draw" up to date.

I UNDERSTAND that the managers of the Academy of Music are the promoters of this new institution, and certainly they have, by this latest venture, conferred a boon on the Toronto public, not merely by throwing open to it for the nominal charge of twenty-five cents, a very fair collection of pictures, but chiefly, perhaps, by the impetus they have given to Canadian art by instituting an annual Exhibition of paintings.

A REFERENCE to the neatly printed catalogue furnished to visitors, shows that there are 257 paintings hung in the Gallery this year. Nos. 1 to 108 being a collection loaned by the New York Society for the promotion of Art and the American Artists; the remainder being by Royal Canadian Academicians, Associates of the Royal Academy, Ontario Society of Artists, National Academicians (New York), and Associates of the New York Academy. Moreover, five groups of statuary of no mean execution occupy justly prominent positions.

My friend, Mr. T. Mower Martin, of Rosedale, who is well known in Toronto Art circles, has contributed his quota in the shape of some half-dozen pictures, which are, of course, worthy representatives of Canadian Art. By the way, I remember seeing one of this artist's gems within our own walls, two or three years ago, adorning a cosy lower western sanctum; but that was in the "good old days," when, as yet, Corinne and Rhea had not so thoroughly captivated the undergraduate sense of the artistic.

THE real gems of the first water, however, which the Toronto Art Gallery has secured, are naturally, but few. In fact, six pictures form the "back-bone" of the whole exhibition a sight of any one of which, alone, is to a lover of art, worth the payment of several odd "quarters."

No. 102.—"The Daily Bread," by Arthur Hoerber, valued at \$2,500, is the first of these six in the catalogue.

This picture, like No. 104, "La Popotte," by P. Grolleron, comes direct from the Paris Salon (1887). No. 105, "Pilot at the Wheel," by E. Renouf, preceded the two last mentioned at the Paris Salon, in 1880, and is valued at \$1,800, while No. 103, "Fistic Duel," by M. Iwanowitch Peskoff, is a gold medallist of S. Petersburg.

* * *
THE cream of the whole collection is reached when one sits before No. 106, "Departure of Emigrants from Havre," by A. P. Dawart, who obtained a place for it in the Paris Salon, of 1888, it being valued at \$25,000. Owing to its size and value there was, I believe, some difficulty in securing it for this exhibition, but knowing the interest it excited in New York, it was decided to pay the high price offered for the loan of it.

* * *
It represents a motley crowd gathered on the wharf at Havre, about to embark on the huge Atlantic steamer, to try their fortunes in the New World. The centre group at once attracts our attention. The good-tempered looking man with the green coat, fair hair, and beard is the unmistakable type of the German game-keeper; the gaunt, bony figure to his right, with sallow-face and fur cap, is of the Slav race; the third of the group seems to have seen something of the New World already. The most touching characters in the crowd are the widower and his little daughter to the left. They look inexpressibly sad and forlorn. The family in the right corner probably comes from Scandinavia.

* * *
No. 126.—"Boy Overboard" (\$1,500), was in the Paris Salon last year. No. 198.—"A Glimpse of the Outer World," is one of the "prettiest" of the collection to my mind, and No. 191, "Professor Goldwin Smith," by Miss Tully, speaks for itself.

* * *
A LETTER has been placed in my hands, bearing the signature of the Rev. E. W. Beaven, M.A., of Ottawa. After a few gratulatory remarks as to the progress of Trinity's representative organ, the writer concludes with these words:

Reading your account of the Annual College Dinner, reminds me that I regret very much that the toast, with which Bishop Strachan, at our first festival pledged the University, has died out. It was "Floreat Domus," and I have always thought it might be very well revived in these flourishing days of old Trinity's existence.

As a suggestion to future SS. Simon and Jude Toast Committees, the above may appeal somewhat,—its place having in more modern times been taken by the less classical form of "Trinity University," which another Bishop, viz.: His Lordship, of Niagara, proposed in such happy terms, last October.

LOVE.

Oh! what is love? Cans't thou define
The power which often seems divine?
Is love a passion like to hate,—
Or some unknown, mysterious fate
Which mortals may not understand
By far-off wondrous spirits planned?
Or some mere fancy of the brain
A maddening, though delicious pain?

Does't spring from calm collected thought?
Or is't by fevered fancy wrought?
Or nature's instinct can it be?—
Then birds have loves the same as we!
Causes may differ,—it may take
One, all, or more, some loves to make,
But love should be, all must decide
Reciprocal, if it abide!

J. G. B.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

SOME time ago a writer in a Montreal paper told us that we might presently expect what he calls "politico literary firstlings," from gentlemen prominent in Canadian politics: the Honorable Mr. Chapleau and Mr. Curran, the accomplished member for Montreal Centre. In connection with this most agreeable bit of news the writer remarked, what is sadly true, that political literature has been almost wholly neglected in this country. He had a word to say as well about political memoirs, observing what important contributions to Canadian history would be the recollections of Sir John Macdonald and the Honorable Mr. Marchand.

I picked up an odd number of the *National Review* some time ago, at a railway book-stall in London. In it was an article by Mr. Alfred Austen, on "The Relation of Literature to Politics," and a very admirable article it was. I wish it could be printed separately and presented to all our honorable Members of Parliament, more especially to those who cultivate politics with what Mr. Alfred Austen happily terms a fine disregard for literature. The article might also be read with profit by our young men of letters who cultivate literature with a fine disregard for politics.

Mr. Alfred Austin appears to hold, and we will all doubtless agree with him, that literature and politics are in practice not so much distinct territories as border lands whose boundaries are not easily defined, and that continually run into, overlap, and are frequently confounded with each other. If literature and politics were restricted each to its own particular sphere Mr. Alfred Austen is strongly inclined to think both would lose considerably. He entertains little doubt that it is strictly true to affirm that the highest literary eminence is not attainable by persons who stand aloof and always stood aloof from the field of action. And on the other hand he says that if the love and pursuit of literature do not make a man more independent in character, more disinterested in his reasons more elevated in his views, they will not have done for him what should have been expected from them.

