

Trinity University Review

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Vol. I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 7.

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TOM TIPPLE.

Tom Tipple a seaman was skilful and bold :
 He had borne tropic heat he had braved arctic cold.
 The line upon dozens of voyages he'd crossed,
 And in dozens and dozens of storms had been tossed.
 Of hair on his weather-beat face he'd no lack.
 He'd a very thick pig-tail hung half down his back,
 Which was broad as a whale's. Finer seaman than he
 Gallant ship never guided across the deep sea.
 But though little he cared for foul weather or fog,
 Poor Tom he was rather too fond of his grog ;
 And one night, when he'd had a drop more than he ought,
 With a lurch of the vessel he fell through the port.
 They hove to with speed, and they put down a boat,
 But alas ! he had taken too much grog to float ;
 So while they rowed backwards, and forwards, and round,
 He went to the bottom like lead, and got drowned.
 But the very next night, as they sat round the bowl,
 The winds of a sudden 'gan sadly to howl :
 And while they spun yarns, singing wild songs between,
 The ghost, sure as fate, of Tom Tipple was seen.
 On a bucket he seated himself as of old,
 All dripping with water and shaking with cold ;
 Then turning the ghost of a quid in his cheek,
 In voice low and husky they all heard him speak :
 "It's me, mates, Tom Tipple, take warning," says he,
 "And don't when yer drunk go and fall in the sea,"
 "It's precious wet down there, and only just think,"
 "Yer don't get no grog, but salt water to drink."

This uttered, he quietly glided away ;
 Nor returned again ever, but mariners say,
 That the ghost of Tom Tipple still stalks o'er the wave,
 Near the spot where he went to his watery grave.
 A. B.

ON THE HORRIBLE IN FICTION.

To speak of the horrible in fiction is at once to suggest the name of Mr. Rider Haggard, who, as an inventor of things repulsive and ghastly, occupies a very exalted position indeed among the romance writers of the hour. No writer of the present day has been so much talked about as Mr. Rider Haggard ; no books have sold so fast as his, and no books equal the "collective folly and futility of these books." Their author gloatingly delights in details of carnage, and horror, and ferocity for their own ghastly sake. In massacre, cruelty, and bloody death Mr. Rider Haggard finds his chiefest joy. To hug men until their ribs crack and crunch, to make them writhe like snakes, to drive knives right through their quivering bodies, to split their skulls down to the eyes with sharp steel, to crush the life out of them, to listen to the sickening crunching of their bones—to do and write of these things, and to linger gloatingly over the disgusting details, is Mr. Rider Haggard's great delight. And to linger with him over these details is the joy of many thousands of men and women, among whom may be found not a few who claim to have good taste and good sense, and believe that they are not without literary cultivation. We do not say that Mr. Haggard's works are without literary value ; but where there is no simplicity, no sincerity, no delicacy and sympathy ; where sound judgment is outraged, cultivated taste set at naught, and refined discrimination conspicuous by its absence ; where the language used is as inelegant and incorrect as it is coarse and provincial, and where all is pervaded by an imagination at once morbid and sensual—where these faults and disfigurements glare at one from every page, we fail to see that much remains to interest and illumine the man of intellectual tastes and healthy mind. That the class of novel readers yclept by a recent writer the "all-gulping" should find some entertainment and relaxation in Mr. Haggard's slaughter-house style of fiction ; that his morbid scheme of existence, his agnostic and pseudo-philosophic reflections, should have a certain fascination for their jaded minds, we can in a measure

understand. But what we cannot understand is the praise and appreciation his works have met with among people who profess to abhor the "Penny Dreadful" style of literature, and to deprecate the placarding of dead walls with theatrical pictures illustrative of scenes of violence and bloodshed, and the circulation of papers after the type of the "Police News," and the "Murderer's Own Guide."

Mr. Rider Haggard is a clever man. No one can deny that. He knows what the people want. He rightly gauges the popular taste. For many minds there is a deadly attraction in things hideous, and in the laughter and curses of the damned; and to this it has been Mr. Rider Haggard's mission to minister with unparalleled success. His pages fairly drip with blood. Each book is a carnival of crime and horror. Were the scenes of villainy and carnage described in his books printed in letters of red, the remaining letters of black would appear as few and as far between as do the oases in the Desert Sahara. To give extracts from these creations of Mr. Haggard's distorted and gloomy imagination, in order to substantiate the present charges, is not possible in the space at our disposal. But it is not necessary to do so. His methods and mechanism are too well known to need illustration. His caverns, and tombs, and deserted cities; his fantastic, preternatural machinery, so "lumbering and creaky," his monstrosities, so "crudely monstrous," his skulls, and bones, and corpses—are they not as familiar to us as our A B C's? Would that they were not!

