

Trinity University Review.

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VOL. I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.

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CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS :	
Poetry—Gentlemen	3
The Dying Pugilist	4
Hope and Fear	7
Church Music	3
Chapter on Women	5
Ice Crystals	6
EDITORIALS.	
CONVERSAZIONE	8
PUBLIC LECTURES	9
COLLEGE NEWS.	10
PERSONAL.	10
EXCHANGES	10

GENTLEMEN.

Ah, brothers of sweet thought, so rare to find,
 Men of the gentle soul and gentle speech,
 Toward whom out of these droughty sands we reach,
 Hot hearts that hunger for your summer wind.
 Full of sweet help, forever frank and kind,
 Blessed are ye for this high truth ye teach,
 That life hath yet some radiant good for each,
 Not all its ways nor all its thoughts gone blind.

Not to the strong, earth's iron-visaged lords,
 Shall gift from us nor any praise be due ;
 Rather with longing lips we bend to you,
 Uttering your names with soft and reverent words.
 Earth's simple children, perfect in your part,
 Near to your own and to our mother's heart.

A. LAMPMAN.

CHURCH MUSIC.

One of the most important questions of the present day (in Church circles at least) is, "what shall we do about our Church music?" I think it requires no argument to prove that music is one of the most important adjuncts of a service, and that the finest music in existence is sacred music. Our great composers live in their oratorios and masses, rather than in their operas. I fancy that the

majority of people have never heard of Handel's operas. They are few who do not know the "Messiah," or "Samson," or "Judas." In the present day, sad to tell, good choirs are the exception. People of refined taste, go to Church Sunday after Sunday, and listen to the service murdered by a number of people, whose musical performance would not be tolerated in a concert hall. I think that great credit is due to many persons for the faithful way in which they stick to their choirs, but unfortunately the impression that almost anything in the shape of music is good enough for a Church, spreads from the congregation to the choir, and they make no attempts at improvement. There can be no doubt that music is a legitimate means of making services attractive. It is essentially a divine gift to man, and often has power for good where sermons, prayers, etc., would be wasted. Of course music may become the "end" for which people go to Church, instead of a "means" of getting them there, but at present that danger is a long way off. The attractive feature about Church music is its simple dignity. The most elaborate renderings of Matins and Evensong contain a great deal that is congregational, in the shape of hymns, psalms, responses, &c. This very simplicity, however, proves a great snare. People think that anyone can sing such simple music, and unfortunate congregations are inflicted with a burlesque, dignified by the title of a "full choral service," and so true Church music falls into disrepute.

As before stated, one of the problems of the day is, how to manage our Church music and especially our choirs. Everywhere we see Church authorities stirring themselves, and trying to improve their choirs. No matter how earnest and eloquent a parish priest may be, he can't get on without a choir, (The majority of clergy find it equally difficult to get on with them.) There are three reasons that suggest themselves, why choirs are not successful, and are always in a state of ferment.

1. Musical people are usually touchy, and require careful handling.
2. The clergyman often worries the organist and choir by interfering in matters which, as a rule, he knows nothing about. Of course the parish priest must be the final authority in all matters connected with the service, but if he lays down the general principles on which he wishes the

musical arrangements to be based, he can as a rule trust to his organist to do the rest. If he chooses the hymns let him do it in good time, and not (as is often done) bring in a programme at a final practice, and expect new hymns to be learnt for the next Sunday. Moreover, in voluntary choirs, he might very often swallow his objections to some of the music, and allow the choir a little liberty, as long as the music is worthy of the purpose for which it is intended. As a rule, the services of a parish church, are not very interesting, looking at the matter from a musical point of view, and it is often expedient to allow little flights which injure nobody, and vary the monotony of the round of church music.

3. Congregations are not willing to spend enough money on the music. They pay their clergy and other officials, and spend money on decorating their churches, but they seem to think that music should cost next to nothing. Even the allowance made for music, etc., for the use of the choir, is ridiculous, when compared with the share the choir have in the work of making the services bright and attractive.

In these days of advance the thoughts of people "starting" a new church, or re-organizing an old one, turn towards surpliced choirs. A male choir, if it is once established on a firm footing, is certainly the most satisfactory form a choir can take. The attendance is usually regular, the "esprit de corps" strong, and general results most satisfactory. Boys are not very sensitive, and sing in a somewhat mechanical way, which tends to do away with the small jealousies which distract mixed choirs. A good choir of boys assists very materially in attracting young people to a church. The best foundation for such a choir is loyal churchmanship, and if all the men are communicants (as they should be) the choir is bound to do well. At the same time I think a good mixed choir is better than a poor male choir, and where the supply of boys is limited a surpliced choir is a very questionable experiment.

