

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forster Ffelster Forsan Felfeter.

Vol. VII.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1896

No. 5.

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OUR INSTITUTIONS

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ABOUT COLLEGE

EXCHANGES

We drink his stuff but don't know what it is for which we pay,

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

And have you heard that very soon the bank to grief must come?

For Mr. Stocks has recently lost quite a heavy sum ;
And that's perhaps the reason why his hair has turned so grey :

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

That vulgar widow lately come whose walk makes people stare,

I'm told the Curate half the time in Church is ogling her ;
And that he's so in debt that here he can't much longer stay.

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

And then that child Belinda Crimp that's just come home from school—

I wish they'd send her back again, she's such a smirking fool—

Just think ! has set her cap at him ; that why she's dressed so gay :

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

That tall dark whiskered foreign man it's shocking, on my life—

They tell me's making desperate love to Mr. Simpson's wife :

That she won't run away with him they wouldn't sixpence lay :

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

Do you know, Mrs. Clack, I cried, reports are going round

That you're a toad that poison spits on every spot of ground ;

That with your mischief-making tongue you love to kill and flay :

I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

IT'S WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

I know a lady, Mrs. Clack, whom if I chance to meet,
To have a little friendly chat she'll stop me in the street.
O ! I must tell you all the news she cried the other day ;
I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

The Rector is a man that likes his glass of wine, you know ;
Well, he tumbled down last Sunday week, that day we had the snow.
They tell me that his voice was thick when he got up to pray :
I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

The lawyer, Mr. Parchment's one to whom I wish no harm ;
But do you know how he became possessed of Chalkley farm ?
It's rumoured he got hold of it some questionable way ;
I don't know if it's true, of course, but it's what the people say.

Poor Mrs. Johnson's baby's gone, it died on Tuesday night :
I'm told the doctor killed it, well, you know a doctor might :

Upon my word, in future ma'am I much obliged shall be
 If tittle-tattle such as this you'll not repeat to me;
 To keep us out of mischief 'tis by far the safest way
 For each to mind his own affairs, and not what people say.

Now if, like my friend Mrs. Clack, you've in your head a
 tongue

That waggles when it shouldn't, like a gate that's badly
 hung,

You'd better get it fixed at once, or else to your dismay
 Some ugly things about yourself you'll find that people say.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

The subject of University Federation has, from the time of its first proposal, been regarded with very divided feelings throughout the Province of Ontario. It was at first thought that Trinity College, or the majority of the supporters of Trinity College, almost stood alone among the representatives of the Universities in their repugnancy to the notion of sinking their individuality as a University. This has turned out to be a great mistake. First of all, Queen's pronounced decidedly and almost unanimously in favour of retaining their present position. Still more remarkable was the new attitude of the Principal of Victoria. Dr. Nelles had been, on the whole, an ardent advocate of federation; but latterly the difficulties appeared so great in the way of obtaining what he regarded as fair terms for his College, that he declared himself finally opposed to the contemplated change. One factor, however, had not been sufficiently considered. The moneyed men were in favour of the incorporation of Victoria College in the University of Toronto, and at present it seems almost certain that the thing will be accomplished.

As far as Trinity College is concerned, it would appear that the idea of incorporation has been practically abandoned. From the beginning the scheme was regarded with great disfavour by many of the older graduates; and as several of these became reconciled to it, new difficulties began to appear. The Government of Ontario, although quite ready to grant an excellent site in Queen's Park, professed themselves unable to do more. They could not make grants for the purpose of denominational education. We might easily argue, in regard to this theory, that the case was so peculiar that it could hardly be called a violation of the general principle. But this view was not likely to be adopted by the ministers or their supporters.

It was impossible—or so it appeared—for the governors of Trinity College to sacrifice their valuable pile of buildings without compensation; and no enthusiastic churchman came forward, as with the Methodists, to lead the way in subscribing the very large sum of money that would have been required to effect the change. For the

present, therefore, it may be said that Trinity College has no more to say on this subject. It may, of course, be taken up again at some future time; but this is not very probable. As our buildings are enlarged the difficulty will be greater and greater, and the chances are very much in favour of the *status quo* being maintained.

In this case it may be well to look around us and to ask whether we have not some cause for congratulation, if also for regret, that the matter has thus ended. There are, we imagine, some reasons for regret upon which we need not here enter. It may be more useful to dwell for a moment upon some of the reasons which may induce us to look with satisfaction upon our maintaining our old position.

Apart from the fact that we enjoy a more perfect autonomy, we may say that we have a greater power of contributing something distinctive to the sum-total of the education of the country. Some people, whether out of friendly interest or hostile jealousy we do not know, have spoken of Trinity College as having a non-Canadian tone and atmosphere. This we utterly deny. Trinity College is thoroughly loyal to the country for the sake of which it has its existence, absolutely loyal in its sentiment and in its work. The purpose of its whole constitution and the aim of all its arrangements is to prepare men for life and work in Canada. If some of its teachers were born in the old world the same can be said of some of its students, and of a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada. But, whilst they may have an English education, they are loyal Canadians; and they understand Canada quite as well as their neighbours do, and are as thoroughly *en rapport* with the spirit of the people among whom they live.

On the other hand, however, we do as a College possess certain peculiarities of our own. For instance, a larger proportion of our students are resident than in almost any other College in the country. Then we are a Church of England institution, resting upon the broad basis of Anglican doctrine, discipline, ritual, neither regarding these things as indifferent nor adopting any party platform apart from the general requirements of the Church. Besides, we have a history of our own, and this to a certain extent determines the tone and tendency of the College, and the atmosphere in which we live. For these reasons we are able to make an independent and distinct contribution to the education and intellectual life of the country.

