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HORACE, BOOK I, ODE II.

TO LEUCONOE.

The term of fate which Jove to us allots
Seek not to learn—to learn it is a crime ;
Nor try, Leuconoe, by eastern arts
To pierce the gloom which shrouds your final day,
The wise, with patience, bears his destin'd lot,
Nor asks if many years, or only that
Which now is dashing its destructive wave
On Tyrrhene caves, and on the rock bound shore,
To hur by Jove's unbending will is given.
Be wise ; restrain desire ; in little space
Confine the yearnings of far-reaching hope ;
E'en now, while winged words between us fly,
On swifter wings our envious age is borne.
This day enjoy ; its pleasures fully use,
And to the next nor hope nor trust be given.

Q. U.

MUSINGS BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

" Its quiet now. I'm sure I hope it may stay so. If the wind should turn to the north-west and drift I shall not get back to-morrow. Slow enough work as it is—Well, that is glorious ! That is not at all like a burning summer sunset, all red and gold—not at all ; far lovelier I think. Those are all opal tints—gentle, soft, melting hues—nothing fiery. Those ragged little cloudlets, flowing off in a long streak to the south, are polished copper, not burnished gold ; and the soft violet tinge in the north deepens gently into dark gray ; it never gets purple as in June. What should we do without our winter sky tints ? How we should famish upon the endless brown and white of the stumps and fields. It would all be like a lake-clam shell without its mother of pearl. Sunset, and three concessions to go yet. I should have started earlier, but how was I to know that the side-road would be blocked up ? They always grumble if I keep them waiting a few minutes, then they get righteously indignant if I hint that they themselves might sometimes be all in church before the end of the second lesson—go on ! Now, if I should say that to a horse in any other country he would simply switch his tail in quiet contempt. Canadian horses understand it better than anything else unless a crack of the whip. Queer lot of people Canadians, country Canadians I mean—awful conservatives ;

not in politics particularly, but in small matters. Straws show the way the wind blows better than weathercocks sometimes. Perhaps 'conservative' is not the right word. I don't know what is the right word ; but this is what I mean : a sort of idea they all have that 'what is must be right.' Conservatism would make a man stick to everything he had been brought up to in England. The ordinary settler, however, falls into certain inevitable Canadianisms before he has been three years in the country, and then religiously clings to them. He is 'green' till he has acquired them thoroughly. I ask a man to save my getting out of the cutter by kindly loosening the bearing-rein. He consents to let down the *check* ; I let go the reins. 'You've dropped the *lines*,' he remarks, as he hands them to me. The breeching looks unsafe, so he looks to see if the *hold-backs* are all right. 'They were all right when I harnessed,' I suggest, 'when you *hitched up*,' he mildly corrects. A forest or wood is a *bush* ; a vehicle is a *rig* ; a stream is a *creek* ; every insect is *bug* ; tea is *supper* ; a second course is always *dessert* ; anything eaten between meals at any hour of the day or night is *lunch* ; so on *ad infinitum*. In Europe it is the recognized custom to turn out, in driving, to the left ; here it is to the right always. Yet strange to say the driver retains his seat at the right hand side of the vehicle. If a man must turn to the right, one would suppose he would sit at the left side, so as to see that his wheel clears that of the other rig. Why has the old rule of sitting at the right and turning out to the left been altered ? I suppose the real cause is the snow. The shafts must be at one side or the other, that the horse may walk in the track and not on the middle ridge. Retaining the traditional seat at the right side, the left was chosen for the horse that the driver might more easily see ahead. Better than not turn out to the right than the horse need not plunge into the deep snow but have half the track ; there being more winter than summer, this became the rule at all seasons. Probably that has been the origin of the change, but yet I have never been able to get this or any other reason from the many farmers that I have asked about it. They simply do it because 'everybody does it who is not green ;' it is the right thing in fact. 'What is must be right.' That is why half our people go to the dissenters. They would not have thought of such a thing before they left home. Here 'one religion is as good as another'—church and chapel are both 'church.' So they follow the crowd, or they go to the nearest place of worship, or to the place