

# ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. VI.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, APRIL, 1885.

No. 2

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# ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. VI

TRINITY COLLEGE, APRIL, 1885.

No. 2

## CORNISH REMINISCENCES.

### A TRAMP TO THE LAND'S END.

It was still early when after a hearty Cornish breakfast, pasties, fresh mackerel, "fermads," and other delicacies for which the county is famous, we started for a ramble to the Land's End. A few of the village fathers were leaning against the iron railings that fringed the cliff overlooking our tiny harbour. They talked of the weather, the fishing, the "Salvation Army," for at the time that movement was making a considerable stir in the neighboring town, Penzance. Hearty, broad-shouldered, well-clad men, they smiled as they looked down upon the scene beneath. Newly painted luggers, trim taut little craft, were lying on the beach inside the pier, the wavelets were dancing in, splashing against the shining bows, breaking with all their diminutive force against the great ungainly feet by which the boats were supported. Bright-eyed, manly fisher lads, little and big, were playing at marbles, at pitch and toss on the broad expanse of dry sand. There and there upon the wharf groups of men were busily overhauling nets, filling water kegs, attending to the hundred other little duties incident to a fishing life. Whilst further away to the left several artists worked with a will to reproduce some of the beauties of that glorious forenoon.

Our road lay for some distance through one of those charming lanes so characteristic of England; high banks on either hand clothed with ferns, with violets and primroses dripping with dew, a natural screen overhead of furze and thorn and waving woodbine shading from the sun. Then for perhaps a mile it led through some of the most fertile land in all England, land for which ten pounds an acre or even more was paid each year, but which produced the finest broccoli, Brussels sprouts, and other vegetables of which tons were daily sent by rail during the season to supply the market of the Great Metropolis. So we reached Mousehole (Mousel), a picturesque little fishing village, taking its name from a cave, called on account of its shape, the Mouse's hole, which lay a little to the west of the village, and which, if report spoke truly, had often been used in the good old days when smuggling and wrecking were not unknown in Cornwall as a place for the concealment of contraband

stores. From Mousehole, a two miles' stretch along the cliffs, brought us to Lamorna Cove, one of the most charming pieces of rock and water scenery in this part of Cornwall, to-day the waves were dashing with great fury against the rocks which, wherever they presented a perpendicular face to the water were much scarred and broken. Already the hand of man had commenced to mar the beauty of the place, it was being extensively quarried and huge masses of granite—Lamorna Cove yields several very beautiful varieties—were lying here and there waiting till they should be broken up and squared and made suitable for building purposes. A row of these blocks, some of them eight or ten feet long, and proportionately broad and thick, stood out in all their native symmetry, almost ugly against the beautiful background of open sea and native fern-clad rock. A little stream bubbled through the centre of the valley, and this we followed till we reached the road, passing on the way an old-fashioned mill that had been standing in the days of good King Charles.

Keeping to the road, an hour's smart walking brought us to Trereen (Treen). But I must not omit mention of a circumstance which, at the time, struck us as being worthy of notice. A portion of the road was bordered by a bank of fine reddish clay, through which the road had been cut. Into its face had been driven several tunnels on the level with the road, five or six feet in height, the depth we did not venture to explore, and these had been used as a rude but very convenient kind of pig sty, the entrance being provided with a half door. Passing Trereen we again took to the fields, which are here divided from one another, not by wooden or natural fences, but by large, flat stones placed side by side, on end, and after a little hunting found the Logan. Of logging or rocking stones, there are many examples along the coast, but this one is, on account of its greater size, styled *par-excellence* the Logan, a great mass of rock, weighing more than seventy tons, perched high above the water on the side of the sea cliff, and so nicely balanced that by placing the shoulder underneath and straining upwards it can be made to move, but ever so slightly. Time was when far less force was needed to make it see-saw backwards and forwards when, as is reported, it swayed up and down moved by the blasts of the gales. But that was years ago, before a, thoughtless naval officer, with the help of a number of

his ship's crew, armed with capstan bars, heaved it from its place. Fortunately it fell but a short distance and was then jambed between the rocks. It was again replaced, but cannot log as formerly. We climbed up and heaved with the shoulder and probably moved the stone as much as others did and were satisfied. Then plucking a few fern fronds, afterwards most useful as fans to keep away the flies that were so troublesome, we followed the shortest route to Sennen, a little village within a mile or so of the Land's End.

Here at the "First and Last Inn in England," we rested; then, across the open country, over the crisp, short grass and dwarfed sea pinks, with the clearest of blue skies above and a pleasant breeze blowing in from the sea refreshing after our long tramp, we raced for the Land's End.

The guide books, those boons placed in the hands of bewildered travellers, warned us that we might perhaps be disappointed, and yet we were not, neither upon this nor upon subsequent visits. We stood upon the "Promontory of Blood" a granite headland, against which age after age, the full force of the Atlantic, when lashed into fury by the fiercest of gales, had broken. The storm swept westernmost barrier of Old England. We stood upon a spot hallowed in the eyes of Englishmen, by many associations. Had it been darkest night or had the sea mists been rolling in obscuring the view making everything damp and cheerless, we should still have felt in sympathy with the place. As it was, a feeling of awe seemed to grow upon us as we looked upon that wondrous prospect.

For an entire week a south-west gale had been blowing steadily, heaping up the water in the Channel, it had suddenly died out and was now followed by a fresh little breeze from an almost opposite quarter. Seaward, the view was magnificent. Far as the eye could see, great rollers, here and there capped with foam chased each other up Channel; between our point of vantage and the Long ship's light, two or three miles distant, there raced a mighty flood, an expanse of maddened waters tossing and heaving, a caldron of seething spume, which now and again borne upwards and streaming off, would leave clear places as the water in one of its more terrible throes welled up and rose a hillock of deepest blue green water flecked with foam spots. On the shore the waves seemed to throw themselves with the utmost passion, rearing their curling crests many feet upwards before they took the final plunge. We almost thought that we felt the solid ground tremble beneath our feet as the masses of water fell with a muffled roar. Far up the rock face the tongues of water would leap, churned till they looked like whipped cream, whilst above all and driving seawards great clouds of spray would be flung, obscuring for the moment the view, then paling off into the filmyest of blue against the glorious sky in the back ground.

As we watched this conflict between the sea and

land we could understand why those, who saw in the flashing lightning, the darts hurled by a deity; who thought that in the murmurings of the winds, the deeper cadences of the storms they could hear the voices of higher beings; should also regard these elements, land and water, as being, in some mysterious way, dowered with a *modus vivendi* of their own. The hissing of the water as it retreated broken, only again to renew the attack; the snaky coiling of the foamy arms over and around the projecting rocks; the hollow murmurings in the caves; the shaking the selves clear of the clinging waters by the dripping cliffs as they appeared to lift themselves above the waves after each recoil; all lent a strange appearance of reality.

