

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. VII.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JULY, 1886.

No. 4.

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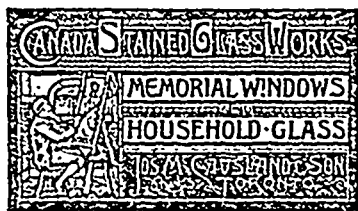
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PAST YEARS.

The years fly past as swiftly as bird-flocks,
 Unfettered, in the sky direct their way
 To sunny climes when winter's breath is chill ;
 But not like birds return departed years :
 When gone, forever gone are they, and we
 Must live the present for eternity,
 Using the growing past by grace of God
 In the pure light of our blest Lord's commands,
 As a dear guiding friend by whom we may
 While sight is dim, be led with step secure,
 Through all the varied dangers of the way.

JAMES GEORGE LEWIS.

COLLEGE LIFE.

So many hours must I take my rest,
 So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport myself.

Shakespeare.

What a strange mixture college life is, partly ideal, partly realistic, the latter trait predominating towards and during examination time. The ding-dong of the chapel bell, unromantic though it seemed at one time, if heard by us in passing the college gate on our way to our business or professional duties, would recall many episodes, phases and scenes of college life. We would mentally run over the names of the men in our year, and consider how much their failure or success depended on the character which

they exhibited there. This retrospect might be a melancholy one ; at all events it could do us little good after graduation, for we have already hit or missed the mark so far as college is concerned, but the expression of it might benefit some one. When a man comes up to college as a matriculant he generally carries with him a vast fund of enthusiasm and originality, and on the continued possession of these, depends, for the most part, his future success. For enthusiasm rightly controlled and directed is one of the highest and best of nature's gifts. It impels him to work through thick and thin against heavy odds and obstacles, and lends an interest to his work which might otherwise have been wearisome. The moral in this is to keep up your enthusiasm, and also your originality, if you have any, for as soon as you have lost these two factors in your character you drop into mediocrity ; and mediocrity simply means that you are the second-hand copy of another man. Of course a distinction must be drawn between originality and eccentricity. A man is naturally original, but he becomes eccentric through habit, striving for effect, absent-mindedness or something of that sort ; so that extreme eccentricity is a bad sort of originality after all. There is no evenness or smoothness about an eccentric man, he is always at right angles with himself or somebody else. If, then, a man come up to college with much true originality, albeit he may have an air of freshness and locality about him, deal gently with him, lest you extinguish this feature altogether or turn it into eccentricity.

College life can be made an ideal existence by maintaining a proper balance between work and pleasure, for I do not believe an ideal life consists altogether in one or the other. Let us imagine that a freshman, after a struggle (perhaps a hard one) with the examination papers, has obtained sufficient marks at the June exam. to ensure his passing. During all the summer months up to October his enthusiasm is on the increase as he contemplates his future college life, and when he arrives at college he is boiling over with it. It may be that he is struck with the quietness of his reception on his arrival : he sees no large expectant crowd ; he hears no brass band or anything of that sort. But such omissions will occur in the best regulated colleges. In spite of this he proceeds to immerse himself within collegiate walls, and after waiting for a few hours he has his room assigned to him. About this time

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several seniors appear solicitous, almost anxious, about his future welfare. They have furniture, books, etc., to dispose of at an enormous reduction. Will he inspect them? He would inspect anything in those days, and he at once assents. Some of the articles are damaged or broken, but he is assured they are all the better for that, and he hears much talk about the venerable traditions attached to such and such things. So he pays for the traditions and obtains the article. After his room is furnished he is at liberty to look about him and to see how he can use his time to the best advantage, and it is at this point that many mistakes are made. For some immediately drop into an easy-going, indolent style of life, which they never entirely shake off during their university course. Sometime or other they will be compelled to make up for the time lost by the same hard work which they took so much trouble to avoid during their erratic career at college. Others fall into the opposite error, and strive, for the first month perhaps, to include the whole curriculum in their course of study. The result is that many of them become so disgusted with their want of success that they drop everything but what is strictly necessary. This is a case of misdirected enthusiasm, and consequently of violent reaction. One honor course is enough, aye, more than enough, for the great majority. Radical profundity can only be expected in one branch, but as a set-off to the exclusiveness of one line of study a student should join the literary society, an athletic club, and wield the pen on behalf of his college paper. If a student were to devote himself, as every loyal student should, to the literary society and the college paper, he would be surprised at his own facility in writing and speaking at the end of three years. The popularity of a student in a college is no more determined by his stand at the examinations than it is by the amount of money he possesses, but he is judged by his zeal and loyalty for college customs and institutions, by the social and literary qualities which he possesses, by the liberal distribution of his time and talents in the interest of his Alma Mater and fellow students. After all when a man leaves college it is not the stiff course which he has taken that will remain longest in the "invidious halls where memory dwells," but his fondest recollections will be of the literary institute with all its keen cross-firing and persiflage, its votes of censure and want of confidence.

ACHILLES' SHIELD.