It was remarked to the writer of the present article by an able member of the Legislature of Ontario that the great defect of this country and of the present age was Individuality. Every one who has lived on both sides of the Atlantic must have felt the truth of the remark. Whether for good or for evil, on the one side or the other, the difference is unquestionable and remarkable. On this side men are a great deal more cut to one pattern. Partly this has arisen from the much smaller number of classes

and from the imperceptible line by which one class is separated from another. But there are other reasons for the difference besides our democratical constitution and social theories. To a great extent, the dialects of the old country have disappeared, the peculiar customs of the various districts of Great Britain and Ireland have either passed away or become diffused throughout our whole society. Then our educational system is the same throughout all its grades. In England every district has its own traditions on education as on every other subject. No doubt the Education Act of 1870, Education Commissions, and other things have done a good deal to remove distinctions; still a great deal remains. The old Public Schools have still their own traditional sentiments, watch-words, customs. Even the two great Universities, which to a stranger seem so much alike, are marked by differences, clear and broad. It is all different here. We are reminded of the French Minister of Education who, pulling out his watch, could tell the lesson that was, at that moment, being repeated in all the elementary schools of France. It is very much so in this country, and it is the same in everything. We pass from house to house and see the same patterns in the furniture, the same character in the ornaments, the same houses and the same inhabitants. Our very clothes are very much more alike than is the case in the old world.

Under such circumstances, individuality seems to be a little difficult, if not impossible, unless perchance it comes out in the undesirable form of eccentricity. We affirm, therefore, that any school or college which can, in a legitimate manner, contribute towards preserving something of the distinctiveness of individual life, is doing good service to the country, and it can hardly be doubted that we, as a College, are more likely to make that contribution effectually by remaining as we are.

We can see some other advantages upon which we will not touch at present. We would rather, for a moment, point to the grave responsibility which is involved in this view of our position. We are a small society, but we are, for that reason, more easily observed and understood. Let us see that the contribution which we make to the life of our country shall be true, and pure, and good, and noble, and elevating. Let the narrow-minded vulgarity, which on one side is full of envy and on the other is full of contempt be utterly unknown among us, and impossible to us.

Feeling our calling of God and knowing our duty to man, let us go forward doing our one simple duty, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, rejoicing that others are doing, in their own way, the same work that we are doing, rejoicing and learning from them, if at any time we find that they are doing it better; working with all with whom we may work without sacrifice of principle, for the common ends which we have in view; being perfectly assured that whilst we cultivate this liberal, generous, unselfish temper, our part of the general work of education in this country will never be without its value.

Seb Dien.

'Mong the soldiers of God here on earth there is one
who has fought
In the thick of the battle, the pride of the foe has he sought
And encountered alone, to be done or undone in the strife,
Had he fallen or lost there was death, but he won, he has
life.

Yet the strong will grow weak, and the body at length be
outworn.

And at last from the fight that he loved must the veteran
be borne

The new muscles and brains of the men that he taught
take his place,

While the foe and his friends at the front will alike miss
his face.

Ah—who will remember his name to be kind to him then?
Who will see in the feeble old man once the prince of all
men?

Can the will of his Master be thus? Yet at times 'twould
appear

That the Master forgets the old servant when weakness is
near.

Or perhaps it is meant that the life-work of some one
should be

Still to cherish and serve to the end, as a slave nobly free,
The old man who to free him had fought, from the
bondage of sin

And the chains of those turbulent tyrants his passions
within.

Surely here would an object be found in this life unsur-
passed

Better far than the aims of a crowded humanity massed,
Who will take it then, follow it, live in it, true to the trust,
And done with it, dying, return whence he came to the
dust?

I. F. A. W.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

It was a charming July morning, and the little PARC MONCEAU was in her most becoming robe as we passed down the broad leafy avenue which leads through the middle. The dew was still glittering on the deep foliage, and the flowers fresh from their morning bath, were in a blaze of colour filling the air with a rich perfume. Under the shade of the grand old trees a few early loungers were comfortably perusing the morning papers; doubtless laying up a store of gossip, political and otherwise, to be exchanged with their friends over the *café noir* later in the day. A picturesque little lake reflects in its cool depths the overhanging branches of the trees, and almost surrounding it is a Corinthian colonnade, the only indication of the fantastic character of the park in the last century.

Here, for a moment, one forgets his surroundings, and he expects to see amidst this scene, the wild dance of the fauns and to hear their revelry.

This park was originally laid out by the Orleans family, and here were held their many brilliant *fêtes*; since its confiscation, however, it has become much reduced in size, and is now one of those many breathing spots with which Paris is so bountifully supplied.

Passing from out the cool umbrage of the drive, we emerged once more upon the high road, and after a few minutes drive, we come under the great *Arc de Triomphe*; high up on many feet above the road are inscribed the names of the great battles of France, one, however, is absent, Waterloo, that battle in which as a select number of bigoted Frenchman insist, France won a mighty victory. Concerning this omission, I questioned a native, "How is it you have omitted the name of Waterloo?" with a twinkle in his eye he quietly answered, "Ah, Monsieur, there is no W in the French language!"

We have now reached the magnificent Avenue DE BOIS DE BOULOGNE which leads from the ARC to the famous BOIS. Upon each side of the road, the thick rows of trees and shrubbery almost conceal the handsome residences which are situated farther back from the road.

This is the veritable Rotten Row of Paris. Here may be seen the most imposing of Parisian equipages, from the coach and four to the Liliputian pony carriage. A riding path besides the carriage road is at this hour in the morning alive with gay and animated groups of equestrians, male and female, on their way to and from the BOIS; they are laughing and chattering with one another, their cheeks suffused with a healthy glow from their exercise, while their expressive faces and delicately modulated voices seem to possess in themselves a subtle language which no tongue can command.

