

# TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

VOL. XI.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, APRIL, 1898.

No. 4.

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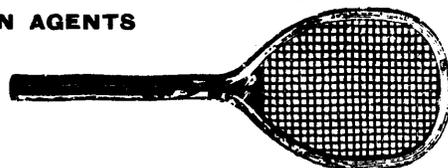
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# Trinity University Review

A Journal of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

VOL. XI.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, APRIL, 1898.

No. 4.

## Trinity University Review.

Published in twelve monthly issues by the Undergraduates in Arts and Medicine of Trinity University.

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H. C. GRIFFITH, Business Manager,  
Trinity University, Toronto.

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

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## Editorial Topics.

### THE REVIEW.

A change has been suggested in the method of electing the editors of THE REVIEW. In the past every man in College has had the franchise in electing the editors, but now the suggestion comes that only the men who have paid their subscriptions to THE REVIEW shall have the power to vote, as is the case in all other college institutions. Of late years there has been a growing tendency among the men to neglect paying their subscriptions, and consequently some means have to be taken to stop it. It is the duty of every man who receives THE REVIEW, to pay for it.

### UNIVERSITY EXAMINERS.

The publication of the University Calendar for the ensuing college year has brought us the unwelcome information that we are not to have outside examiners this year for the June examinations. The additional expense which this has entailed in previous years has no doubt prompted the change. We feel, however, that this is the last place where economy should be sought, or even thought of. The standing which our University degree will bring us depends upon our University examinations, and the fact that they are conducted by our own Professors will not add to the estimation in which they are held. We do not mean for a moment to question the ability of our Faculty to conduct those examinations, in fact, in some ways they are in a much better position to conduct them honourably and fairly. Yet it is much more satisfactory to the ordinary man to know that his standing has been determined by the judgment of an outside examiner. Further, it will add to the credit of a Trinity degree in the eyes of the world if it is known that its recipients qualify for it on the examination of men who have no other official connection with the University. The advantages of the present method are too obvious to be dwelt upon. It is hardly necessary to say that the new system has failed to find favour in the eyes of the student body. Let us hope that the Faculty will yet reconsider the matter, and not inaugurate still another change dis-

tasteful to the undergraduate body, and one likely to bring doubtful benefit to the College.

### THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

The differences which have for some time past existed between the United States and Spain have reached a culminating point, owing to the recent terrible disaster in Havana Harbour. Whatever was the cause of the loss of the Maine it would have been more welcome news had the commission at the close of its labours found the loss attributable to accident. Such a verdict would hardly have ended the ill feeling between the two powers, but it would have avoided the bitter element which must now exist in their relations towards each other. The result of the enquiry is all the more unfortunate because it may preclude a peaceful settlement of the real question at issue, the ultimate existence of Spanish rule on this side of the ocean. For months there has been throughout the neighbouring republic a feeling akin to hostility against Spain, and strong sympathy has been openly expressed for the Cubans in their struggle against Spanish oppression. This feeling, owing to the unfortunate occurrence of a few days ago, has given place to indignation, and it is quite possible that satisfaction may be sought by armed force. Whatever were our sentiments regarding the warlike propensities of the American people a year or so ago, our sympathies will be with them in the present instance. We cannot be surprised at the attitude taken by the United States with regard to Cuban independence. English speaking people, as a rule, are in hearty sympathy with the wronged, especially if the latter happens to be the weaker power, and it is much to the credit of the stability of the American people that they, by their non-intervention policy, did not precipitate hostilities. But now the occasion seems to demand some action, whatever that action will be. One good result, however, seems to be assured—the independence of Cuba. Should Spain see fit to accede to Cuba's claims, the deplorable incident which has caused so much excitement may be passed over by our American neighbours in the satisfaction of attaining an end so much desired. With that result gained, the United States may consider the recent loss, deplorable though it was, hardly sufficient reason for undertaking a war in which she has nothing really to gain, except a certain satisfaction in exacting retribution for injury, and upholding what she esteems the right. A peaceable settlement of the difficulty on such conditions would, we think, be a solution most acceptable to the world at large. But should resource be had to arms, the freedom of Cuba will not be lost sight of, and in the furtherance of this object our neighbours to the south of us will have our good wishes and heartiest sympathy.

### LITERARY ELECTIONS.

On Friday, March the 18th, the annual elections for the Lit. Council were held. The night before, an election meeting was held in the Common Room, when the candidates and their supporters spoke on the various "platforms" proposed. There was a great deal of interest taken in the elections, and some of the offices were hotly contested. The new council will have a lot of work next year in connection with the "Conversat." and it is to be hoped that every man on it will do his best to forward the work of the Literary Institute. And here, perhaps, it might not be out of place to advise the

men to take more interest in the "Lit." than they do. How often are we warned in the valedictories to speak every chance we get. We all admire a man who can get up and speak, and the only way to become able to do so is to practice, and there is no better place to practice than in the "Lit." meetings. THE REVIEW wishes success to the "Lit." Council of '98-'99.

\* \* \*

After the elections the out-going members read their valedictories, of which Mr. Bushell's might be specially mentioned.

#### THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

How gratifying to Julia Arthur must have been the homage of her own countrymen, of realizing that even in her own land she was "not without honour."

There is little left to be said of her triumph, of her winning personality and clever acting. We are justly proud of her as an actress and as a woman. Such as she raise the tone of the stage, and it never needed elevating more than at the present time, when theatrical combines are forcing men and women of genius to sink their own talents and individuality in catering to the demands of a public too ready to be imposed upon. Many condemn a "Lady of Quality," but even though it is pronounced faulty in so many respects, Julia Arthur's interpretation of it, her clever portrayal of a most difficult part, have saved the play from being a dismal failure. You live her character with her; you suffer with her, sympathize with and condone her.

Our hearts go out to the bonny Canadienne in her success, and our wishes for a complete future in the uncertain realms of stageland.

\* \* \*

"The oak has an eccentric fashion of growing—knotty boughs, sombre foliage, rough and coarse bark; but he is the oak, and it is because of all this he is the oak."—VICTOR HUGO.

\* \* \*

Of late there seems to have been a growing demand and love for negro songs, for plantation melodies, and the quaint sentiment, so crudely, yet beautifully expressed of our dark-skinned brethren. Negro lullabies, negro love-songs and negro folk-lore form the theme of many of our popular songs. They are so different to all others, so distinctive in their setting and wording. The simple pathos of plantation life, the queer superstitions of a race misjudged and misunderstood, the tragic hopelessness of nature crushed and subdued, all find expression.

We see the dark labourers, the white fields of downy cotton, the small closely clustered huts, the ubiquitous dark-eyed pickaninny—millions of them—and the swarthy white-turbaned "mammy," that Harriet Beecher Stowe has immortalized.