We have said that Mr. Rider Haggard has accurately gauged the taste of a large section of the reading public. It is the prevalence of this unhappy and deadening taste which we deplore, more than the books which serve to pamper it—the taste which craves such morsels to feast upon as are afforded by the recent Whitechapel murders; the taste which craves for every particular concerning the last hours of criminals, the details of bloody prize fights the awful corruptions of the human heart and mind.

Those who minister to this depraved and morbid taste; those whose joy it is to lay bare all that is most revolting in human life, all that is darkest, blackest in man—these are they who should be shunned as we would shun the deadliest pestilence. Their ways are not the ways of wisdom and light, neither are their deeds the deeds of the brave and the true.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Only a flower girl, there, on the flags
Hungry and weary, in tatters and rags,
Standing beseechingly, out in the street
No hat on her head, and no shoes on her feet.

Poor young unfortunate, withered and pale
Little the opulent care for your tale,
Little they reckon as they hurry away
Who starve, if they have their *own* comforts to-day.

Musingly each hears her sorrowful plaint,
'Tis only a beggar girl, feeble and faint,
"Artful imposter! 'tis all very fine,
The beggar waif touches no money of mine."

Still she begs on in the slow fleeting hours,
Sobbingly, "buy but a few of my flowers,
Gentlemen?" Oh such a prayerful cry,
Only a penny, *one* penny, *do* buy?"

How many thousands, now, day after day,
Like she, poor flower girl, wantonly stray,
Houseless and penniless, having no name,
Treated with ridicule, covered with shame.

True-hearted preachers, who Heathenward roam,
Charity, charity, centres at home.
Shelter the shelterless, help the oppressed,
Cheer the dispirited, weary for rest.

F. M. D.

OUR SEARCH FOR SILVER.

At the time I write of, the silver craze had struck Port Arthur. Oliver Daunais's discoveries had been the means of attracting to the neighbourhood, a veritable horde of miners from those culminating points of civilization, Denver, Leadville, and the Black Mountains, and the spirited cordiality with which these redoubtable knights of the pick and shovel had fraternized with their brethren, the navvies of the C. P. R. kept the noble triumvirate of constables, who guarded the interests of the town, on perpetual tender-hooks of watchful anxiety. The hotels were crowded, the bar-rooms were jammed. Every branch of trade and every profession represented in Port Arthur were experiencing the electrical ecstasies of a "boom." Surveyors had their hands full marking out locations and preparing plans, and it was in my capacity as surveyor's assistant that I had the happiness of being taken into the confidence of the chief of my party relative to certain indications of silver he had discovered on his last trip.

"Look here," he said to me, "if you can find this vein, and can make anything out of it, let me know, and we'll go snacks on the profits." I closed with the offer, and engaging a friend of ours in the enterprise, started forth without delay.

"By George!" cried Robson, as we started off at a swinging gait from the town, "what a glorious morning," emphasizing the exclamation by indulging in a series of frantic leaps down the Fort William road, like a skittish young colt in a pasture field. It certainly was a glorious morning. A spirit of restful tranquillity was brooding over nature. There was not a cloud on the sky; so wondrously clear was the air, that miles away across the sunlit waters of the lake, could be seen the frowning headland of Thunder Cape, with its tessellated terraces of naked stone rising tier upon tier, and tier upon tier, each at

separately and clearly defined as if limned on canvas—so clear, indeed, that each successive wave could be seen gently lapping the rugged shore of the Welcome Islands, and McKay's mountain far off in the solitude of the woods, towering like an Arch-Druid amongst its lesser brethren, seemed almost at one's feet.