It has before now been remarked by Homeric scholars that the description of Achilles' shield occupies a somewhat anomalous position in the "Iliad." Viewed on the one hand, it would seem as if the description were out of place—indeed, it might be looked upon as a complete poem in itself—whilst on the other, it is plain that Homer led up to a description of the shield by a series of intro-

ductory events. An argument commonly urged against the genuineness of the "shield" is founded on the length and stilted character of the description. Grote indeed admits the force of this argument, and concedes the possibility that the "Shield of Achilles" may be an interpolation—perhaps the work of another hand. That the length of the description should be an argument against the genuineness of the passage is not at all conclusive. Events have been hastening to a crisis up to the end of Book XVII., but this action is checked by the "O ρ lopœia" in Book XVIII. Yet it is quite in accordance with Homer's manner to introduce between two series of important events an interval of events wholly different in character from those of either series. This we notice in Books IX. and X. Here the appeal to Achilles and the night adventure of Diomed and Ulysses are interposed between the first great victory of the Trojans and the struggle in which Patroclus is slain and Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed and others wounded. Indeed in such an arrangement admirable taste and judgment is exhibited, and the contrast between action and inaction is conceived in the true poetic spirit. As a rule there is scarcely a noted author whose works do not afford instances of corresponding contrasts. How skillfully Shakespeare for example has interposed the "bald disjointed chat" of the sleepy porter between the conscience-wrought horror of Duncan's murderers and the "horror, horror, horror" which "tongue nor heart could not conceive nor name" of his followers. In Dickens' works the same thing is to be observed, and his contrasts between the humorous and pathetic are very effective.

Scarcely any one, I think, can read a description of the shield without wondering that Homer should describe the shield of a mortal hero as adorned with so many and such important objects. Amongst others we find the sun, moon, stars—objects better fitted to adorn the temple of a deity than the shield of a hero. Even on the *Ægis* of Zeus much less descriptive talent has been expended; indeed it is dismissed in five lines, while one hundred and thirty are employed in the description of the celestial and terrestrial objects depicted on the shield of Achilles.

Another circumstance which attracts notice is the disproportionate importance attached to the shield as compared to the rest of the armour, the description of which is disposed of in four lines. Undoubtedly the shield formed the principal portion of a hero's armour. Still that is not sufficient reason to account for such a disproportion in the description,

But apart from all this is the occurrence, in a poem ascribed to Hesiod, of the description of the "Shield of Hercules," which is undoubtedly only another version of the "Shield of Achilles." That this is not Hesiod's work there can be but little doubt, as it exhibits no trace of his dry, didactic style. Some have ascribed the "Shield of Hercules" to an imitator of Homer, but a comparison of the two descriptions shews us that in many places they

are absolutely identical, and this would certainly not have happened if one had been an honest imitation of the other. Again, those parts of the "Shield of Hercules" which have no counter-parts in the "Shield of Achilles" are too well conceived and expressed to be ascribed to an inferior poet—a poet so inferior as to be reduced to the necessity of simply re-producing Homer's words in other parts of the poem. Those parts which admit of comparison—where, for instance, the same objects are described, but in different terms—in the "Shield of Hercules" are certainly inferior. The description is injured by the addition of inharmonious details. Thus it seems likely that both are by the same poet, and they undoubtedly shew traces of Homer's handiwork. Assigning both poems to Homer, the "Shield of Hercules" may be regarded, not as an expansion (in parts) of the "Shield of Achilles," but as an earlier work of Homer's, improved when he desired to fit it into the plan of the Iliad. Every reader of Homer is familiar with the fact that the poet constantly makes use of expressions, and often even of complete passages, which have already been applied in a corresponding or sometimes even in a wholly different relation. A long message is delivered in the very words which have been already used by the sender of the message. A well-known instance of this is in Book II., where not only is a message delivered thus, but the person who receives it repeats it to others in precisely the same terms. This peculiarity would be a blemish in a written poem. Tennyson indeed falls into the habit—for instance, he twice in his "Enid" repeats the line:

"As careful robins eye the delver's toil,"

but with a good taste which prevents the repetition from becoming offensive. The fact is, this peculiarity marks Homer as the *singer* rather than the *writer* of poetry. Not that we would wish to accept the theory that the "Iliad" is a mere string of ballads, but that the whole poem was sung by Homer at those prolonged festivals which formed a characteristic peculiarity of Achaean manners.

Homer reciting an elaborate poem of his own composition would of necessity occasionally vary the order of events, add new episodes, and extemporize as the song proceeded. The art of extemporizing depends on the capacity for composing fresh matter while the tongue is engaged in the recital of matter already composed. This we have reason to believe Homer did, and that having in his earlier days composed a poem which was applicable, with slight alterations, to the story of the "Iliad" he would endeavor by a suitable arrangement of the plan of his narrative to introduce the lines whose recital had long since become familiar to him. For instance, it is by no means necessary to the plot of the "Iliad" that Achilles should lose the armour given to Pelus as a dowry with Thetis. On the contrary, in order to bring this about, the poet has gone considerably out of his way. Patroclus has to be ingeniously disposed of, while the armour he had

worn is seized by Hector, and we have the additional improbability that the armour of the great Achilles should fit such inferior beings as Patroclus and Hector. Indeed the aid of Zeus has to be invoked ere this can be accomplished. It is quite clear that the narrative would not have been impaired had Patroclus fought in his own armour. His death was sufficient cause to arouse the wrath of Achilles against Hector, though certainly the hero's grief for his armour is almost as poignant as his sorrow for his friend's death.

It is probable, therefore, that the description of "Achilles' Shield" is an interpolation fitted into the plot of the "Iliad" by the poet in the only way he found available, and that the description both of it and the "Shield of Hercules" clearly refers to the same object.

THE THREE PILGRIMS.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

In days, when the fruit of men's labour was sparing,
And hearts were weary and nigh to break,
A sweet grave man, with a beautiful bearing,
Came to us once in the fields, and spake.

He told us of Roma, the marvellous city,
And of One that came from the living God,
The Virgin's Son, who in heavenly pity,
Bore for His people the rood and rod.

And how at Roma the gods were broken,
The new was strong, and the old nigh dead,
And love was more than a bare word spoken,
For the sick were healed and the poor were fed.

And we sat mute at his feet, and hearkened:
The grave man came in an hour, and went,
But a new light shone on a land long darkened;
The toil was weary; the fruit was spent.