Or we can turn to the delights of the "Uncle Remus" stories, the adventures of Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, and the other creations of Joel Chandler Harris' pen, so full of humour, so rich in imagination and so quaint in legendary seriousness.

It is a rich treasure house of enjoyment and profit—one that must and should find recognition in the present and in coming years.

\* \* \*

"Pray to Him!—Thinking's praying very often, and so is being sorry and ashamed when one's done a mean thing and being glad when one's resisted a temptation, and grateful when it's a fine day. What is it but praying when you try to bear up after losing all you cared to live for! There can be prayers without words as well as songs, I suppose."

"Mrs. Martin's Company," by Jane Barlow, is a delightful little volume of short stories, replete with Irish wit, humour and gladness. Those who have read "Irish Idylls," by the same authoress, know how interesting are her sketches; they are so truly national and characteristic in style that one grasps at any insight into these "short and simple annals of the poor," living in the little island "beyant the wather."

Some of the stories in this volume are, "Mrs. Martin's Company," "A Lost Recruit," "After Seven Years," "A Case of Conscience," with others equally good.

\* \* \*

"I must be up and doing—ay, each minute;  
The grave gives time for rest when we are in it."

#### "VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."

*With apologies to Alfred Austin.*

What is the voice we hear  
Singing across the sea?  
The song that it sings is hardly clear,  
And is wanting in melody.  
'Tis the proud, free laureate calling,  
Calling loud to the proud and free Yankee.

And it says to him "Kinsman, hail!"  
I have lived in the shade too long!  
Put away from you now as a worn out tale  
The Kipperling's Jubilee Song;  
But read A. A. while his rhymes do last,  
And you can't go very far wrong."

Tis.

#### NOAH OUTDONE! AND COLUMBUS LEFT IN THE SHADE!

#### THE CRUISE OF "THE UNDERTAKER'S JOY."

*Wherein the adventures and hardships of two of the "Gilded Youth" of Canada are truly reported and other interesting circumstances observed.*

(Continued from last issue.)

v.

It is always the unexpected that happens, and, incredible as it may seem, gray dawn at last broke in the east; then, of course, both the Baron and the Boy Trapper fell into profound slumber. How long they might have remained in this state of unconscious bliss who can tell? But suddenly they were startled into a state of semi-wakefulness by the arrival of a perambulating milk-factory—just in time to add her contribution to the breakfast table. How the farmer's heart must have beaten with ecstatic joy that morning as the old lady handed over to him one solitary quart of milk! It must have shaken his faith in cow-nature!

Thoughts of breakfast now rise uppermost in their breasts. They lave themselves in the lake and then the Boy Trapper announces that the porridge is ready. "Just a trifle thin," he adds apologetically. "Oh, don't bother about a little thing like that," replies the Baron, generously.

They seated themselves and glanced fondly at the steaming pail. Someone has said that half the pleasure is in the anticipation—the Baron and the Boy Trapper will back that statement. The cover was removed. Both shuddered as they looked at the juicy compound. As the Boy Trapper buried it in the next field, he wrote the following epitaph upon its tombstone—

"Dread mixture of oatmeal and water!  
No digestion could stand the strain;  
It resembled porridge only  
As the mist resembles the rain."

The Baron sighed, but consoled himself with the thoughts of bacon, bacon! But, alas! Inexorable fate! "For when he got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor boy—" Yes, the bacon was a minus quantity. There lay the paper, that had held its unctuous form—but "Oh, for the touch of a vanished side, and the sound," etc. The Baron turned and gazed fixedly at the Boy Trapper, whose gaunt and haggard looks, however disarmed suspicion. Then he called his dog and investigated his ribs for traces of the missing three pounds of nutriment, but Snuff justified himself in the eyes of all. The Baron's bosom was shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—"Alas!" he groaned, "can such things be, 'tis enough to drive one to eggs!" And suiting the action to the words, he sorted out a dozen of the largest size. The eggs almost reconciled the Baron to the loss of the porcine delicacy, for Munch has been very fond of eggs ever since his boyhood's happy days upon the farm when he delighted to go on eggs-ploring eggs-cursions into hay-mows and other places whither hens retire to egg-cavate their nests and lay their high-priced products.

## VI.

Breakfast finished and the dishes cleaned, the voyageurs furbish up a few bent-pins and cut a couple of saplings preparatory to a tussel with the monsters of the deep. Full of hope, they launch the house-boat, and anchor it out among the sea-weed. The tender hearted youths stop up the access and passage of remorse as they impale the wriggling worms. No sooner do the hooks touch the water than they are immediately seized, and two goodly perch are ruthlessly torn from their native element. Another, and another, and another follow in quick succession; the fishermen hope to fill the canoe to sinking—but fickle fortune averts her face, and the game is up. Their most arduous, piscatorial efforts fail to procure another nibble, and they lack the faculty possessed by every true follower of Isaac Walton, of sitting hour after hour in fond expectation, hoping against hope. It takes a prodigious amount of cold water to cool the Baron's ardour, but finally the monotony of the game palls on him even—and up comes the anchor.

Overhead a large heron is lazily flapping. It looks down with a supercilious air upon the unsuccessful fishermen. The Barons wrath is aroused and the sportsman in him momentarily gets the better of his natural aversion to labour. The following is a detailed account of the chase from the time when the heron alighted on the beach to the point where the subsequent proceedings interested him no more—

Through the gloomy forest straightway ]  
 All alone the Baron wanders  
 Proudly, with his little rifle  
 And his pockets full of bullets.  
 And the birds sing round him, o'er him,  
 "Do not shoot us, mighty hunter!"  
 Sings the opechee, the robin,  
 Sings the blue-bird, the owaisa,—  
 "Do not shoot us, mighty hunter!"  
 Up the oak-tree close beside him  
 Springs the squirrel with his chatter,  
 In and out among the branches  
 Laughs and says between his laughing,  
 "Do not shoot me, mighty hunter!"  
 And the crow upon the tree-top  
 Quickly smells the smell of powder,  
 Thinks that there is caws for clamour  
 Raises such an awful racket  
 That the Baron's anger rises,  
 And he longs to shoot the rascal  
 With his mocking "Do not shoot me!"  
 But the Baron curbs his passion  
 For his thoughts are with the heron,  
 With the light-blue kingly heron,  
 Shushugah the lordly heron,  
 Glancing o'er the steep embankment,  
 Down the beach he sees his victim,

