

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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ESTRANGEMENT.

O it is sad to see young love grow cold,
To miss the once responsive smile that glowed
Within soft love-lit eyes, and truly shewed
How strong the passion was behind the fold
Of maiden modesty, that could not hide
The longing of the fond love-stricken heart,
The yearning that the eyes alone impart,
The too fond struggle between love and pride—
Yet has that love grown cold and I could weep
For wasted passion's sake, Love's facile bow
With which he shot the leaden arrow deep
Into so fair a breast, lies idle now,
Being no further use, and he may sleep
Since cold aversion settled on her brow.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY A GRADUATE.

Sociability is the enemy of grinding. Let us start out with this axiom. The college undergraduate who indulges himself in a superfluity of "going out" to evening parties, and the necessary subsequent afternoon calling, is not likely to devote himself very ardently to his Algebra or his Liddell and Scott. But in all probability the worst species of conviviality as regards grinding is that which assails the good-humoured student within doors. There always is, always was, and always will be some particular room or rooms in college where the dreary Dagon of grinding is cast flat upon his knees, and the bright-eyed, tobacco-lipped angel of beer and cheese eternally enthroned triumphant in his stead—and these ever-incense-breathing shrines are the perpetual bane and sweet ruin of the plodding prizeman. Alas for the broad-humoured undergrad. whose smiles are so sweet and whose word of welcome so hearty that they bring every tender soul to him as a candle lures the moths. And alas, still more for the allured. Yet how could they help it. Behold your well-fed second-year man, calm and comfortable in the sufficiency of a good solid tea, slowly ascending the stairs after a short romp in the music room; how steadily he enters his room, closes the door and slips the lock, places his book before him, lights his fire, shoves away the tobacco jar into a remote, obscure corner behind his lexicon, shoves his

stout fingers through his hair, knits his brows, compresses his determined lips—surely he is lost for good and all in the dream of dead poets, and the lingering music of that soft, strong, sonorous old dead tongue that men shall never forget. What vision of this little monotonous College world shall now charm away from his soul the entrancing agony of Oedipus, the deep, wise, god-like voice of Antigone, and the vast poetry, the sweet and stately imagery of the Sophoclean chorus—surely none. But anon, the eyes begin to wander, first toward the fire, then slowly, hesitatingly, longingly to the tobacco jar; great cavern of dreams, surging with immaterial mist, through which the gentle genii of kindly good fellowship are always a-grin, and apparently never frowning. The empty, dead ale bottles by his table side, discreetly ranged in their rows behind his sofa, cast up a newly suggestive, boundlessly insinuating savour of old evening chats. The great, blind, passionate face of Oedipus is dying fast, and up between him and the reader rises like a morning mist the swift vision of laughing lips, veiled about with a pathless cloud of dream-inwoven, fragrant incense, light foam and froth of clear amber lymph, and the savour of tale and song. He rises, seats himself in his arm-chair in front of the fire, wheels the book-holder round before his face, makes a desperate effort to banish the living temptations. But alas, he has lit his pipe! The thin, white-blue jets carry his eyes to the coal heap in the grate, that fascinating fire-world cut into every form of mountain, glen and palace turret, fashioned for the very enchaining of the restless fancies of men. Oedipus wanes again, dying away into indistinguishable shade, only gleaming out occasionally to startle him. The wandering hand involuntarily moves the book-rack away to give the dreamer a wider view of the fire. A sound of cheery voices calling invitations to each other out in the corridor thrills him, and a moment after he hears a clattering of active heels down the stairs, down, down to clanking stones of the buttery—it is as the sound of some merry, irresistible cheese-god rapping at the very threshold of his stomach—then a silence, and the voice of Mr. J. calls, "I say, S., come down and carry up the jug, like a good fellow." That is the death-blow to Oedipus. He is so uncommonly thirsty to-night; he feels the very froth and flavour of the beer between his teeth; in silent struggle he sucks his lips. Alas! a knock and he opens the door—a head, just a black curly head and an irresistible gleam of full laughing lips appears: "You miserable old grinder, come round and have