We sat, it may have been for hours, I know not, spectators of the strife, and were taught by Nature herself how she works, how she cuts and carves and adorns with the finer chisellings the various lands. We saw her handiwork, nay more, we gazed within the portals of her workshop, and she was ready to teach. She showed us many of her secrets and we could only marvel.

The sun was now dipping to the west, warning us that evening was fast approaching. Having a long walk before us, we gathered with as much despatch as possible, such plants and specimens as came to hand and started homewards. We followed the path which wound along the cliffs for perhaps four miles, the waves thundering in almost beneath our feet. Past some of the most imposing scenery we had yet met with, past frowning Tol Pedn-Penwith, till we reached St. Levan. Then as the wind had again risen and the sky showed unmistakable signs of another storm, we turned inland and took the most direct route to Penzance.

HASSEN

---

BESIDE THE GATE.

(RONDEAU)

Beside the gate that swings between  
The highway and the sloping green,  
Awhile they stayed their willing feet,  
Within the moon-lit still retreat,  
That oft their trysting place had been  
He vowed that she was his heart's queen,  
Her reign, alas! was short, I ween,  
She wondered when they next would meet  
Beside the gate.

It was the influence of the scene  
No doubt—at twenty or nineteen  
Such things *may* make one indiscreet,  
And yet I deem they found it sweet,  
That farewell kiss, in leafy screen.

Beside the gate

J. ALMON RITCHIE.

---

That region of mournful sounds, where the ogre of grinding seldom reigned, the L. W. C., has not sustained its former reputation, and no longer issues from its corridor the droll echoes of departed dwellers.

## THE LAW'S MUTATIONS

I suppose that the laws of society touch and glance, hit and miss, with the law of the Infinite. I suppose that they hit and touch oftener to-day than they did a thousand years ago, when, instead of filing a bill of complaint the aggrieved filed a bill of challenge and counsel settled at swords' points their clients' differences. And yet, it may chance, that even now the issue of a contest at law, and that, too, without a single fact in dispute, will be more difficult to anticipate than was the issue of a trial of skill in the lists where the client might at least speculate on the known — on the tried valor, the brawny arm and the tempered armor of his counsel. Now, not unfrequently (with all due respect be it said) the balances of the blind-folded goddess incline, this way or that, with a full dinner or a gouty toe. \* \* \*

England's common law is as hoary as the Druids. It was, it is said, begotten of necessity upon the common sense of primitive English Society. Those, however, who first dealt in its crude maxims had little idea of founding a system or of serving any other than their own immediate ends. He who first daubed his right hand all over with ink and slapped it down on the parchment at the same time, that he gave utterance to the now fossilized phrase—then a very tangible fact—"Witness my hand," little dreamed how in the dim vistas of the rolling centuries his words were destined to perpetuate themselves, when the very age in which he lived had been forgotten. But although the offspring of so excellent a parent as Common Sense, common law early began to exhibit traits of wrong-headedness, and it soon became evident, to the lay mind at least, that between the parent, which, by the way, no one ever dreamed of recognizing as such, and the offspring there was deadly feud. The former was ever seeking to apply its rugged, uncut, unsystematized ideas to legal complications, whilst the latter resisted with all its might, and never ceased in its endeavor to make all acts that came within its purview square with its maxims. It invented quibbles and fictions to hide from its votaries the utter incompetency of its antiquated maxims to cope with the ever varying complications of a progressive society. How Common Law was ultimately rescued we shall see further on.

Speaking more particularly of criminal law, England's great commentator says: "It should be founded upon principles that are permanent, uniform and universal, and should be always conformable to the dictates of Truth and Justice, the feelings of humanity and the indelible rights of mankind." Here, however, the difficulty at once presents itself, that humanly considered, principles are *not*, as is assumed by the learned writer, either *permanent, uniform, or universal*, and even the "dictates of Truth and Justice" are one thing here in Toronto, and another in Zululand, are one thing with Herbert Spencer, and were something quite different with

his flaxen-haired, sea-pirate ancestor who swooped down upon the coast of England a thousand years ago. It is not very long since Lord Coke lived, and his was one of the master minds of his time. Upon principles which he deemed "permanent, uniform and universal and conformable to the dictates of Truth and Justice," he committed reputed witches to the flames. I suppose that our views on the subject of witchcraft are an accident of our birth in the 19th instead of the 16th century. A curious law—cited by Blackstone—at one time obtained in the Isle of Man. In that little territory the theft of a horse or an ox was adjudged a mere trespass, whilst he who stole a hen or pig lost his head. Here you observe the influence of surroundings. It was next to impossible to conceal in so small an island a stolen horse or ox, but a pig or hen might readily be hidden or consumed.

The Laws of Society are, then, or at least, ought to be, relative. As the Sciences, the pioneers of Social Progress hew out new realms of thought, and new fields of action are cleared, as society becomes acclimated to these and new order of things are established, so must the Laws of Society, if they are to fulfil their function, adapt themselves to the changed circumstances. But the genius of the law was early discovered to be Conservative. Dogmas were elevated to the dignity of principles, and undisputed sway was everywhere given to precedents. I suppose that the routine habits, the study of the law, is so well adapted to engender, has not been without its reacting influence. No doubt it was this disposition to follow precedent at all hazards that brought that celebrated corps of London Attorneys, The Devil's Invincibles, into such unenviable military notoriety. It is said that whenever their commanding officers gave them the word "charge," instead of fixing bayonets, two-thirds of the rank and file invariably took out their note books and wrote: "Six shillings and eight pence." \* \* \* But, whatever the cause, there can be no doubt as to the effect. The Common Law, instead of retaining its primitive simplicity and conscientiousness, gradually became harsh, rigid, formal. Then it was that our Equity Jurisprudence had its birth. That most high and mighty monarch King Edward I., did not fail to detect the impotency of the Common Law. He wisely called to his aid Common Sense, but foolishly hid her from view under the wig and gown of the keeper of his most august conscience. Jurisprudence had again unwittingly been established upon its true foundation, and for a time all things promised fair. The first Lord Chancellor who dabbled in matters litigious, was, of course, unhampered by precedents, and his common sense had a fair field. In its early days, Equity Jurisprudence was characterized by greater simplicity than symmetry, and there was no doubt more than a modicum of truth in the saying then current, and even yet quoted by disappointed suitors, "Equity is a roguish thing. 'Tis all one, as if they made the standard of measure the Chancellor's foot." \* \* \*

But, as not even the Lord Chancellor himself suspected upon what basis his jurisprudence really rested, no one will wonder that it soon came to pass that the least thing suitors in England had to complain of, was the simplicity of the system. Equity had followed in the steps of the Common Law and both were now arrived at the same goal. Something was again to be done to level up the *lex non scripta* to the standard of moral progress. But what? Was a new system to be again founded as was done in the case of Equity? Clearly not; for the theory of the divine right of kings upon which Equity had been built, was long since dead, and there was happily no similar theory upon which a similar system could be reared. Our law had again run to seed in the midst of a verdant, throbbing civilization. True, something was, from time to time, done by legislation, but legislation could not infuse life into a dry stalk.

