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How I love the sad face of that mother  
Of much that the noblest have taught,  
And 'tis through her they call to me, "brother,"  
For they are my brothers in thought.

Oh! ye mothers, ye may be as she was,  
And must, to be mothers of men  
And ye sons, will ye be such as He was,  
Be such sons as Jesus was then.

I. F. A. W.

### "THAT THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES IS UNJUST."

At a meeting of the Literary Institute last term when this subject was debated, I was asked by some of the men to say something about it. For several good reasons I refused to do so then, but I promised to write something about it for ROUGE ET NOIR. This must serve as an apology for venturing to ask room in the columns of our College monthly, for some words upon a subject that may be to some as "chestnuts" and to others as gall. "Chestnuts" (Pray pardon the slang. I do not know a better word.) "Chestnuts" to those who have thought much, who have read much, who have seen much of the evil of the present system as it is worked out in London and New York—yes, even in Toronto; to those who have racked their heads and hearts for the sake of the labouring classes; to those who long and pray for some practicable remedies to be applied to wrongs which they see to be bringing far greater troubles than themselves upon the world if not removed; to those I say who do not want to be reminded of the evils they know too well already, but pine for some gleams of hope to be shewn them, the few points I hope to state and illustrate will be trite enough.

And gall to others. For there are some who are in a blissful dream that everything is all right, and do not at all like being awakened out of it. There are some too who are afraid to touch the social machine at all for fear of an explosion. There are some who in their horror of the methods proposed for improving matters prefer explaining away the evils to searching for better remedies. And there are some who are selfishly interested in keeping things as they are. These may find what is said here unpleasant, if they take the trouble to read it at all.

### THE MADONNA.

It was only a common engraving  
And hung in my room, as a child,  
But it filled all my soul with a craving,  
And love for a mother so mild.

Very long have I gazed on the sorrow,  
Sweet sorrowful love of that face,  
All the sad thoughtful night, till the morrow  
Came bringing lost longings for grace.

Often there on the floor have I, kneeling,  
My eyes on the picture above,  
All my soul brought before the soul-healing  
God of an infinite love.

And the face full of mournful forgiving,  
Induced many penitent prayers,  
Drew the veil from the life I was living  
And shewed me—a field full of tares.

How I longed for the eyes but to brighten  
One instant be somewhat less sad,  
The long chain of past sins it might lighten,  
The future in hope-colours clad.

But the wish was repented, when elder  
I learned the hard lesson of sin,  
And had found out the peace that upheld her  
And shone through the face from within.