We had almost reached the end of the avenue, when a small cavalcade appeared a short distance off; upon a closer inspection, I found that it consisted of a troop of six or seven young children scampering along upon as many ponies, while behind them came an upright, active looking old gentleman, also mounted, whose name, at least, must be familiar to everyone. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer, a man of over eighty, but with his full vigour of mind, he is still able to take his morning ride with his young family.

We had now entered the BOIS DE BOULOGNE. This famous pleasure resort was formerly a game preserve, but has now become a public park, under the control of the municipality; it is covered throughout its entire extent—2,200 acres—with a fine growth of wood.

Nature appears to have restored it with an unusually bounteous hand, considering the hard usage it has received from the invading armies which have penetrated into the capital—first in 1814-15 a great portion of the original wood was destroyed by the allied forces, but in this instance new trees were planted by Louis xviii., and again

during the siege in 1870, it suffered considerably from the German shells. It has now, however, recovered its pristine beauty, and the shady walks and bridleways which intersect it in all directions are animated with pleasure-seekers innumerable.

Upon entering the wood, a charming view is obtained of a large artificial sheet of water thronged with water-fowl, which are so tame as to eat from the hand of the children who are feeding their pets under the espionage of a staid nurse. In the centre of the lake are two picturesque little islands, through whose thick growth of shrubbery a tiny refreshment *chalet* is discernible, in which all manner of liquid abominations peculiar to Paris are dispensed to visitors.

Almost all traces of the former nature of this spot are now lost, for the game placed there by Charles X., and which formerly roamed in profusion, disappeared immediately after the revolution which led to the abdication of Charles. On issuing from the wood, a pleasing landscape opens out before us; below lies a wide and smooth expanse of green, the celebrated Longchamps racecourse, and near it the ruins of Longchamps's Abbey, beyond, a wide extent of country, forest and meadow swelling in light undulations, the whole wrapped in a faint blueish haze, while in the background, far up against the horizon, rise the thickly-wooded heights overlooking the city; here were placed the German batteries during the siege. Our road leads down beside the racecourse and past many fine residences only seen over the stone wall which shuts them off from the road; soon, however, we are traversing a road with a thick wood upon each side, where ever and anon openings appears in the thick wall of green through which are displayed a succession of landscapes of equal beauty, each characterized by that ineffable softness and harmony of color which pervades all. The wood ceases, and after a short drive, we come within sight of the Seine.

Here one cannot fail to stop and admire the scene which lies before him: on such a clear day under the bluest of skies, where float a few snowy clouds, it is lovely. directly across between a plateau and the river, is the pretty little town of St. Cloud, resting in a bed of foliage, its white buildings shining forth in strong contrast to the deep green; to the left upon an eminence, are the ruins of the palace, while behind the park extends as far as the eye can reach, off in the distance overlooking the town are the frowning heights of Valerien, crowned by the greatest fortress which defends Paris, now at rest it seems to still keep up its grim guardianship over the city, whose fate she has already once averted, when she opened fire upon the army of the insurgents who were marching towards Versailles with the intention of capturing the government of M. Thiers. All this landscape breathes of peace and tranquility where a few years ago all was ruin and desolation; the little town of St. Cloud a mass of smoking ruins, while the fortress of Valerien looked down through a mantle of smoke upon a scene of bloodshed and demolition.

After crossing the river we halt and start the ascent to the palace on foot; such an abject ruin as this once beautiful building is; only a mass of bare dilapidated walls; built by Louis xiv. in 1658, it was afterwards purchased for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette by Louis xvi. It was also a favorite residence of the first and second Napoleons. Wherever one turns, the eye cannot fail to fall upon some mournful memorial of the strife of former times. Here are a long dismal line of moss grown pedestals now no longer crowned by the exquisite works of sculpture which adorned the park in the days of old, they have been mostly destroyed or carried off, a few, however, are still to be seen in the Louvre. There is something intensely melancholy in these denuded pedestals standing like ghosts amid the shadows of their former magnificence.

After a walk in the cool shade, through a portion of the park, we come out upon the high road, where retaking the arriage, we are soon bowling along towards Versailles with the park of St. Cloud still extending beside us. As we move on, the journey is enlivened by the appearance, of a fresh phase of Gaelic society.

From the sides of the road, from nowhere in particular spring little hatless shock-headed creatures, who jabber out some pitiful tale of want and destitution; through the lugubrious expressions their faces assume, their black eyes twinkle, filled with merriment and roguish humour. They patter after the vehicle, expressing their most intense good will by shouts of *Vive l'Anglais*, at the same time, however, their outstretched hands impress one that this exhibition of feeling is not entirely a disinterested one. When a coin is dropped to him, down he goes flat upon the road, no matter if in securing it, he also captures a handful of mud, the whole combination goes into the pockets of his everlasting corduroys, (unlike his British confrere, his clothes are calculated to hold something more than their grimy little proprietor.)

Soon we enter the old town of Versailles rattling on the stone pavement, down the long winding street, which leads into a fine avenue, at the end of which stands a pretty and tasteful villa, the Grand Trianon, where Mme. de Maintenon dwelt, a gift from her royal lover, Louis xiv. To the right of this villa, is the building containing a collection of the state carriages and palanquins used at many of the great public occasions in the century, such great useless pageants, gorgeous masses of gilt and showy upholstery.

Within the Grand Trianon are several interesting apartments: those of Mme. de Maintenon, with the original furniture; the billiard room, which lies in the same condition as when the last game was played upon it, in which the Prince of Wales tried conclusions with the late Emperor; the apartments which were intended for the accommodation of Queen Victoria during her visit in France; in them the gilding is still fresh and the bed and window curtains, which were manufactured for these very apartments, are still hanging.