Before starting a surpliced choir, all the difficulties and inconveniences should be carefully considered. The mere fact of putting a boy into a surplice, does not make him a quiet, well behaved boy, or a singer. Boys in surplices will skylark in Church, or out of Church, as much as boys who are not in surplices. Their continual association strengthens their capabilities for noise and mischief by organizing them. The familiarity with the Church, which arises from the constant use of the vestries, &c., tends to make them feel at home, and to conduct themselves accordingly. I have as a rule found that the boy who was noisy outside, was most useful inside, and was as ready to use all his energies in singing as he was to use them in shouting. The "good" boys, who never give any trouble, are, as a rule, useless in Church. A clergyman should insist on good behaviour in Church, and no excuse should be made for talking, laughing, &c. He should also make allowance for a natural tendency to become somewhat uproarious after

service. Keeping boys quiet for an hour, or an hour and a half, and then letting them go, produces much the same effect, as letting off the cork of a ginger ale bottle. The results in both cases, are perfectly natural, and equally unpleasant. A clergyman, while maintaining his position, should interfere as little as possible with the authority of the choirmaster. Boys, as a rule, are happier under an absolute despotism, and are not easily manageable when the authority is divided. If the choir is to be made attractive, the boys in it should have privileges which are not allowed to other boys. If a boy, after joining a choir, finds that he occupies precisely the same position as he did, before joining it, and that the only difference is, that he has to come to Church oftener, the chances are that he will not be an enthusiast on the subject of choirs. When we remember that the boys have to attend church twice every Sunday, and sometimes two practices a week, it is evident that they deserve some special consideration. Boys are not moved by that sense of duty which often leads older people to join a choir, and as a rule they are not fond of going to Church. There is an old story of a boy being asked, which part of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" he liked best? He replied, "Few and short were the prayers we said."

We might, at this point, remark that when a surpliced choir is organized, they might as well be put into cassocks at once. Sooner or later, the cassocks will come, and although a clergyman may think he does not care for them, he gradually comes to the conclusion, that their addition would considerably improve the appearance of his choir. The struggle which generally attends the introduction of a surpliced choir, will usually cover the cassocks, whereas if the cassocks are delayed, the struggle is often repeated.

Continued.

THE DYING PUGILIST.

Good morning, Parson, I'm glad you're come; I reckon I'm going fast,
My seconds have got me up once more: the next round 'll be my last.
Death had me over the ropes that time, and the knock down blow was
square,
Another like that, and I guess you'll see my sponge go up in the air.
Time was this fist like a hammer would bruize, and cut like a razor, too;
Now look at it lying here weak as a babe's, with bones a'most coming
through.
Death's champion now, and no mistake; when he sends his challenge in,
There's no backing out, you've got to fight, and at last he's bound to win.
I hate those whining canting chaps, wot was here the other day,
And talks and talks, and won't never hear wot a feller has to say,
Leastways not unless he cants like them, but you're summit like a man;
You lets a poor cove say just what he feels, and say it as best he can.
I went with the rest as a young un, and larned what they teach at Sunday
School,
And remembers bits of it even now, so I aint altogether a fool.
But, bless yer, the things they told us there, didn't take no hold on me
then;
Poorcritters! they seemed to mean business, but they wasn't my notion
o' men.
Why! a big feller one day was kicking a little chap half his size,
So I gave him a wunner wot sent him to grass and blackened both his eyes;
And a long-tongued, saller skinned super, never axed about wrong or right,
But jawed away the whole afternoon how wicked it was to fight.