So we came south, till we saw the city,
Speeding three of us, hand in hand,
Seeking peace and the bread of pity,
Journeying out of the Umbrian land;

Till we saw from the hills, in a dazzled coma,
Over the vines that the wind made shiver,
Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
Palace and temple, and winding river.

And we stood long in a dream and waited,
Watching and praying and purified,
And came at last to the walls belated,
Entering in at the eventide.

And many met us with song and dancing,
Mantled in skins and crowned with flowers,
Waving goblets and torches glancing,
Faces drunken, that grinned in ours:

And one, that ran in the midst, came near us—
 "Crown yourselves for the feast," he said,
 But we cried out, that the God might hear us,
 "Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

And they took us each by the hand with laughter;
 Their eyes were haggard and red with wine;
 They haled us on, and we followed after,
 "We will shew you the new God's shrine."

Ah, woe to our tongues, that, forever unsleeping,
 Harp and uncover the old hot care,
 The soothing ash from the embers sweeping,
 Wherever the soles of our sad feet fare.

Ah, we were simple minds, not knowing,
 How dreadful the heart of a man might be;
 But the knowledge of evil is mighty of growing;
 Only the deaf and the blind are free.

We came to a garden of beauty and pleasure—
 It was not the way that our own feet chose—
 Where a revel was whirling in many a measure,
 And the myriad roar of a great crowd rose.

And the midmost round of the place was reddened
 With pillars of fire in a great high ring—
 One look—and our souls forever were deadened,
 Though our feet yet move, and our dreams yet sting

For we saw that each was a live man flaming,
 Limbs that a human mother bore,
 And a thing of horror was done, past naming,
 And the crowd spun round, and we saw no more.

And he that ran in the midst, descreying,
 Lifted his hand with a foul red sneer,
 And smote us each and the other, crying
 "Thus we worship the new God here.

"The Cæsar comes, and the people's pæans
 Hail his name for the new made light,
 Pitch and the flesh of the Galileans,
 Torches fit for a Roman night."

And we fell down to the earth, and sickened,
 Moaning, three of us, head by head,
 "Where is He, whom the good God quickened?
 Where is Jesus, the living bread?"

Yet ever we heard, in the foul mirth turning,
 Man and woman and child go by,
 And ever the yells of the charre' men burning,
 Piercing heavenward, cry on cry.

And we lay there, till the frightful revel
 Died in the dawn with a few short moans
 Of some that knelt in the wan and level
 Shadows that fell from the blackened bones.

Sick with horror and numb with pity,
 The heart of each as an iron weight.
 We crept in the dawn from the awful city,
 Journeying out of the seaward gate.

And the great sun came from the sea before us,
 A soft wind blew from the scented south;
 But our eyes knew not of the steps that bore us
 Down to the ships at the Tiber's mouth.

And we prayed then, as we turned our faces
 Over the sea to the living God,
 That our graves might be in the fierce bare places,
 Where never the foot of a live man trod.

And we set sail in the noon, not caring
 Whither the prow of the dark ship came—
 No more over the old ways faring—
 For the sea was cold, but the land was flame.

And the keen ship sped, and a deadly coma
 Blotted away from our eyes forever,
 Tower on tower, the great city Roma,
 Palace and temple and yellow river.

OTTAWA, Ont.

ANIMA.

"Man surrenders not to the angels, nor to death
 (utterly), save only through the weakness of his own will."
 Bold words, and the assertion of a fearless thinker. So
 thought I as I pondered over them and tried to ascertain
 their true meaning.

Some distance from me sounded the joyous voices of my
 friends. We had been merry-making all day, but now
 the sun was declining. Many of us, tired and hot from
 playing games and boating on the river, sought the cool
 groves along the water's edge. I stopped for a moment
 to sit down beneath the shade of a tall fir tree; my com-
 panions went on. I was alone. Having taken a book
 from my pocket and opened it at random, my eye was
 caught by the passage which had set me musing. The
 time and situation were favourable for contemplation.
 Distant sounds of merriment, heard from a retired spot,
 suggest a sense of loneliness and isolation to the hearer.
 He feels more lonely than if all was quiet around him,
 and he is disposed to bend his mind to serious thoughts.
 I strove for some time to unravel the meaning of the
 writer. At length, feeling weary both in mind and body,
 I laid aside the book.

Now if the spot was favourable for contemplation it was
 also favourable for slumber, and this I soon found out.
 The wind moaned mournfully through the branches of the
 fir tree. The water at intervals gently lapped the bank as
 a zephyr now and then ruffled the surface of the river. The
 beams of the setting sun pierced feebly through the foliage.
 I could hear the muffled stroke of oars far up the river.
 I fell asleep.

Then I thought the scene changed.

The sound of human voices died away; the gentle breeze which had just now rustled fitfully through the branches of the fir tree, changed to stormy gusts, which whistled and howled with rage. The gentle lapping of water against the bank changed to the angry dashing of waves against a rock-bound coast.

The glancing sunbeams became the pale rays of the moon, coming with cold and weird effulgence through an open casement and falling upon a bare floor. The Humber's narrow stream had expanded and become a boundless ocean, with huge waves, whose white tips flashed now and again as the light of the moon fell upon them. The shady bower had become a room in the bastion of a sea-girt fortress. The stroke of the oars changed to the measured tread of the midnight sentinel.

Soon the wind died away, and the waves, no longer dashing in headlong succession against the foot of the crag, now broke upon it at regular intervals with a sullen and menacing roar.

I became dimly conscious that I was not alone in the room. A shapeless mass of vapour appeared hovering over the spot where the moonbeams fell upon the floor.