On his stomach quickly throws him,  
 Starts to creep among the brushwood  
 To approach the shy Shushugah.  
 Reckless scratches all his body,  
 Tears his clothes among the brambles,  
 While the fierce mosquito bites him  
 And the sun inflames his scalp  
 Where the hair should be, but is not,  
 Then at last the spot he reaches  
 Where he last saw shy Shushugah—  
 But he looks in vain; the heron  
 Swiftly from the place has vanished.  
 Soon, howe'er, the Baron spied him,  
 Then again, he does the snake-act,  
 Creeping low upon his stomach,  
 Till his hands and knees are blistered,  
 Then he sees the lordly heron  
 With his coat of blue and silver  
 All unconscious of his presence.  
 How his heart within him flutters,  
 Trembles like the leaves above him,  
 When he sees Shushugah near him!  
 Then upon the ground reclining  
 Noiselessly he aims his rifle.  
 Scarce a twig moves with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf is stirred or rustles—  
 But the wild Shushugah hears him,  
 Quickly tries to flee from danger,  
 Opens wide his wings for flying—  
 Oh! the singing fatal bullet  
 Buzzes like a bee and stings him.  
 Dead he sees the lordly heron,  
 And the proud heart of Munchausen  
 Throbs and beats in exultation,  
 As he bears Shushugah campwards.  
 His kind friend, the famed Boy Trapper,  
 Runs to meet him with applauses;  
 Jollies him and gives him taffy,  
 Till the Baron's head is swollen,  
 Thinking he's the only pebble.

## VII.

That afternoon the voyageurs, thirsting for new adventures (and a glass of lager), set sail for Port Credit, a seaport some two miles to the west. A small sized tempest is blowing from the east, and the "Undertaker's Joy" scuds through the waves with her gunwale under water. By the time that they reach the shelter of the Credit River, all hands are labouring hard at the pumps, and the carpenter reports six inches of water in the hold. But the voyageurs at once perceive that a visit to this village is well worth any risk, however great. The thriving little settlement is a popular summer resort for thirsty bicyclists from the city. It consists of one long, dusty street, a railway station, five hotels, a general store, a combination blacksmith's shop and ice cream counter, seven residences, and a disappointed-looking church. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is pitching quoits and mending punctured tires for luckless bicyclists. The male portion of the population employs its leisure time in fishing off the village-breakwater, while the women snatch a moment from their household duties to gossip around the village-pump. The thing in the men that most strikes a stranger's eye is their ham-like fists; for those Port Creditites are most pugnacious in their disposition. The demureness of the village-maidens, too, is very noticeable (and demureness in a woman, like the color in her cheeks, is decidedly becoming if not put on).

The Intrepid Pair direct their steps to the general store, but incidentally enter a flourishing hostelry, where cleanliness is at a premium and flies at a discount. Here an oily-looking individual dispenses luke-warm drinks over a sticky counter, in a most unappetizing manner. Our heroes take their punishment like men, however, encouraged by the charms of conversation displayed by the oily individual. They then adjourn to the "store" where all the wonders of the universe lay spread before their eyes—from heaps of

currants of home production (even the humble house-fly has a marketable value, when dried), to barrels of sugar—the legacy of Cain—mostly imported from the sandy shores of Lake Ontario. These country stores have long since solved the problem of having in stock nothing but what one does not want. "Bacon!" demanded the Baron in a confident tone. "Just out of it!" answered the store-keeper (a corpulent specimen of humanity); "have some in next week. But here's some fine amber syrup, fresh!" The Baron's stomach yearns for bacon, not syrup, and he declines the proffered delicacy. "I'll take a toothbrush!" ventured the Boy Trapper. "Yes, sir; how many did you say?" and he hands out a ferocious-looking scrubbing-brush. The Boy Trapper is very sensitive about the abnormal development of his mouth, and blushes. It was the Baron's turn, now. "Got any dried apples?" he asks, hesitatingly—"Afraid not!" answers the rubicund merchant. "But I can heartily recommend this non-corrosive baking powder, warranted not to rust, only twenty-five cents a tin." The voyageurs, of course, took a dozen tins and hungered for more. "Butter?" ventures the Boy Trapper, mournfully. "Yes," says the gentleman with enthusiasm, "How many pounds?" and he casts himself headlong down a trap-door in the floor. A moment of silence, then a crash of falling kerosene cans and the obliging store-keeper re-appears simultaneously, with a strong odor of coal-oil. The Dauntless Ones snatch up the precious edible and flee for the canoe. That butter! In union there is strength! May heaven preserve mortal man from any edible half so strong as butter united with kerosene.

## VIII.

Darkness fell that historic evening in much the same way as it usually falls, and after the Boy Trapper had fortified himself against dental disorders by frequent copious draughts of toothache stuff, the explorers sought the privacy of their bed-chamber, re-constructed this evening on entirely newer and improved lines (patent applied for). Some idea of the magnitude of the "tent" may be gained, when it is stated that the Baron experienced no great difficulty in stowing his head away inside the edifice, in spite of the incredible inflation of that head-piece since the tragic death of the heron. The night passed without mishap or interruption, save a midnight attack that the voyageurs made upon a fisherman's nets a short distance down the shore. The attacking party was eminently successful in the foray, capturing eight perch without the loss of a single man.

The following morning after a hasty breakfast of fish, all sail was crowded upon the "Undertaker's Joy" en route for Port Credit, for on the preceding afternoon, an ancient mariner, prompted by feelings of gratitude for the gift of an old pipe and a thimbleful of firewater, had invited our two adventurers out in his fishing-smack to witness the operation of hauling in the nets. They reached Port Credit none too soon, for "The Sally" was just starting as they leapt aboard. A heavy gale from the east had risen and was blowing up such a nasty sea that, as they crossed the bar at the mouth of the river, there recurred to the Boy Trapper the cheerful words of the poet—

"Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
On the shining sands as the sun went down,  
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands," etc.

The personal appearance, too, of their companions did not tend to reassure the discoverers. The skipper, the man who had invited them, was a wizened-up man of about sixty, apparently entirely dominated by his assistant, a powerfully-built fellow, of most forbidding aspect, and misanthropic temper. This prepossessing mortal evidently did not approve of the presence of strangers in the boat and took no pains to conceal his displeasure. The Baron and Boy Trapper felt decidedly uncomfortable,

especially when the unlovely individual waxed abusive but fortunately his pent-up ill-humour found vent in a torrent of oaths, that acted as a safety-valve, and he gradually permitted the light of his countenance to shine with a great refulgent brightness. The mild-tempered man in an effort to maintain peace, endeavoured to amuse the company with a series of tales of a most morbid character. Countless accidents, robberies, deaths, and even murders were swept out of the corners of his mind and retailed to his suffering audience with all due embellishment. In one of his narrations he told the fate of his cousin's wife's little nephew—

"This small boy stood on the leathery ice,  
Which bent beneath his weight,  
And buckled his pair of skimmers on,  
And skum to a watery fate."

Another tale dealt with the suffering of a woman with eight children, deserted by her husband. The Baron and his companion almost fancied that they heard the wail of the desolate children,—

"We shall miss him, for our father  
One day left us here alone—  
With his pockets full of boodle,  
He has skipped for parts unknown."