Here, then, was the problem: To preserve the symmetry of the law, it was absolutely essential that the Courts generally should follow precedent, and whilst this general symmetry was not to be disturbed, some means were to be devised whereby law might be brought, and if possible, kept in sympathy with the progressive spirit of our institutions. In this, the law's dilemma, it was discovered, that jurisprudence might be made to contain within itself a self-regulating principle which, if developed, would render unnecessary that continual levelling up of our laws which social progress had previously demanded. This self-regulating principle lay concealed in the original jurisdiction which is the proper incident of appellate courts. Our court of final resort is not like our inferior courts, bound by precedents—nor, indeed, is it reasonable that it should be any more than that our legislatures of to-day should be bound irrevocably by laws passed by their ancestors.

No sooner was the original jurisdiction of courts of final resort fairly at work than a change came over the spirit of our jurisprudence. Nowhere was the change more noticeable than in the attitude of the Common Law and Equity Courts towards each other. At first the attitude of the Lord Chief Justice towards the Lord Chancellor had been that of the proud, self-conscious aristocrat towards a *novus homo* of yesterday. But as the Upstart made rapid strides in the popular favor and began to encroach upon the province of the old Patrician, who traced his ancestry back to the Stone Age, the latter developed feelings of uncharitableness towards the former, and the system that had been patronized and despised, came to be hated and feared; and as Equity, from time to time, took leaves from the Common Law book, as precedent drove Common Sense from our Equity Courts as long before it had driven her from our Courts of Common Law, this feeling was rather intensified than abated. During all these years the Lord Chief Justice had never once dreamed of the Lord Chancellor but as an interloper, and the Lord Chancellor knew the Lord Chief

Justice only as a muddle-headed old formalist, wedded to his quibbles and fictions. For a while, like angry fish wives, they were content to belabor each other with sarcasms and witticisms, but when at length these failed to vent the foul venom of their spleen, the two venerables fell to blows. But in the celebrated "Earl of Oxford case," it was not so much Chief Justice Coke and Chancellor Ellesmere that were by the ears—it was our two mighty systems of jurisprudence in deadly grip. Lord Coke, we are told, caused indictments to be preferred against the parties who had filed their bill in chancery, and on the other hand the Lord Chancellor directed the Attorney-General to prosecute in the Star Chamber those who had preferred the indictments. There truly was the unhappy suitor between Scylla and Charybdis. If he escaped the Lord Chief Justice, it was only to be swallowed up by the Lord Chancellor. But as the mutations of nature have left no trace of the bugbears of ancient navigators, so the evolutions of law have completely dispelled whatever cause the tempest tossed litigant, may have had to fear from the hostility of the two great systems which formerly divided between them the litigation of the people.

For the nonce, Equity triumphed, and the proud, decrepid old Common Law was forced to surrender without terms. This was, however, nothing more than the triumph of one set of formalists over another. A more potent influence was working itself out. Lord Eldon was the voice in the wilderness. His privilege it was to announce a self-sustaining jurisprudence, based not upon maxims, nor yet upon the King's conscience, but upon the nature of things. The workings of the new system began to be felt in the early part of the present century. Few even of the lawyers of the time recognized the importance of the change or suspected that the foundations of the law were being now laid. Such, however, was the fact. Law came again to be treated not as a bundle of maxims twisted by fictions to meet as best they could hard facts, but as the Common Sense guide for the regulation of society. With the original jurisdiction of Appellate Courts in full swing, both systems of jurisprudence were found to rest ultimately upon the same principles. The Lord Chief Justice came to recognize in the Lord Chancellor first a fellow, then a relative, and finally a brother, and much to their mutual chagrin they discovered that throughout all their bickerings the only thing there really had been to keep them apart was the few centuries that had intervened between their births. And when, good souls, (for after all the law has a tender heart) they came fully to appreciate their blood relationship in the fullness of their hearts, they fell each upon the neck of the other and embraced in the Judicature Act.

W. E. RANEY.

---

C. C. Kemp, B. A., was the fortunate winner of the Hamilton Memorial this year

## EPITAPH ON AN EARLY SETTLER.

Pause pilgrim footsteps ' rev'rently draw near,  
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

Mayhap he wander'd once by Yarrow's side,  
Or dreamed where Severn rolls in volumed tide.

Perchance his infant gaze first saw the light  
High lordly Snowdon's heaven-ambitioned height.

Or thrilled his boyish heart, in bygone days,  
At sound of stricken Erin's mournful lays.

Amid the crowded marts of Old World strife,  
He yearned to breathe a purer, fresher life

Brave heart! Beyond Atlantic's sullen roar  
He sought a home on this wild western shore.

His stalwart might and keen, unerring aim,  
Taught lurking savages to dread his name

In peril's midst he raised his cabin rude,  
And lived, his one companion—solitude.

Yet not his only one Where'er he trod  
In simple child-like faith he walk'd with God

With quenchless courage and unflinching toil  
Redeemed he day by day the unwilling soil.

Primeval gloom, beneath his sturdy blows  
Beam'd forth in glebes that blossomed as the rose

And years rolled by Europe her exiles sent—  
Around him grew a thriving settl' ment

Yet, it is not good for man to live alone,  
He wooed and won a maiden for his own

The flowers of June smiled on his marriage kiss,  
And thrice ten years he tasted wedded bliss

His children—born 'neath Freedom's own roof tree—  
Were cradled in the arms of Liberty

They lived to bless the author of their birth,  
And by their deeds renew'd his honest worth.

His neighbors loved the kindly, upright way  
Of one whose yea was Yea, whose nay was Nay.

And, did dispute arise, his word alone,  
Was jury, judge and verdict blent in one

Dark day which saw, and gloomier hearts which said,  
"The Father of the settlement is dead."