Our route lay directly west of Port Arthur past Fort William, and then trending for many miles to the north west, along the superb reaches of the Kaministiquia, which it crossed at the ferry eight or ten miles below the famous Falls of Kakabeka, struck westerly again in the direction of the Rabbit Mountain Mine. Each of us carried a knapsack containing our necessaries, slung on our shoulders by means of packstraps. Nothing occurred to disturb the monotony of our steady tramp down the dusty road, till we reached within hailing distance of the ferry. Here Robson gave vent to his first exclamation of fatigue, to the effect that he was "awfully tired," to which I made the reply that we had better sit down and eat something, and we might feel better. Our frugal meal finished, we crossed over on the ferry, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. The road at this juncture became positively terrible, being almost knee-deep in mud and water, and proving to poor Robson at least a veritable slough of despond. Space will not permit me to detail our varied experience on the road to the mine. We both distinguished ourselves greatly at one point by slipping off a log-bridge into a quagmire, to the dire confusion of the bull-frogs and tadpoles that inhabited it, and were treated in consequence to a variation of mellow music by the full-throated choir of the swamp. Robson amused me greatly by insisting on resting every quarter mile to "husband his strength," solemnly assuring that he was not in the least tired. We arrived at the mine worn out, and were effusively welcomed by the manager, who insisted on our being his guests for the night.

I found it a very hard task to arouse Robson on the following morning. He vowed he was ill. It was no use listening to such protestations. I pulled him out of bed; time was precious, prospectors were scouring the woods, and the delay of half an hour might be fatal. Robson submitted to this treatment with many grunts and awe-inspiring ejaculations.

After a hurried breakfast, we started off, making a bee line by means of a compass, through the woods. Robson who was entirely unused to this kind of work, speedily came to grief. I heard a yell, and turning round found he had turned a somersault over a log, and was crying out that his back was broken. He soon came round however, but feeling bound to distinguish himself in some form, he shortly afterwards attempted to jump over a small abyss, which needed nothing less than the agility of a chamois to accomplish, and like Curtius of old, fell right into it, and lay kicking some thirteen feet below in a tangled mass of raspberry vines and wild plants. This last mishap soured him, soured him terribly. By the time we reached

the Whitefish River, a hateful fire was gleaming in his eye. "Look here," he said crustily, "this farce is about played out, here we are in the midst of these confounded woods, thirty-five miles from the town, the compass is broken, (which was indeed the case,) we have no tent, and the only defensive weapon we possess is a small hatchet, and if you think I'm going to be such an up and down idiot as to starve myself hunting for lumps of rock, when I'm likely enough to starve before I find that blessed camp again, why you're very much mistaken."

I saw he was determined, so I said, "Robson, all I ask is, put this day in; if we have no luck by night, I'll go back with you." I won him over, and then we went to work with a vengeance. Leaving our knapsacks on the bank, we undressed, and tying our clothing round our heads, plunged into the river. And here again, of course, Robson must distinguish himself. Forgetting ail about his head gear, he tried a side stroke, with the satisfactory result of feeling his belongings fall off his head, and seeing them float merrily down the stream. When recovered, they were decidedly more suggestive of rheumatism, than a night's rest in the open air would have been. After dressing ourselves, on we trudged again, but I felt in my inner consciousness that Robson was weakening. "I say, old man," he said faintly. "Yes," I replied, "I, I'm going back." I turned round and faced him. "Allow me to inform you," I remarked savagely, "which I do with great gusto, that you are a *consummate ass*." "I know, I know," he replied, feebly, "I'm all that, and everything else you can call me, but *back I go*," and dear reader, just as we were on the eve, as I firmly believe of a great discovery, back we did go; and, of course, on our way back, Robson put the finishing touch to his glorious achievements by losing his waistcoat containing my money and his gold watch; and so it came to pass, that, with craving stomachs and heavy hearts, foot-sore, weary and penniless, we had to tramp our way back to civilization. D.

CONVOCATION WEEK.

The Week which SS. Simon and Jude ushered in has proved an eventful one in the annals of old Trinity, and we hope that in succeeding years the period intervening between the festivals of S. Simon and S. Jude and All Saints' will be set aside as a season of reunion and festivity for the College and University. As the years pass by, all the members of the University would come to look upon a week like this as a time when it would be a pleasurable duty for them to come up to their alma mater to renew old associations and old friendships, and to discuss in Convocation matters relating to the highest interests of the University. The Steeplechase, the Convocation Service in the chapel, the Students' Concert on Monday, the Annual Meeting of Convocation and the Dinner that followed on Tuesday were pleasant events that might be perpetuated with great advantage to the *esprit de corps* of Trinity. A detailed account of these happenings will appear in our next issue.

Trinity University Review.

Published by the Students of TRINITY COLLEGE. Contribution and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1888.

"Ah, Posthumus, our years hence fly
And leave no sound."—*Herrick*.