So far as literary production is concerned, we Canadians have but small claim to be called a literary people. The chief cause of our literary feebleness is no doubt to be found in the fact that our life is colonial, not national, that the spirit of the one is wholly different from the spirit of the other; but there are other reasons, among which are the stultifying copyright laws, and the lack of sympathy and appreciation with which Canadians regard the literary efforts of their fellow countrymen. Canadians are quick enough to recognize and appreciate any political ability their fellows may display; but in literature it is another thing. If Sir John Macdonald wrote a novel called, for instance, "The Double Shuffle," or Mr. Blake one bearing the title of, say, "The Bloody Scaffold, or the Maniac's Doom," the books would be sold in immense numbers. We would hear nothing then about "limited market," or our "small population." Still the novels would be bought from motives of curiosity rather than from literary interest, although both these eminently gifted men would be capable, no doubt, of imparting to their work no small literary charm.

What is a pen without a name? asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The question may more appropriately be asked in Canada, where a pen without a name attracts so little attention that few have the courage to challenge attention. And now I come to the point of this article.

"Could ambition always choose its own path," says Carlyle in his essay on Voltaire, "and were will in human undertakings synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters." It is strange that Canadian statesmen and politicians write so little, for we have had

many ambitious men in our Parliaments, and our most ambitious men have always been the most cultivated and refined, students of books as well as of politics, and their success in public life has been largely owing to their studies in literature. I am not one of those who think Canadian politics a mere game of grab, as it is vulgarly styled, nor do I think the ambition of our politicians invariably a material ambition. Far from it. Anyone who has taken the smallest trouble to be informed concerning the public affairs of our country will know that she has produced men with abilities and gifts that would command recognition and applause in any of the world's political assemblies. Our history is adorned with many a name that, instead of growing dim with advancing time, will shine out yet more brilliantly as day is added to day and year is added to year.

But how little have they written! And the men who, to-day, are moulding the history of Canada—what have they written? The literary productions of our more prominent men of affairs would meet with a warm welcome from their fellow-Canadians. They would have the inestimable advantage of possessing a pen with a name. Their works would command attention. Yet are they silent—"even a political pamphlet is a rarity." Eminence in public life necessarily implies the possession of gifts that should render literary excellence more than a possibility. Why are these men silent? Is it owing to lack of inspiration? Are not the associations connected with the name of their country great or stimulating? Why has it been left to a foreigner to write the history of Wolfe and Montcalm? Is it not—I ask for information—that the inspiration which comes from national life is lacking in Canada?

Be that as it may, however, the "recollections" of Sir John Macdonald we Canadians have some right to expect, and this in itself should be enough to inspire his pen, even though the country he has done so much to organize and develop is not equal to the occasion. But if Sir John considers the task one too weighty to undertake by reason of the demands it would make upon his time, we must appeal to Lady Macdonald to come to the rescue. That she wields a graceful and facile pen, her charming articles in a transatlantic magazine bear lively witness. Were Lady Macdonald to write the reminiscences of our Premier, it would but make the valuable all the more valuable. We must call, too, on the Honorable Mr. Marchand for his "experiences of men and things." Perhaps when the Honorable Mr. Chapleau and Mr. Curran have led the way with their speeches and addresses, others may be tempted to follow. We cannot still be a people without ideas of our own. Let the Canadian idea be expressed.

CARTER TROOP.

From a number of highly-favorable press notices of our Christmas Number, we select the following from the *Quebec Chronicle*:

AN ABLE REVIEW.—THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW, of Toronto, is one of the ablest conducted college papers in Canada. Its chief editor and manager is Mr. J. G. Carter-Troop, a gentleman well known throughout Canada by his graceful and scholarly pen. The other day a Christmas number of THE REVIEW was published and a very large sale was had. It contained brilliant and seasonable articles by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., G. Mercer Adam, M.A. Prof. Wm. Clark. O. A. Howland, M.A., and A. C. F. Boulton, B.A. Dr. George Stewart has a brief sketch of a "Half Forgotten Singer," and the poetry—all of it good—is by Prof. Roberts, Prof. A. Boys, and Mrs. Frances J. Moore. The paper is well edited from the first page to the last.

THE PITIFUL MAN,

THE folly and sin of the human race
I pity as much as I can.
In fact, I think I may safely say
I'm a wondrous pitiful man.

I pity the drunkard selling himself,
Both body and soul for gin.
I pity the woman with jewels bedecked—
The wages of loathsome sin.

I pity the lady to luxury bred,
With heart as cold as a stone.
I pity the master amassing wealth
While half-starved laborers groan.

I pity the rascally thief condemned
In his dreary cell to brood.
I pity the wretch condemned to die,
Though his hands are red with blood.

I pity the profligate glorying still
In his vices, though weak and old.
I pity the miser clinging tight
On the brink of the grave to gold.

I pity the man who can beat a horse
Till the creature is driven wild.
I pity the villain debased enough
To ill use a woman or chi'd.

I pity a liar, and those who buy
But never intend to pay;
And those who are fools, or knaves, or brutes,
In a general sort of way.

But the masher and dude, if they happen to get
A merited kick or a blow,
I'm blessed if I pity. I'll see them first
To the—ahem—Jericho.

—A. B.

THE Y.M.C.A. will hold their meetings during this term in University Medical College.

College News.

SINCE our last issue the students have scattered to the four winds of heaven, and reassembled once more, making the Christmas vacation for this academic year a thing of the past. The examinations came and went with their results gratifying, no doubt, to those who had worked honestly during the term, and had not left all their work to be crammed up a week before the ordeal, but hardly so gratifying to those who anxiously scanned the list of men who had passed in the different subjects but failed to find their own names in any class, and who have now to look forward to the pleasant prospect of another examination at Easter, to say nothing of the hard work during this Lent term.