When full of years, beloved on ev'ry hand,  
His spirit left them for the Better Land

Tread softly stranger! Rev'rently draw near.  
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

HERWARD K. COCKIN

## A SCENE AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

During the Christmas vacation, the writer with some others wended his way down the slope of the St. Lawrence to enjoy the skating and ice-boating which its frozen surface afforded. The scene viewed from the shore was an animated one, and one which would have tempted any lover of these sports. Over the ice were scattered groups of persons, individuals of both sexes, small sleighs and dogs. At one place could be seen a lively crowd playing the game of Kangeio, a fine game, and one peculiar to the locality; in it speed and dodging powers are the requisites of success. At another spot a number of boys were tormenting a dog, which they knew could not catch them on account of the smoothness of the ice and their facilities for describing circles. In a more retired spot a portly old gentleman and other

novices were learning to skate, they were surrounded by a crowd of sympathisers who would give them hints and furtively watch to see their heels go up. Here and there, too, were ice-boats racing along with their complement of persons on board.

Scattered around were the islands which gradually sloping from their centres towards their shores, and snow-capped, resembled large white bossy shields of a whiteness undimmed by the soot and grime of urban smoke. From the chimneys of the small cottages on the islands a blue-white smoke slowly and lazily ascended, indicating the coldness and clearness of the air.

We quickly clasped on our skates and were soon gliding over the ice, not without some misgivings at first about our equilibrium which had not been disturbed to such an extent for a full year. However, a few minutes brought confidence and a more perpendicular position and we entered into the sport with zest. We proceeded to explore among the islands, noting what changes the frost had wrought on and about them since the summer. As we skated along we followed a labyrinth-like course among the islands in which the scene changed every minute. Wherever the water shallowed we could see through the transparent ice, the bottom of the river covered with shells, weeds and stones with a stray fish or two. Between two islands we saw a large net, beneath the ice stretching for a length of fifty feet and reaching to the bottom. In its meshes were fish of all sorts, some dead, some still struggling. The net was an illegal one, and had we been so disposed we might have taken the fish in it. Passing near the head of another island, we skated upon an area of ice arranged in a most remarkable manner. The ice had been broken up into small blocks by the wind and had frozen again in small squares alternately white and black, forming a number of perfect chess or draught boards. After further explorations which were rendered exciting by the fact that we did not know when we might pop into an air-hole in the ice on account of the treacherous currents, we returned to the more open sheet of ice whereon the ice-boats were manœuvring. We hailed one of these boats which luffed up in the wind and took us on board and then shot off again like the wind over a clear stretch of two miles.

These ice-boats are very simple in construction and not nearly so pretentious as their neighbors of the Hudson. They are wooden triangles with the mast at the middle of the base line and with iron runners at each of the three points. The runner at the apex also serves as a rudder, and is rigidly joined by means of a bolt to a tiller which the helmsman grasps. On approaching an island the helmsman cries, "ready about," and with a twist of the tiller he brings the boat on the next tack. But some of our party were not accustomed to such quick transition or transposition, for when we turned they did not remain with us. In fact they kept on in a course diametrically opposite to ours. For a complete

comprehension of this problem it might be added that an ice-boat can come about in some time less than a second.

The unfortunates picked themselves up and hurled maledictions at the helmsman but were answered by derisive laughter and by the assurance that they would be picked up on the next tack. The sensation produced by ice-boating is akin to that produced by riding on an unattached locomotive, without, however, the shaking and jolting motion of the latter. Ice-boating in a wind is very cold sport indeed and after such exercise it warms a person simply to get off the boat and stand still. This at least, is comparative warmth. There is a certain exhilaration about both ice-boating and skating, caused no doubt by the fresh air and the rapidity of travel. Perhaps there are no more enjoyable and healthful exercises in the whole catalogue than ice-boating and skating when we consider the number of games which can be played on skates and the excitement attendant on ice-boat racing. We recommend any one who is fond of excitement and who wishes to have his five senses rolled into one, to ride on an ice-boat with a large sail bulged out by a stiff breeze

G. N. B.

#### "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."

From the beginning Christianity has claimed to be in possession of two revelations of God -- one through nature, the other through His revealed Word. The first is an exposition of His power, the second an expression of His will. It was as the Creator of the heavens and the earth that the old Hebrews knew God, rather than as the Saviour of mankind. And we may safely say that their great faith and trust in God, which finds its expression in a poetry, whose grandeur inspires us with awe, was mainly due to the fact that they knew God best as the creator and sustainer of their daily and hourly environment. In the perpetual presence of nature they could hardly forget their God. A religion to live must have both these revelations. Without the one our religion is aimless, without the other it, in a great measure, must lose sight of the omnipotence and omnipresence of its author. The religion of the nature-worshipping Pagans is a grander thing to witness than the Pharisaism of the later Jewish economy. Unfortunately these two sources of revelation, which were meant to be complimentary, have been gradually divorced, until at last the devotees of religion and science have come to regard one another with mutual suspicion. We cannot help feeling that in this separation religion is the most to blame, it might have shown a more charitable forbearance in receiving the theories advanced by science, even if they seemed to clash with its dogmas so long as they were theories, confident that no *fact c.* science would discredit a single *fact* of revelation. The wisdom of this course is apparent even at this early stage of scientific advancement, for in those cases in which science did not

counter to revelation she has had to retrace her steps. The best way of finding out how far apart religion and science have drifted, is to note carefully the method adopted in the great majority of the more popular attempts at reconciliation which have appeared.

"Science is tired of reconciliations between two things which should never have been contrasted, and religion is offended by the patronage of an ally which it professes not to need." So they have been content to try and show that their spheres are mutually exclusive, and their proudest boast has been, that neither has absolutely condemned the other. A sorry spectacle, indeed! By the terms, religion and science we mean, those who have appeared as their representatives before the people, and the unfortunate result to which we have alluded, obtains not, of course, among theologians, but it certainly does obtain among the multitude, and this cannot be too much insisted upon. At this juncture, when the believers in revealed religion were longing to be able to offer an additional witness to the mere *ipse dixit* of revelation on behalf of their creed, when men were thinking if only we could offer a credential, that would commend itself to the man whose God is the God of nature, or in other words, if we could only vindicate the "naturalness of the supernatural," Mr. Drummond's book made its appearance with the startling title "Natural law in the Spiritual World." This book is an attempt to reconcile religion and science on an entirely new basis. The author sets himself the task of proving that the laws of the natural world and the laws of the spiritual world are *identical*. His plan is to trace the natural law up and try to join it on, as it were, to the corresponding law in the spiritual world, *e. g.* He observes the laws which govern the generation, growth, and decay of life in the natural world, and then tries to show that these very same laws operate in exactly the same way in the spiritual world in the generation, growth and decay of spiritual life. His plan of tracing the natural law is, instead of tracing the spiritual law down, has been severely criticised, why, we cannot understand.