Many other yarns did the skipper spin, but always in the same morbid strain. Even the misanthrope took a hand in the conversation, and waxed incoherently eloquent in his efforts to prove that "There ain't no Purgatory because this here world's a Purgatory itself, and there ain't no other." His instructive discourse was illustrated by picturesque scenes from his own life. Thus pleasantly the time passed until the "banks" were reached. The nets were picked up in spite of a heavy sea, and a good haul made—thirty-one salmon trout, the largest one weighing twenty-four pounds. This excellent catch put even the misanthrope in good humour and as the "Sally" flew homeward he fairly dazzled the voyageurs with the charms of his brilliant conversation.

(Concluded next issue).

## Book Reviews.

SIMON DALE.

The swing of the pendulum is fast bringing the historical novel once more into favour. Not since the time of Dumas the Great has so much good work been done in this direction as during the last decade, within which have appeared "The White Company," "Micah Clarke," "Mistress Dorothy Marwin," and many others—for the list is a long one. We welcome the newborn appreciation for this class of fiction as one of the signs that the régime of the morbid, the psychological and the analytical is rapidly passing away, unmourned by us, at least, who watch the disappearance of its heavenly twins, its unsavoury men, and its unlovely women, with nothing but joy at heart and a "Sit terra gravis" on our lips. Mr. W. L. Alden has remarked that the world is being portioned off among our modern novelists. Rudyard Kipling holds exclusive sway over India and Afghanistan; Africa is the portion of Rider Haggard; while "this Canada of ours" falls to Gilbert Parker. At present the world of history is wide, but if the swing of the pendulum becomes much more pronounced, our novelists will soon have to keep a sharp eye on their spheres of influence in this domain also. A good portion of the ground is already taken up by Scott and Dumas, and he must be a bold man who will try conclusions with them in their territory. Dumas in "Vingt ans après," and the "Viconte," actually had the audacity to invade English history—a feat attended, too, with signal success.

Fortunately, Scott keeps the balance true by his filibustering raid into French history in "Quentin Durward." The latest addition to the ranks is Anthony Hope, and every reader of fiction will be prepared to give the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" a hearty "Godspeed" in his new departure. He has chosen the period of Charles II., nine years after the Restoration. Simon Dale, whose father, notwithstanding his time-serving policy, or, as his son prefers to phrase it, his "open mind," had lost his fortune in the troubles of the civil war, is the subject of a triple prophesy by a certain wise woman of the neighbourhood. The hero himself records how this prophesy is fulfilled in each particular. The first third of the book is occupied with Simon's early passion for Nell Gwyn, of whom a very lifelike picture is painted, although it must be confessed her connection with the rest of the story is somewhat slight and not of any great advantage to it. We find here the same fault which we observed in "Phroso," and to a much greater degree. There are two distinct stories, and they do not fit well together. The line of cleavage is too obvious. That the main plot is almost identical with that of the latest of the "Mousquetaires" series is, of course, a coincidence—we refer to "Le fils de Porthos" which is ascribed to Dumas, but which is so manifestly inferior to its forerunners that we should find much difficulty in believing that Dumas' share in it was other than the slightest. This second portion of the book, which deals with the discovery of the King's secret and the drinking of the King's cup, is excellent. The latter incident is the most dramatic episode in the book, for the adventure of the boat which follows is very improbable. It is hard to believe that Louis the Magnificent, he who, inconstant even in his inconstancy, passed in turn from La Vallière to Tonny Charente, and from Madame de Montespan to Madame de Maintenon, to say nothing of the rest, would have put himself in such a false position for the sake of a maid of honour. It is not, however, till all this excitement is over, and the hero and heroine are on their way home, that we are annoyed by that "mighty silly business," (as the author rightly terms it), of the quarrel between Simon and Barbara—the heroine—who, we grieve to say, is a most intolerable prude. This lasts through eighty pages and bores us so horribly that not even the final turning of the tables on the villain, (for of course there is a villain), fails to rouse us. Our annoyance is increased by the sudden transition from the first person to the third in the narration. It is true that it is hardly noticeable, for the characters still continue to converse in vivid dialogue, which would be admirable if one could only avoid asking oneself how, if Simon Dale were not there to hear it, he is able to give every word and motion in such an extraordinarily minute manner. Was he behind the door? His remark about the time he spent under the Manor windows convinces us that he was eavesdropping, although he gives another reason for his presence. In any case, it is a fault to which he is too much addicted and for which he himself is constrained to apologise. Although the principal characters are far from convincing, the subsidiary characters are well drawn, and the dialogue throughout is very bright and sparkling.

"M. de Fontelles," says the King, "sent me a very uncivil message; he is leaving England, and goes, he tells me, to seek a King whom a gentleman may serve."

"Is the gentleman about to kill himself, Sir?" asked Rochester, with an affected air of grave concern.

"He's an insolent rascal," cried Monmouth, angrily. "Will he go back to France?"

"Why yes, in the end, when he has tried the rest of my brethren in Europe. A man's king is like his nose; the nose may not be handsome, James, but it's small profit to cut it off. That was done once, you remember—"

"And here is your Majesty on the throne," interposed Rochester, with a most loyal bow.

The King desires Simon Dale to devote himself to his service, but the honour is declined.

"Perhaps you are of M. de Fontelles' mind? Will you join him in the search? Abandon it! You had better go to your home and wait. Heaven may one day send what you desire. Answer me, sir. Are you of the Frenchman's mind?"

His voice now had the ring of command in it, and I could not but answer. And when I came to answer there was but one thing to say. He had told me the terms of my service. What was it to me that he sat there, if honour, and the kingdom's greatness, and all that makes a crown worth the wearing must go, in order to his sitting there? There rose in me at once an inclination towards him and a loathing for the gospel that he preached; the last was stronger, and, with a bow, I said:—

"Yes, sir, I am of M. de Fontelles' mind."

In conclusion, we think that "Simon Dale" falls short of being a really great novel. If it had been written by another we might have been more than contented, but from the author of the Prisoner of Zenda we have learnt to expect better things. Tis.

#### "CRICKETY CRICKET."\*

This book is a collection of parodies, more or less clever, giving a cricket turn to well-known songs. It is naturally most interesting to those who know, at least by reputation, the famous cricketers of England, but many of the parodies will provoke a chuckle from any cricketer with a sense of humour. Needless to say, the writer is especially appreciative of the champion, W.G., who frequently figures in the illustrations with which the book is adorned, and he hails K. S. Ranji, as "facile princeps." One or two quotations will give our readers a taste of the book's quality. Thus the first verse of one poem is:—

"D'ye ken Bob Peel with his left hand play?  
D'ye ken Bob Peel who can bowl all day?  
D'ye ken Bob Peel who hits far away,  
All the fielders and bowlers scorning?  
For the pitch of his ball oft puzzled my head,  
And the ball itself through my wicket has sped:  
Peel's leg break, when the ground is dead,  
Finds its way to the stumps without warning."