With the opening of another academic year, the student is wont to look about him and turn his thoughts on the eight months that are to come. There is a joyous ring in all beginnings, although there is too a tempering note of sadness as the events of the by-gone year are reviewed. Our thoughts are inclined to run on the many hours wasted, the many opportunities lost, and the many failures passed, and after these reflective moods we naturally indulge in new resolutions and new hopes. This year looks as if it were going to mark an epoch in the history of Trinity. The University as a whole is rapidly widening her influence with the energetic strides of Convocation and the College viewed undergraduately, seems to have new energy and life instilled in it. The REVIEW earnestly hopes that time may prove the truth of these auguries, especially as its own welfare is bound up in their issue.

Our readers, we hope, will notice several improvements in the columns of the REVIEW. To begin with, it is the intention of the editors that the department of College news will be the most important and most interesting of the contents. To the graduate, the recollections of some of the happiest days of his life and tidings of friends with whom he was once intimately associated but from whom he may be now far removed, cannot fail to awaken a lively interest. The appearance of *Obiter Dicta* will also be noticed, and it is intended soon to add a column of book reviews that will further improve the journal. We must acknowledge that last year the articles were too heavy in their character, but we start out this year with the promise that the whole paper will be as bright, light, and newsy as it can be made with the means at our disposal.

There are two important changes that are now being proposed in the organic system of the REVIEW. The first consists in a proposal to amalgamate the paper with Con-

vocation. At present, as conducted by the students, the REVIEW'S scope is not so wide as it might be, although it is a mistake to suppose that it is intended to be a species of undergraduate plaything. The wishes of the latter are identical with the wishes of Convocation, viz.: the furthering of Trinity's interests, and the enlargement of her influence. The measure to be submitted to Convocation is to the effect that that body should be represented on the staff by two editors, that there should be four pages added, and that these pages should be placed at the disposal of Convocation for the purpose of making all its announcements. Instead of Convocation incurring large expenses in printing, copies of the REVIEW could take the place of the numerous circulars which the growth and advancement of the graduate corporation renders necessary. In this way every member and associate-member would not only read the announcements of Convocation but would at the same time learn all that was going on in the University. In addition to the enlargement, it is proposed that the paper should appear during every month in the year, and with the aid of Convocation it would be placed on a sound business and financial basis. We hope that the executive committee will see the many advantages to be derived from this change.

Perhaps the most powerful component of the University is the Medical College, which with its class list of 300 names, commences this year with the largest number of students of any medical school in the Dominion. Owing to the wide difference between the Arts and Medical Colleges, and the diverging pursuits of their undergraduates, there has not been any united action between the two bodies. The REVIEW offers an excellent medium towards this end. If two editors from the Medical School were admitted to the staff and more pages added to be devoted to medical news and interesting medical articles, there is no reason why the school as a whole should not become one of the most ardent supporters of the future University paper. With the large number of subscribers and contributors that might be gained in this way, it is quite possible that the REVIEW might develop from a monthly into a powerful fortnightly, (if the support were sufficient), in which every department of the University might be represented, and in which the one object and tenor of its course would be the advancement of old Trinity. A delegation of Arts undergraduates will shortly confer with a meeting of the Medical students, when it is hoped that the desired consummation may be brought about.

As it is the intention of the Literary Institute to endeavour to procure better accommodation for a reading room and for the library belonging to the Institute, we think it well to offer some suggestions as to the future conduct of the latter. As is well known, it has been in a rather unsatisfactory condition for some time past, no

fresh literature having been obtained, or back numbers of serials bound, so that it is time steps were taken to place matters on a better footing. In view of the fact that the funds of the society are limited, that a large amount is necessarily drawn from them to supply the reading room with matter, and also that light literature of ordinary kind, especially novels of common writers can be obtained at an almost nominal cost, which was not the case when the library was founded and which obviates one of the special difficulties which it was intended to lessen, we should think that it would be better not to purchase any books of that nature whatever, and to apply such funds as may be available to the completion of sets of the standard poets and authors, so that the library, in time, might become possessed of a really valuable literature, such as it would not be easy for individuals to obtain for themselves, and also to the preservation in good condition of such serials as it is always a welcome source of entertainment to look over in years to come, not to mention that many of the Reviews, for instance, are of a permanent character, and should always be available for reference. We might suggest that some of the literature now in the library and which is wholly unsuited to its character, should, if possible, be disposed of to the University library; and this might be a help towards obtaining other works of the character we have mentioned.