There's two chaps, though, in the Bible whose stories I never forgot;
 One's Samson wot licked the Philistins, and let 'em have it so hot;
 Tother's David, wot tackled the giant with only a stone and a sling;
 It warn't wot you'd call a reglar mill, but a wonderful plucky thing.
 And the big chap had blustered and bullied, cos he didn't think nobody'd
 fight;
 So I cheered when the light weight knocked him out, for I thought it
 sarved him right.
 Them as sets up for being so pious says prize fighting's terrible sin,
 So it is—when yer sells yer backers, and doesn't go in to win.
 A sneaking cuss wot would go for to play sich an out and out blackguard
 trick,
 Hadn't ought to be squarely fought, but pitched from the ring like a dog
 with a kick.
 Fights aint so dangerous, not by half, as many a kind of sport
 Wot a cove may take up, and nobody to care to say as he hadn't ought.
 There's soldiers, firemen, railway men, and a heap of others too,
 Has a much better chance, o' being killed, a'most everything they do.
 In usef' professions, yer'll say perhaps, it's right to risk life and limb,
 Well, wot gets a feller his living, says I, is precious usef' to *him*.
 A rattling mill is a roughish sight, when claret's flying about,
 Or a nose gets smashed, or a chap goes down with a regular clean knockout.
 Howsomdever sich things is trifles to *us*. They'd finish the likes o' you;
 But a good man—in proper condition o' course—is all right in an hour or two.
 And the fuss is all made by fellers as hasn't no right to speak,
 Whippersnappers o' straw which a tap on the jaw would knock 'em slap
 into next week.
 That's just where the trouble comes in, yer see; folks don't know wot
 other chaps feel;
 And yer soft mollycoddles han't no idee wot it is to have muscles like steel,
 And a bull-dog's head on yer shoulders, wot a sledge hammer hardly could
 break,
 And a great lion's heart in your body, wot's ready to give and to take.
 Tother chap, maybe, gets on your ribs with his right, and shoots his left
 straight in yer phiz;
 And just as he's thinking to knock yer out, you gets right and left upon his;
 And yer backers cheer like mad, and bets more free as yer puts in the
 blows;
 There a sort o' wild Injun joy in it all sich as nothing comes nigh wot I
 knows.
 Just shake off the parson a minute, and look at it straight like a *man*;
 Here's stalwart chaps with a living to get, and to get the best way they can.
 How's coves like us to get on in the world as aint overburdened with brains?
 Would yer have us go working as navvies with spades, and laying down
 roads for trains?
 We'd fight just the same, cos it's in us, but in drunken quarrels, like fools,
 Instead o' fair matches with London P. R., or Markis o' Queensbury rules,
 And get into fights without training, and some of us p'raps be killed,
 For its that wot does it; I shudder to think wot a lot o' blood might be
 spilled.
 Folks natral cottons to things in wot they can knock all comers out,
 And men wots *good enough men* can't see no harm in a friendly bout.
 There's many a bloke you'd think wos a saint, the way he takes on abouts in,
 But meetings and preachings is *his* P. R. wot he finds himself champion in.
 And we fight as a matter o' business, not in malice, that aint our plan;
 And a true boxer 'd hit an old woman as soon as hurt an ornary man.
 There was Billy the Kentucky chicken, a feller wot took his place
 On a railway car, when he gave him his mind, up and hit him square in
 the face.
 If he'd knocked the bloke's head off his shoulders 'twould hardly have
 been unfair,
 But he jest ketched hold of him, collar and pants, and held him up in the air.
 For a second or two, then laid him down, as a mother might lay her child,
 And when he begged pardon, let him up, and shook his hand and smiled.
 Us pugilists aint all brutal. No sir; I denies it flat;
 And I rayther think as none but a pug would have done sich a thing as that.
 In the matter o' liquor, and wuss than that, we's much like others I think,
 But a pugilist aint never good for much wot's regular given to drink.
 Yer can't go stoopidly fooling round with a heavy fight to come.
 And its all times best, if a feller knows how, to keep clear o' the women
 and rum.

So in training I allus lived strictly square, but when business was all got
 through,

I drank pretty free and sometimes had—well I did as *you gentlemen* do.
 And it's that wot makes me feel so bad, and that's the only thing
 As I sees any call to be sorry for, and hooray! says I, for the ring.
 But I wants to make my peace with God, so I likes to hear you preach;
 Its awful to think o'standing up to sich odds in weight and reach.
 So I keeps on saying again and again that little bit of a prayer,
 And I hopes to Heaven they'll let me in—but *is there no prize fights there?*
 A. B.

A CHAPTER ON WOMEN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his pleasant 'breakfast table' chats, says: "Whether there will be three or four women to one man in heaven is a question which I must leave to those who talk as if they knew all about the future condition of the race, to answer. But very certainly there is much more of hearty faith, much more of spiritual life among women than among men, in this world. * * When they become voters, if ever they do, it may be feared that the pews will lose what the ward-rooms gain."

In the problem of human life in these days, woman might be said to be an 'unknown quantity.' During the last twenty years, many additions have been made to her educational privileges, and her political importance has been greatly advanced. Of her educational facilities she seems to have taken the fullest advantage, and her efforts have been crowned with many brilliant successes. Her political aspirations have been no less pronounced than her educational ones, and although in the case of the candidate for President of the neighbouring Republic, at the late election, they were not altogether successful, still both in that country and in this, in many municipal contests, and perhaps in some of the elections for the legislature, her influence had very material effect upon the result.

In the city of Washington, there will be held, sometime during the present year, a congress of women, from all parts of the world, to discuss the state of their affairs, and probably to take steps to promote their educational and political interests.

Everyone, we think, will wish them all good, but we are dubious when we look forward to women taking an active part in political affairs.

We are inclined to be conservative on the subject of woman's social position in the world, we have a fondness for the old state of things. Not that there is any privilege or honour of which she is unworthy, nay, but that her position now, is one of such peculiar honour, that any modification would seem to be a step downward.