It must be conceded on all hands that law in the spiritual world is not, *to most minds*, as clearly defined as law in the natural world, and, therefore, to begin with the better known and trace it up as far as is possible, is certainly better than to begin with a law which is to many, we may say, wavy and uncertain, and attempt to trace it down.

Mr. Drummond's main thesis, that the laws of the two worlds are identical, some think he hardly establishes, and when in applying his principle, his analogy forces him to declare that the "natural man" is as dead to the spiritual world as the stone is to the organic world, at first sight his theory certainly does seem at fault, but is it? Let us examine his terms, a total disregard of which has subjected him to endless charges of inconsistency. The term "Spiritual Life," is in this book exclusively



applied to the Christ-life of the new dispensation which Christian theology defines as "a new birth from God, a creative act, a *ktizem* by which the Christian is made partaker of a new vital energy, a new principle of life which is able to guide the Ethical tendency of his nature in conformity with the will of God." His "Spiritual man" then is possessed of the Christ-life of the New Testament. His "Natural man" has a soul, which longs for God, has a capacity for, and can find God so as to *know* Him (which is Spiritual life) if he will follow a process which is laid down in revelation, if he refuse to submit himself to that process clearly, he cannot have the benefits of it, he cannot, because he will not, (p. 109.) "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." This is the first step, and is done for us, we only accept it. But is this all? Is a healthy 'Spiritual life' guaranteed us from this moment? Mr. Drummond distinctly says *no*, we, by the help of this spiritual life have our part to perform. This is clearly defined to be a cutting off of the correspondences of our lower nature, and is gradual and difficult, and *is not done for us*, it is simply stating in other words, what our Catechism defines as an endless warfare against "The world, the flesh and the Devil."

This is one part of our task. The other is a reverse process, a more complete opening of the correspondences of our high nature, which is nothing less than communion with God, and is the highest form of prayer. The first step implies a voluntary act. Up to the end there is a ceaseless warfare, and yet it is said that Mr. Drummond is a Calvinist, that he makes us mere clay in the hands of the potter, and that he ignores man's moral responsibility and the free agency of his will, simply because, with scientific accuracy, he carefully distinguishes between the conditions which subserve to growth and the principles of growth, between which since the days of Hume, we are bound to distinguish.

A similar paradox occurs in the case of faith unto salvation, we cannot be saved without faith, yet it cannot be said that we owe our salvation to our faith. Likewise we cannot grow without striving, yet it is God who giveth the increase. To return then. His "Natural man" is possessed of a moral life or soul, with a desire and capacity for God and there is a way open to it by which it can if *he* will be put again in living communion with God, from which it has been cut off since man's fall. Now it is between these two kinds of life that Mr. Drummond draws a great distinction. The moral life he says is as far removed from the spiritual life as the stone is from the organic kingdom. In other words the difference is one not of degree but of kind. And if this is not the case where are we of the New Covenant better off than they of the Old, and what is the meaning of those oft repeated references to the "New birth," the "New creation" the "New creature?"

It cannot be denied that Mr. Drummond finds strong texts in the New Testament to support him here, but some theologians regard those texts as figurative. "Unless a man be born again of water and of the spirit," does not mean they say an actual new birth, unto a new life, but only a renewal. Is it impossible to regard these texts which are so numerous and so emphatic, literally? Especially when experience seems to show that the "Natural man" though he has a capacity for knowing God, yet does not enjoy a living communion with him. Is regeneration only a tonic? Mr. Drummond here experiences the same difficulty as theologians, and perhaps his theological terms may be open to correction, but let us not hastily condemn his theory in which perhaps the fault does not lie. If his law of biogenesis is true there are three gulfs fixed which science cannot bridge. Where did the first matter come from? Where did natural life come from? Where does spiritual life come from? In other words science cannot by evolution or any other means account for the origin of the physical universe, or for the progress from the inorganic to the organic, or from the organic to the spiritual. If Mr. Drummond can show that the break between the inorganic and organic kingdoms is paralleled in the break between the organic and the spiritual, does not that which was a stumbling block, a catastrophe in nature, then become a law—a law which prevents a lower kingdom having anything to do with a kingdom above it, unless that higher kingdom first gives it the power? If in the account of the creation in the first chapter of Genesis, we were to find that some provision had been made for the supply of the first matter and for bridging these two gulfs, other than by an *evolution upwards*, the evidence of the truth of Mr. Drummond's theory is trebly strengthened. On turning to the Hebrew of the first chapter of Genesis, we find in the first, twenty-first and twenty-seventh verses, which are respectively the three points at which these gulfs occur, a stronger word is used than elsewhere in this chapter, a word which is always used to indicate the direct interposition of the creative hand of God and *for that alone*. Remembering when this was written, we have here something more than a curious coincidence. In describing the growth of each of these kingdoms (e. g. v. 16, the creation of the sun, moon and stars) this stronger word is not used, thereby leaving room for evolution in each kingdom.

Let this much be said for Mr. Drummond's theory and let us turn now to the practical results of this remarkable book. At the outset the author says that he hopes there is nothing new in his book except the "setting" and if that were the case his point would be established, for he certainly establishes the analogy, and the only question is whether theology and science will corroborate his statement of their dogmas. Supposing that he does prove his point, the result is, that revelation and the visible universe have a common origin, and if this idea

could beget faith in the days of Abraham, surely we may safely say that in the nineteenth century, when science has begun to show how wonderful is the order of nature, to establish this would be to do away with apologetics, and rid the world of Agnosticism. Supposing that he does not actually show that the laws of the two worlds are identical. What then is the result? Is it failure? If it is, it is a failure greater than most successes. Mr Drummond proposes to himself three objects in writing this book. He wishes to satisfy the scientific demand of the age, to give greater clearness to religion practically, and to make religion rest on nature as well as on authority. To accomplish all that he attempts to do, would be indeed to satisfy the scientific demand of the age. But what he does actually accomplish, only falls short of this; for unquestionably he establishes an analogy, between the phenomena of the natural and spiritual worlds, which almost precludes the idea of their having had different authors.

The significance of his method and its results can hardly be appreciated unless we bear carefully in mind, the method employed by the greater part of popular apologetic literature up to this time. Its method, as we have shown was to reconcile religion and science, by showing that their spheres are mutually exclusive and the results were essentially of a negative character. So that science and revelation, our two methods of getting at a knowledge of God, instead of being allies have come to be little short of enemies; hence the shyness of religion in listening to science, and the scarcely disguised contempt of science for a religion resting solely on authority. Mr. Drummond has at least peremptorily denounced this terrible mistake and let us be grateful to him for it. He has attempted a reconciliation by showing the close analogy between the laws pervading both spheres. He has given Apologetics an impulse in the right direction and one it must and can keep if religion be true. How far the lack of faith in our day may be traced to this divorce between religion and science, which certainly exists in the popular mind, and how much our faith may gain in earnestness and depth by dwelling on the power of God as disclosed in the works of nature, as we dwell on His will as disclosed in Revelation, it is impossible to calculate. The existence of this analogy between things spiritual and things temporal, the knowledge that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," the certainty that the mysteries of religion are but the mysteries of the natural world, has been a very open secret among theologians, ever since Christ preached in parables, and for that very reason this book has not struck theologians as forcibly as it has struck many, to whom these things have not been so clear. And there are many who have no idea that the position of religion in this quarter is so strong.