From *The Canada Educational Monthly*.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW, the successor of *Rouge et Noir*, issues a very pretty Christmas number this year, bound in the college colors. THE REVIEW is now the official organ of the University and is conducted by a Board of Editors representing the Faculty, Convocation, Graduates and Undergraduates, both in Arts and Medicine. Mr. J. G. Carter Troop is editor-in-chief. Among the contributors to the Christmas number are Dr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. George Stewart of Quebec, Prof. Clark, Mr. Mercer Adam, and others. The circulation of THE REVIEW is over 1,200, and it gives us pleasure to wish success to so well-conducted and important a journal.

THE new wing of the College, while not being built as rapidly as we should like to see it, has still been going up gradually, during the continuance of the balmy, spring-like weather, mild and free from snow, with which we were favored during the vacation. The walls are rising, the eastern side being two stories and the western one story high, part of the stone facing around the future porch having been also fixed in its place, thus building in the corner-stone, which for some time after being laid looked deserted. That the work may be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and that the comforts of the new rooms may be speedily enjoyed, is the wish of all the present undergraduates.

THE Annual Conversazione is being already talked about among the men, and it is to be hoped no time will be lost in forming committees, choosing a suitable date and making all the necessary arrangements some time beforehand, instead of having to do everything with a rush in the last week. Last year the musical programme was an exceptionally good one, and the numbers present, while perhaps not so large as on some previous occasions, seemed to be composed more of those who indulge in dancing, the floor being crowded to excess until the music stopped. However, this all tends to make our annual Conversazione, which is almost the only opportunity students have of returning the hospitality of friends in town, what we all wish it to be,—a success.

WE are informed by the Scribe that a number of *Episcopon* will be read towards the end of this term. This old college paper dates from a time far antecedent to the beginning of *Rouge et Noir*, and used to be the sole medium for drawing out the literary ability in the College. Some think that its usefulness departed when its youthful sister *Rouge et Noir* was launched into the world. Such, however, we deem not to be the case, but we think that, its style being altered to suit existing requirements, we can ill-afford to dispense with this, one of the oldest and best of our College institutions. Let us hope that the number we are promised this term will worthily maintain the reputation which *Episcopon* has won for itself in the past.

THE course of public lectures which Trinity has given for some years past is to be continued this year, and what promise to be very interesting subjects, have been chosen. The first will be given by the Rev. Canon Dumoulin, on the subject of "Preaching." The second by the Rev. Professor Clark, on "William the Silent." The third by Professor Cappon, of Queen's, on "Robert Browning," and the last by Professor J. Reynar, of Victoria, on "The Conflict of the Old and the New." The hour for giving them has been changed from 4 p.m. on Friday to 4.30 p.m. on Saturday, in order to give more men a chance to attend. The first will be delivered on Saturday, January 25th.

Personal.

THE Rev. Professor Boys spent several days at Hamilton, during the vacation, the guest of His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara.

MR. J. G. Smith '89, spent a Merry Christmas vacation, while the lectures at the Law School were not going on, at Brockville.

MR. J. S. Broughall, '87, Fellow in Classics, is to take Deacon's orders at the ordination to be held on the Second Sunday in Lent.

MR. J. G. Waller, '89, who was made a Deacon just before Christmas, has been appointed Curate of St. Anne's Church, in Dundas Street.

THE Reverend the Provost and Mrs. Body, returned on Tuesday, 14th inst, from a pleasant trip to Lakewood, New Jersey, where they have been spending the vacation.

WE regret to have to announce the deaths of Mr. Walter Rideout, of Colborne, and Mr. John MacNab, of Toronto. Both these gentlemen were esteemed associate members of Convocation.

MR. J. G. Carter Troop had a very severe attack of "La Grippe" during the vacation, and for over a week was confined to his rooms at Trinity, hence the publication of the present number of THE REVIEW was delayed for a few days.

MR. G. F. Hibbard has been spending the vacation at Iroquois, where he has been taking duty on account of the serious illness of the Rector, the Rev. Mr. White, who had a severe paralytic stroke, but is now, we are happy to say, recovering.

THE bodies of Mr. E. L. Cox, '88, and his companions, who are supposed to have been drowned while on a fishing expedition from Seattle, W.T., have not yet been found. All hope of their being alive has had to be given up. Memorial services have been held for them.

THE steward and most of the College gyps were laid up with the influenza during the vacation, which gives room for hope that the epidemic, having already gone through the College will not pay a second visit now that all the rooms are full once more.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, has kindly consented to contribute again to THE REVIEW in the course of a month or two. Dr. Stewart's charming article, in our Christmas number, was widely read and greatly enjoyed.

MR. T. H. Smyth, M.A., B.S., Science Lecturer, and his assistants, have been very busy of late getting the new instruments, which Mr. Smyth purchased whilst abroad last summer, ready for use this present term. Many of the new instruments are splendidly arrayed in an immense new air-tight glass case.

THE Rev. Professor Clark, after delivering his lectures at Geneva, on the *Study of Modern History*, paid a visit to Peterborough, where he delivered his most interesting lecture on "Savonarola," which had been previously delivered at the Association Hall, Toronto, under the auspices of the Teachers' Association. During the vacation he also went to Woodstock, Paris and London, to lecture on *Work* and the *Water Babies*.

MR. H. V. Thompson, '89, and Mr. Hedley, have been taking duty at Sharon during the vacation. On one of the latter's visits, the horse that was drawing him and another man, ran away and upset them down a steep bank into a mill pond. The man was caught by the legs under the upturned buggy, but Mr. Hedley, who had not been dragged into the water, swam out and rescued him, for which deed he has deservedly become very popular in that district.

MR. H. H. BEDFORD JONES, B.A., a member of the staff of THE REVIEW, completed his Honor Course in Classics last Christmas, he having been allowed to take the examination then instead of in October, when he was seriously ill. He obtained first class Honors, as he did also in Philosophy at midsummer, so this gives him the splendid record of a Double First, which has only been obtained four times in the history of Trinity. The Prince of Wales prize for Classics, and the Jubilee Scholarship have been awarded to him. Trinity may well be proud of Mr. Bedford-Jones.