OBITER DICTA.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, now one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, is in Canada collecting materials for certain sketches of Canadian life and manners which he intends publishing shortly. It is to be hoped Mr. Warner will generalize less sweepingly, and stick a little closer to facts than he did in his former Canadian efforts. It will be remembered that he attributed our intellectual and literary inactivity to the eccentricity of the thermometer. Our mental parts are stupified by the cold, he asserted. So much time is spent in trying to keep warm, that none is left for reading, study, and literary production. In short, this amusing American tried to make his many readers believe that Canadians are not only intellectually but physically impaired by the climate. Mr. Warner now has an opportunity to correct his numerous mistakes, and moderate startling generalizations.

* * *

With regard to Mr. Warner's mission to Canada, we may remark that Canadian life and manners are as well worth picturing as American life and manners. Whilst American life may perhaps have some advantage over ours in the way of richness and fulness, we, on the other hand, have certain picturesque elements which American life does not possess. But our life has not been studied by ourselves to any appreciable extent, and hardly at all for the purposes of fiction. And yet there is much material for the novelist's craft in Canada, much to reward

study and observation, much that is absolutely unique. But people who do not take enough interest in themselves to study themselves cannot reasonably expect to be studied by outsiders.

* *

The Retaliation Message of President Cleveland—which may well be called a proclamation, so autocratic was the tone thereof—has served to arouse a national sentiment in Canada which augurs well for the future stability and honour of the Dominion. This national sentiment is our great, our crying need. It alone can save the State; it alone can drive out that wretched spirit of provincialism which has been the bane of the Canadian people from the earliest days of their history. It is to be hoped, too, that our native literature will receive an impetus from the awakening of national consciousness. The little interest taken by Canadians in the life of their fellows of another Province is chiefly the result of imperfect knowledge, not to say downright ignorance. A native literature would do much to arouse and foster a feeling of brotherhood among the people of the various Provinces of which the Dominion is composed.

* *

It is disappointing to learn that no biography of the late Lord Beaconsfield is to be attempted in the Queen's lifetime. Lord Rowton, who was the private secretary of the dead statesman, is to be the biographer; but his hands are tied for the present. Her Majesty does not wish him to begin his labours just yet. A splendid subject he will have to deal with when he is free to begin, and it is to be hoped that he has gifts fitted for the task. It will require a writer of no mean parts fitly to portray the many-sided and brilliant Disraeli, and show him to the world as he really was. That strange and impressive personality, so calm in will, so active in imagination, so strong to move others without the appearance of being itself deeply stirred, will tax to the utmost the abilities of him who essays to picture it. So far the best study of the noble Earl which we have read is that of the Danish author, George Maurice Brandes. Mr. Brandes is himself of Jewish descent. The great success of his work may in part be attributed to this: he would be so much the more in sympathy with his subject.

* *

With respect to what was said in a contemporary lately about the necessity of political leaders having a certain habit of "taking things easy," we may say that those who do great things, who work the hardest in the highest lines, are mostly very dependent on such a habit for a relaxation of strain, which real mental effort and personal responsibility always causes, especially when joined to the delicacy and sensitiveness which finely organized natures possess. It is a habit, too, which adds essentially to a leader's influence as well as to his personal comfort. People forget their fears when they find that those fears do not seem to be shared in by him to whom they look for

guidance and assistance. It is supposed that to him the way out of the difficulty is clear, and their belief in his deeper insight and superior wisdom is the more confirmed. And the man who "takes things easy," also takes a cheerful view of things; and cheerfulness, we all know, is ever popular. And popularity—well, it is the very breath of the man of politics.

COLLEGE NEWS.

This year, according to the rule which seems to have become established, that the number of freshmen entering College is alternately small and large—the first year is an exceptionally large one; and it is to be hoped that this year is the starting point of a continuous rule of large and ever-increasing numbers. These gentlemen have taken their position in College with a degree of ease, not to say "cheek," which betokens that they intend to make Trinity their home in a very real way, and doubtless, when the fine edge of that bumptiousness which is ever characteristic of the species has been duly filed off, they will prove able and zealous supporters of their Alma Mater.

The poor College bell holds a most arduous position, and its wearied tongue has, since the beginning of the term, been busy announcing the numerous important meetings.