Or again there is a delicious parody which begins—

"Here at the nets stands old Tom bowling,  
A stirling bat and true;  
No more he'll send the ball a-rolling  
As once he used to do."

The following lines, with which other poems begin, show that nothing is held too sacred in the literary world to be safe from his pen—

"The smiles of Grace, the smiles of Grace—";  
"The ground man tolls the bell for starting play";  
"Break, break, break,  
From the off and from leg, O ball."

We daresay that some who have known the bitterness of disappointed hopes and have had to return early from the wickets will appreciate such lines as these—

"No useless excuses escaped his breast,  
When in the pavilion we found him,  
But he sat enjoying a pipe like the rest,  
With its soothing smoke around him.

Few and short were the words he said,  
And more in anger than sorrow,  
He vowed if the ground was not horribly dead  
He would make a big score on the morrow."

If there is any foundation for some of the stories of country cricket which are told, the ballad of "Mudford-in-

\* By Douglas Moffatt. Second Edition, Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1898.

the-Hole" may be founded on fact. The last verse will indicate the rest of the narrative; (the last man is in and there are four runs to tie)—

"The umpire of their side  
When the score was thirty-two  
Called a no-ball and a wide;  
Then the Mudford umpire knew  
He must speak if he wished his side to save,  
So the last man with despatch  
He gave out for a catch  
Off his knee, and won the match,  
By a shave."

\* \* \*

#### THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

George Adam Smith's long expected second volume on the "Twelve Prophets" has come at last. This volume is the forty-ninth of the now well-known *Expositor's Bible* and completes the series. The publishers (London: Hodder; Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.) are certainly to be congratulated on the great success of the series as a whole, and especially in having got George Adam Smith to write four of the volumes. This author is one of those fortunate writers with a genius for making hard things easy, and dry subjects interesting. He thoroughly understands the advantages of a rich and picturesque style, of which he is a past master. We have seen people read his studies on the Hebrew Prophets with the eagerness which is generally reserved for novels. Commercial travellers, it is said, now that they have got George Adam Smith, read the Prophets. What more can we say. This book is scholarly, and Theologians will study it. It is critical, but the criticism is all packed away by itself in Introductions and Notes. It is practical and appeals to the man of common sense. It is helpful because it takes the seals off the Old Testament. But above all, it is interesting, because everything that George Adam Smith writes is not only worth reading, but is touched with the enchanter's wand. Those who wish to understand the old Hebrew Prophets cannot do better than get these volumes.

\* \* \*

#### CHARLES DICKENS.

The fourth volume of the Victorian era series is a study of *Charles Dickens* by George Gissing, (London: Blackie; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co). This volume quite maintains the standard set by the first three. It is probably the most exhaustive critical appreciation of Dickens' literary work that has yet appeared. Prof. Ward's volume of the 'English Men of Letters' series, dealing with the same author, devotes a good deal of space to biography; the absence of this element in Mr. Gissing's volume allows room for a more detailed, and therefore more interesting treatment of purely literary characteristics. After sketching in with a few telling strokes the background of the great novelists' times, and devoting a few pages to tracing the growth of the man and the writer, he approaches his main task, that of criticism. First he discharges the unpleasant part of his duty, frankly admitting the defects in Dickens' work, that all impartial critics must admit, but at the same time, showing them in their true proportions. The remaining portion of the book consists of a keen appreciation of the good things that the great author contains in such abundance. It is most interesting to have one, who has such a reputation for realism as Mr. Gissing, give his views upon Charles Dickens, the thoroughgoing and professed idealist and optimist; and indications are not wanting that the close study of his great literary ancestor have, to some extent, modified the pessimistic tendencies of the critic.

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#### RECENT FICTION.

Stanley Weyman's new story, *Shrewsbury* will most certainly add to his reputation. It is more than a romance.

It is also more than the ordinary historical novel, for it has not a dull page, after the historical part begins. We warn the reader not to give this book up because of the homely character of its beginning. The tale is occupied with the intrigues of the Jacobites against William of Orange. It is full of interesting situations in which the characters of the king and Shrewsbury stand out against a background, in which Ferguson is a leading figure. The tour de force of making a coward—Richard Price—the leading figure in a stirring romance, illustrates the skill with which this fine piece of work is executed. The volume appears in Longman's Colonial Library and is published in Toronto by Copp, Clark Co.

*The Pride of Jennico* by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.), is a capitally told tale. An English gentleman inherits through a grand uncle the castle of Tollendhal in Moravia, together with vast estates. We will not tell the reader the story of Captain Basil Jennico's suit for the hand of a Princess, and the unexpected things that intervene to dash his pride, but we recommend a perusal of these strange and interesting adventures.

*David Lyall's Love Story*, by the author of "*The Land o' the Leal*" will be welcomed by the many admirers of the latter. It is a daintily written story of a Scotch laddie who comes to London to seek his fortune; and being given a helping hand by an editor who takes a fancy to him, soon finds himself in a position to do as much for others as well as something to further his own fortunes. The story throughout is fresh, interesting, and in every way attractive. It is published by Copp, Clark Co.

## Convocation Notes.

EDITORS.

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

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

#### LECTURE LIST.

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

The following is the list of lectures and lecturers for the session 1897-98:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Reverend J. C. Farthing, M.A., Rector of Woodstock*—Armenia and the Armenian Church.

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

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

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

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

N.B.—In the case of illustrated lectures a guarantee of probably \$5.00 will be required for the magic lantern used.

#### TERMS FOR THE LECTURES.

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

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

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

(3) The proceeds of the lectures, over and above the expenses, shall be absolutely at the disposal of the organization under whose auspices the lectures may be given, as the lecture scheme is not intended to make money for the University or for Convocation.

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

## Trinity Medical Notes.

A movement is on foot looking towards the re-organization of the Literary Society on such a basis as shall make it of greater practical usefulness to the student body. Hitherto the functions of this Society have been simply those of a Student's Executive, but it is now proposed to organize a Parliamentary Debating Society and to hold fortnightly meetings at which subjects of interest will be discussed. If the animated debates around the corridors, during the progress of the late Provincial election campaign, may be accepted as a criterion, there is no dearth of promising orators, and doubtless the new Society will arouse much interest.

The many friends of Mr. Morley Fallis, '98, will be pleased to learn that his condition of health, which for a time caused his friends considerable anxiety, is being slowly improved under careful treatment.

A Summer Session will be held this year as usual, commencing about April 1st. A large attendance is anticipated.

