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A WRECK.

A youthful bark rides on life's sea,
Over the waves glides merrily,
 Lightly,
 Sprightly;
Yet bound to home by hawsers sure,
By mother love and care secure,
 Speeding,
 Heeding—
Heeding that love so true and pure,
Speeding along to years mature.

But now life's breakers round it roll;
It breaks from the hawser's firm control,
 Fearless,
 Careless,
Away from a mother's guiding hand,
Away from home, away from land,
 Drifting,
 Shifting—
Shifting like ocean's changing sand,
Drifting from out the helm's command.

The end draws near, the bark drifts on
'Till it has from hope, ambition gone,
 Sadly,
 Madly,
Heeding no more the helm within;
That voice unheard 'mid passions' din,
 Drifted,
 Rifted—
Rifted upon the rocks of sin,
Drifted from all that life should win.

—MARCO.

GAMBETTA.

On Sunday, February 4th, 1883, at Newton Hall, in London, where the new Religion of Humanity, that strange last offspring of an age of wonders, has been placed upon a sort of ceremonial and devotional basis, was delivered by Frederick Harrison, one of the most active of its apostles, a lecture or rather sermon, which appears in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*, on the subject of Leon Gambetta, whom he places as last, but in no wise least, upon the curious list of heroes who make up the Humanitarian Calendar. It is an

interesting subject for reflection to place the two Calendars, the old and the new, side by side. On the one hand the Christ, the Perfect One, as head, with such sainted figures as St. John, St. Stephen and St. Paul, numbering among their followers men like Irenaeus and Augustine of Hippo; on the other hand Humanity, with all that it includes, and such strange Titans as Danton, Hoche, Condorcet, Carrell, and finally Leon Gambetta.

However, though we do not sympathize with Mr. Harrison in placing Gambetta on any questionable calendar of a new religion, yet we must all admire and revere, as much as he does, the great and singular qualities which have gained for the founder of the Third French Republic the noble and foremost place he holds among the popular heroes of his country—his disinterestedness, his indomitable courage, his clear good sense, his marvellous eloquence, his power. All these have been the divine gifts which have raised the son of the grocer of Cahors to the glorious position of Father and Defender of the Republic—the sacred Carroccio, round which all the burning patriotism of France has centred, in its earnestness and its strength, for thirteen years. Indeed from all that can be gathered from the innumerable good and bad words, which are being spoken of him now that he is dead, he seems to have been one of the supreme and seemingly-original characters which only arise now and then at long intervals as guiding lights in the world's dimmed and confused ways—the very nature's kings—men of the stamp of Luther, of Cromwell and of Mirabeau. There are times in every nation, especially that of the French with their vehement and sensitive, but at the same time light and changeable character, when some ill-government, some hollow “formula,” has rested so long upon the people, that all the pulses of the national spirit are deadened, and life itself to every active thinking man becomes a heavy, wearisome, unbearable thing, and men begin to cry to one another in their different, dim ways for something living, something human, they know not what—but know that some new thing must come—times in which the old and known leaders of the people have lost all heart or know not in what way to set themselves to the gigantic work. Then rises the brave, powerful, original man whose soul is carried away in the untrammelled tide of energy and hope, who knows no fear or any other retarding impulse—the man too with an “eye,” as Carlyle would say—and tells the people in words of fire, that are borne upon the four winds to every corner of the earth,