Now the vapour as I gazed upon it took form slowly but perceptibly. The form was human, and the features I recognized as being those of one I had long known but had not for some time had any direct communication with. The form and features remained in semi-transparent vapour, but they were now quite familiar to me, and seemed in some strange manner to represent myself.

I had gone to sleep thinking of the words of the poet concerning the "will." It now occurred to me that this weird, though familiar form might answer my questions, and reveal to me the meaning of the strange words of the writer. I accordingly asked the form to explain the meaning of the passage.

For some time no direct answer was given. At length, however, the presence replied as follows:

"There are," it said, "three classes of minds—

"1st. Those which obey the dictates of a well-directed conscience.

"2nd. Those which have seared the conscience, as it were, with a hot iron; who have continued in a course of wrongdoing until the warnings of the conscience have become feebler and feebler, until at last they cease to have any effect whatever.

"3rd. There are those who have, as it were committed their consciences to the keeping of others, and follow blindly in the footsteps of their fellow men regardless of the consequences.

"May not men be divided into these three classes?" asked the Shadow. Upon consideration I answered that I thought they might. "But will you not," I said, "illustrate your meaning more clearly?" "Willingly," it replied,

"Are there not," it said, "those who do right (namely, that which their conscience tells them is right) without counting the cost? And are not these members of the first class? Can they not be known by their very speech?

"Then there are those who, pretending to act and work for the advancement of the 'Kingdom of God' and the benefit of their fellow-men, really but serve their own interests. They at length become so accustomed to deceiving others that they deceive themselves. These are members of the second class.

"Then, too, there are those who, while attacking the sin, really attack the sinner personally. It is not the wrong which they hate, but the wrong-doer. They deceive themselves into thinking that they are zealous for the cause of religion. But it is their own cause and the cause of their party which they are striving to advance. And any one who opposes them they would trample under their feet if they dared. These also belong to the second class.

"Then as to the third class, there are those who when asked to adopt a certain line of action or to discontinue some practice which is doing harm, say: 'This will offend so-and-so,' 'That will cause a scandal,' 'I have every confidence in such-and-such a person.'

"Now the speech of such persons betrays them. Then some persons, though not following in the footsteps of others on every occasion, yet in some cases when their conscience suggests a doubt, instead of investigating for themselves, trust to their superiors, and allow themselves to be persuaded into adopting a course of conduct which their conduct does not fully indorse. Thus they commit their consciences to the keeping of others. But will those others answer for them and be responsible for their actions when the day of reckoning comes? Truly 'there is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.'

"There are many other kinds of persons, but they may be all grouped under one of the three classes, as those who neglect their duty through fear of ridicule or censure, and those so-called practical people, who are very careful concerning the things of time, but neglect considerations which affect eternity. Very practical indeed to sacrifice the cycles of eternity for the three or fourscore years of time."

"This is all true," I said, "yet what bearing has it upon the question I asked you concerning man's life being terminated through the weakness of his will?"

"Can you not understand?" said the phantom. "Man surrenders not to the angels, that is, in this case, to the malignant powers of darkness, until he has by searing his conscience weakened its effects upon his powers of volition, so that his decisions are not based upon the promptings of his conscience. He thus wills evil, that is weakness. Or else he has given up his conscience, and with it his powers of volition, to others. In either case the same effect follows, and the will, that is the soul, is destroyed, while yet the man himself in a physical sense lives.

"Now this destruction of the moral principle is the real death, for the soul is the immortal part of man. Whereas the thing you call death is but a temporary suspension of the physical existence, which physical existence will again be renewed in another world if the soul be not destroyed."

Encouraged by this more definite answer I thought I would hazard a more direct question, and gain an explanation of something which had weighed upon my mind for some little time. So again addressing the phantom, I said: "Oh! Spirit, will you tell me the reason of the sudden apparent change in manner of one whom I ——?" But with a sudden clang the iron shutter was blown to the moonlight, and the spirit vanished—all was darkness.

I awoke and found myself lying with my face on the ground by the side of the root of the old fir tree upon which I had been reclining, and from which I had rolled.

The dream had come to an abrupt conclusion in its most interesting part. Dreams generally do, especially day dreams.

So now, having slept for nearly an hour, and feeling refreshed, I rejoined my companions, and found that they were just getting ready for tea. We continued our merry-making until it was time for us to go on board the steamer which was to take us back to Toronto. AU REVOIR.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

This is one of the common types of humanity among us: the old broken down veteran, with iron grey grizzly moustache, bristling chin, and piercing eye, is distinguished from the common herd of men by his erect carriage (though probably accompanied by an unsteady step).

"Yes! I served in the army in 18——, against the Rooshians," and he straightens himself up at the thought of it. He takes no notice of the remark of one of his audience who inquires if he belonged to the Salvation Army. He is aware of the dignity of his position, and strives to maintain it, which is a somewhat difficult task, as he is in a chronic state of "fulness," though not made full as Bacon suggests by reading.

He borrows a stick or cane and describes the battle of ——, shouting the orders. As he gives out each command, he traces the course of the corps across the path with the point of his stick, and then mimics the movements of the different kinds of troops; shouldering arms with the infantry, dashing along with the cavalry, plunging with the artillery. As he shouts the old vigour is renewed in his limbs, the old fire flashes in his eye, he is again at Inkermann.

Will he sing? Yes! Clearing his throat he begins, at first not very steadily, then more firmly and clearly, as he is again in thought among his comrades by the camp fire, on the eve of battle some thirty years ago. He remembers the lusty way they shouted the chorus of "The Old Black

Watch;" or perhaps it was "Annie Laurie," and he recalls to mind the *Annie Laurie* he then thought of, whose bright rosy face he had left a little tear-stained not many months before, on the eve of the departure of his regiment; and how he had at the time pressed the broken half sixpence which she had given him as a love token. As he finishes, his eye begins to glisten with moisture. There is silence for a moment, and then somebody asks him if he will not take a drop; at first he refuses, but on further pressure yields, and consents to drink for the sake of "the good old times." After that he is soon transformed into the cheery, dissipated, old vagabond that he was before.