If there is to be a shred of chivalry left in the world, if woman is to be the object of man's love and reverence, if she is to be the embodiment of all that is gentle and courteous, all that is honourable and beautiful, it is necessary that she should keep herself from the sordid contamination of public life.

At the present time woman holds a position, spiritually and morally, that is quite distinct from that of man, and higher. She is weaker than he, yet in her weakness, she has a strength that overcomes him, and renders him devoted to her service. And this chivalric relation in which each, differing from the other, assists and influences the other, in which each is the other's complement, is for good; as John Ruskin says: "The soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of mankind fails."

We all remember the delightful account Charles Lamb gives in that paper on "Modern Gallantry," of the tender courtesy of his old friend to all women, because of *one* he had loved, remaining uncovered, even in the presence of a troubled housemaid, who was asking a direction, and holding his umbrella so carefully, even though it was only to shelter a poor applewoman. And it does seem sad that such gentle manners should be done away.

There is a sense of painful incongruity when one hears of women going into law and into politics. One recognizes that they enter an arena where that deference and regard, which in the world is their natural right, are no longer to be looked for, where those fine qualities which belong to them are not called into action, where the hard contention is utterly unsuited to the gentle nature generally ascribed to them, and inconsistent with the exercise of that beneficence which has been their peculiar characteristic.

It may be true that there are many clever and ambitious women, who think they cannot do sufficient good work in the world unless they address listening senates, and argue in the public forum, but doubtless they are greatly in error. It is a question whether man has more influence in the world than woman. There is many a woman who votes regularly in the "House" through her husband, and he is quite unconscious of the fact. And she does this without any loss of her womanly character, she is the planner and contriver, another does the work. Woman has a tremendous influence over man, and so her influence goes into the world, and she accomplishes much, herself unseen.

The *Country Parson*, in one of his wise essays, says,—and he evidently speaks from experience:—"By far the chief part of the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. * * Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men."

Thackeray, too, adds his word: "A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day. When I say I know women, I mean I don't know them."

We have not spoken of the many avenues of labour open to women, wherein her gentle nature may be preserved; but there are many, and no need arises that she should tread in the more thorny paths.

The finest quality possible in a woman, is to be thoroughly womanly. We remember such women longest, we love them most, the world could not get along without them. There is need of sympathy, of gentleness, of kindly soothing encouragement in all the rude struggles of life, there is need of that brave and steady support which only woman can give. Woman fancies she is dependent,—she is no more dependent than man is,—he needs her help, and is troubled that she desires to stand alone. In the words of Thackeray, many might say, 'I can't live without the tenderness of some woman.'

ICE CRYSTALS.

Studying history seems to me something like examining the path of a sun ray through a block of ice. Ice is made of six-petalled flowers formed parallel to the surface of freezing, and a sun ray passing through reveals by liquefying them so that we see their forms in the track of the beam. So in history. Every great event, every wonderful life, every striking scene is a six-petalled flower, or a six rayed star radiating from a central point. The first ray is dependence on the past; the second the influence of the chief actor on his closest companions, and their reacting influence on himself; the third the work among his own people in his own time; the fourth the work among other nations in his own time; the fifth and sixth the resulting force upon his own people and upon other nations after him. None need suppose that those last rays are really the same. Rousseau and Voltaire exercised a very different power in France and in England. The power is subject to modification by race, by present circumstances, by past history.

One might choose many such a star for example. The first that occurs is that scene in the prison at Athens, the old man sitting on his couch stroking Phaedo's hair, tomorrow to be cut off in token of mourning, and offering to play *Folans* to his *Heracles* in defence of their common hope of immortality: "fair indeed the prize, and the hope great." Then the hemlock and the dark, for Athens had wilfully closed up the window through which the light was streaming in upon her. Not for long. Plato opened the shutters and spread the light further than his master had done. The rays from that star spread too far to follow, but we can see some of its beauty, understand some of its influence. Harold or William at *Senlac*, each the centre of a different star, *Kaisar Ferdinand* at *Vienna* with *Count Thurm* at his gates, *Otto the Great* at *Rome*, *Bayard* dying at *Ivrea*, and withal shaming the *Constable de Bourbon*, *Marie Antoinette* at *Trianon*, *Mary* at *Holyrood* with *Darnley* and *Rizzio*, these come to mind without the trouble of thinking. By the way the two last instances remind one forcibly that according to one genealogy the *Erinnyes* are the sisters of the *Hesperides*, and in these days it is well to be reminded of the relationship. Again, lake ice exhibits the same plane of freezing, the flowers are all

horizontal, but the history of a people is more like the ice of a glacier formed without definite planes of freezing, but which will show when examined by a sunbeam group after group set in different planes at various angles to each other. To speak of the further likeness between a glacier and history, of the traces in both of tension and compression, of crevasses and of relegation, would be foreign to our subject which is only the stars of which the whole is made. It is a truism to say that every star differs from every other, in size, in form, in elaboration of ornament. And we cannot examine more than a certain number. Turn too much sunlight on the block, it melts too fast and the florets run together. We must be content to examine a group in one plane and a group in another.

