

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. VI.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, MAY, 1885.

No. 3.

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ROUGE ET NOIR.

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A NIGHT AMONG NEWFOUNDLAND WRECKERS.

When the moon was full, on a cloudless night, Edgar and I were invited on board Jim's skiff. A light breeze, laden with the scent of wild clover from the windy uplands, blew off shore, and we flitted along the dim-lit coast, like some weird bird with tawny wings.

"Do you see that point yonder?" Jim enquired, "Well, just round that is Mermaid's Grot." And then we learnt that before a storm, fishermen sailing by the Grot could hear the sobbing of numbers of mermaids, who foreknew the doom in store for the ships; but that when the nights were calm they sang low, sweet, plaintive songs, as they sat about the rocks, combing their long, black hair. We were filled with a sort of superstitious fascination at hearing the fisherman's story, half rejecting, yet half believing it. "Shall we hear them sing to-night?" I asked.

"Mebbe, and mebbe not; but you'll soon know," and the skiff luffed in under the shoulder of the large promontory that lowered down upon us from the height of the clouds. "See that light?"

"Yes."

"Beyant the bottom of it, where all those shadows are on the wather, is Mermaid's Grot. We'll hug the shore and I'll take down the sails, if you loike; an' we'll row past." But I thought that the plashing of the oars would break part of the spell, everything was so still, so peaceful here. We had now reached within a hundred yards of the approach to the Grot, when suddenly the water all about us burst into a weird yellow flame. The foam at our bow was a blaze of soft, elfin light; our wake was a trail of glory. The faces of my companions took a ghastly pallor, as the glow was shed over our skiff, and not having seen the phenomenon before, and not understanding its cause. I thought that verily we were in the home of the mermaids; that these yellow-white flashes were their light, and that yonder on the rocks we must soon see themselves. Edgar was as much amazed as myself, and I could observe from the low pitch of the fishermen's voices, the manner in which they stopped in the midst of their utterances and looked over their shoulders towards the rocks, looming gloomily above tide-mark; that they, too, felt their share of superstitious dread. I enquired if they knew the cause of this

weird, white light, and was told that it was "herrin' bait driven to the surface by herrin'." We took a bucketful of the glowing water, and I afterwards discovered that "the bait" consisted of minute valvular jelly fishes, belonging to the medusæ family.

"Now, you can hear thim singin'," Jim said, his head thrust forward peering through the narrows that led to the Grot. We listened. From the inside, and apparently from all quarters of it, came a low, sweet, complaining sound, half like a wail, and somewhat resembling a cry. I had often heard the sound produced by the surf along the shore after a storm, but in it there was always a harsh, grating note, caused by the out-dragging of sand and stones, as the wave receded from the beach. Inside of the narrows it was calm, and our sails flapped now to one side, now to another. Everything was still, save for this sweet, crying music, which was everywhere; on the face of the sea, along the shore, in the air, and in all the cliffs.

"It must be the washing of the surf upon the shore; and the sound is caught and flung about in echoes by those cliff-walls, till all the place is filled," I said.

"No; the wather doesn't wash hard enough agin the shore to make that sound. *Mebbe* its the current which they say runs through a long passage-way under the cape an' out at t'other side that causes it; but I doubt it." Perhaps this was not the cause, though a rushing ocean-river, like that which he described, might produce this mellifluous crying. Perhaps it was not due at all to natural causes, and that the fishermen's theory, that it was the mermaid's singing, was the right one. I don't know. Nobody does know. Whatever was the cause, unspeakably fascinating, most strangely doleful, sweet was the sound. I hear it now; and it is like the singing of a wind that comes to you from over some illimitable plain. The phosphoric glow at our prow, when our skiff moved, was not so great here as outside; yet it was sufficient to throw a gloomy light upon the rocks.

"Yonder is the Mermaid's Chair," Jim said in a low voice; and turning I saw about six feet above high-tide-mark a hollow in the cliff's base, walled on either side by a ledge resembling the arm of a chair. Under the hollow was one terrace, above it was another. As these fishermen believed not that the mermaid had sea green hair, but black, so too did they disregard the story of the tail; and had for her little pearly feet. The

queen of the mermaids here they affirmed had often been seen sitting in this chair through hours of a summer night. But the chair was empty now and so were all the rocks; and the maids must have been off bathing in the phosphorescent sea.

Splash!