The music of a military band, the sight of a body of volunteers, a bugle call, quickens these old wretches into their former life. I have seen one who must have been over six feet in height before he began his wandering life, whose skin hung on his bones as though there was no flesh to fill it out, so patched was his coat that it would be difficult to tell which was the original cloth. I have seen this old wreck seize his tattered hat and standing erect wave it in the air, and cheer with delight at a regiment of volunteers marching past. He recognized them as brethren and rejoiced as this reminded him of better days.

R. B. M.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

With sparkling eyes and flowing curls she came,
So lightly tripping past the garden stile;
Before she spoke I knew it was some game
That I must join, or tell, to make her smile.

Some tale of Friar Tuck, of ancient fame,
Who buffets did exchange with good King Dick;
Or ask her sympathy for Bluebeard's dame,
And the small boy whom too much pie made sick.

So coming to this youthful pleader
She plants herself on my rheumatic knee,
And tossing back the curls which oft impede her
Light blue eyes in gazing up at me.

Desires a story, one unheard before,
"A story of some little girl like me."
A new one I have not in all my store,
And so compose one on this maiden wee.

The story told, the likeness is too strong
To satisfy this maid, whose age is ten,
A tale of work—for play neglected long—
With merry laugh she skips away again.

And leaves me, the deceiver, all alone,
To read my book, from her sweet plaguing face,
And wonder how it is her childish tone
Can plead for her so irresistibly.

R. B. M.

CONFESSIONS OF HIGGS.

I have sad, very sad, recollections of a visit which I paid a year ago to some relatives of mine who live at Turnipton, a small country village. Not that my friends did not do all they could to make my stay with them a pleasant one; on the contrary, they exerted themselves to the utmost to please me. Uncle Simon would insist upon my taking at least five of his fine fresh eggs and three cups of tea, bowls I would call them, for breakfast. No, it was not that which made matters unpleasant; it was those little imps, with straw hat, red shirt, and pantaloons hung with one suspender. They remembered me before I had gone to the city, and was not quite so polished as I am now.

Uncle Simon met me at the station with his hay wagon. He had just been putting in a load of hay, and had come on with the wagon for my box. My cousin Tim was with him. That young scamp was leader of the gang which brought me all my trouble. Not having seen me for years, he stood for a moment gazing with open-mouthed astonishment at my white cravat and bull-dog collar. I was rather pleased at this effect. The greetings over, we mounted the cart and started off to the farm, which is a little outside the village. Aunt Sue received me with open arms, and told me I had "grewed."

After tea, putting on a little side, I drew out my new two dollar cigar-case and offered Uncle Simon a weed. I abused the brand a good deal, (they were two-for-twenty-five. It is rarely I indulge in so good a cigar, but I was bent on making a good impression). Uncle took me out to admire the stock, and after a little conversation about the city, the family retired early, as the next day was Sunday, and my relatives were very observant of the Sabbath.

Next morning I went with my uncle and Aunt to church. Tim had gone up into the gallery, where he joined five or six congenial spirits. On entering the family pew I was surprised and delighted to find Juliana Swinger there. She noticed me as I entered, and turning smiled sweetly upon me. Miss Swinger is the young lady for whom I have entertained tender feelings. What a happy hour I spent in that old church! I am afraid I heard very little of the sermon.

As soon as church was over I joined my dear Juliana. She said she was staying with her mother at the village hotel until her father should call for them, and then they were all going on to T—.

I was delighted at this news, as I would be able to spend a few days in her company. At the gate of the churchyard that rascal Tim had arranged all his *confreres* in a line, and as we passed, raising their hands and opening their mouths and eyes to the full extent, they exclaimed: "Great Scott! Ain't he a swell! Just look at the size of his collar!" I had liked the effect that my dress had produced on Tim at the station, but this was rather overdoing it, and I disliked it especially as I was walking

with Juliana. I made arrangements for an afternoon stroll with Miss Swinger, and went home to dinner.

Juliana came down to the parlour dressed in white muslin. How fresh and sweet she looked! I remember it even now. We walked out by the brook, and talked of poetry and flowers. Coming to a shady hollow where the stream bent its course we stopped and sat down. There, owing, I suppose, to the surrounding scene and that beautiful being, my companion, I gradually became spooney, and, after a while, just as I was raising her shapely hand to my lips, following as closely as I could remember the manner of Lord B—, in one of the Duchess' novels, I suddenly heard a shout of "Ah! drop that!" Raising my head quickly I saw behind a bush not ten yards ahead, Tim and two other scapegraces with fishing rods in their hands.

Confusion! they had been sitting there fishing and watching us all the time. Off they scampered. Miss Swinger, blushing a deep crimson, rose and said coldly: "I think we had better be moving, Mr. Higgs." We turned back, but soon the coldness vanished, and all was bright again. I gathered water lilies for her, and she twined them into a girdle for her waist. There was one large beauty at the end of a log reaching out into the creek, which she particularly wished to have. Now I am a nervous man, the most nervous in Spiff & Co.'s gents' furnishing establishment. When nearing the lily, and balancing myself on the log as best I could, I heard a shout: "Look out! There's a bull dog climbin' out arter yer!" Losing my balance, I fell floundering into a mass of floating weeds. When I rose up again, full of wrath, indignation and slimy water, through the foul weeds straggling over my head and down my face, I could catch a glimpse of Miss Swinger shrieking with laughter, and those three scoundrels up on the bank enjoying it. Imagine the dismay and confusion I was in, and, worse than all, before Juliana.