Convocation.

Convocation is the degree conferring and consulting body of the University. The members are of two classes,

- (1) Full members, viz., Masters of Arts, and Graduates in Medicine, Law, or Divinity.
- (2) Associate Members, viz., all others who are friends of the University.

The fee is in all cases \$5.00 per annum (except in the case of Clergy who may wish to become Associate Members, when it is \$2.00.)

The resolutions of Convocation are laid before the College Council with a view to influencing its decisions. Thus Convocation helps to direct the government of the University.

There are at present over four hundred Members and Associate Members, and it is hoped that every layman and laywoman whose eye this meets will at once take advantage of this opportunity of assisting their Church University.

For full particulars and forms of application for membership, apply to the Clerk of Convocation, Trinity College.

CONVOCAION NOTES.

CONVOCAION work during the Xmas vacation has been somewhat retarded by La Grippe. The Bowmanville meeting has been indefinitely postponed.

THE fact that the REVIEW now goes into the hands of so many distinguished graduates of the Ontario Universities, should be a great incentive to the production of a high class of work, on the part of the Editors and contributors.

THE Clerk of Convocation has received many letters of thanks from High School masters for the first copy of the REVIEW, sent them in accordance with the resolution given in the last issue, together with willing promises to place the paper in the Reading Room of the School for the benefit of the scholars.

NOT only Convocation, but the University, has lost a warm friend, in the death of S. B. Keefer, Esq., C.E. of Brockville, at the ripe old age of 79. Mr. Keefer was a member of the Corporation, being one of the four nominees of the Bishop of Ontario. He took a warm interest in the revival of Convocation, supporting by presence and word the meeting held at Brockville in July, 1888, and in sending his annual subscription, he never failed to express his pleasure at the growth of the movement.

THE Rev. A. Osborne, B.D., Incumbent of Markham, has recently gained the second prize in the Hebrew Correspondence School, or, as it is now styled, The American Institute of Sacred Literature. The work of the Institute is of a very interesting character, and testifies to the extraordinary revival of biblical study in the United States. Originally, the Semitic languages alone occupied its attention, but the field of work has been lately much enlarged, and courses of study are now prescribed, not only in all the Semitic languages, but in the Septuagint (the Greek version of the Old Testament), the Vulgate, the Greek Testament, and the Old and New Testaments in English. The instruction is almost exclusively carried on by correspondence, but some oral aid is given at the Summer Schools held at Chatauqua, and several large cities in the United States, e.g., Philadelphia, Chicago, etc. A description of the work Mr. Osborne has done, will suffice for an explanation of the method followed in every course. Under the old regime there were four courses of Hebrew study, called respectively the Elementary, the Intermediate, the Progressive, and the Advanced. Each course consisting of forty lessons, prescribed on a paper, forwarded through the post, containing, in addition to full direction as to the way in which the lesson should be prepared, an examination

paper on the work of the lesson, to be prepared without aid from the book. A course is supposed to occupy twelve months, indeed the student is advised that one paper in a fortnight is fair work. Marks are given for the work, and some eight prizes awarded at the end of the year for the highest number of papers sent in with an average of 80 per cent. of the marks. Some idea of Mr. Osborne's industry and perseverance may be formed from the fact that in one year he sent in 100 papers, with an average mark of about 93 per cent.,—that is, he completed the Elementary, the Intermediate, and one half of the Progressive Courses. The work of the School is of the most thorough description, and a conscientious worker cannot fail to obtain a good working knowledge of Hebrew. The originator of this method of teaching Hebrew is Prof. W. R. Harper of Yale University, who is the author of the Elementary Hebrew Method and Manual, Hebrew Grammar, and Elements of Syntax, now much used in the Universities and Colleges of this continent.

There are some five hundred students of Hebrew, at the present time, comprising ministers of various denominations, professional and business men, with quite a sprinkling of ladies. This still further marks out Mr. Osborne's achievement as of one which he may well be proud, and we extend to him as a graduate of this University, and a member of Convocation, our hearty congratulations.

CAP AND GOWN.

THE recent effort of the students of the Johns Hopkins University to introduce the college cap and gown appears to have disturbed the customary serenity of *The Independent*. Falling upon the head, if not the front, of the offence, it attacks the unfortunate "mortar-board." If it did not exhaust the vocabulary of contemptuous epithet, it was evidently from no want of ill-will. Its effort was clearly in the line of what Matthew Arnold styled, the American "art of belittling things."

But why this unwonted liberality on the part of *The Independent*? The college cap and gown are survivals of the old University modes. They are associated with the old-time scholarship, and are suggestive of ages in which learning was a liberal rather than a mercenary art; the ally of religion rather than its container; the gift of the Church rather than the godless creature of the State. Now, if there are, as we certainly think there are, those among us, who retain some reverence for the past, some cherished regard for the Churchly foundation and religious features of the old learning, and some fair, lineal descent from the ancient Church to which the world owes the school and the university, why should they not retain if they choose, the ancient modes and distinctions of university life and learning? And why should those who neither hold nor claim any such legitimate and cherished relations to the institutions of the past, be so disturbed, because they do it?

"LA GRIPPE" in its various forms has not spared Trinity men in its ravages. From all sides we hear of persons being laid up over the Province; amongst others the Rev. Prof. Symonds, Mr. J. Carter Troop, Mr. D. Martin, '89, Mr. S. F. Houston, '89, and Mr. T. T. Norgate. Our genial Dean, the Rev. Professor Jones, has also been laid up with a severe cold, and in fact the epidemic, or "epizoo" played sad havoc with the programme which had been mapped out for Convocation work during the Christmas vacation, so that it was almost totally abandoned, owing to the ill-health of the people asked to speak.

TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

EDITORS:

G. A. BINGHAM, M.D.	JAMES THIRD.
R. MCGEE, M.D.	R. A. BUCK, B.A.
C. MACKAY.	R. V. FOWLER, B.A.

This department of the journal is devoted entirely to matters of interest to graduates and under-graduates of Trinity Medical College.

All contributions intended for this department must be addressed to the Editors, Trinity Medical College.

The names of the contributors must be appended to their communications, not necessarily for publication, etc.

❖ Editorial. ❖

"LA GRIPPE" is evidently no respecter of persons; it invades even the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Editor. We have to chronicle this month, at a very inopportune time, the illness of Messrs. McGee, McKay and Buck, arising from more or less serious attacks of this disease. The rest of the staff most heartily wish for their speedy convalescence.

THE *Medical News*, a weekly journal published by Lea Bros., Philadelphia, presents to its readers in a December number, the opinions of several eminent gynecologists and nemologists upon the co-education of the sexes. The views expressed by these specialists are strangely at variance, and, as the *News* remarks, represent in point of fact every shade of opinion from a reasonable advocacy, through hesitating and qualified endorsement, to strenuous opposition. This want of agreement among men well qualified by professional training and broad experience to discuss a question which at the present time is engaging the attention of the civilized world, is of peculiar value as indicating the necessity for careful and deliberate consideration by those advocating co-education in our Universities and Colleges of higher learning. In continuing its remarks, the *News* further says:—"What is now most needed, is reform within educational institutions; the elimination of injurious traditional methods, such as the cramming system, competitive examination, grinding routine which neither recognizes nor makes allowances for differences of capacity and temperament among students, and the bettering of the means by which the student and the instructor may be brought into closer personal relationship, with the advantage to the former of having that which is best in him developed, and that which is wrong set right, and to the latter the advantage of doing work of a high order instead of perfunctory drudgery.

"The education which makes allowance is not so hard for women as compared with men, as the present system is for the feebler man as compared with his sturdier and more phlegmatic fellow. . . . The facts now appear to be in favor of the view that there is nothing in thorough training *properly conducted*, that is of itself adverse to the highest physical well-being of either sex."

In another column will be found an article on Hospital Appointments, by Dr. Brown, of Hastings, Ont. We certainly makes a strong point against the present system, and offers what we believe to be an excellent substitute. Such a mode of appointment would certainly give the superintendent, and the public generally, a better guarantee of the efficiency of the appointees

QUACK MEDICINES.

In glancing over the shelves of an apothecary shop, one cannot fail to notice the space occupied by proprietary medicines. We do not wish to extol or depreciate the virtues of these so called specifics, but we do think that Canadians can well afford to take a leaf from the Austrian Code in regard to their being placed on the market.

Before any proprietary medicines can be offered for sale in Austria, the formulae of their composition must find a place on the flaming labels that portray their pseudo-magic power. Certainly this is not tyranny, but justice. Not long since the authorities in Vienna seized the entire stock of "Warner's Safe Cure," held by the druggists of that metropolis, not because of any failure on the part of the agents to give the formula but because of the charlatanic character of the placards circulated throughout the city.

We see no palpable reason why the formula should be withheld on the Canadian import of these empiric remedies, while of the same nostrums taken into Austria and other countries the composition is known to all who may choose "to chance" a bottle of these "infallible, purely vegetable" and much-testimonialed mixtures.

* College News. *

DR. COVERNTON, jr, delivered the initial lecture of his course on Sanitary Science, on the 9th inst.

AN attack of "La Grippe" prevented Dr. Sheard resuming his lectures until Monday, January 13th.

SINCE Christmas vacation a goodly number bearing a distinctive pedagogical mein, occupy the upper rows of the primary room.

THE Literary and Medical Society will hold its next meeting on the 17th inst. An interesting programme is being prepared.

LATER we learn that Dr. Gasset has also been suffering from this popular malady, but that he is now on the high road to recovery.

THE College opened on the 8th inst., with a fair attendance. Why some students go home ten days before lectures close and return a week after they recommence, is a question which Dr. Gr-ss-tt would like answered.

* Personal. *

DR. SPENCE, '89, has returned to prepare for Council Exam.

MR. C. L. FINCH, '91, has received a hospital appointment in Bay City, Mich.

MESSRS. ALLINGHAM and McDOWELL, each of whom spent a session at Trinity two years ago, have returned to complete their course.

DR. BOWLBEЕ, '87, who has just returned from England and Germany with degrees M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., added to his name, paid Trinity a visit in the first week in January. The Doctor is in partnership with his father in Berlin.

FROM the *Medical Record* we glean the following:—Dr. Chas. E. K. Vidal, Trinity, '89, has been appointed House Surgeon at the Western Hospital. Dr. Vidal is the son of Major Vidal, C. Co., I.S.C., Toronto.

* Correspondence. *

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS OF HOUSE SURGEONS.

(To the Editors of the TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)

THIS is an important question both for the Board, Dr. O'Reilly and the medical students. The position is one of great value to the student who succeeds in getting the appointment. An excellent course in practical work, more varied than he could expect to get in years of practice, is the fruit of the position to the student. Few medics but aspire to the position, and only a few may secure it. The amount of red-tape business necessary to secure an appointment debars many a worthy student from making an application, because it is a well known fact that along with merit, successful wire pulling among the lords of the appointment is also indispensable. How many letters of recommendation, words of favor and mild insinuations come to the Board that such and such a student is in every respect a competent person for the position. This is all very well, and it is indeed very nice. Yea, decidedly complimentary to the profession at large to know that there are such unimpeachable young men entering it. Nevertheless, the majority of the students look upon the method hitherto pursued in making the appointments as one not calculated always to secure the best men.

A competitive examination, written and oral, where worth alone must come to the front, would suit the students better than the present system.

