

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

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## AN AUGUST WARNING.

O cold bleak wind, why must thou weep and moan,  
With such wild warning, so foreboding?  
There is no voice to-day but thine alone,  
Piercing soft summer with that autumn cry;  
Oh why is all the world so bleak and wet?  
Hush, hush, mad wind it is not autumn yet.

Two days ago the woods, and fields, and skies  
Were full of slumberous notes and shadowy gleams,  
It seemed as if grey Time's own restless eyes,  
Grown faint, change weary, lulled with nectarous dreams,  
Had fallen adrowse in some deep drift of flowers  
And lost the counting of the rose-crowned hours.

All day cool shadows o'er the drowsy kine  
The wide elms in the shining pastures flung;  
The tufted branches of the sun-soaked pine  
Grey-silvery in the burning noontide hung;  
The light winds chattered in the poplar leaves;  
The squirrels robbed among the golden sheaves.

Deep in the woods through the warm silent hours  
Brown shadows wavered on the mottled mould;  
In the still gardens full of light and flowers  
No word of death or any doom was told,  
No voice there was but of the birds and trees,  
And day-long labor of unceasing bees.

Surely the days had voices too divine  
To hear one word that drear November saith.  
Was there in all the world one note of thine?  
Had one sear leaf foretold the dreary death?  
Ah wintry wind, it was not time to blight  
That golden peace, that languor of delight.

Sad weary wind, away, why must thou mock  
Soft summer's faith, her short lived fantasy?  
See how the slim flame-knotted holly hock  
In the cold garden close sways fearfully,  
And though the hours life-bearing be not told,  
The sweet pinks droop, the roses are acold.

The tall elms sway, and wring their chilly leaves,  
And moan in long-drawn frightened agony;  
Far on the upland slopes the dusk pine grieves  
Vast-voiced for his sombre misery;  
The clover fields lie sodden, chill and grey;  
The poor numbed bees can get no heart to-day.

The time is short: the dark hour cometh fast,  
Why tease the warm earth with thy misery?  
We would not know that death must come at last.  
Sweet summer folds us round. Oh let us be.  
Though all the world be cold and sad and wet,  
Grey bitter wind it is not autumn yet.

A. LAMPMAN.

## LEAVES FROM A PROPHET'S NOTE BOOK.

(II.)

Reader, if you deem that our object in delivering these fancies is but to pass the hour, or reach nothing but your smile, you err. They are but the form and the shell. Our aim has been, and our recompense will be, that, though the form may perish with the reading, yet the spirit may remain and speak to us afterwards. Truth cannot die, but it can hide in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and prejudice or thoughtlessness have kept many a truth locked up for ages. Let us be willing to learn from each other, even from our humblest brother, if we have need. Let us not turn away from sermons, even in stones, if they can teach us, for the furtherance of our common aim; toward the attainment of our united prayer; for truth's sake! And if stones and flowers and nature can teach me, how much more can my brother's experience, of the life I live, of the world I dwell in!

Deferring for the present the moral of the last paper (though evident) and continuing his sketches from the lives of eminent personages he has known, the Prophet now turns a leaf of his Note Book, and the next on the list is one whom modesty forbids him to name; a person in fact of whom the modesty of the nineteenth century forbids his entertaining any favorable opinion. With this we introduce him—a very young theologian.

My idea, ever since I knew the Greek for *amen*, had been (and herein all the reasonable will agree with me) that the most natural way towards *effective preaching* must be "preaching for effect." Be this as it may, however, certain it is that on the very first occasion of my mounting the rostrum I preached, if not "for effect," as my maxim was, most indisputably *with effect*. My first attempt at preaching proved, as the event will show, of a *most effective* kind; and judged by this, your humble servant might certainly have been registered as a successful preacher. N. B.—It may at this stage appear affectation to say so, but that it is, in reality, the height of modesty in me, enough even to satisfy the nineteenth century, will appear directly. My first attempt at preaching (as I said before) proved of a most effective kind; but, unfortunately, the effect was not precisely