A drive of about half a mile brings us to the palace of Versailles. In exterior it possesses no marked beauty, being of a stiff and formal style, but its immense size imparts an air of dignity and grandeur. A large paved court, having in the centre an equestrian statue of Louis XIV, slopes down from the palace to the large fronted avenue, with its four rows of elms, which leads from Versailles to Paris.

From this very spot, about one century ago, what a different spectacle was seen! Pressing up the broad avenue, surging into the great courtyard, a sea of wild, excited faces, swarming madly on, uttering, amidst the brandishing of pikes and bill-hooks, their hoarse and sinister cries, which reverberate in the innermost apartments of the palace; through those windows opening upon the balcony we would see Marie Antoinette appear trembling upon the arm of Lafayette, gazing wonderingly upon this bloodthirsty throng; what an experience for the young queen.

The palace now contains a large collection of works of art and interesting relics. The apartments of Marie Antoinette remain as ever, even to the secret door, scarcely noticeable, through which she made her escape upon a memorable occasion.

We wander on through the large and brilliant halls, where, from floor to ceiling, the walls are covered with representations of the great historical events of France, of her greatest battles, up to the triumphs of the "Little Corporal."

Upon issuing from the palace into the park, the eye falls upon an entrancing scene of loveliness, a triumph of the great landscape gardener Le Notre. Wherever the observer turns he sees some fresh combination of pleasures, labyrinths of shaded walks beside the gleaming lakelets where the fat old carp move lazily too and fro. Hours could be easily spent in these amid wandering scenes, picturing to oneself the spectacle of these grounds, illuminated for one of the grand *fêtes* of the gay court of Versailles, when the terraces and lawns were animated by gay groups of merry-makers, when the fountains were filling the air with music—but to these facts of imaginations there must be an end, so with extreme reluctance we leave this fairy land and direct our course towards Sevres:

ELOCUTION.

The beginning of another Academic year is an opportune time for making a few remarks under this head. And let no friend of Education deem the subject too commonplace, or the remarks too trite. When men, intellectually capable of leading public opinion, sink to the lowest level of mediocrity or, it may be, of utter uselessness, for want of fluency to express their opinions, it cannot be gainsaid that Elocution deserves serious attention. Is it objected

that oratory is a natural gift and not an acquirement? The objection then is a thoughtless opinion and not a thoughtful conclusion, for numerous instances of success, where success seemed impossible, attest its unsoundness. Few, perhaps, will reach the eminence on which Demosthenes and Bossuet stood, but all may make some progress. The timid may gain courage, the stumbling may acquire steadiness; indistinctness may be turned to clearness, unnaturalness to grace. How often is the service of the English Church marred because the preacher is ignorant of Elocution! How often, for the same reason, is the Church of the Apostles deserted, and the Chapels of Calvin, of Wesley, and of Joe Smith crammed! There is, in Canada at least, a demand for trained speakers.

How does the English Church meet this demand? What is Trinity, the representative Church College, doing? What has she done? She has sent out men, learned in Clement and Augustine, in Butler and Paley, but generally speaking innocent of Elocution, and worse still wanting in tact. She has secured a staff of eminently scholarly men to teach a vast amount of knowledge which never comes into requisition, and Elocution, which is indispensable, she excludes from the calendar and tolerates two weeks yearly as a permissible diversion.

A system, so irrational, cannot produce good results and it does not. Proficiency in Elocution characterizes the Methodists and their advance corresponds to their proficiency: the Anglicans are deficient in Elocution and proportionate to their deficiency is their stagnation. Many a graduate, scholarly, refined and pious has exerted little or no influence, has, in a word, failed. Why? Because the only channel by which his intelligence might reach the people, that is, the medium of speech, has not been well used. What an amazing list of stars would stud the College calendar if the name of every unsuccessful parson were distinguished by a star. Yes, many of Trinity's brightest intellects have grown rusty for want of proper use, and the future will not be better than the past, unless students are trained to adapt themselves to matter-of-fact people.

On what does the Minister base his hopes of success? He may be pious, he may be carefully instructed in Church doctrine; but piety unless it is practical, or doctrine unless it can be intelligently imparted is of little avail in church enterprise. The church people cannot be expected to love the church when the Minister, who is often educated at their expense, persists in chilling them by his cold lifeless utterance. They think that the first concern of a prospective clergyman should be to read well and to speak well, and they think rightly, for his highest duties are performed in the sanctuary where his vocal organs are in constant use. The English Church has provided a liturgy for divine service—Is it too much to require her Ministers to read it intelligibly? There is no reverence in frigid immovableness: nor is there edification in dead monotony or in hysterical emphasis. Moreover the gospel is easy of comprehension

and congregations would gladly exchange the learned references to the Greek and Hebrew scriptures, with which manuscripts teem, for a simple, straight-forward discourse. To all this it may be replied that a sermon read excels a sermon preached, and reference may be made to Melvill, Vaughan, French, and a host of other readers. But between reading and preaching there is much in common, and which is the better suited for sermonizing is still undecided. Reading may suit the city very well, for city congregations are more critical and less emotional than their country brethren, but in the country it is intolerable; good preaching on the other hand is acceptable in city and country alike. Sinners have, in these days, the same rhinoceros skin as they had in the days of St. Paul, and it is a tegument on which smooth circumlocutions fall without effect. Vice still requires the scourge and the hot iron. Should not the clergy then assault the citadel of iniquity with all the force of fervid eloquence. Should not they so speak as to show that they are thoroughly in earnest, that what they say they feel? Were this done, there would be fewer clerical icicles. Were this done, ministers would not strain out the gnat, extemporaneous ruggedness, and swallow the camel, insipid faultlessness.