That a veto power should be in the hands of the Board assisted by Dr. O'Reilly (we believe the opinion of Dr. O'Reilly in the matter of appointments should have much weight) we do not deny. Just appointments could thus be made, and general satisfaction to the students, as a body would be the result. I am glad to know old Trinity still flourishes and that the energy and ambition of Faculty and students are still in the ascendant. J. BROWN, M.D.

HASTINGS, Jan. 3, 1890.

THE LOUNGER.

In these days I sometimes think we are too prone to look upon all patent medicines as superfluous remedies without thorough examination into their merits. "The Great Oriental and Occidental Regenerator" has, I fear, suffered in this respect not receiving that recognition it appears to deserve. No one reading the following testimonial can doubt that it should find a place in every household in the land.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

JULIANA, TEXAS.

DEAR SIR,—
In reply I would say that I have no hesitation in endorsing your Regenerator. In every instance, whether used according to directions or not, it has produced most wonderful effects. As a recuperator of lost forces and latent energies it stands at the head of the procession. I feel it my duty, without fear or solicitation, so far as I can, to make its merits known to a long-suffering public. Let me give two instances only.
Some years ago I lost my hair from disease. I hoped that nature

would assert her sway and repair the loss, but I hoped in vain. After using many so-called remedies without success, owing to a happy thought, I gave your Regenerator a trial, and in an incredibly short time my head was crowned with a luxuriant growth of hair.

A neighbor of mine suffering from *emmi* and a distaste for all kinds of exercise between meals, was induced to take a single dose. The next morning I was awakened, long before the natural hour for rising, by the sound of a saw in his woodshed. I have not yet acceded to his request to give him your address, nor shall I, till he agrees to sell his saw or purchase a noiseless one.

I can furnish any quantity of well authenticated instances showing the remarkable power of your Regenerator, but I would remind you that the work is wearing and requires a great deal of wild, varied and original thought. When you want other testimonials you will, therefore, enclose twenty dollars, not necessarily for publication, but merely as an evidence of your keen perception of the value of my services.
Yours for health,
T. R. ASH.

THE Rev. Robert C. Caswall, M.A., Church of England, Chaplain of the Toronto General Hospital, is desirous of having a choir formed for the Sunday Morning Service at the Hospital, from among the members of Trinity Medical College. The service is at 9.45 a.m., and is over at 10.30, which allows of those attending the service, going to church elsewhere at 11 o'clock. If eight or ten students would organize a choir, and elect one of their number as choir master, and another as organist, and communicate with the Chaplain on the subject, he would feel much obliged, and is sure that it would add greatly to the enjoyment of the services on the part of the patients and other inmates of the Hospital. The hymn book used is "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," varied occasionally with hymns from the "London Mission Hymn Book."

* Selections. *

HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP.

Take a robin's leg,
Mind, the drumstick merely,
Put it in a tub
Fill with water nearly;
Set it out of doors
In a place that's shady;
Let it stand a week;
Three days, if for a lady;
Drop a spoonful of it
In a five-pail kettle,
Which may be made of tin
Or any baser metal;
Fill the kettle up,
Set it on a boiling,
Skim the liquor well
To prevent it oiling;
One atom add of salt,
For the thick'ning one rice kernel,
And use to light the fire
The *Homœopathic Journal*.
Let the liquor boil
Half an hour, no longer;
If tis for a man
Of course you'll make it stronger;
Should you now desire
That the soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.
When the broth is made
Nothing can excel it;
Then, three times a day
Let the patient smell it.
If he chance to die
Say 'twas nature did it;
If he chance to live
Give the soup the credit.

—*Edinburgh Medical Review, 1857.*

CHARACTER.

I.

"CHARACTER is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best.

"Men of genuine excellence, in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind.

"It is natural to believe in such men; to have confidence in them and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.

"Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect.

II.

"The former is more the product of brain power, the latter of heart power, and, in the long run, it is the heart that rules in life.

"Men of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect, as men of character of its conscience, and while the former are admired, the latter are followed.

"Great men are always exceptional men; and greatness itself is but comparative. Indeed the range of most men in life is so limited that very few have the opportunity of being great. But each man can act his part honestly and honorably and to the best of his abilities.

III.

"He can use his gifts and not abuse them. He can

strive to make the best of life. He can be true, just, honest, faithful, even in small things. In a word, he can do his duty in that sphere in which Providence has placed him."

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

INCORPORATED
1886.

Toronto

HON. G. W. ALLAN
President.

Conservatory of Music.

IN AFFILIATION WITH TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS. PUPILS
MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.

New 90-Page Calendar—Gratis. Apply to

EDWARD FISHER, Director, Cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Av. Toronto.

BATES & DODDS,

Opposite Trinity College. - Telephone No. 513.

FIRST-CLASS CAB SERVICE.

THE VERRAL CAB, OMNIBUS AND BAGGAGE TRANSFER CO.

Our Agents will be found on all Trains and Steamboats entering the City.

Baggage transferred to and from all parts of the City.

TELEPHONE NOS. 979 AND 969.

HEAD OFFICE, 61 YORK STREET.

Tobacco for Students.

ALIVE BOLLARD'S SMOKING MIXTURE

Don't Bite Tongue, Always Cool and Pleasant.
10c. EL PADRE CIGARS FOR 5c.

199 YONGE STREET.

BRANCH STORE, 478 QUEEN STREET WEST.

THE NEAREST DRUG STORE.

STUART W. JOHNSTON,

694 QUEEN ST. WEST.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

JOHN CATTO & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS AND HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS,

Traveling Rugs, Wrap Shawls, Fine
Hosiery and Underwear.

KING STREET, OPP. THE POST OFFICE.

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

WYKEHAM HALL,

COLLEGE AVENUE,

TORONTO,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 4; Christmas
Term, Nov. 10; Lent Term, Feb. 11;
Trinity Term, April 22.

Application for prospectus or for admission
may be made to

MISS GRIER,

Lady Principal.

The accommodation for boarders is comfortable
and healthful.