It may be we do not care for the study of crystals, but as each *must* form part of a six-rayed star and here and there one may become a centre, it is well to be more, not less, beautiful, and to examine the crystals above us if so be we may find out the causes of their peculiarities. Ice crystals are formed according to an unvarying law, from without, by outside influence only, historic crystals are acted upon by their environment, but grow from within. Those we see in past history, though larger, more important, and it may even be more beautiful, than the thousands we do not see, are yet set in the same planes with those surrounding them, and share the same colour, for historic ice is of different tints. Therefore those who *must* help to make history ought to study what has been made.

BELFIELD.

HOPE AND FEAR.

As when the sunless face of winter fills
 The earth, a moment misty bright,
 The sun streams forth in powdery light,
 A silver glory over silent hills.

And all the rolling glooms that lie below,
 That sudden splendor of the sun,
 With shivered feet and mantles dun,
 In stricken columns skim the gleaming snow.

Yet far away, beyond the utmost range
 Of sun-drowned heights, pine-skirted, dun,
 That fringe the white waste's frozen rim,
 Hang ever ghost-like waiting for the change.

So often to the blank world-sobered heart
 Comes hope, with swift unbidden eye,
 And bids the weary life-gloom fly
 With shaken skirts, and for a space depart.

Yet evermore, still known of eye and ear,
 With sullen, unforgotten surge,
 Hang ever on the waste heart's verge,
 Time's hovering ghosts of restless change and fear.

A. LAMPMAN.

CAB HORSES.

DEAR SIRS,—“An Ecclesiastical cab stand” is a very good thing in its way, and under certain circumstances deserves to be encouraged. But those who “draw upon” it should not be encouraged to drive on Sunday, because on that day “hacks” may be procured “free of charge.” Some can afford to pay a “two-horse” fare, others only a “one-horse;” all can pay at least a “street car fare.” We are not going to open an attack upon the law of our city, and plead for “Sunday cabs,” we only wish to urge that if “cabs” are driven on Sunday they should be paid for. Several “Hacks” leave their “Stables” at Trinity College every Saturday, work all Sunday and return on Monday, having performed two days and a half's work “free of charge.” Lest the city authorities should put a stop to this offence against municipal as well as moral law, we must explain that the “hacks” referred to are Divinity Students, a *human* species, not more over-burdened with “days-off” and a “superfluity of the evasive Shekel” than other types of the same species.

I remain yours, etc.,

A STABLE COMPANION.

[Without altogether endorsing the tone of our correspondent, we heartily sympathise with his object. A fair day's work deserves a fair day's wage. The Divinity Student often has a *very* fair day's work! The Divinity Student of other Colleges in Toronto are better looked after in this direction than our own. In one case their expenses and \$5 are guaranteed to them for each Sunday's duty. If they do not get it from the people, the College deducts it from their fees. Some arrangement might be made for the different cases. Suppose an incumbent wants a man, let it be a fixed arrangement that he pays his expenses and \$5. In other cases a percentage of the offertory, or a guarantee of some kind might be insisted upon, varying according to circumstances. Thus a common fund might be formed. Each man might get this fixed sum on the Sunday, and hand it in to the treasurer of the Theological and Missionary Association on Monday, who should divide this common fund among the labourers.—EDITORS.]

NOTICE.

In the next number of the “Review” Professor Clark's exposition of the “Water Babies” will appear. It may not be known by some of our subscribers that when this exposition was submitted to Kingsley for his approval, he requested that not a single word should be changed, so well did it express the meaning of his famous work. Subscribers may obtain extra copies on application to the Business Manager.

Trinity University Review.

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A. CARSWELL, B.A. E. C. CAYLEY, B.A.
P. LOWE. S. F. HOUSTON. T. T. NORGATE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1888.

We noticed the other day a thought from Ruskin, who is always suggestive, even if he is not perfectly correct in his opinion,—which we are disposed to question. In his work, Pre-Raphaelitism, he writes: "No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort." We are afraid Mr. Ruskin leaves Englishmen out of consideration, and judges by those clever-at-everything Italians, of some three or four centuries ago. Shakespeare indeed, we are told, did his work easily and rapidly, but we do not recall another example. The question is a very large one, and we may refer to it again. Mr. Ruskin's statement is by no means, we think, to be taken seriously,—perhaps he did not mean it to be so.