But whether preaching excels reading is a secondary question. The main question is, can the minister do either acceptably? Does he discard manuscript? Then he should preach well; he should have a firm grasp of his subject and be profoundly earnest. Does he employ manuscript? Then he should be no less earnest, no less firm in tone or clear in expression than the preacher. He should be able at least to read his own writing, and to group his words significantly—a feat which sometimes baffles ministerial skill. It is painful to find a man degrading divine service by careless preparation, by slovenly reading or by indistinct mumbling. He who undertakes to spread the Gospel should bend his highest energies to the work and unless he does he is better out of the pulpit. We are not advocating flashy oratory for it is inconsistent with earnestness, thought and taste, the three elements of genuine eloquence. We want manliness and energy, we want the church to fulfil her mission.

To other students besides divinity students, elocution is very necessary. The law student, and, indeed, every student needs it. But as the Church looks to Trinity for her faithful clergy, Trinity is morally bound to supply the church with good readers and good speakers.

ALPHA.

A DAY'S YACHTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

It was a merry and somewhat noisy crowd that embarked one bright August morning in our little six-ton yacht to see all that could be seen of the Thousand Islands. There were about twenty persons, all told, in the party, which was made up of both sexes; small children were rigorously excluded, on the ground that they were nuisances, provision consumers and space occupiers. When we had stowed every one safely and comfortably away in the yacht, and had double-reefed the mainsail on account of the freshness of the wind and the timidity of some of the ladies, we swung out from the dock and were soon gliding over the river.

"Sailing 'mid islands green and fair
On broad St. Lawrence tides,
Where worldly thought and worldly care
All entrance are denied;
Nothing but nature still and sweet,
Nature beyond compare,
The shining water neath our feet,
Around the summer air."

The breeze was certainly one which even a sailor might call *spanking* and still retain his reputation for veracity. On the crest of every wave the white caps could be seen curling and seething as they passed again from foaming air-bubbles into water. From the bow of the yacht the water was thrown off in showers of spray, forcing those who had rashly taken a seat there to retreat to the stern, or put on their water proofs. A number preferred the latter alternative on account of the coolness and softness of the situation. There was nothing approaching to monotony on that charming summer morning, as we tacked and retacked in the channels between the islands. Everything was fresh and interesting to our visitors and we, who had long known and admired those familiar scenes were busily engaged in pointing out and naming the islands, and recalling all the stories and legends connected with them. Even the very shoals came in for a certain amount of attention, as the places which we must now steer clear of, and also as the ground of the fishing exploits of our younger days. The places would acquire an additional charm when it was known that such and such persons on board had had desperate struggles with huge fish at those very spots. Some of the minor details of the capture might be forgotten, but the main incidents and the weight of the fish *never*. It did not take us very long to reach the more open lake of the Thousand Islands, and, from our entrance upon it, we had a grand run on the quarter to the American side of the river, a distance of eight miles. We landed for a short time at an American town in order to allow our visitors a chance of seeing a real, live, Yankee in his natural place. After American customs, clothes and habitations had been thoroughly inspected, admired and criticised, and all our comments exhausted, we again embarked. The wind had fallen

somewhat while we were on shore, and when we returned our captain immediately shook out the two reefs which we had taken in at the beginning of our cruise. Later on in the day the wind became even lighter, and we were forced to hoist a top-sail. Knowing that the wind usually dropped with the setting of the sun, we prepared for any contingency of this sort by bringing along our light sails. After running down the American channel before the wind for three or four miles, we brought up under the lee of an island, landed and had a picnic dinner. Some of us then strolled about the island, some fished off the shore, while the lazier portion with cushions under their heads read the latest production of some eminent novelist, under the shadow of the spreading oak tree. Toward the end of the afternoon, our captain summoned us on board and remarked that we would not reach home very early, on account of the lightness of the wind. Only a few ripples disturbed the surface of the water; our mainsail hung listlessly down, and our topsails were doing all the work of locomotion. Conversation, which had been difficult to carry on in the morning, on account of the tendency of the leeward to run under water, now became general, and several of our number sung stirring songs and choruses, such as "Larboard Watch," "Laddie," &c. One of my comrades and fellow-campers had a splendid baritone voice, and as a leader in the choruses he was invaluable as his repertoire was inexhaustible. The presence of the water seemed to add a mellow effect to the songs, and to blend the different voices into one harmonious whole. After sunset, the brightest and loveliest moon of the year—the August harvest moon—shone forth in all its silvery effulgence, the scene was enough to satisfy the most fastidious lover of romance. The yacht glided along under full canvas like some spectral form, its white sails gleaming in the moonlight; the islands were softly and darkly outlined against the horizon. Here and there the cottages on them were illuminated with Chinese and Venetian lights, which presented a pretty effect. Most of the songs that were sung with the accompaniment of guitar and concertina, breathed of love and romance. Comic ones, however, were interspersed to relieve, as some one remarked, the feelings of the non-poetical and non-sentimental portion of the audience. The peals of musical laughter which come from the small row-boats around us, attested to the fact that our comic songs were appreciated by a larger number of persons than we had supposed. In fact, as we neared the town from which we had started, we found our yacht to be the centre about which numerous row-boats kept describing circumferences. Their approbation of applause was a deserved reward for the trouble which our songsters had taken in learning these songs. Having landed our visitors at the dock, we went on to the camp, and when we turned in that night, we were soon wrapped in a dreamless slumber, for the river air hath ever a somniferous influence.

G. N. B.

THE USEFULNESS OF EARTHQUAKES.