Of course I could not accompany Miss Swinger to her hotel in that plight. The weeds were straggling over my white vest; my two and a-half inch collar clung to my neck; my hat had fallen off and floated down the stream. I was dripping and miserable.

I felt too much ashamed to be seen by Juliana after that. Her father joined her the next day, and she went off with him. I returned to the city broken-hearted. I saw Juliana, my adored one, a month afterwards in town. Oh, joy! rapture! Did she smile at me? Alas! no. It was my hated rival, Smithers, who stepped past me and joined her. I hear she is going out to Turnipton again this year. I shall try to get a week's holiday from my employer, and will visit my uncle's while she is there, but I shall take good care to arrange for that scamp Tim.

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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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

EASTER TERM, 1886.

After this issue we are going off on a holiday jaunt whether to the continent or to some rural district is yet a matter of conjecture. Wherever we go we intend to lead, for a while at least, a *dolce far niente* existence, and as a consequence no paper need be expected by our anxious subscribers for the next three months. After the vacation our successors will no doubt return with a fresh stock of enthusiasm and ideas, and infuse new life into the paper. But the men who are in college next year must not forget the prime necessity of a college paper, literary contributions from undergraduates, for on the number and quality of these the success of the paper depends. On looking over the numbers for the past year we are not ashamed of their contents. It is true that mistakes have been made, typographical and otherwise, but perfection falls to the lot of few, and these few are very few indeed. To our subscribers and contributors we are especially indebted (although some of the former are still indebted to us) and to them we proffer our sincere thanks. To all we wish a pleasant vacation.

Ere this issue reaches our subscribers the final farewells will have been spoken; the last hand shakes will have been given amongst us, and men who have been associated for three or four happy years will be separated; some perchance never to meet again. We say happy years, for never again will it be granted us to know the same freedom from care that marks our college life, and thus it is we say our farewells sadly, especially to the class of '86, who shall be with us no more. May we say to those students whose college days are ended. Let it not be the end of study days. During your three or four years you have only succeeded in laying the foundation for a wider and deeper knowledge to be acquired by contact and intercourse with the world. You have but reached the portals leading into the land of knowledge, see that you remain not there. Education is of but little use if it fails to teach us to grasp more fully the thoughts of the wise and great

by means of which life is made nobler. Let onward and upward in the path of knowledge be your motto. *Sic itur ad astra*. And to those remaining with us we would counsel. Ever follow the good example of your predecessors, eschew the evil. There is no time left for useless dreaming of what may be, or mourning over what might have been. Action is called for, we live in the present. If each student will only bear this in mind, he will not rest satisfied with any half completed work which it is in his power to perfect, but every action will bear the impress of his best endeavors. Then, when his career as a college student is over, when he is about to leave his *Alma Mater* for ever, and the panorama of life opens, with all its pleasing prospects, before him, he will be able manfully to look futurity in the face, knowing that he has done his part, and that his labour will not be in vain. Remember always, that whatever foundation we lay, be it good or bad, so also will our after life be.

All the contributions in this edition were sent in by students attending lectures in Trinity, with one exception, a selected poem from the pen of a graduate, Mr. Lampman, to whom ROUGE ET NOIR is indebted for a number of its poems and articles. This poem came out in the Canada Methodist Magazine, and we publish it for two reasons. Firstly, because we consider it to be one of his best productions, and secondly, because we wish to urge on English Churchmen in Canada, if not the necessity, at least the advisability, of establishing such a magazine as the Methodists have established. Among our own graduates there are several literary men, and we are sure that such a publication would receive their hearty support. Who will move first in this matter?

The following is an excerpt from the address of the Bishop, to the Anglican Synod in the Diocese of Toronto with reference to this University:

"The claims of our Church University upon the support of our Church people ought to be more widely known, more generally understood more liberally responded to. Its creation was the crowning work of the venerable first Bishop's educational efforts; it was the cherished object of his love and care; it possesses a Royal charter for the conferring of degrees; it boasts a staff of professors and teachers of the highest academical distinctions, appliances for the study of natural and physical science equal to the demands of modern advanced research; a handsome pile of buildings, with library, convocation hall and chapel that are a credit to the Church; it is the one seat of higher learning where secular teaching is not divorced from religious Christian training. (Applause.) It stands for a witness in vindication of the truth that the true education is the complete education of the entire man, body, soul and spirit, in the knowledge which is only complete when it proceeds

from centres in, and is crowned by the eternal Truth, which is divine. (Applause.) An explanation why these great advantages are not more largely sought after by Church of England students is, no doubt, to be found in a common impression that Trinity is merely a theological college. It cannot be made too clearly and widely understood by its friends that it is an arts university, with a full course in every branch—classics, mathematics, languages, philosophy and science, and with faculties in divinity, law, medicine and music."

We quote the above in order to shew that we are not alone when we deplore the fact that this University is regarded by the general public as merely a Theological College. This is a much to be regretted state of affairs, more especially as we fail to see any good reason why this opinion should have been allowed to obtain such a firm hold on the public. With our numerous scholarships and prizes, with our staff of professors and lecturers second to none in Canada, why we cannot obtain a larger percentage of students from the various educational centres of the country, seems to us a matter of such grave importance as to call for the undivided attention of the authorities. From the extract of the Bishop's address which we have printed it will be seen that his hearty sympathy and approbation are given to the work of this institution, and that he regards the teaching here as the "complete education of the higher man." Greater eulogy than this it is impossible to bestow. With all these advantages in our favor we ought to fear no competitor in the race, but come boldly forward and prove to the public that we are more than a mere Theological College, that we are a University.

CONVOCAATION.