A dark object plunged into the water from one of the flat sea-rocks and sent a thousand pale yellow sparks about. At the moment we all thought it was a mermaid, and the fishermen were not able afterwards to make up their minds thoroughly about it, but I am convinced now that it was a seal. Then we turned our prow toward the narrows, and took a last look at the fantastic pinnacles around the Grot, at the mysterious chair, then listened once again, till our ears had drunk their fill, to the sweet mystic music; and sailed away.

Two hours sail brought us to the offing of the spot where the fated ship had gone down. The night being cloudless any object afloat could be discerned for a considerable distance, and Jim requested all to keep a sharp look out. Presently from out the shadow of the cliff a boat shot across our bows. At once we perceived that this was the Underwriters' skiff, for besides the crew there were two policemen on board.

"Wherebound?" asked the largest policeman in gruff tones.

"Well I suppose that's *our* business" answered Jim, "I think we have the right to sail these seas if we want to."

"If you don't know how to be civil, I think I can teach you," and the policeman made an ominous movement with his rifle.

"Well, thin, faith as to tacin' me to be civil, I don't think its any use in your thryin', if I'm not inclined that way. You made some motion with that gun o' yours, just now. Now, let me ask if I'm to look on you as a common murderer that makes movements as if he's goin' to shoot if he can't get people to be polite, or as an interferin' boaster as tries to skeer people that can't be skeered. Now, look, misther policeman, I don't belave you could strike the wather there wid your gun this minute. Upon me sowl, I'll sit here for ye to blaze at me for an hour." The policeman, at this unexpected turn of affairs, looked very much like a dumbfounded sheep that had lately been playing the lion. He did, at last, try to cover his discomfiture by putting on an official air and saying:

"I'll keep my eye on you. I think a winter in jail on bread and water may help to mend your manners, as well as your morals."

"Divil resave ye; here, but take the shot at me, wont ye?" Jim retorted, holding up his arms in mock defiance. "Now, misther boaster, wid the brass buttons an' the pot hat, if I was a barn, and the barn was alive, I wouldn't be afraid of you wid a gun."

"Pull away from this ruffian," the official said, sitting up very stiffly.

"Go long you boastin', intherferin' loafer, an' mind your own business; and next time let people sail where tney please without meddlin'." I put my thumb upon my nose and extended my little finger in the direction of the parting officer; Edgar did the same, so did the rest; when we all said "Ba-a-a," and sailed away under the gloom of the cliff. We had not proceeded far when we observed that the police-boat was after us.

"He's bent on shpoilin' our cruise," Jim said, as he peered out under the mainsail at the following skiff; "but I don't think he'll shpoil it much after all. There's plenty of win' comin' an' I don't give a thravnween for the dirty peeler." The sails were hauled in tight, and the skiff was brought close to the wind. Then she plunged onward like a spirited horse under tight reins.

"It's Paddy Doolin's dirthyould tub after Jim Foley's clain, fast shkiff," shouted Jim, as our pursuers fell behind and to leeward. "Slack away; there, now, keep quiet. Do you see that?" and Jim pointed to leeward to a small dark object. In a few seconds we were beside it, and it proved to be a bale about four feet long and two and a-half feet thick. It was heavy and ungainly, and we found that we would have much difficulty in getting it into the boat. But the police skiff was nearly half a mile a stern, and we had plenty of time. Jim, his man and Edgar struggled to the full of their bent with the box, while I kept the little craft up in the wind. At last it was got in over the side, and we all gave a hurrah. Then Jim grabbed the tiller, the sheets were pulled in, and the skiff went along almost in the wind's eye.

"Me respects to ye, Misther Peeler," Jim shouted "Thry to ketch us wid Paddy Doolin's dirty tub wont ye. Ye're nice fellows to come down to this coast and chase naite, clain shkiffs, ain't yez? Good night, Misther Constable."

Crack! Then there was a flash, and a bullet said "pat" upon the water, about twenty paces to the right of us.

"We're safe enough," Jim said. "He doesn't want to shtrike us; an' he couldn't if he thried. Divil resave me, though, it is whin he doesn't want to hit us that he is the most dangerous." Another shot was fired, and another, but we heard no more bullets. Notwithstanding Jim's lack of respect for the constable's markmanship, I lay down in the bottom of the boat. Edgar did the same, so did the man; but Jim sat bolt upright in the stern in a state of comic unconcern.