As Mr. George Augustus Sala once plaintively remarked, life is too short to permit of our reading everything; and so it seems there is a great deal we shall be compelled to leave unread. It stands to reason, then, that a wise selection of our reading, that we may get, if possible, what is best, and sacrifice only what may be dispensed with, is the most profitable plan. It is often very hard to confine oneself strictly to a list, even of the "best" books. Desultory reading seems to be very natural, and it certainly is very easy and pleasant. We are reminded of the learned Abbe who was in the prison with the Count of Monte Christo, whose great store of knowledge was obtained from so small a list of books well read.

Sir John Lubbock, we think, brought the practice into fashion of writing a list of "the hundred best books." His list did not by any means give universal satisfaction, and came in for a good deal of sharp criticism. Notwithstanding, the subject seems to have had a great fascination for literary minds, and almost every writer of prominence has done something at it. Perhaps everybody likes to talk about his favorite books—even those enthusiastic mortals who cannot go to any more definite particulars than that they think Shakespeare "is just lovely," that they "just dote on Browning, and that Byron is awfully nice." So there have been lists and lists. But when those curious individuals who could not write lists themselves began to bother more clever men, the whole matter became insuffer-

able. Clever literary men have been pestered again and again, and at length one of them has brought out a list of the best books which cites some 25,000 of them, though Mr. James Payn says he does not see why there should not be 50,000.

Then followed the fashion of citing the best passages in prose and verse. Many celebrated men engaged in this agreeable pastime, and there was a great deal of profitable and interesting interchange of preferences and sentiments, though Mr. Bill Nye informs us he could not state his choice, for he had really forgotten what his favorite passages were.

There is a passage in Macaulay which we used to admire very much, the concluding pages of his essay on Mitford's History of Greece. He writes of the mission of literature in the world, and in splendid style describes the comforting and ennobling influence of the literature of Athens, cheering the lonely scholar in his retirement, and bearing solace to philosophers and patriots wearied with the strife and ignorance of men—long after the material glory of the noble city has passed away. We have never seen the passage quoted as a gem, but we think it well worthy of careful perusal.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

On the night of Tuesday, February 7th, the walls of old Trinity for a time cast off their usual sombre aspect, and presented a very lively appearance. The occasion was the Annual Conversazione, which is chief among college festivals. This year the event was acknowledged to have been more successful than ever before, and Trinity must have welcomed within its walls the largest concourse of people in the whole course of its existence. A fair estimate would be that nine hundred of Toronto society must have participated in the gay scene. About eight o'clock the guests began to pour in, and for an hour or more a stream of people found their way to the dressing rooms, which were crowded to their utmost capacity. On the entrance hall the decoration committee had spent its noblest efforts. Flags were draped tastefully over the arches and walls, while wreaths of bunting in varied colors were festooned along the ceilings. Curtains and flags lighted up with the soft rays of Chinese lanterns, gave a subdued but festive appearance to the corridors, and in them many a nook was arranged where, it is needless to say, there was not room enough for three.

A concert in Convocation Hall was the main attraction in the first part of the evening, when the following programme was well carried out:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| | PART I. |
| 1. GLEE..... | Joyous life |
| | GLEE CLUB. |
| 2. PIANO SOLO..... | (a) Gavotte..... <i>M. Edna Bigelow.</i> |
| | (b) Molto Felice..... <i>F. J. Hatton.</i> |
| | MISS E. S. MELLISH, MUS. BAC. |
| 3. SONG..... | "Good bye"..... <i>Tosti.</i> |
| | MR. J. F. THOMSON. |
| 4. SONG.... "Mia Piccirella"..... | (<i>Salvator Rosa</i>) ..By <i>A. Carlos Gomez.</i> |
| | MISS BUNTON. |

PART II.

1. GLEE.....Forsaken..... —
GLEE CLUB.
2. SONG..... "Come to me"..... Denza.
MISS MORGAN.
3. CONCERTINA AND PIANO... "Zampa"... Arr. by R. Blagrove and S. Smith.
THE MISSES ELWELL.
4. SONG.... "She ne'er believed it true" (Mignon)—Ambrose Thomas.
CAPT. GAMBLE GEDDES.

Our Glee Club acquitted itself nobly in its two numbers, and agreeably surprised those who expected that the short time for practice would mar the efforts of the members. They sang their parts with a softness of tone and nicety of expression not often found in a chorus of male voices, yet they had the advantage which all students possess of being able to open their mouths well and give full pronunciation to their words. Mr. J. F. Thomson sang Tosti's lyrical masterpiece with great feeling and admirable expression. Miss Mellish showed by her piano solo that the knowledge of theory she had acquired in her musical course was embellished by a mastery of practice. Miss Bunton who has lately entered Toronto musical circles proved that she had a very agreeable voice, and won the hearty appreciation of the audience. Miss Morgan sang a new song by Denza, with that sympathy and excellence for which she is so well known. The concertina playing of Miss Ellwell is a treat not heard everyday, and in her hands this instrument becomes such a delightful "concord of sweet sounds" that she invariably charms all her listeners. Capt. Geddes offered a fitting conclusion to a very enjoyable programme.