The lectures for the Session are almost concluded and the Ides of March which are ever anxious days to the medical student will soon be upon us. Happy he who has paid heed to the warning of the Soothsayer. An excellent session's work has been done and there is no doubt that our students, as they have ever done in the past, will give

a good account of themselves at the various examinations before the University and Ontario Medical Council.

The annual dinner of the graduating class will be held on the 30th inst. President E. C. Ashton and Secretary R. C. Williams are putting forth every effort to make the event a memorable one.

The class of '99 have elected one of their Tory orators, Mr. Bob. Palmer, to represent them on the occasion.

Mr. Horace C. Wrinch, '99, has been elected president of the College Y.M.C.A. for next term.

Quite a large delegation from Trinity attended the Cleveland Convention in connection with the Students' Volunteer Movement. Among the number were H. C. Wrinch, H. R. Smith, C. W. Service '99, and Mackay '01.

## Theological and Missionary.

A most interesting meeting was held on Tuesday evening, March 15th, when the Revs. F. H. Hartley and T. W. Powell gave addresses on "How to recover lost ground in the Country." Both addresses were sound and very practical. Mr. Hartley confined his attention more particularly to the opening up of those districts into which the Church had not yet made much headway, while Mr. Powell spoke of old districts where for some reason or other the Church had made anything but rapid headway. The meeting had also the pleasure of listening to a few words from Dr. Langtry and Rev. W. B. Carey, of Kingston.

The Revs. H. B. Gwyn and E. H. Capp addressed a small but deeply interested number of the men on Tuesday evening, March 22nd, on the subject. "Work among Boys." Mr. Gwyn dealt with those organizations now in existence, through which the Church is able to get hold of and retain her hold upon boys. He explained fully the working of the Church Boy's Brigade. Mr. Capp spoke more particularly of the means of which one can best approach boys, so as to deepen the spiritual side of their characters. After these addresses an interesting discussion took place. We were especially glad to hear from our old friends Rev. R. Seaborn and Rev. W. L. Bayne-Reed.

The annual business meeting took place on Monday, March 21st. There was a large attendance. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of over four dollars after all demands of the past year had been met. Mr. Spencer is to be highly congratulated on his able management of the funds of the Society.

The Society pledged itself to grant to St. Hilda's Church, Fairbank, the sum of fifty dollars, for the year ending March, 1899.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

President (ex-officio)—The Provost.

1st Vice-President—Rev. G. F. Davidson.

2nd Vice-President—D. H. Madill, B.A.

Secretary—J. R. H. Warren.

Treasurer—E. P. S. Spencer.

COMMITTEE—*Clergy*—Revs. Prof. Cayley, C. H. Shortt, T. C. S. Macklem, C. L. Ingles, T. D. Powell, and A. U. de Pencier.

*Students*—(Arts)—Messrs. Muckleston, Wright, and Turley; (Districts)—Messrs. Owen, Broughall, and McCausland.

## NOTES.

The Rev. W. A. E. Butler, who has been working most successfully for the past two years in the Mission of Combermere—perhaps the most difficult mission in the Diocese of Ottawa—has been transferred to the Mission of South Mountain, in Dundas County. While at Combermere he had six regular stations to attend to—and many bad roads to travel over. In spite of every difficulty, Mr. Butler has succeeded in building a parsonage at Combermere and in preparing the way for a church at Bark Lake. He is to be congratulated on the results of his work. Rev. J. D. McCallum succeeds him at Combermere.

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Some months ago the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario determined to make a strenuous effort to raise \$100,000 as an Endowment Fund—\$25,000 of which would be obtained in the Diocese, and the remainder if possible in England. When the See becomes vacant the Diocese hands over to the Ottawa Diocese the sum of \$20,000. A deputation is now at work in England. In order to secure the sum expected from the Diocese itself, the Rev. C. J. Hutton, of Belleville, has been appointed special canvasser, and for the purpose has been granted a year and six month's leave of absence. We wish him every success in this most difficult task.

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## Literary Institute.

The usual large attendance was present to hear the nominations for next year at the regular meeting on 4th March. Mr. C. A. Heaven occupied the chair and guided the business of the meeting most ably, despite the large attendance. Nominations were called for immediately after the reading of the minutes and roll-call. Considerable interest was manifested, and not a single office went by acclamation. For President, Mr. McEwen, in a brief but clever speech, proposed Mr. Boyle; Mr. Heaven performing the same favour for Mr. Madill. For Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Steacy, Warren and McLaughlin were proposed. For Secretary, Mr. Ireland, the present occupant of the office, was again nominated and also Mr. Muckleston. Messrs. Spencer, McCausland and Wright were the candidates for the control of the Treasury. For Councillor, Messrs. Owen, Walker and Wilson were named. The offices of Librarian and Curator were much contested, the candidates being all members of the Freshman class; for Librarian, Messrs. Handsfield, Mockridge, and Gibson; for Curator, Messrs. Strathy, Lucas, Jones and Nevitt.

The Literary programme was listened to by a much smaller audience. Mr. E. A. Johnston, B.A., failed to appear as essayist, or send a substitute. Mr. Wethey read as substitute for Mr. Spencer; Mr. C. M. Baldwin for Mr. Broughall. The debate was on the question of "Prison Labour," Messrs. Owen and Hewitson being down to uphold the present system, Messrs. Whittaker and Mockridge on the negative contra. None of these gentlemen were present. Mr. Boyle "substituted" for Mr. Owen, and Mr. C. M. Baldwin volunteered to take Mr. Hewitson's place. Messrs. Macdonald and Nevitt were substitutes on the negative. Mr. Boyle on finishing his opening speech found a quorum lacking, and moved an adjournment.

Mr. C. A. Heaven, M.A., again acted as chairman at the sixteenth regular meeting on the 11th of March. Minutes and roll-call were disposed of and the literary programme, a repetition of that of the previous meeting was taken up. Mr. Johnston, who was again on for an essay, sent his apologies, pleading press of other work. Mr. Spencer and Mr. Broughall gave interesting readings, the latter a trifle long. The subject of "Prison Labor" again came up for

debate, and once more the debaters failed to show up. Mr. Owen was present for the affirmative, and Mr. McEwen as substitute for Mr. Whittaker on the negative. At the request of the chairman Mr. Wright took Mr. Hewitson's place on the affirmative; Mr. Boyle, Mr. Mockridge's on the negative. Mr. Owen opened the discussion with a speech that stamped him at once as one of our best speakers. He spoke fluently and logically without the use of MSS. or notes. Mr. McEwen followed rather briefly, Mr. Wright following his example. Both were at a disadvantage, having insufficient time for preparation. Mr. Boyle, though likewise unprepared, managed to fill out his time. The negative won on the merits of the speeches. In the vote on the merits of the question, a recount was demanded, when someone moved an adjournment which was carried.