No one who has read this book can deny that if the sole object of the writer had been to give a greater clear-

ness to religion practically, it is well deserving of its popularity; and here again the theologian finds nothing new—at least in the conception of the Christian's life actually being a life subject to the law of spiritual biology. They have known it and have preached it for hundreds of years, but men have not always understood it. The writer in his clear, crisp style has preached this doctrine boldly and in a concrete form, which nobody can misunderstand. "Until Christ be formed in you" has been to many a very metaphorical expression. Our author has left no doubt that a great change is necessary, before the merely-moral man can be said to be possessed of a life which is conforming him to the image of his Master. And he has given to this hitherto often ridiculous (?) doctrine a scientific *raison d'être*.

A very severe critic in the English *Guardian* has censured Mr. Drummond for exalting religion at the expense of morality. But when we find that this means that Mr. Drummond has made religion the basis of true morality, instead of morality the basis of religion (as this captious critic says it is) we receive no small comfort, especially if the thirteenth article which speaks of good works before justification, occurs to our mind. We have always thought that it is the peculiar boast of Christianity that alone among religious systems, it makes religion the basis of all true morality. It is one of the very corner stones of our faith and to establish it has been one of the greatest difficulties with which Christian theology has had to contend. The clear distinction which Mr. Drummond here draws between morality and religion is not the least important result of a book which has been read with advantage by many, and may be read with advantage by all.

E. C. C.

#### THE STARS OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Floecy white clouds that fold  
The far deep azure of Heaven,  
White stars shine on your breasts,  
I count them and they are seven

Seven white stars that shine:  
Seven white wheeling caudles,  
Seven white spirits tall,  
Shod in their golden sandals.

Glowing mild moon afar,  
Serene in her silver sea  
Billows that never fall,  
Nor rise, as it seems to me:

Only the stars speed on,  
O'er mists that are the Earth's years  
Into the moon's great heart—  
A haven fashioned in tears.

This is the reign of peace:  
Night fleeth far from God's face:  
Lo! In the East a Sun—  
Christ in the arms of Grace.

—Hessie Gilbert Parker.

## Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1885.

THE editorial heart is not so calloused as not to appreciate the many kind words uttered upon the contents and appearance of the first number of the new volume. To those who have shown their appreciation of our efforts, our thanks are due, but especially to those who have *substantially* aided us, are we indebted, and here we beg to remind graduates and others that we sincerely desire their subscriptions, inasmuch as this paper is the organ of the students and College, and should receive their earnest support.

THE outlook for the coming season at cricket and tennis is particularly bright, but care should be taken that the interests of the two do not clash. We have always maintained a great veneration for the "noble game," and the prestige of former years should lead our men to the idea of sustaining our reputation. Tennis is, however, a later introduction, and to those who do not play cricket, presents a pleasant and healthy means of recreation. To both sports we wish success, but trust that the newer game may not in any way interfere with our former prowess.

A change has been made in the time fixed for sending in prize compositions and we cannot divine the reason therefor. Not a single argument occurs to us in favor of the change, while one, and that a very weighty one, comes to our mind against it. Men in College of average ability, and these form the most numerous and most substantial part of our attendance, find their mid-summer examination all they can prepare and often more, and they are thus denied an opportunity to consider a subject with such care, and to write with such accuracy as the preparation of prize compositions should receive. The object of composition, is to excite interest in matters outside of College work proper and to stimulate men to improvement in the expression of their thoughts, and these ends the present arrangement is calculated to defeat. It should be remembered that reflection, and perfection are not accomplished in haste, and true culture does not consist in crowding an excess of work into a stint of time.

ATTENTION was drawn in our last issue to the fact that side by side with his theological studies it was of vital importance to the Divinity student, to pay attention to elocution, and the art of extempore speaking. There is one other thing which the divinity student must not overlook, viz., that in a long course of study extending perhaps over as many as four years, during which time he lives a life of comparative seclusion, he is apt to lose a something which fits him for daily intercourse with women and children. It was a saying of Dr. Arnold that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state, unless his heart was kept tender by *mingling with children or frequent intercourse with the poor and suffering*. If then something could be found, which would at once give practice in extempore speaking and foster that social element in man which the hard student is so prone to lose, it would be of the greatest importance that all so circumstanced should at once avail themselves of it. What we are in need of is to be found in the conducting of cottage meetings and missions among the poorer classes of the large city parishes. Such a mission has lately been started in St. George's parish, under the direction of the curate, Mr. Moore, an old Trinity graduate, and some Divinity students have already offered to assist.

If helpers could only be found, we have no doubt, that the clergy of many of the large parishes throughout the city, would be glad to set similar organizations on foot.

### SOME PHASES OF THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Much ink was expended on the recent discussions of the University question. Competent critics spake cautiously and sparingly, and weighed well their statements before rushing into print. But hot-headed enthusiasts, impatient of careful deliberation, plied the public press with reams of correspondence, contributing little or no light to the real question at issue, and engaging, by their rancour and bitterness, the passing attention of a gossipy public. Our graduates were discreet in their utterances, and, though appearing to lack due interest when the discussion was actively going on, they demonstrated, by their reticence, their faithfulness to their *Alma Mater*, the honor of which they refused to compromise by purposeless polemics. There was, it is true, many a defence set forth, many an argument pointed by Trinity's sons, but they were the defences of calm reasoning, the arguments of charitable advocacy. We take this opportunity of according our thanks to our friends who supported us, when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and especially are our thanks due to the *Dominion Churchman*. This journal, though connected with Trinity in no way save by bonds of affection and of esteem, never hesitated to stoutly vindicate our position and our rights. Indeed it erred through over-much zeal. We cannot endorse its eager efforts to prove University College

"godless," or to hold that institution responsible for the vicious tenets of the Secularists. If *godless* has a meaning, that meaning is *without God*, and this epithet cannot be justly applied to a College, the students of which are largely drawn from four Divinity Halls and support a Young Men's Christian Association. *Secular* teaching may also suggest *Secularism* to ears open to every cavil, but the justice of fathering a villainous and mis-named society on a pure and legitimate instruction, solely, it would appear, from a coincidence in terms, is exceedingly problematic. Besides, too great zeal may thwart the very object which it is intended to promote, and is calculated to occasion contempt where interest and respect should alone exist. The imputation, on grounds of debatable validity, that University College is "godless," and connives at Secularism, and the implication, from hypotheses equally questionable, that Trinity is an El Dorado of Christian influence are not, to us, a sufficient *raison d'être*. We insist on Christian instruction, not because it fortifies the mind against the possibility of doubt and unbelief (for it frequently does not) but because the giants of religious thought and the heralds of the Gospel are *deserving* of consideration, and their writings form a *necessary* factor of a liberal culture as well as the first principles of an elementary education. It is possible for a University to reject theological literature from its calendar without incurring the sobriquet of "godless," but we maintain that, under such circumstances, the education is necessarily *incomplete* and lacks an *important* essential element.