Refreshments were served in the dining hall, which was opened early in the evening, and continued to be thronged until the dancing had ceased. The tables were very prettily decorated owing to the kind assistance and gifts of our fair girl-undergraduate.

After the concert the hall was cleared, and about half-past ten dancing was commenced. The throng in Convocation Hall was so great that some enthusiastic dancers adjourned to the entrance hall, where music was furnished by a piano. The music supplied by Corlett's orchestra was excellent, and added much to the pleasure of the evening. At 12.30 A.M. the last of the programme was finished, and in the course of half an hour later the corridors once more assumed their usual quiet, and, with the exception of some enthusiasts who remained to talk over the affair, the College was wrapt in slumber.

A large number of the alumni of Trinity were present, and many a graduate trod again the familiar halls "in which of old he wore the gown." Among them were noticed: Chancellor Allan, S. B. Harman, T. H. Ince, Salter VanKoughnet, W. P. Atkinson, Huson Murray, G. A. Mackenzie, J. A. Worrell, C. L. Ferguson, Revs. J. F. Sweeney, F. Tremayne, H. W. Davies, A. J. Broughall, C. E. Thomson, J. Langtry, O. P. Ford, C. L. Ingles, Septimus Jones, T. W. Patterson, G. Nattress, C. C. Kemp. The younger graduates resident in Toronto attended in full force, among them being: G. F. Harman, A. J. W. McMichael, R. B. Beaumont, D. M. Howard, N. F. David-

son, C. R. Hanning, J. A. Tanner, A. W. Church, G. N. Beaumont, C. J. Loewen, A. H. O'Brien, D. T. Symons, A. C. Macdonell, J. Carson, J. F. Gregory, J. W. McCullough.

The arrangements were all carefully made, and everything passed off without a hitch. The committees all performed their work nobly. The invitation committee Messrs. Martin, Broughall, and Tremayne, were kept busy sending out the seven hundred cards that were issued. The finance committee were very active in getting subscriptions, and to Messrs. Houston, Stevenson, Bedford, Jones, and Shutt, is due the credit of having placed larger funds in the hands of the executive than ever before. The decoration committee worked liked Trojan's under the direction of Messrs. A. C. Bedford-Jones and G. Bousfield. Through the excellent arrangements of the music committee Messrs. Plummer, Houston and Johnston, a very enjoyable programme was carried out. The refreshments this year were more adequate in meeting the large demand for them than hitherto on account of the activity of Mr. Shutt. The steward of the college, as he always does on such occasions, worked faithfully to see that everything in his own department was well provided for, and he succeeded admirably in so doing.

THE PUBLIC LECTURES.

The first of the Public Lectures was delivered on January 27th, by Prof. Morris, LL.D., of the University of Michigan. Notwithstanding the rather dry nature of the subject "Socialism and Pessimism," a very large audience was present. The lecturer sketched the use of the Pessimistic philosophy in France and Germany, and showed how the socialism of the present is very closely allied to the pessimism of these philosophers.

On Friday, February 3rd, Principal Adams, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, read a very interesting sketch of the life and works of Macaulay. The lecturer presented a very favorable view of the great historian, but remarked on his antagonism to the Church and his ignorance of its fundamental beliefs as evidenced by the fact that he could not conceive of the Church of England's existence before the Reformation, and could not appreciate the distinction between the words "Catholic," and "Roman Catholic." Prof. Nash of Hobart College, Geneva, N.Y., concluded the series on Friday, February 10th. He gave a very graphic account of "A Day in Augustan Rome," and sketched minutely the life of a Roman gentleman of leisure. A very interesting lecture was impaired by the low tone of voice in which the learned professor delivered his lecture. The afternoon "At Homes" given by Mrs. Body and Mrs. Strachan were well attended, and formed very pleasant conclusions to the lectures.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The College Glee Club continues to prove successful, and bids fair to rank among the foremost of like institutions in the city. She made her *début* at a "Pink Social" at Carlton, and was, by all who beheld her maiden blushes, pronounced the "belle" of the season. In the absence of Mr. F. G. Plummer she was chaperoned by Mr. G. E. Powell, vice-conductor and general "whipper-in." On three other occasions she has entranced the public with her artistic treats, *i. e.*, at the College Conversazione, at a concert at S. Anne's School-room, and at another in S. Stephen's Parish. The popular verdict is, that "she will do."