On Friday, the 12th inst., a College meeting was called for the re-organizing, and the election of Officers, of the Foot-ball Club for the season. Prof. Roper was elected President; 1st Vice-President—Mr. Seymour; 2nd Vice-President—E. C. Cayley; Sec.-Treas. and Captain—D. R. C. Martin; Committee—Messrs. Bedford-Jones, Grout, and Towner.

The same evening, its clanging tongue summoned a fairly large choir to practice in the Chapel, consisting of those old members who have returned to College, and of a large number of new ones whose voices are certainly likely to be a great help to the Chapel singing; but, if we may be permitted to make a suggestion, the responding of some of the latter would be materially benefited by having the tail end sawn off. The Rev. H. Symonds still continues to take charge of the choir, and at the beginning of the practice read a code of rules compiled by the Provost for the observance of members. It is intended to carry on the choir this year without the assistance of the boys from the Dovercourt Home.

A second College meeting was held on Monday, the 15th inst., to consider the subject of the Annual Dinner on S. Simon and S. Jude's Day. In view of the fact that this year the dinner is not to be, as heretofore, solely in the hands of the undergraduates of the University, but has been combined with what it is hoped will become an Annual Convocation Dinner, a committee, consisting of

Messrs. Broughall, Houston, Martin, and Stevenson, was appointed to act in conjunction with Convocation, representing the interests of the undergraduate body.

As the REVIEW was unfortunate enough to lose two of its editors, through the ordination of one and the illness of another, it was found necessary to call a College meeting to fill the vacancies. The meeting was held on Wednesday, the 17th inst., when Messrs. Stevenson and Troupe were elected for the ensuing year. The latter, though a new-comer, was placed in the position owing to the recommendations of his literary ability which preceded him, and which are of such a nature as to warrant the prediction that he will be of material assistance to the editorial staff.

The football committee are untiring in their efforts to arouse the latent zeal of the many members of the club, and so far their success is evidenced by the number of men visible upon the field on each successive practice day. The freshmen have turned out en masse. The list of the matches is as follows:

Guelph v. Trinity, at Trinity	October 27.
Upper Canada v. Trinity, at Trinity	November 3.
Trinity College School, Port Hope v. Trinity, at Port Hope.	Thanksgiving Day.

And between the two latter, matches will come off with Toronto and the 'Varsity, the dates of which have not yet been arranged. From the heavier metal and the energetic play which the new members manifest, in addition to the experience belonging to the members of last year's team, we doubt not that we shall be able to render a good account of ourselves in the above matches.

The long-desired and much-talked-of college for women has at length become an established fact, under the name of "St. Hilda's College for Women." Its headquarters are at present at 48 Euclid Avenue. The College has for its Lady-Principal Miss Patteson, who came from England especially to undertake this work, and has a staff of lecturers who attend regularly for the ordinary work, while students desirous of entering upon honour courses take their lectures at Trinity College from the latter's staff of professors. Several students are already in residence and in attendance on lectures, and it is expected that many more will follow when they learn the advantages offered in the College of "the protection and comforts of a refined home, and a common collegiate life."

J. Cowan, Esq., of Oshawa, has given a donation of \$50 per annum for three years to St. Hilda's.

The annual meeting of the Theological and Missionary Association for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held on Monday evening, the 22nd inst. The Provost, as President of the Association, was in the chair, and there was a large attendance of members, several new ones being enrolled. The Secretary's report for the past year was most encouraging, showing that there were 45 actual members of the Association besides the many

associate members. A great deal of work has been taken by members during the long vacation, with gratifying results. The Meditation Union is also well kept up. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, the Rev. the Provost; Vice-Presidents, The Rev. the Dean and Rev. Prof. Roper; Secretary-Treasurer, W. M. Loucks, B.A.; Members of the Council, Revs. Canon Dumoulin, A. J. Broughall, Prof. Clark, J. Langtry, H. Symonds, and J. Scott Howard; Messrs. Broughall, Creighton, Leake, Lowe, McGill, Coleman.