Exception must also be taken to the encomiums passed upon our social virtues by the *Dominion Churchman*. Merit will always commend itself and the article referred to was, therefore, of doubtful benefit to us, while it did positive injustice to University College. It is by no means easy to discriminate a true gentleman. The jargon of clubs, and the standards of modern society insist on birth, money, manners, and perhaps education as the necessary qualifications for this distinction, but accurate lexicography exacts high moral character alone. The power to brand a man a gentleman, (to use the term in its best sense, and this is the only desirable sense) presupposes, then, an intimate knowledge of his life and character, and such knowledge our reviewer does not possess of even a small proportion of Trinity men. Social excellencies Trinity can rightly claim, but their proclamation by a public crier does not enhance their value. They will be manifested in due time, and any attempt to bring them prematurely and boastfully before public attention is productive of no advantage, and savors not a little of the tactics of travelling minstrels. The *Varsity* waxed wrothy over the indignities put upon University College and its irritation was justifiable, but we counsel it to strictly confine its remarks to the aggressor and not to use its liberty of defence as "a cloak of maliciousness."

Our attitude towards the *Dominion Churchman* will

not, we trust, be misunderstood. Its devotion to our interests has been cordial and, in the main, agreeable. The attempt on the part of the *Evangelical Churchman*, after the consecration of our new chapel to attach the red rag of partyism to our banner of Catholic truth, was promptly and summarily resented—and this is an instance of the many kindnesses received through the columns of the *Dominion Churchman*.

We are not insensible to these civilities; we would be unreasonable if we were. But, aside from our obligations we must deplore the unnecessary antipathy shown to an institution, different, it may be, from our ideal, but still a mighty means of educational advancement and a worthy object of Provincial pride.

T. G. A. Wright

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### CRICKET.

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The annual meeting of the Cricket Club was held on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., in the Dining Hall, the Provost in the chair. After a very satisfactory report made by last year's committee, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, the Provost; First Vice-President, the Dean; Second Vice-President, the Rev. J. Scott Howard; Secretary, H. W. Church; Treasurer, C. B. Beck; Committee, A. C. Allan, H. O. Tremayne and S. D. Hague, B. A.; Delegates to the Ontario Cricket Association, W. W. Jones, B. A., A. C. Allan and S. D. Hague, B. A. The season promises to be a most successful one, and already the following probable fixtures have been arranged:

2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> May 16th, St. George's.  
 16<sup>th</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> " " 23<sup>rd</sup>, East Toronto.  
 " 25th, Bankers of Ontario. *Forwards*  
 " 30th, Trinity College School.  
 8<sup>th</sup> June 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>, Toronto University.  
 " 11th, Toronto.

In all probability, the matches, with the exception of the one with Trinity College School will be played on our own grounds.

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### TO A BAS-BLEU.

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I, fair lady, could not tell,  
 If I chose,  
 Could I, I perhaps the spell  
 Might disclose,  
 What in your bewitching ways  
 Or in the way you make your J's,  
 What it can be that betrays  
 Azure hose.

You the praise Comte or Tyndall  
 Rarely chant,  
 And upon the improved spindle  
 Ne'er descant.  
 There's omniscience in your eye,  
 Though you lack that ultra dye  
 Usually affected by  
*Femmes savantes.*

Skill you may have to dissect  
 Frog or toad,  
 Poison in a gas detect,  
 Or explode  
 Hydrogen in a retort.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Rather do I think your forte  
Vivisection of a sort  
    *A la mode.*

For O, lady, you to tortures  
    Subject me.  
And without remorse distort *your*  
    *faithfully*  
On a rack. Ah worse renewal  
Of the days of stake and fuel,  
To be cut by fair one cruel  
    All U. P.

Blues may, as a rule, prefer a  
    Solemn tonic.  
Whose dim pages p raps inter a  
    Greece or Rome  
Slumbrous histories of the past.  
*They re—well the reverse of fast,*  
Very blue, in fact, one vast  
    Monochrome.

Learned maiden you can kill  
    With those eyes.  
Though from Thales down to Mill  
    Who more wise?  
Yes of course your sort are fewish  
Staid, yet on occasion *mouish*,  
On the whole a kind of bluish  
    Compromise.

Oh, to know of *is* and o'her  
    *Osophus!*  
Abelard—a female "brother"  
    At his knees—  
Could instruct in P's or Q's  
The bewitchingest of Blues,  
For her wisdom who'd abuse,  
    Heloise?

If though, lady, by a process  
    So reversed,  
And administered in doses  
    Mild at first,  
You would as instructress act,  
I might find some things attract  
Which before this I've in fact  
    Sometimes cursed.

Through the *calculus* to dawdle,  
    Fair, with you,  
Or decipher Sanskrit twaddle.  
    Yes a few  
Other things I'd do with unction—  
Fall in love with "*theta* function,"  
Though the same I with compunction  
    Now eschew.

I might come to think the Aorist  
    Different quite,  
Me at present roots the rarest  
    Don't invite.  
Yet they should with you as tutor—  
Silver then what now seems pewter—  
You'd p'raps listen to a suitor,  
    Erudite.

Did he in the Zenovest  
    Pleasure see;  
Could he Locke with ease digest.  
    Then might he.  
Prove to you how true that heart is  
Which of him a throbbing part is,  
By the *Elementa Artis*  
    *Legitae.*

WALTER ROGERS.

We take pleasure in announcing that an article has been promised for an early number of ROUGE ET NOIR by the Rev. W. E. Graham, Rector of Thorold. Mr. J. E. Collins will also contribute an interesting paper on "A Night with Wreckers in Newfoundland," and the Rev. H. G. Parker, a careful review of "Matthew Arnold as a Poet."

From J. B. Huling, Chicago, we acknowledge the receipt of two small pamphlets on "Punctuation" and "Abbreviated Longhand," which will be found of much use to those requiring their aid.