We have lately had fearful evidences of the energy of the earth's internal force. A vibration which, when considered with reference to the dimensions of the earth's globe, must be regarded as a minute quivering, has been sufficient to overthrow cities, to cause the death of many human beings, and to destroy property estimated at millions of dollars. Such a catastrophe as this serves to shew how poor a creature man is, in the presence of the grand workings of nature, and how his strongest buildings crumble into dust with the mere throes which accompany her unseen subterranean efforts. In the face of this, it may seem a paradox to assert that earthquakes are essentially preservative and restorative phenomena, yet such is the case. Had no earthquakes taken place, man would not now be inhabiting the earth; were there none to take place in future, his term of existence would certainly be more limited than now seems likely. There can be no doubt that at one time in this world's history, no land was visible above the surface of the water. In this state of things nothing but the earth's subterranean forces, could produce continents and islands; however, once they were formed a struggle began between them and their great enemy water; now, water works the destruction of land in two different ways. In the first place, the sea tends to destroy the land by beating against its shores, and thus continually washing it away. It may seem at first sight that the process must necessarily be a slow one, but we must bear in mind that we never have an opportunity of observing the full effects of this cause, as its action is always limited by opposing forces. Many instances of the sea's power of effecting the rapid destruction of land exist, notably on the coast line of Great Britain. Lyell relates a case where along the shores of Norfolk and Suffolk the decay had been so rapid that there was depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, at a point where fifty years before there stood a high cliff with houses upon it. Now this disintegration of land is proceeding, not only along the shores of Great Britain, but also of every country on the face of the earth. Here and there are instances where a contrary process seems in action—low-lying banks or shoals are formed,—but when we examine these, we find they are but fresh proofs of the destructive powers to which the land is subject, for they invariably consist of the debris of other coasts. Now there can be no doubt that of earth which is washed away by the action of the sea, by far the larger part finds its way to the bottom, a small portion only is brought to aid in the formation of this new land. Consequently the larger the shoal the larger must be the amount of land carried away never to reappear. If, therefore, we suppose the destruction of land to go on unchecked, it is apparent that at some time or other, the formation of these banks and shoals must come to an end, owing to the fact that the land from which they were supplied will have ceased to exist.

We now come to the second cause of the washing away of the land. Perhaps by some it will hardly be supposed that rain could have an appreciable influence on the demolition of continents. Still, such is the case, and it is sufficiently proved by the enormous deltas which have formed at the mouths of many rivers—in other words the actual growth of land through the effects of rainfall—is a proof how largely this cause must tend to destroy the interior of continents. We see then the necessity there is for some restorative force to counteract the destructive effects indicated above.

Now these effects are brought about by a levelling action, therefore the form of force necessary to counteract them must be one which tends to produce irregularities in the surface of the earth, and this can only be accomplished by upheaval and depression of the earth's crust. Thus, the very factors we require, are found in the earth's subterranean forces. In the first place, their action is not distributed with any approach to uniformity, hence, they are not likely to give to the earth's surface the figure of a perfect sphere. But more than this, it is known that the forces of upheaval act more powerfully under continents, while those of depression are most liable to effect the bed of the ocean, and as one cannot act without the other a balance is preserved. Of the effect of these forces in altering the level of the land there are many instances. They can best be observed in such countries as Chili and Peru where earthquake shocks are of frequent occurrence. In the former of these places a succession of shocks raised the whole coast line to the height of several feet, and at the same time caused a perceptible recession of the sea, and Darwin relates that in the Andes he saw beds of sea shells belonging to a recent species at a height of a quarter of a mile above the present sea-level. One of the most extraordinary of these upheavals on record, took place at Cutch in India, where a tract of country upwards of forty miles in length, was raised to a height of ten feet.

In these and other changes are we reminded of the great forces at work beneath the earth's surface, on every side we see nature's plastic hand modelling and re-modelling the earth in order, that it may be a fit abode for those who are to dwell upon it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR:—I should be very glad to see a much-needed reform, introduced this year, viz., a "cloakroom" for non-resident students. At present I, as a non-resident, am obliged to keep my gown, surplice, &c., in a friend's room, when I am not at the college, and I have to keep my hat, coat, &c., there when I am at the college. This arrangement works very well when one has a friend, but a stranger has a natural objection to imposing on men, on whom he has no claim. Further, if I keep my gown, &c., in my friend's room, he may possibly go out and lock his

door, which puts me in a fix, if I want to use my property.

I think that the authorities ought to consider the matter, and give the non-residents some convenience of this kind.

I remain yours,

A NON-RESIDENT.

Rouge et Noir.

Published by the Students of TRINITY COLLEGE. Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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EDITORS:

J. R. HASLAM.

W. DAVIS,

R. B. MATHESON.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

MICHAELMEAS TERM, 1886.

With this number the 8th volume of ROUGE ET NOIR commences, and this issue goes before the public bearing the impress of new editors, who claim from their fellow students and longsuffering readers in general, the same amount of courtesy and consideration as has been accorded to their predecessors. We, on our part, accept this *role* and the labor attached thereto with no idea that we shall escape criticism; however, it will be our endeavor to record impartially the thoughts and deeds of the College, and we hope that both students and *alumni* will help us by taking an increased interest in the paper, and support us by both literary and monetary contributions.

Let it be clearly understood that the editors have no interest in keeping the paper up, except the consideration of whatever advantage may accrue to the College. Their work is wholly a labor of love. In glancing back over the work done by our predecessors in office, we see much that affords us cause for satisfaction and encouragement; but while we write thus, we are well aware that their efforts have not culminated to that point known as the acme of perfection. Last year, in one or two instances where matters of discipline were involved, it may have appeared to some that the account of the matter in this paper was rather one-sided. But then it must be remembered that ROUGE ET NOIR is controlled by students, and that consequently it seems natural to use it as a weapon of defence, not of offence. Still we should always remember that every article which appears in our College paper should be written in the interest of the University. Indeed, everything which affects the well-being of the students ought also to affect that of the University, and when this is not so there is some fault on one side or the other.