The Annual Convocation was held on the afternoon of Tuesday, 7th inst., the Hon. G. W. Allan, Chancellor, presiding. Owing to the fact that so long a period had elapsed since the examination, the attendance of students was very limited, and the state of the thermometer prohibited those who were present from indulging in too demonstrative an interest in passing events. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Prof. Clarke, who acted a Vice-Chancellor in the much to be regretted absence of our esteemed Provost.

The following degrees were conferred :

B. A.—T. G. A. Wright, G. N. Beaumont, W. A. H. Lewin, H. O. Tremayne.

Lic. Th.—J. L. Lewis, L. I. Smith.

B. C. L.—A. M. Taylor (gold medallist in law), W. B. Lawson, Walter Macdonald, Norman McDonald, J. W. McCullough, D. T. Symons, J. P. Eastwood.

M. A.—Rev. G. W. White, Rev. A. Henderson, Rev. H. J. Evans, Rev. D. F. Bogert, Rev. J. M. Ballard, Rev. H. D. Cooper, Rev. C. H. Short, Rev. C. R. Lee, Rev. C. C.

Forster, Rev. A. Coleman, Rev. A. Jarvis, Rev. A. B. Chaffee, Rev. E. B. Hamilton, Rev. A. T. Fidler.

M. D. C. M.—R. L. Island.

The Rev. Prof. Clarke being called upon to address the meeting, made, as usual, a very felicitous speech, remarking that the work of the men this year had been very well done, indeed better than ever it had been in the history of the institution. He also alluded to the discipline, stating that there was no college where the general tone of the students was better. (Cheers.) He was glad to say there had been no rowdyism, and the fines inflicted by the authorities had been limited to a few twenty-five cents for small offences. (Oh!)

He was followed by Principal Grant, of Queen's, whom we were pleased to welcome amongst us again. This was demonstrated by the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The reverend gentleman spoke at some length on the University Question, stating that Queen's had unanimously come to the decision that it was better to have two or three independent self-governing universities than one only, and that controlled by the state. He said a college was not to be judged by the number of students who attended its lectures, instancing Trinity College, Cambridge, which had ten or twenty times as many students as Peterhouse, yet the latter had produced more senior wranglers. He was inclined to think that in a college where students were not so numerous better work was done, as the professors were able to give more time individually to the men. He did not think it was quite consistent with his position to be hailed as a "jolly good fellow." (Laughter.) Still any man who was worthy of being hailed as such must have something good in him. Judging from Shakespeare's face he thought he was just that sort of man, and pictured the nights of good fellowship which rare Ben Jonson and he must have spent together. He advised the students to remember that they would not be tested by the number of Greek and Latin authors they had read or the mathematical problems they could solve, but by what they were as men. Our country demanded men now more than ever. He believed that the training they received in Trinity was such as would fit them to take their part in life's battle, and that they would never separate themselves from the glorious world-empire which was theirs. (Prolonged cheers.)

The Chancellor, in delivering his annual address, said that he had listened with much pleasure to the remarks of Prof. Clarke respecting the men and the work done by them. Since last Convocation nothing had happened affecting the interests of Trinity which called for special notice. He alluded to the Divinity students, and the high places obtained by some of them at the Bishop's examination, and mentioned that the number of degrees conferred since last Convocation was 109. He also complimented Mr. Taylor, the gold medallist in law, upon the excellence of the work done by him at examination, his marks being between 80 and 90 per cent. Amongst other

matters affecting the interests of the University, he alluded to the change made in the method of conducting matriculation examinations, which are now being held simultaneously at all the High Schools throughout the Province, under a conjoint Board of Examiners from the three Universities of Queen's, Victoria, and Trinity. He also alluded to the Supplementary Endowment Fund, upon which, he said, they depended in a great measure for the means of carrying on their work successfully. Additional subscriptions to the Fund having been received, they were able last March to claim the first of the several grants from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He wished to remind the friends of Trinity, however, that the amount required must be raised within the next three years, otherwise the remaining grants will lapse and be lost to the College.

The benediction was then pronounced, when the company adjourned to the lawn, where refreshments were served. At six o'clock a Choral Service was held in the Chapel, a collection being taken up in aid of the Fellowship Fund.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

The recent change in the fee for M. A. Degree has been productive of good results, as at Convocation fourteen of our Bachelors took advantage of the reduction to obtain the higher degree.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Prof. Clarke has tendered his resignation to the authorities. We sincerely hope that his decision is not a final one, and that he can be induced to re-consider the matter, as he would be an irreparable loss to the College.

The long vacation is again upon us with all its pleasures and pains. No doubt all will enjoy it but the hard worker much more so than the chronic lazy man; it will be a season of rest and recreation for the former, of reflection and resolves for the latter.

TO THE CHAPEL BELL.

Ring out loudly to the air
 All thy solid metal dent,
 Thro' the halls no more I'll tear,
 Now I've kept my full per cent.

Examinations now are by
 My papers all in fold,
 Ah me! I yearn for one more try,
 I left the tale half-told.

-
1. They stood on the fence at midnight
 When the clock was striking the hour,
 And each one yelled to the other
 With shrillness and with power.

2. But a boot came from the quadrangle
 And knocked one off the fence,
 And the two cats went from the thushness
 To nearly the end of the thence.

The matriculation examination is still going on. We pity the unfortunates who are writing during this tropical weather.

One of our editors, evidently terrified by the amount of work which this edition would entail on him fled the College, and sought seclusion in a rural village not far from Toronto.

Our Spring Poet.—And won't you publish my poem?
 EDITOR.—Certainly, in the Puzzle Department. TABLEAU.

PERSONALS.