During the long vacation two more windows have been added to those already placed in the east end of the chapel. The first one given by G. A. Mackenzie, Esq., M.A., in memory of his late father, represents St. Peter standing on the shore of the Lake of Gennesareth, while behind him is visible the expanse of water, with his own city, Capernaum, in the far background. Nearer can be seen the rigging, etc., of the boats on the lake. In the Apostle's hand are the weapons of his new life-work, viz., the keys committed to him by Our Lord, and a book representing the Faith of the Gospels. The countenance with its mingled expression of strength and contemplation, suitably depicts the strong impulsive nature of the Apostle. He is really pondering over the future of his life. Underneath lie fish of different kinds, emblematic of the Church in which he was to labour. The second, erected in memory of Provost Whitaker, represents Aaron as the High Priest, coming forth from behind the veil, and immediately behind and around him are grouped the chief elements of the service of the Tabernacle, viz., the golden candlestick, altar of burnt sacrifices, the trumpets, etc. Above the central figure are seen the wings of the cherubim encircling the central motto of the priesthood;—"Holiness"—in Hebrew characters. In the light below is the mercy seat, with the offering of incense ascending in the Holy Place. The greatest care has been taken in the working out of the High Priestly vestments. The five windows, now in position, make the chapel very much more beautiful, and we hope soon to see the whole nine complete.

The meeting of the Literary Institute, on Friday evening, 19th inst., was an exceptionally interesting one. The first feature of the evening was the ceremony of the presentation of the several new members; and as each "Fresh Gentleman," being introduced to the President and Secretary, ascended the platform with breast swelling with eloquence, to make his introductory speech, a contemplative listener could easily foresee to what an extent the Institute would be benefited by his membership. Mr. Coleman, the head of the year, expressed the pleasure and honor he experienced on being presented to such an able society, and, amid applause, was received into the body of the house. Each resident followed, agreeing substantially with this gentleman. Mr. Ross, after profound meditation, discovered that he had nothing to say,

and could scarcely find words to express the same. Mr. Webb followed, thoroughly endorsing the sentiments of the previous speaker. Mr. Orr found much more difficulty in *paddling* himself to the platform than he did in descending therefrom. The programme for the evening was then proceeded with. Mr. Carter Troop read his exceedingly well written essay, entitled "Our Only Humorist." The reader for the evening, Mr. Webb, entertained his hearers by the very amusing extract from Mathews on *Early Rising*. The Debate.—Resolved, that Retaliation on the lines of President Cleveland's message would be injurious to the Dominion. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Gemmill upheld the affirmative; and Mr. Orr and Mr. Leech the negative. Mr. Leech, in summing up for the negative, stuck to the argument most severely, and, notwithstanding a few pinches of salt, applied in the form of cross-fire from his adversaries, remained immovable until every drop of argument had been removed from the opposing case, leaving but a very slim skeleton on which to exist. This was made evident by the votes of the house in his favor. The Curator was then called upon to submit a full list of papers and periodicals, subscribed for by the Institute, and a revision of the list was made, resulting in substituting for the North American Review, the Atlantic Monthly; and the addition of the Saturday Review, and the New York Life. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Broughall, Houston, and Lowe, was appointed to take into consideration the ways and means for removing the Library and Reading Room to more convenient quarters, and the better arrangement of the same. The meeting then adjourned.

PERSONAL.

The Provost and Prof. Roper were both in England during the vacation. The latter has returned from his trip much invigorated by the sea voyage and the long rest.

At the Annual Harvest Festival of St. George's Church, held on Wednesday evening, 17th instant, Prof. Clark preached an interesting sermon *apropos* to the occasion.

J. H. McGill, '89, has undertaken the duties of business manager in connection with this Review. We think that he will be a worthy successor of the late business manager, C. H. Shutt, B.A., and that in his hands the interests of the paper will be well looked after.

C. J. Hutton, '89, is back again with us after a year's absence.

H. P. Lowe, '89, has been placed in charge of the Chapel organ, since our old organist, J. C. Swallow, who for some time so ably filled the position, is no longer with us.

We very much regret that the serious illness of Mr. T. T. Norgate, the Divinity class scholarship holder and

prizeman of last June, and one of last year's editors of this Review, has obliged him to go to England for a time to recuperate. We hope to welcome him back again next year.

H. F. Fitzhugh, having passed his second year's examination, has determined to make a tour in Europe during the present year, but expects to be with us again in October, 1889.

C. H. Shutt, B.A., is now at Boston, studying for Holy Orders. He is staying with the Brotherhood of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley. We are sorry to lose him from his post of business manager of this paper, which he held for some time.

Messrs. Leake, Lowe, Haslam, McGill, Powell, and others, have been engaged during the long vacation in taking charge of, or assisting in, parishes throughout the country. The results have been very gratifying, and have been testified to by the fact that several of these gentlemen received testimonials on leaving their stations.