In the form of an Easter greeting, Rev. H. G. Parker has collected his late poetical contributions to the *Canadian Missionary*, the *Current*, the *Week* and our columns, the whole forming a series of bright Easter verse of much merit.

Mr. J. E. Collins, who has undergone the scrutiny of the House of Commons, has had accepted a series of delightful Newfoundland articles by *St. Nicholas* and *Wide-Awake*, while the London *Field* recently published a valuable contribution on the same subject.

The *Century* will shortly publish an exquisite verse, entitled "Bird Voices," by Archibald Lampman, B. A., of this University. Mr. Lampman's genius is monthly receiving greater recognition from the American press. Mr. C. G. D. Roberts has also contributed to the same magazine a poem of much force, called "Canada," which will, doubtless, receive dissection from the more conservative publications of this country by reason of the strong strain of independence which rings throughout its lines. *Outing*, for April, contains, by this talented poet, a pleasing narrative of "Birch and Blade in New Brunswick Waters."

Those who remember the "College Chronicle" in the New York *World*, will be pleased to learn that the energetic collector of college news is not idle in his later days, as he has evinced the same indefatigable interest in 'cycling as he did in University intelligence, and Karl Kron has, in the course of preparation, a valuable wheeling guide now in the printer's hand. "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" will contain 350 pages, 12 mo., and will appear in July. It will be the narration of numerous personal trips made throughout this country, the United States and Bermuda. The price is \$1, and as soon as the limit—three thousand—is reached, will be raised to \$1.50. We are pleased to find that the list has already reached 2,693. The author's address is Karl Kron, 56 University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

A CRITIQUE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EXPOSITION OF THE ILLATIVE SENSE, in a letter to Archbishop Lynch, by T. A. Haultain, M. A., (Williamson & Co., 1885.)—Whatever may be the excellencies or defects of Cardinal Newman's intellect, he has generally been credited with the power to produce the most lucid and fervent English. His poetry is good, thoughtful, deep, tender. But his prose is the very model of pure, rich, energetic English. We may, therefore, suspect that, when his meaning becomes uncertain or obscure, it is because there is something not quite definite in his thought. This conviction was forced upon us long ago by the perusal of some por-

tions of the Cardinal's "Grammar of Assent," and it is revised by the criticism contained in the able pamphlet before us. What is this *Illative Sense* by which we are to arrive at truths undiscernible by logic, deductive or inductive? It seems to be a great many things; but it is very difficult to come to any conclusion which can be expressed in perfectly intelligible language. It is a "mental faculty" and there is committed to it "the sole and final judgment on the validity of an inference in concrete matter." It is "the regulating principle of all reasoning." Again, it is a "natural, uncultivated faculty, sometimes approaching to a gift," a "native good sense," and so forth. Upon this Mr. Haultain reasonably remarks: "We might very pardonably conjecture that this sense was a sort of logical *clairvoyance*, which overleapt the bounds of ordinary reasoning, and was only saved from the epithet of irrational by the fact that its exploits were utterly inconceivable." We need not pursue the subject further in this place, but will refer our readers to the pamphlet itself in which Mr. Haultain sufficiently points out and proves that the illative sense proceeds by methods which are not recognized by science, and attains results which cannot in any reasonable manner be verified—in other words, that its processes are illegitimate and its conclusions worthless.

*Edw. H. Clarke*

#### ABOUT COLLEGE.

We welcome back again A. C. Allan, who, having recovered from his long illness, is once more ready to trundle the cricket ball.

We congratulate John Carter, '82, upon his recent success at Oxford, where he has secured a valuable exhibition. Mr. Carter will spend the "long" in Germany.

Already work for the University examinations, which begin June 17th, has commenced in College, and callers of an evening are particularly requested to withhold their kindly attention for a later period—after twelve.

The Wilderness is nothing if not inventive, and rather than belie its reputation, two worthy denizens of that mystic region have recently devised new systems styled philosophy, and a religion for youth. When the world is to be enlightened with the doctrines inculcated remains a mystery, but the probability is that residents will hear of the new theories upon the first visit of the originators to view the famous animal of the Antipodes.

Trinity has sent her quota of men to the North-West to maintain the country's and her own dignity. We sincerely regret losing from residence G. H. Broughall, B. A., who has proved himself an invaluable "head." We can only look forward to his early and safe return, and extend to him in the present time our best wishes for his safety. Mr. R. B. Beaumont, B. A., is also in the same company

with our late "head," and to him also we wish the best under the present trying circumstances.

We take much pleasure in congratulating Rev. T. B. Angell, last year's senior editor, on his recent engagement. We wish him every happiness that this change in life can possibly bring, and whilst we would have him in every way true to his new charge, we trust he will not forget his old one, ROUGE ET NOIR. As some of our readers may not know the nature of the engagement to which we refer, we would inform them that Mr. Angell has been engaged by Rev. Canon Beck, to fill the curacy of St. John's, Peterborough.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Monday afternoon, in the Provost's lecture room to effect an organization for the present season. S. D. Hague, B. A., was elected President; W. A. H. Lewin, Secretary-Treasurer; and E. C. Cayley, W. G. Aston, with the Secretary, Committee. The prospects for the season are unusually bright and the members have gone to work with a will, and only await the proper condition of the courts to don their flannels.

The Rev. Geo. Haslam, M. A., of our Scientific Department, has just completed an *atometer*. This complicated and perfect contrivance, which has been placed over the gymnasium, is intended to measure with the greatest accuracy atmospheric evaporation. The learned gentleman we believe intends to make a full report of his invention, and of the results attained by it, before some of the scientific societies. In our next issue we hope to be able to give some interesting figures, which he has promised us.

Another one of our men, who has not been in residence for several years, yet withal a most valiant defender of our reputation upon the cricket and foot ball fields, has left Toronto, having volunteered as a member of the Red Cross Corps to humanely render assistance to those in need in the North-West. We refer of course to D. O. R. Jones, who has just added the proud mark, M. D., C. M., to his name. We tender to the Doctor our heartiest wishes for a speedy return.

Of the celebrated priest, rendered famous by Lord Beaconsfield, recently sent out by the English Romanists to win converts to the Papacy, a good example is told of the repartee of an Anglican clergyman. In a certain American town this eloquent divine delivered a lecture and afterwards was tendered a reception, at which this English clergyman, well-known for his manly expression of opinions, which are ranked as "decidedly high" among his brethren, attended. Reluctantly he was presented to the Romish dignitary, who greeted him with the supercilious drawl: "An Episcopal minister, I believe?" With a glance at the Roman, and a sense of his own position, came back the answer from the Churchman, "No sir! A priest of the Anglo-Catholic Church."



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