It is our pleasing duty to congratulate our worthy Senior Editor upon the result of his final examination, at which he obtained 1st Honors in Science, and the Governor-General's Medal. Unfortunately these congratulations are tinged with sadness when we reflect that in future his place will be vacant at our Board, and that the editorial sanctum will know him no more.

Rev. H. Auston, of Gananoque, an old Trinity man, preached the opening sermon before the Ontario Synod.

Mr. R. N. Hudspeth, M. A., of Lennoxville, visited Trinity last week for a few hours. He is now our examiner in Physical Science, but is as fond as ever of a good story or joke.

Prof. J. C. Roper is acting as invigilator at the Port Hope school exams, which are carried on concurrently with the Matriculation exam. in Trinity.

Rev. G. E. Haslam, Fellow in Science, will spend part of the long vac. at St. Catherine's, where he takes charge of Mr. Bland's Church during the absence of the incumbent.

Mr. G. Warren will assist Rev. G. B. Morley at West Mono during the long vacation.

W. Davis, '87, has sailed for England. He intends to spend a part of the vac. there and the remainder in Canada.

L. J. Smith's ROUGE ET NOIR will hereafter be sent to Ely College, where he has taken up his residence for the next two years.

W. A. H. Lewin, having completed his Arts course at Trinity, intends to take a divinity course at Oxford.

A. C. Allan is on a visit to Winnipeg, where his brother is practising law.

Rev. Clare L. Worrell, of Morrisburg, paid his Alma Mater a flying visit last week. He represented the Mathematical Department at the meeting of examiners.

Mr. J. I. Lewis, upon his ordination, will take charge of the Church of St. James the Less in this city.

EXCHANGES.

A special feature of the *University Monthly* is its sketches of the poets. In the last issue Wordsworth and Burns are discussed. The poetry of this journal is always up to the mark.

The influence and power of the press is so widespread that there need be no apology for touching on some of its most salient features. The chief functions of a journal are briefly to amuse, to impart information, to correct error, to voice sound public opinion and to encourage literary taste and activity among its supporters. Speaking of journals in general we may say that the great majority of them do not exercise all these functions but omit one or more of them and are thus incomplete or do not come up to the standard of an ideal paper. For instance a journal conducted on a strictly religious basis with a man deeply imbued with theology at its head would probably be devoid of a column of jokes. Of course one does not expect a church journal to be particularly facetious but then no one cares to see it altogether confined to heavy matter except indeed he is a religious monomaniac. One advantage of having such a column may be mentioned here as a hint gathered from the frequent recurrence of antiquated witticisms in some of our exchanges, namely, that it can always be kept on file, it is perennial. Let us take some other instances in which papers fall below our ideal. A journal which has a sensational dime-novelistic, and penny-dreadful tendency might not correct many errors but on the contrary tend to spread them, while our newspapers do little or nothing to encourage literary activity among their supporters. It is true that some of them, with a view to increased subscriptions, announce in large letters prize competitions, &c., and not a few subscribers make heroic efforts to achieve fame and grasp the prize but these efforts are fitful and spasmodic.

While these and many more are omissions we find also that sins of commission are numerous. Who cares to read the articles of a bitterly partisan journal unless he himself be intensely devoted to politics? When we read such a publication and then pick up a bright cheery journal without the taint of politics or the corruption of bribes, we feel as if we had passed from a gloomy region

with noxious mephitic atmosphere to pure sunshine and exhilarating air. By contact with the one we are contaminated and mislead but by perusing the other we are morally and mentally braced. The non-partisan journal may also treat of politics but while the partisan one must be on one side of the fence with a circumscribed horizon, the other takes up an independent position on the fence and obtains a more general view of the situation. So much for journalism in general; let us now turn our attention to those published by students. Strange to say defects and omissions can also be noticed in them. A few of our contemporaries almost fill their space with purely local news, they forget that extended reports of the meetings of societies, clubs, &c., attached to any one college are entirely devoid of interest to students of other colleges and that their own men probably know of them before the edition is issued. There is no objection to a right proportion of local items, but the paper should never be brimful of them, a line must be drawn somewhere. On the other hand we have college publications which are too general in their tone. Such are those which discuss the politics of Europe, the athletics of America or the apologetics of Christendom. Imagine, a college journal, with all gravity advising Gladstone as to how he should grapple with the Home Rule question, or pointing out the advantages of the bi-metallic system or worst of all publishing the relative standing of the players of a baseball league totally unconnected with its college. Here again a definite limit is necessary, an area beyond which a college paper should not wander. What then should be allowed to appear? No one could answer this question in a way satisfactory to all. Literary matters, college politics, expressions of current thought, descriptive articles which are good in substance and form, and real poetry are always in place; local bits, if not too trivial, should receive a limited amount of attention. Topics of more general college interest can form editorials. An exchange column as an act of courtesy and recognition should be inserted. It may be made one of the best parts of the paper if it be managed judiciously and selectively.

We have also received the hand-book to the Colonial Exhibition, entitled "Canada." No doubt it will give intending emigrants a fair idea of the wealth and resources of our country.

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A visit to the extensive Piano and Organ Warerooms of JOSEPH RUSE, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, will be found interesting and entertaining. There are four large flats filled with instruments. The first presents as grand a display as we have ever seen, of Square and Upright pianos both of foreign and home make—the latter the Dominion. From this storeroom a grand stairway leads to the second story, devoted chiefly to Grand Pianos and organs. The third and fourth flats above this contain a large stock of second-hand instruments. Pianists are courteous, assistants are always in attendance and pleased to show and let you have any instruments in these grand and grandly stocked warerooms. It is a sight in itself to see so many instruments, some of which are perfect models of mechanical beauty, to say nothing of their captivating tone and musical accuracy, grouped together in one building.

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