EXCHANGE.

The College journals come to us this month with No. 1 imprinted on their covers, and are naturally filled with greetings of the new year.

Chief among them is the *Harvard Lampoon*, an illustrated humorous bi-weekly replete with jokes that are fresh, illustrations that are life-like, and verse that is excellent. The publication of a paper of this kind shows great enterprise on the part of the Harvard undergraduates.

The Dartmouth is always newsy, breezy, and interesting. Cornell has established a chair of journalism.

The fair sex is pleasingly represented at our exchange, table by the *Portfolio* of the Wesleyan Ladies College.

The *Owl*, from its perch on the tower of Ottawa College, sends forth its monthly message with its usual good collection of articles and news.

There is an interesting contribution on the "Importance of Unimportant Things" in the *Normal News*, which hails from Cortland, N. Y.

From far-off Winnipeg we welcome the *St. John's College Magazine* which is an honor and a credit to that young but flourishing institution.

Queen's University has added two new professors to her staff, Prof. Cappon of Glasgow, in English Literature and Prof. McGillivray, a Canadian graduate of Leipsic, in Modern Languages.

We notice in the *Educational Monthly* for October, the conclusion of Prof. Clark's article on the "Formation of Opinion," which is full of weighty thoughts, and written in the Professor's best style.

Scene at a Harvard Ball.—1st. Manager. "Do you think we can rush this ball through?" 2nd Manager, (eyeing the ladies' toilettes) "If it depends on the half-backs, I think we can."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

There are seven universities in the United States with more than 1000 students in attendance at each. Their numbers are: Harvard, 1690; Columbia, 1487; University of Michigan, 1475; Oberlin, 1302; Yale, 1135; Northwestern, 1100; University of Pennsylvania, 1069.

We see by the *Lantern* that there is a class of 179 freshmen at Ohio State University. Its number of students is too large to warrant the insertion of such items as the following in their College Organ: "Sam Bennett's sister gave him a call recently." "Bunker Hill" Lewis spent last week at the dorm."

In the *Dakota Educator* there is an article by Prof. Swain of Yankton College on "College Papers." We quote from it as follows:—"News generally grows more interesting the more particular and personal it becomes. So it is that the alumnus, when his college paper comes, invariably turns first to the column of alumni personals, where he may learn a bit of news of old chums and classmates. He will often throw the paper aside without a glance at the other departments. Right here, however, is the most common pitfall into which college editors stumble, the publication of trivial and puerile personalities. There is no safeguard against this disgusting vice but the judgment of the editor. If he has good sense and judicious taste, he will readily discriminate between legitimate news and mere gossip; if he has not, no system of rules will save him."

THE SS. SIMON AND JUDE STEEPLECHASE.

Monday, October 29th, was chosen as the day for holding the steeplechase which is wont to take place on the joyous anniversary of SS. Simon and Jude whose festival this year fell on Sunday, October 28th. At 2:56 the starter sent off the thirteen competitors at the old starting point above College Street in the Garrison Creek ravine. Some of the contestants rushed off with a wearing speed, and one of the leaders, ignorant of the course, bravely scaled a hill that would have led him up to Bloor Street. By this unlucky mistake he and one or two who had followed him lost all chance of a place. When the red and black Jerseys hove in sight near Deneside, four men were close together in a bunch, and there was an exciting run in up to the finish near the chapel. D. R. C. Martin crossed the line first, with H. H. Bedford-Jones close on his heels, T. Leach was third, although W. J. Creighton, B.A., almost ran a dead heat with him. Two or three more came in several minutes behind the winner who had covered the ground in the remarkably good time of seven minutes, but the rest, left hopelessly in the rear, struggled into College by a rear entrance, and sought the seclusion of their rooms. There could not have been better officials at the start than the several prominent freshmen who acted in those capacities.

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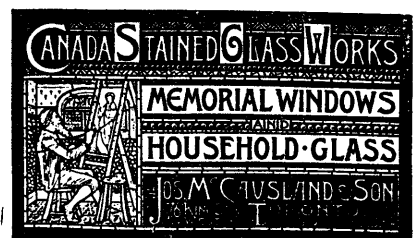
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By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates for pass are required to take Latin, Greek, Mathematics, History and Geography, and one of the four departments:—Divinity, French, German, or English. Candidates for Scholarships may take two of the four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