

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. VI.

TRINITY COLLEGE, MARCH, 1885.

No. 1.

RONDEL—"IN DIVERS TONES."

(TO J. E. C.)

In divers tones I sing,
And pray you, Friend, give ear,
My medley of song I bring
You, who can rightly hear.

Themes gathered far and near,—
Thoughts from my breast that spring,—
In divers tones I sing,
And pray you, Friend, give ear.

Here's many a serious thing,—
You'll know if its sincere.
Where the light laughers ring
You may detect a tear ;
In divers tones I sing,
And pray you, Friend, give ear.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A SUNDAY SCAMPER IN SEPTEMBER.

Ordinarily I consider myself a Sunday observer, and on this point am somewhat pharisaical—at least my friends say so. But to start off on a holiday trip of ten days, and have four of them rainy, may be a fact which may condone my offence, if it may be termed such. It was in this wise: My only fad is a bicycle, and of that I am supremely proud, and while a rider of that capricious steed, with five ardent disciples of the modern Pegasus, a lowering Saturday found us in a small manufacturing town of the Province. An early start had been proposed, but as we were slowly making a tour, we—that is *we* good-natured ones—awaited two perpetual sleepers, who had, according to their custom, retired at a seasonable hour the previous evening with a solemn promise that once they would arise with the sun. At any rate, it was nine o'clock before we could start, showing how well *that* compact was kept. The journey begun was one thing, but pushing on was another, as the rain began to fall, but still we managed, after various halts, to reach a little village six miles away, and after a hurried consultation it was agreed that we should take the boat to a large neighbouring town, there to remain the Sunday. But a desire possessed one of the number to go further, thus that one remained by the little white boat for twelve more miles. Here, a lone figure, shivering in the drizzle, silently pushing a large bicycle through the streets, might have been seen, but the good qualities of

the little hostelry atoned for all previous shortcomings, and as I seated myself at the table, prepared to do that proverbial justice to the viands before me, I spied a friend—a clerical friend. What luck I was in—didn't know I knew a soul in the place! Of course he was glad to see me—said so at any rate. I didn't terrify him by my short breeches and bicycling ensignia. Asked me in most pressing terms to read the lessons in his church the next morning, if I were going to stop. Said I was going to stay—sorry that I couldn't be untruthful. Then the thought occurred to me—I had never read lessons in public; I'd stammer; people would laugh at my dress. Here was a chance. I'd travel on Sunday for once in my life. "Awfully sorry, but I have to be off to-morrow, as my vacation ends in a few days." That excused me, but I had to keep my word, and even if that Sunday was a threatening day, I had to go.

I always seemed a lucky fellow, and was on that occasion, as I chanced to find an old school-friend who promised to attend me some few miles of the homeward trip. So off we scampered. Oh, what roads for a man to traverse! The rain had not improved them, and if it should pour, I would have to walk through the mud, instead of nominally keeping out of it by riding. But we managed to get on until a pretty little town was reached at noon, when the ever-compelling necessities of life had to be consumed. The best of friends had to part, and bidding my companion good-bye, he sardonically warned me of the approaching storm. I had no thought for prophecies, and waived my *adieux* as I rode down the hill.

Oh, how I wished that I had had a puritanical conscience that day, for within twenty minutes of my departure, the rain began falling, yet I determined to go on. I began to feel the wet. I pushed my wheel into a neighbouring barn and stood out of the damp. Down it came as if never to cease; it did, though, just a little, and with that I ventured out. But I couldn't go far. The rain-god seemed to attend me. I spied a spreading oak by the way-side, and unkindly driving away a cow, which I thought could much better endure the storm, I rested. I must have looked a saddened picture as I sat upon the saddle of my bicycle, which leaned against the trunk of the huge oak, while the rain, drop after drop, fell upon me. Unable to endure it longer, I again made an attempt to reach a securer refuge. Down I jumped, and