"Better late than never." At last—with joy be it said—a regular course of elocution lectures has commenced. These are to be continued twice a week for the rest of the Academical year. Miss Harvey, the lecturer, appears eminently qualified for the work which she has undertaken. These lectures are part of the regular work of the Divinity Class, while Arts men may attend after application to Prof. Roper for permission to do so. The buildings already resound with the hideous attempts of enthusiastic studentst to master the guttural gymnastics, which, we believe, constitute the fundamental principles of elocutionary training.

Rev. Geo. Webster, Curate of S. George's, conducted the last devotional meeting of the Theological and Missionary Association, which was fairly well attended.

We understand that some temporary altar hangings will shortly appear in the Chapel. They will certainly remove a long-felt eyesore.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese preached in the Chapel at Mattins, February 5, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion.

"Resolved, that the Sixteenth Century marks an era of greater progress than the Nineteenth."

For the affirmative—Messrs. Cayley and Lowe (Trinity.)

For the negative—Messrs. Maxfield and Arthur (McMaster.)

The above states the subject of an Inter-Collegiate debate between Trinity and McMaster Colleges, which will take place at McMaster Hall. March 2 is the date which has been determined on for the debate.

PERSONAL.

We were glad to see among the results of recent Law Examinations the name of N. F. Davidson, '83, who passed a most successful examination, standing first among the Solicitors and sixth among the Barristers. Mr. Davidson continues to practice in the firm of Messrs. Henderson &

Small. Also those of W. Wallace Jones, 1884, J. F. Gregory, B.C.L., 1887, who have passed their Solicitor's examination, and A. H. O'Brien, 1887, who has passed his First Intermediate.

At a special Convocation held on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, Rev. A. Osborne, Incumbent of Gravenhurst, and Examining Chaplain of the Bishop of Algoma, was admitted to the Degree of B.D. Mr. Osborne preached at Mattins in the Chapel.

EXCHANGES.

We have received an unusually large number of exchanges this month, including several new ones, whom we heartily welcome. They are: *The Stevens Indicator*, the organ of the Technological College at Hoboken, N.J., which contains a great deal of interesting matter connected with engineering; the *Phi Sigma Monthly Magazine* of York Collegiate Institute, Pa., and most important of all, *The Scientific American*, which we hope henceforth to see regularly. Its articles are too well known to need mention here, and we are sure it will find a welcome in our College Reading Room. These from across the line, From Ottawa we receive a new venture, *The Owl*, of Ottawa College, to which we wish success, which we feel sure it will attain after having got over the start and settling down to work.

The majority of our exchanges present no features of very great interest this month, while fully keeping up their reputation. We notice a greater lack of good articles than usual.

We were especially pleased with a light, graceful article on "Ourselves," emanating from the pen of one of the ladies connected with *The Sibyl*. If such be any guarantee of the grace and elegance of the ladies of Elmira College we are positive they need be under no apprehension that any

"Man whose blood is warm within,"
if introduced into their society, would

"Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster."

We noted a good "Study from King Lear" in the *Rockford Seminary Magazine*.

We have received "*Canada Educational Monthly*," "*Queen's College Journal* (3 no.'s)," "*Varsity*," "*St. John's College Magazine*," "*Presbyterian College Journal*," "*Acta Victoriana*," and "*Corrig School Record*," from our own side the line, and from over it, "*Hamilton Literary Monthly*," "*The Lantern*" (2 no.'s)," "*Normal News*," "*The Dartmouth*," "*The Berkeleyan*," "*Yankton Student*," (what an unpleasant colour its cover is)," "*The Polytechnic*," "*Manitou Messenger*," "*Hamilton Review*," and "*The Critic*."

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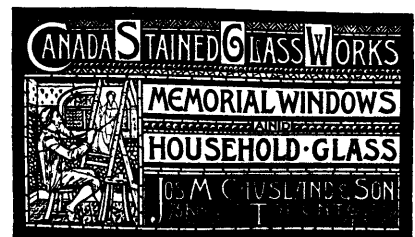
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THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOLARSHIP OF \$200.

THE FIRST DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$140.

THE SECOND DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$100.

There will be a Supplementary Examination for Matriculation in October.

By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates for pass are required to take Latin, Greek, Mathematics, History and Geography, and one of the four departments:—Divinity, French, German, or English. Candidates for Scholarships may take two of the four departments:—Divinity, French, German, or English.

Candidates not competing for General Proficiency Scholarships may substitute for Greek, two of the departments, Divinity, French, German, Physics, Chemistry, or Botany, provided that French or German must be taken.

The examinations for the degree of M.D., C.M., will begin on March 19th, for the degree of B.C.L. as follows:—The First and Final on June 11th, and the Second on June 14th, and for the degree of Bachelor of Music on April 4th.

Notice for the Law and Matriculation Examinations must be given by June 1st., for Mus. Bac. by Feb. 1st.

Application should be made to the Registrar for the requisite forms for giving notice.

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—:0:—

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

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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