A. A. ALEXANDER

HATTER AND FURRIER

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

460 QUEEN STREET WEST

TORONTO.

Special Discount to Students and Clergymen.

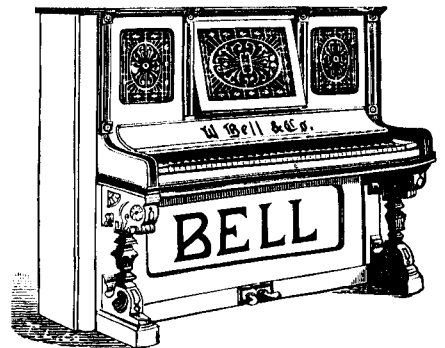
VANNEVAR & CO.,

Booksellers and Stationers,

440 Yonge St. (opp. Carlton), Toronto.

Special attention is directed to our very large stock
of College and Medical Books. N.B.—Second-hand
Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

J. FRASER BRYCE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
107 King Street West.



Used by Toronto Conservatory

AND

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.
Send for catalogue to

W. BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

WALL PAPERS

AND CEILING DECORATIONS.

We have on hand the choicest stock of high
class goods in the above lines ever offered in
Toronto, and at prices that defy com-
petition. An inspection will repay
intending purchasers.

M. STAUNTON & CO.,

4 AND 6 KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO, ONT.

Millions of Each Brand Sold Annually.

A SUFFICIENT PROOF OF THEIR
SUPERIOR QUALITY.

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS,
5 CENT,

“CABLE” and “MUNGO.”

10 & 15 CENT,

“EL PADRE” and “MADRE É HIJO.”

FIRST PRIZE MEDALS IN COMPETITION WITH THE WORLD. PARIS, 1876;
CENTENNIAL, 1876; MONTREAL, 1863-8.

S. DAVIS & SONS, - Montreal,

THE LARGEST CIGAR MANUFACTURERS IN THE DOMINION.

D. RITCHIE & CO.

MONTREAL.

*The Oldest Cut Tobacco, and Largest Cigarette Manufacturers
in Canada.*

FACTS!

“ATHLETE”

—AND—

“DERBY”

CIGARETTES

R

The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure.
The Finest of the Fine.
The Cheapest—The Best.

PURITAN

PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT

SMOKING

SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING

TOBACCO

TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO

IS

THE SMOKER'S IDEAL.

“HAREM”

(NOT THE SULTAN'S)

CIGARETTES.

“YILDIZ”

CIGARETTES.

THE FINEST

TURKISH CIGARETTES

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

SPLENDID VALUE

IN
Boots and Shoes

FOR WINTER WEAR AT

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S

87 and 89 King St. East.

N.B.—Gents' American Boots and Shoes
a Specialty.

CONFECTIONERY.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE,
ICES, JELLIES, TRIFLES,
PYRAMIDS, SALADS,
Made to order for evening and other parties.
Our Luncheon Parlours are complete in every
respect.
Genuine VIENNA BREAD a Specialty.
WEDDING AND OTHER CAKES MADE TO ORDER.

GEO. COLEMAN,
Telephone Call 247. 111 King St. West.

CHAS. S. BOTSFORD,

504, 506 & 506½ Queen St. West.

Importer of General Dry Goods.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS AND LINOLEUM,
WINDOW-SHADES AND GENERAL
HOUSE FURNISHING.

CHAS. S. BOTSFORD,
QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

P. BURNS & CO.,

ONLY IMPORTERS OF THE

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

By rail and water. Great reduction in prices. Steam coal and wood at lowest rates.

HEAD OFFICE:—51 KING STREET EAST.

OFFICES

546 QUEEN WEST,

390 YONGE.

OFFICES AND YARDS:—FRONT STREET, NEAR CORNER BATHURST STREET; YONGE STREET DOCK.

Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone communication between all Offices.

S. HILDA'S COLLEGE,

IN AFFILIATION WITH TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

President, - Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The object of this College is to furnish Women taking the Arts Course of Trinity University, with the best University Education, together with the great advantages of separate Collegiate life.

The full course of Lectures for the B.A. Degree is delivered at S. Hilda's by Professors and Lecturers of Trinity; students of this College have also the privilege of attending the Honour Lectures at Trinity without further charge.

Occasional students can be admitted to take special departments by application to the Lady Principal. For full particulars apply to the Lady Principal of S. Hilda's College, Shaw Street, Toronto.

TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH

TRINITY UNIVERSITY,

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

And specially recognized by the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Physicians of London, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland, and by the Cojoint Examining Boards of London and Edinburgh.

The Summer Session begins April 21st, ends June 30th. The Winter Session begins on October 1st of each year, and lasts Six Months.

For Summer or Winter Sessions announcements and all other information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS, &c., apply to W. B. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 60 Maitland Street, Toronto.

WINES.

PORTS.—Comprise Hunt & Co.'s, Sandeman & Co.'s.
 SHERRIES.—Julian and Jose, Penartin's, Yriarte's, Misa's & Gordon's.
 STILL WINE.—Deinhard's Laubenheim, Nierstein, Rudesheim, Johannisberg,
 Liqueurs.—Curacao "Sec", Menthe Verte Forte, Marasquin, Chartreuse, Creme de Rose, Creme de Vanille, and Parfait Amour.
 CHAMPAGNES.—Pommery & Greno's, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s, and Perrier's.
NATIVE WINES IN GREAT VARIETY.

Goods packed by experienced packers and shipped to all parts.
CALDWELL & HODGINS,
 Grocers and Wine Merchants,
 248 & 250 QUEEN ST. WEST,
 Corner of John Street.

K. P. SHEA,
 New York Fashionable Tailor,
 472 QUEEN STREET WEST,
 TORONTO.

VERY LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.
 A splendid line of Goods for Fall and Winter Suits, Overcoats and Pantaloon to choose from. Prices as low as Good Quality, Good Workmanship and Union Wages will allow.
 As a Cutter Mr. Shea is acknowledged to be Unexcelled in the City.
 A Perfect Fit Guaranteed in every instance or no sale. To give him a trial is to be convinced.

