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## AUTUMN LEAVES.

The glory of the leaves is once more over, and we have woven and burned the wreaths of gold, and red, and brown, for another Harvest Festival. This same wreath-making is a curiously suggestive employment. The garlands growing under one's fingers seem to link themselves with those made long ago, and one sees the Festivals of many a past year chained together by flowers and leaves. Many places, too, distant enough on the map, are joined together by these ever-lengthening bonds, frail as we actually handle them, but, when they have passed into a memory, unbreakable. Holding by them, one can reach and enter now an unfinished Church in Liverpool with great bare wall-spaces sadly needing colour and shadow, now a Midland Church so lovely in itself that adornment must be sparingly added lest it become disfigurement, and again in the South a glorious old fourteenth century building, ivy-crowned, moss-grown, the air about it heavy with the scent of flowers, within still as with the sanctity of ages of prayer and worship. And in each of these one sees Christmas and Epiphany, Easter and Whitsuntide, Saint's Day and Harvest, pass, wreathed now with violets and roses, now with holly and ivy, now with moss and fern. And the very scent of the flowers, and the tints of the fern, the pattern of a stone tracery, the sound of a chant, the voice of a preacher, the face of an angel in painted glass, are present vividly as ever as the leaves are twisted into the magic chain. Now the wreaths are for a little wooden, backwoods Church, and though one's first thought over the completed work is (one cannot help it): "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning," yet in the process other thoughts are woven, all of which we may not tell, but some leaf-tinted we may try to show.

Not only past but future feasts of ingathering rise before us, and we compare the quality of past offerings with the present and with the hopes of years to come. Oats and wheat and autumn leaves, these are for harvest, but our harvest is not from the soil. We rejoice over the gifts of the earth but it is in return for no labor of ours that she gives them. We garner the return for our special work, now treasures of thought, now pictures of past times, now an exquisite mosaic of words. One cannot display these, and, if one could, it must be for very few to see; some of our treasures might be mere rubbish, some of our pictures harsh or over-coloured, our mosaic not worth picking up, to the uninstructed eye; moreover their beauty is not always in themselves only, jewels shine more brightly on a bright day. But one ought not to pick up tinsel and think it gold, and one ought to like the scent of violets, and there are fine pictures and lovely Florentine mosaics and why not know them when we see them? One has to learn how to see, and throw away many a bit of coloured glass, turn many a daub with its face to the wall, before one knows a real gem and a good picture at a glance. But the faculty of sight and insight once trained a harvest lies before us ready for the reaping, nay partly reaped already even in the training process, it is only by comparing the false with the real that one learns to distinguish between them. Further training will teach us where we are likely to find the real, what places to search in, what to avoid. And once caring about gems, loving pictures, and admiring dainty perfection of workmanship, the ardour of the collector seizes us, and time and trouble are as nothing to the pleasure of gathering what we love. The lover of plants does not confine himself to the blossoms of his native country, and though he may grow the Victoria Regia in a pond the traveller will tell him it is only to be seen to perfection in its own home. He cannot transplant a Wellingtonia. Homer and Plato have been translated, but they have lost much with their Greek. No translator has given or ever will give Helen's sorrow over Hector as it is. Gretchen, looked at through English glass, loses the expression in her eyes, and Manzoni's Lucia something of the grace of her sweet modesty. The garden of Armida loses the pink mist, and Orlando in English dress becomes awkward as well as mad. Again, take Horace's mosaics, examine them ever so carefully and try to copy them with English words and their beauty is gone, the copies are