Bearing this in mind, let us hope that the *renaissance* of ROUGE ET NOIR for this Collegiate year may be fraught with good results to all.

There are certain regulations with regard to the Supplementary Examinations of this College which are hard and inscrutable to the eye of the undergraduate mind. The hinderance they offer to the progress of the unsuccessful candidate is obvious, their utility very obscure. We refer to those regulations which, although they permit an unfortunate student, who has failed in perhaps only one or two subjects, to take the next year's lectures throughout the coming year, obliges him to take the whole of last year's Examination in June, and the Examination, the lectures of which he has been attending, in October. For instance a student of the first year failing in Mathematics, although he be permitted during the following year to attend second year lectures, will not be allowed to try his second year Examination in June, that he can try in October, but the whole of his first year Examination must be taken in June. To us this regulation which compels a Candidate to take double work, and not only does that but transposes the natural order of the Examinations as would make it most inconvenient for him, seems irrational. Nor is that all; we wonder why it is that men who fail in one subject (and have therefore satisfied their Examiners in the other departments), must take the *whole* of this year's work up again. The hinderance offered to the students progress is great, while, on the other hand, is there anything to be gained by it? We think not. Is there any reason why a student should not be allowed to take up the subject which he has failed in with his next year's work, and be examined upon it and the work for the year in June. This is the plan followed in Toronto University with regard to the Arts Course: But why go abroad for example? It is not the course pursued in other faculties of our own University, in the Law and in Medicine? We think the advantages of the scheme great and apparent, the disadvantages *nil*, and would therefore urge upon the authorities their careful consideration of the matter.

Once more it is our pleasing duty to extend a cordial welcome to the Freshmen class, and at the same time to make a few suggestions to them respecting their career in College, that is, if they do not already feel that they know all that is necessary to be known. First, we would urge upon you to take an interest in your College Societies, especially in the Literary. Many of our Graduates who have now attained to eminent positions in various paths, look back with feelings of pleasure to the evenings spent there, and trace its influence in their after life. Another thing. Do not become mere book-worms; by this we mean, do not be contented with simply confining yourself to the petty routine work of passing examinations. True, if you do so you may graduate as an honor-man; but

then you will also probably be a narrow-minded man, and utterly unfit to take your place in life's battle-field. Another drawback will be that you will have lost the chance of associating with your fellow-students, and of studying their character, which is probably the greatest boon of college life. Expand your reading if you wish to expand your minds, and take in as much as you possibly can of the great world of outside literature. Above all, we would counsel you to eschew idle and pernicious habits. Be earnest in all that you do, and remember in your transactions with your fellow-students to act as a gentleman, in the truest acceptation of the word.

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

This year the Literary Institute has opened under auspices of the most favourable character, the Freshmen turning out almost *en masse*, and evincing by their conduct the deepest interest in the Society. The first meeting was held on Friday, the 15th ult., when the following officers were elected:—President, E. C. Cayley, B.A.; Secretary, H. O. Tremayne, B.A.; Treasurer, C. H. Shutt; Curator, R. B. Matheson; Librarian, A. C. M. Bedford-Jones; Ex-officio, J. S. Broughall, J. B. Haslam. After the transaction of some routine business, the meeting adjourned.

On the 22nd ult., the introduction of new members was proceeded with, at the close of which a lively debate took place on the "Desirability of Resident Female Undergraduates." This being conducted altogether by Freshmen, was of an amusing character and ended in both sides claiming the victory. The first regular meeting was held on the 29th, when essays were read by Mr. A. Bedford-Jones on "Discretion," and by Mr. Lowe on "How far bare utility should be allowed to direct our reading." The debate for the evening was, "Resolved that the character of Shylock (in 'The Merchant of Venice') has points worthy of our admiration." The palm in this case was borne off by "negative" as the "affirmative" failed to convince the audience that Mr. Shylock was either an "ardent patriot" or "a man in whom benevolence was carried to an excess."

Tuesday, the 28th, being the anniversary of the Students, patron saints St. Simon and St. Jude, was celebrated in the usual manner, by the steeplechase in the morning and the dinner in the evening. Owing to heavy rains, the ground was in a wretched condition, still on the whole the racing was very fair and well contested, Messrs. Creighton, Shutt, and MacKenzie finishing 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively with only half a minute between each. The prizes were awarded at the dinner in the evening, at which about sixty sat down, Mr. E. C. Cayley, B.A., presiding. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all with speeches, music, etc. Proceedings terminated at twelve o'clock with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in the College hall, and St. Simon

and St. Jude's day was over after one of the most pleasant dinners held for many a year. The following was the toast list:—"The Queen," proposed by the chairman; "Our Graduates," proposed by Mr. Tremayne, replied to by Mr. R. B. Beaumont, B.A.; "Sister Universities," Mr. Davis, replied to by Mr. Ritchie (Queen's), Mr. F. T. Shutt (Toronto), Mr. Wilson (Trinity College, Dublin); "Our College Institutions," Mr. Cayley, B.A., replied to by Mr. J. B. Haslam; "Our Guests," Mr. MacKenzie, replied to by Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. C. Boulton, Mr. Miller; "The Freshmen," Mr. Fitzhugh, replied to by Mr. Houston and Mr. Smith.