CHITTENDEN & CORNISH
 D. B. CHITTENDEN, R. G. H. CORNISH,
 (Successors to I. J. COOPER),
 Manufacturers and Importers of

MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS.
 109 Yonge St., cor. Adelaide, Toronto.
 AMERICAN SHIRT FACTORY.

R. POTTER & CO.
 FURNITURE, BEDDING, CARPET
 FLOOR CLOTHS, WINDOW
 SHADES, CURTAINS,
 CORNICES, ETC.

Large Stock. Low Prices. Easy Terms.
COR. QUEEN & PORTLAND STS.
 Telephone 1384.

BROWN BROS.,
STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 ACCOUNT BOOKS, ETC.,
 64-68 King Street East, Toronto.

BOOKBINDING in every Style of the Art. Unsurpassed for Style, Durability and Close Prices.
 ACCOUNT BOOKS, Large Stock on hand, or any Pattern Made to Order.
 STATIONERY of every description suitable for the requirements of office or home.

GARDEN, FIELD, FLOWER AND TREE
SEEDS.

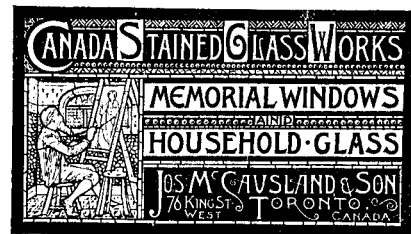
Sterling worth and quality have made
SIMMERS' SEEDS
 the most popular brands. Sow them
 and you will use none but

SIMMER'S SEEDS.
 ALL SEEDS MAILED FREE on receipt of Catalogue Prices. Please send your address for a Seed Catalogue. Free on application.
J. A. SIMMERS, Seedsman,
 147, 149 and 151 King Street East, TORONTO.

E. L. SIPLE,
WINES AND LIQUORS.
 700 Queen St. W., Toronto.

COOPER'S
 Gents' Furnishings,
 550 QUEEN STREET WEST.
 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT TO ALL STUDENTS.
 ESTABLISHED 1874.

DARLING & CURRY,
 ARCHITECTS,
 MAIL BUILDING,
 CORNER KING AND BAY STREETS.
 FRANK DARLING, S. G. CURRY.



A. M. WRIGHT
 Chemist and Druggist,
 347 Parliament St., Toronto.

Telephone orders promptly attended to. Goods delivered to any part of the city.
 Branch Office Verral Cab and Baggage Transfer Co.
 Telephone No. 1177. Always open.

Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works
 Is the largest establishment of its kind in Canada.
 Elegantly fitted-up rooms for Ladies' and Gents' Hair Dressing. Best artists employed.
 Hair Goods and Toilet Sundries.
103 and 105 Yonge Street.

FRANK H. SEFTON, L.D.S.
Dentist.

REMOVED TO 172 YONGE STREET,
 (Next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store.)
TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

BOOKS
 —AT—
 The Dominion Book Store,
SUTHERLAND'S,
 D. SUTHERLAND, Printer and Publisher,
 288 Yonge Street, Toronto.
 New and Second Hand. Send for New Catalogue of Educational and Miscellaneous Books.
STUDENTS' BOOKS A SPECIALTY.

SMOKE
GOLDSTEIN'S MIXTURE
 Cool, Fragrant, Delicious.
 To be had only at
WM. GOLDSTEIN & CO.'S,
 115 King Street West.

Port and Sherry Wines. Cockburn's, Graham's and DaSilva's in Ports. Gordon's and Casiris' in Sherries. The finest Wines imported at \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$4.50, \$5 and \$6 per gallon, and from 50 cents to \$1.25 per bottle.
 The choicest Native Wine in the Dominion—White and Red—guaranteed made exclusively from the pure juice of the grape, at 50 cents per bottle, or \$5.50 per dozen, at

MARA & CO.,
 GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
 280 QUEEN STREET WEST,
 Near Beverley Street. Telephone 713.

W. R. ROSS, T. G. BARRINGTON.
W. R. ROSS & CO.,
 Plumbers, Gas and
 Steam Fitters,*
 Dennick's Block, 734 Queen St. West.

Toronto Training School
 FOR
 DANCING, DEPARTMENT, CALISTHENICS,
 AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.
 Member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada.
 PROF. J. F. DAVIS, PRINCIPAL
 Principal Academy, 77 Wilton Avenue.
 Branch Academy, The Pupil's Drawing-room,
 Grand Opera House Toronto.

JOLLIFFE & CO.
 Manufacturers and Importers of
FURNITURE, CARPETS
 AND
UPHOLSTERY.
 467, 469, 471 QUEEN ST., W.
 TORONTO.
 FACTORY, 124 FARLEY AVENUE
 Telephone No. 1195.

Order WHEATON & CO.'S Celebrated "DUPLEX" Shirts. 17 King Street, Corner Jordan.

Order WHEATON & CO.'S Fine Dress Shirts. 17 King Street, Corner Jordan.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

Faculty of Arts.

In proceeding to the Degree of B.A., students may select one or more of the fully equipped Honour Courses in the following branches :

Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Physical and Natural Science, Theology, and Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Valuable Scholarships are awarded each year in all departments.

Matriculation Examination.

At this examination, held in July, three general proficiency Scholarships are awarded on the result of the Pass and Honour examinations :

The Bishop Strachan Scholarship of	\$200 00
The first Dickson Scholarship of	140 00
The second Dickson Scholarship of	100 00

The Matriculation Examination may be taken at the various High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of 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.

S. Hilda's Arts College for Women is in affiliation.



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 ; WOMANS' MEDICAL COLLEGE, Toronto ; THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Kingston.

Faculty of Law.

The examinations in 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 the TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Calendar, with full particulars, also notice forms, etc., etc., should be obtained from the Registrar, addressed TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.