The largest audience of the year assembled on Friday, March 18th, the event of interest being the annual elections. The President, Rev. J. R. Rounthwaite, B.A., presided for the last time. Interest had by no means died out and an exciting time was expected. After minutes and roll-call, scrutineers were appointed, Mr. Wright and Mr. Johnston, '98. A suggestion that two more be appointed to facilitate the voting met with approval, but was overruled by the chairman. An appeal against his ruling likewise met with defeat. Several candidates were allowed to withdraw their names. Mr. Ireland's resignation, on motion of Mr. Jones, was not accepted. The reports of the retiring officers were submitted and adopted, all being satisfactory. The Secretary's report showed that the meetings had been quite successful, the Treasurer's showing a margin over last year's balance.

Voting then began, the rules of order being relaxed to allow the tedious minutes to slip by more easily. During the counting, valedictories were given by our esteemed Head of College and others, some with advice to follow, some with suggestions for the future, all expressing regret that the time had come to leave. Then came the interesting part of the proceedings, the announcement of the results. They were as follows:—President, Mr. H. T. S. Boyle, '98; Vice-Presidents, 1st, Mr. R. H. Steacy, D.W.; 2nd, Mr. J. R. H. Warren, '98; Secretary, Mr. A. Lee Ireland, '98; Treasurer, Mr. E. P. S. Spencer, '98; Librarian, Mr. F. H. Handsfield, '00; Curator, Mr. A. S. B. Lucas, '00; Councillor, ex-officio, Mr. F. W. Walker, '98.

The Third Year seemed to be the favourites. No remarks were asked for, and after some further speeches, adjournment was made to the rooms of the successful candidates, where full justice was done their hospitality.

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## College Chronicle.

Another term is ended and College is deserted of art's men—save the unlucky few who have to go through the agonies of supplementals.

\* \* \*

We look forward to next term as the pleasantest of the College year and with the prospects of a successful cricket season have every reason to anticipate a satisfactory one in every way. The tennis courts will be in good shape, and as some golf enthusiasts have made very good links of eight holes, this game may be a profitable addition to Trinity's athletics.

\* \* \*

There is an atmosphere of exams. in the air; for the past two weeks we have been inundated with meds., following upon which came the divinity supps.; the arts supps. are now on, and the ball will be kept rolling by the divinity exams. commencing, April 11th, culminating in a grand and tragic conclusion in the arts exams. of June.

The Banjo and Mandolin Club has been very successful and has done good work.

\* \* \*

We all earnestly hope to have with us next term a picked team of cricketers from the American Colleges, Haverford, Harvard, and others, to meet a team representing the Canadian Colleges. We hope this match may be held on our own campus, and that it may be our pleasure to entertain our American friends and give them an insight into Trinity hospitality.

\* \* \*

Quite a number of the men had the privilege of listening to an extremely interesting lecture in Upper Canada College, on Friday evening, March 25th. The lecturer, Mr. Bengough, illustrated his remarks by rapid sketches on canvas, which drew rounds of applause from his interested audience. St. Hilda's was largely represented. Among them being representatives from each year, who with some of the men were kindly entertained by Mrs. Baldwin, of Mashquoteh, after the lecture.

\* \* \*

The Common Room is in receipt of two numbers of the *Oxford Magazine*, sent by Mr. Hurbert Carleton, a graduate of '93. They contain an account of the "Varsity" sports, and many interesting articles of "Varsity" thought and events, and are a welcome addition to the magazines on our Common Room table.

\* \* \*

The great inter-Varsity boat race has been rowed, and for the ninth time in succession, the Oxford crew has beaten that of Cambridge. Trinity is to a great extent moulded on Cambridge lines, and in her constitution and customs bears the stamp of that University, so that there, should our sympathies belong. For another reason also; that, we also know defeat. But as a matter of fact a strong Oxford sentiment exists here, and there was general rejoicing when the result of this contest was known. Perhaps this is due to the fact that most of our dons are Oxford men, and that graduates of Trinity going abroad for a post-graduate course, usually choose Oxford rather than Cambridge.

EPISCOPON.

On Wednesday evening, March 23rd, Episcopon paid his annual visit, and one of Trinity's most popular and beneficial institutions was again duly recognized.

After a substantial supper the Scribe, Mr. J. G. Macdougall, took his place on the dais, lights were extinguished, and the unfolding of the Scribe's mysterious packet began. The number was exceedingly good this year and very full, several interesting articles being omitted owing to lack of time.

We were pleased to notice several grads. among us, ever welcome guests at all such Trinity functions.

It is a lamentable fact that the true sentiment of Episcopon is superseded by the idea that this institution is a means of paying back personal scores; of indulging in a petty vindictiveness, or in bitter raillery.

It is not so; Episcopon, when not abused, is a remedial agency, and owes its origin to a wholesome appreciation of the humours of College residential life; it is a pity that this idea should be lost sight of, and that the good feeling which formerly existed should have its place usurped by less worthy sentiments.

Personal.

The Rev. W. L. Bayne-Reed has visited the College several times since his appointment to the Rectorship of St. John's, Norway. We are always glad to see him.

The Rev. G. F. Davidson, M.A., Curate of St. Anne's Church, will (D.V.) sail for England shortly after Easter, where he will enjoy a four months' holiday. We understand he has also some important business to transact in which we wish him every success.

We may expect to see Mr. D. F. Campbell back in Canada before very long. Mr. Campbell has spent the past winter at Brighton studying for his Army Exam. He will write on this exam. in Toronto about the middle of April, so we may look forward to having him here during the cricket season—a very strong addition to our team.

On Sunday, March 20th, the following were ordained in St. Alban's Cathedral by the Lord Bishop of Toronto:—Revs. J. W. Cooper, B.A., of Pickering, and J. F. Rounthwaite, B.A., Curate of St. Matthias' Church, Toronto, to the Priesthood, and Messrs. W. H. White, M.A., and J. E. Fenning to the Diaconate. The Rev. Provost Welch preached the ordination sermon. Mr. White remains in the College as lecturer in classics while Mr. Fenning will continue in charge of the Humber Mission, which he has so ably conducted during the past three years under the direction of Rev. Canon Tremayne, Rector of Mimico.

College Cuts.

With the coming of the new calendar, has perished the last hope for a June Convocation, and accordingly the members of the grave and dignified Third Year, have relapsed into habits of indifference. With a June Convocation in view, there was an incentive to industry in order

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to take the long wished for degree in state, along with the rest. But now when that can be done with two or three "supps.," what's the use of working particularly hard for June?

Perhaps if the Reverend the Provost, offers his Greek Testament Prize again this year, his generosity will be better appreciated than last. Sc it is said.