It cannot be said that the prospects of the Football Club for this season look at all promising, as several of last year's team have retired from the field, and those who have been substituted are not nearly up to their standard. So far only one match has been played, that against Upper Canada College, and this resulted in a victory for the School. Of course in our favour it may be said that the team had not previously played together. Since then there have been but two practice matches, with the Varsity and Toronto, but in each case they resulted in a hollow victory for our opponents. The faults most observable in our men are poor team playing, bad tackling, and inability to pass. Until these are remedied there is but little chance of the Club's taking a prominent place in the football world.

PERSONALS.

C. R. Gunne, '78, head master of the High School at Markham, has been obliged to leave with his wife for California, on account of the latter's illness.

The Rev. C. B. Kenrick, '83, has been appointed to the curacy of St. Stephen's Church, Toronto.

The Rev. W. G. Aston is now curate to Rev. Dr. McNab at Bowmanville.

T. G. A. Wright, '86, has accepted a mastership in Trinity College School, Port Hope.

The Rev. C. C. Kemp, '84, has been appointed curate of Grace Church.

It gives us great pleasure to congratulate Mr. W. W. Jones, '84, on his batting average for the past season, it being the highest made in the Toronto Cricket Club.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. J. Godfrey, '82, has been taken into the law firm of Messrs. Stewart & Chrysler, Ottawa, and hope success may always attend him.

Mr. G. N. Beaumont, who was senior editor of this paper last year, has entered as a student-at-law at Osgoode Hall. He has attained to the high dignity of Secretary for the Legal and Literary Society.

Rev. H. H. Symonds, '83, who has been on a visit to England, has returned to the city.

It is rumored that the Rev. G. E. Haslam has resigned his position on the staff. We shall be sorry if this should prove correct, as, during his stay amongst us, he has obtained the good-will of all by his genial disposition, and his relations with the men have always been of a most friendly character.

The Rev. O. P. Ford, of Woodbridge, is about to transfer the field of his labors to the parish of St. Luke's, Toronto, where he has been appointed curate.

Mr. William Richardson, '63, whose abilities as an elocutionist have received favorable comment in the *Mail*, has left for Australia, where he purposes giving a series of public readings.

We hear that Mr. C. H. Brent, '84, intends leaving Buffalo to take the Rev. James Simpson's place in Trinity College School, Port Hope. The latter gentleman has resigned, and is about to engage in parish work.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

The increased number of resident students, and the consequent difficulty of some of the men in obtaining sitting rooms, brings forcibly before us the necessity of the projected new wing.

The oft-mooted scheme of fitting up that dilapidated hennery, commonly known as the gymnasium, has taken a definite form, and will go before the corporation. Should this be carried out a solid benefit would be conferred.

The annual steeple-chase, which took place on the morning of the festival of SS. Simon and Jude, proved one of the most exciting contests which has taken place for years. The course down the ravine was in a wretched condition, owing to the amount of excavation which has been going on there lately. Of the seven competitors, four were practically out of the race within 300 yards of the starting point, Messrs. Creighton, Shutt, and Mackenzie having assumed a considerable lead. These three were closely bunched for the remainder of the race, no decided advantage being gained until, at the fence a short distance from the winning post, Shutt passed through, followed by Creighton, who, in the space between the fence and the winning post, made a grand spurt, overhauling Shutt and winning by about forty yards; Shutt second, preceding Mackenzie, third, by nearly the same distance.

Complaints are current with regard to the practice of some men, who supply themselves to an unreasonable extent with the books required in their course, from the College Library. In some cases a man will secure a book on the first day of term and only return it on the last day, so that to one desiring that book, perhaps for purposes of reference, its presence is practically *nil*. This fashion of retaining books for an unlimited period defeats the main aim of the Library, and should be moderated,

A judicious disposition of a few gas jets in the murky depths of some of the corridors would be a boon. A well kalsomined coat is the reward of him who walks unwarily.

Mr. M. A. Mackenzie, '87, has been appointed "Scribe" of *Episcopor*, vice Mr. G. N. Beaumont, B.A., who has retired from our midst. The present Scribe is one eminently qualified for this position, and has announced his intention of bringing out the first number towards the end of the term.

We cannot congratulate the committee of SS. Simon and Jude upon the business-like manner in which they carried out their duties. Through some mismanagement on their part no invitations were issued, and it devolved upon the shoulders of others to supply an account for insertion in the daily papers. When men allow themselves to be placed on committees, they ought to be prepared to do the work.

EXCHANGES.

This month, owing probably to the fact that the various Colleges have not got into proper working order after the "long vac.," we have received but few exchanges.

The *Sunbeam* is to hand, looking as bright as its name indicates. The article on "Woman and Her Work"; is worthy of perusal. The arrangement of the paper, however, is not as good as it might be, the departments not being kept distinct.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, in common with several other college papers, raises the cry of "optional chapels," and remarks that "compulsion" is becoming an odious word among students.

In the *S. John's Magazine*, under the heading of "What Honor Course shall I take up," reference is made to "Moderns." We are glad to see that that seat of learning is giving to this subject the attention which it merits. One branch of this department, English, is, as a rule, quietly ignored by most of our Universities. The idea seems to be that a knowledge of it is *innate*. But, alas! how often do we find this theory disproved.

Acta Victoriana, in a well thought out article, weighs carefully both sides of the University Federation scheme. Judging from the summing up, the writer apparently considers that the preponderance of evidence points to the fact that it is likely to prove a mistake. He brings up France as an instance, showing how her great men are agreed that it is owing to the centralization of higher education, that she has sunk in the moral and intellectual sphere, during the past eighty-six years in which she has tried the experiment.

We acknowledge receipt of the following for October: *The Undergraduate, Adelpian, Lantern, Normal News, Educational Weekly, Critic, Troy Polytechnic, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Rockford Seminary.*

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