To sleep, or not to sleep—that is the question—  
Whether 'tis nobler to arise and suffer  
The never-ending chants and prayers and psalms,  
Or to turn over in delicious comfort  
And consequently miss them? To lie—to sleep  
A while; and in that sleep renew my dream,  
The visions and the thousand natural thoughts  
The mind delights in—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To lie—and sleep;  
To sleep! but to miss my term! Ay, there's the rule;  
For in the sleep of sloth the chance we lose  
(When we have shuffled off our friendly sheets)  
Must give us thought; this is the very chance  
That makes or hears collegiate careers;  
For who would lie abed till half-past nine,  
The phy's contempt, the athlete's derision,  
The gyp's deep grievance, and the Dean's annoyance,  
The insolence of unconcern, the scorn  
That risen manhood for the unrisen feels  
(When he might rival all the saints in virtue)  
By a slight effort. Yet what man would rise  
To dress and shave in the grim chill of dawn  
But that a dread of what we lose by sleep—  
That unkept chapel from whose consequence  
No student ever recovers—bids us rise  
And makes us rather bear this well-known ill  
Than chance one which as yet we have escaped.

They were three denizens of Paradise Alley, and they evidently were temporarily weary of the quiet life of College during the last few weeks. Rumour has it that in

"Paradise Alley" they sleep when others are awake, and are awake when others are asleep. At any rate, two o'clock one moonlight morning found those gentlemen where they ought not to be. After an enthusiastic visit to the different rooms of College, much to the pleasure of the inmates, an adjournment was made to the upper regions, where in the delightful cool, their spirits were refreshed, and the powers of darkness were favoured with various melodies. An impulse seized them—why not?—and at once, though much too early, the chapel bell sounded its usual call, spreading to the regions of Crawford street the impression that a fire was in progress. But retribution awaited them—and unknown eyes were watching as they dropped one after another through the trap door to the Dean's corridor. A well-known voice accosted them, and "gentlemen, do you surrender?" assured them that escape was cut off, and a voice from a temp-retreat behind a door, remarked that "He guessed they did." The rest was not so interesting, so why narrate it?

We extend our congratulations to the "little freshies" of St. Hilda's College on winning the inter-year debate. Rumour has it that they won quite easily, despite the formidable Third Year eloquence and Second Year talent that was arrayed against them.

Every spring the small boy invades the College grounds. He uses his deadly catapult on the birds, walks across the crease, and is generally destructive—true to his small boys' nature. In the past, wholesale destruction of College property by this pest has been checked by a careful don at one time, and a patriotic student, at another. But this year a sure preventive of the evil has been found, for golf has started here, and there is no spot about the grounds which is safe from the deadly golf ball. Even *swipsie* must yield—his reign is over.



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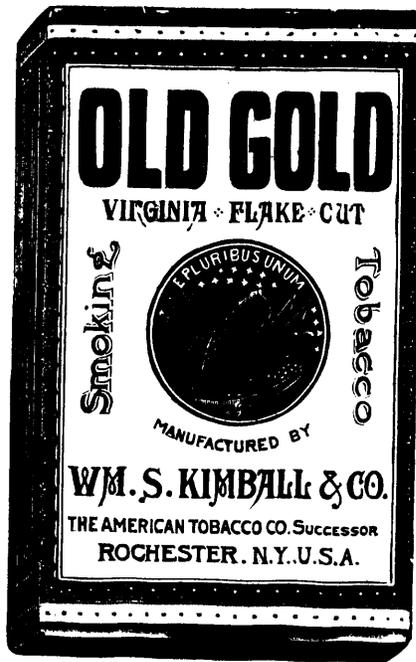
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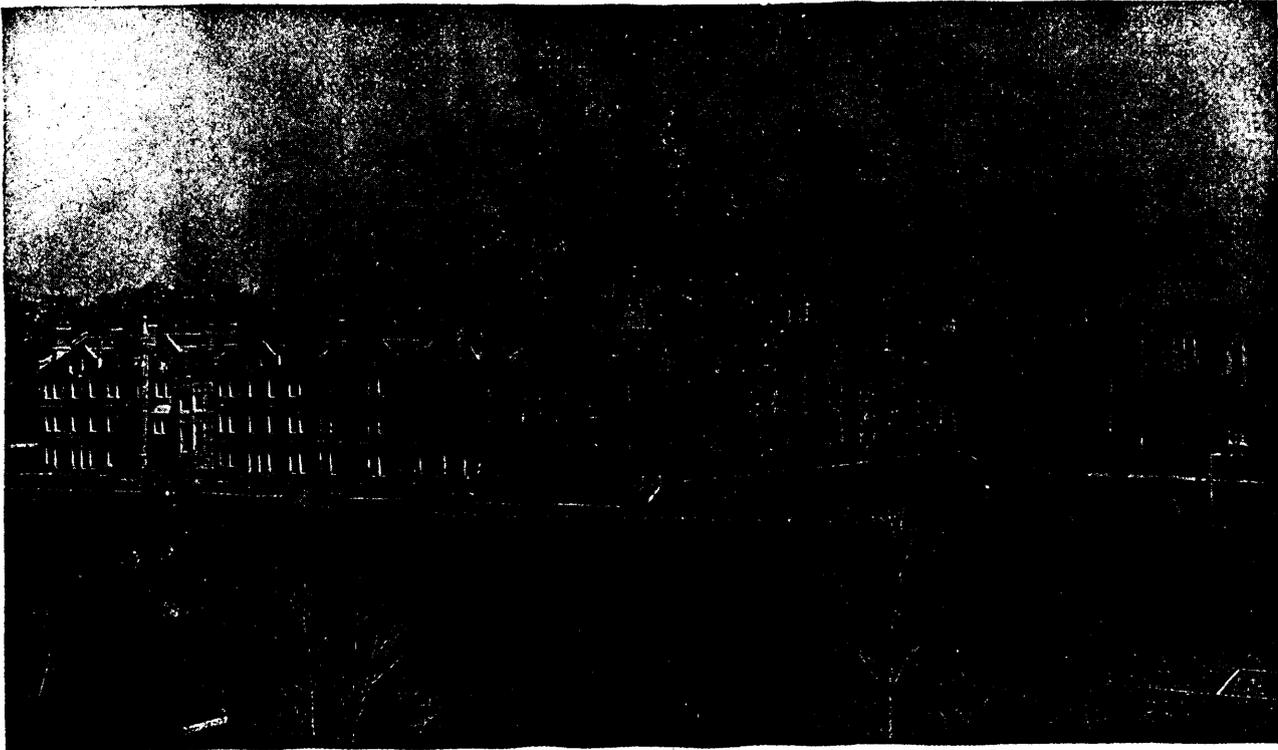


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The Matriculation Examination may be taken at the various High Schools and Collegiate Institutes in the Province, or in the Convocation Hall of the University. A Supplemental Examination is held in October, in the Convocation Hall only. Pass Candidates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

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

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