In half an hour the pursuer had faded in the dim horizon of the moon-lit sea; and we reached the cove without any further adventure. The bale contained, I think a gross of cashmere shawls which the wreckers, after putting into fresh water, to take the salt out of them, promptly secreted. On the forenoon following a policeman, the same whom we had the passages with in the night, walked up from the dock to Jim's cottage. Jim was called for by the said officer and promptly appeared.

‘Well railyly Misther Peeler,’ Jim said, “but I think you’ve chosen a mane sort of a life. Why don’t you throw off that big ugly coat and work? Peelerin’, I think, is not decent business at all.”

“You are not afraid that I shall be obliged to arrest you if you go on obstructing me in doing my duty?”

“Railyly, sir, I’m not afeerd until I begin to obstruct as you call it.”

“What did you pick up last night?”

“Now did’nt I say peelerin’ was a mane business? It’s me own affairs what I picked up last night.”

“I shall oblige you to show me what it was that you did pick up?”

“Well, thin, if a peeler is mor’en any other man, an if he is’nt, he’s a big good-for-nothing boaster, you’ll make me show what I did pick up. I’m ready; now make me show you.”

“Then I shall arrest you on suspicion.”

“O thin since you are going about it right and sensibly I’ll aise your suspicion. Come wid me sir.” The policeman followed him into the little back yard.

“Do you see that ould box? Well that’s what I picked up. An’ do you see thim ould clothes hangin’ up? Well thim’s what I got in it. But you see Mr. Peeler if I didn’t like I needn’t have tould you the truth: I could have palmed almost anything about the place off on you for racked goods, if I had a mind to.”

The policeman was non-plussed: There were the old clothes sodden with salt water, there was the box; so there was nothing to do but accept the story that had been told to him.

EDMUND COLLINS.

THE HEPALICA.

What faint, sweet song out of the turning years
Is thine amid the myriad songs of earth?
Frail singer, born of laughter and of tears,
Betwixt the times of sorrow and of mirth;
Mute maker of a soft, pale petalled rhyme,
Whom sharp death slays so long before the prime.

’Twas but a little time ago we heard
The slim pines, standing sandalled with waste snow,
And dreary cedar-copses parced and stirred
With hollow winds, that spake no word but woe.
There was no voice in all the bleak world’s breath,
But one wide moan, one hollow song of death.

And yet a little while, and we shall hear
The mœnad earth, grown drunken with rich hours,
Bright-bosomed, sprung from her sad couch of fear,
Enwound with all her bridal gift of flowers,
Unceasingly, while the fair days abide,
Red sunset, burning noon, and morning-tide.

Lift up her mad song to the shielding sun,
Remembering naught of all the ills that were,
To Him, the Lord, whose shining strength doth run
Like wine, in all the throbbing veins of her;
But yet thou hast a sweeter song than she,
Too full of hope and burdened memory.

For all thy soul is sad with sharp things fled,
With sights that fade not, though the hours be slow,

And sounds that die not, though the days be dead,

White wastes that glimmer, houseless winds that moan;
Brown woods that wail, nor any comfort gain,
Fill thy grey-memored treasury of pain.

Yet is thy thought not all of pain; we know,
That strong the sun shine; in thy face, and wide
The wild and fruitful hours, before thee grow,
In gathering beauty to the perfect tide;
The full, soft dreams and countless songs that cling
About the face of sun-beholden spring.

These things thou speakest with thy sad, small voice,
And all fair mourning forest things that grow,
Bleak trees, pale grasses, withered plants rejoice,
And gather up their heart of pride to know,
The end at last of all their drearhead,
That lovely summer is not always dead.

Pale singer, friend of them that joy and weep,
The glad time dawning shall behold the dumb,
Laid songless then, wrapped round with painless sleep,
Too heavy-weighted to see the wild hours come;
Too weary-worn with thought of hard things slain,
And wildering hope, that yet was almost pain.

Then flourish fairly, flower and glossy leaf,
Let no hand stoop to do thee any wrong;
Godwot, thy pale mid time is very brief,
So gather in the sunlight and the song;
Mute singer of sweet a pale-petalled rhyme,
Whom sharp death slays so long before the prime.

A. LAMPMAN.

CHARLES READE.

There never has been a writer of fiction who has exerted a greater influence or drawn around him a wider circle of admirers than Mr. Charles Reade. His passion for love of truth and justice, his intense hatred of everything ignoble and base, and his wonderful power of swaying his reader with every gust of his own passion, has invested him with peculiar interest to all the lovers of what is great and good in literature.

Like Dickens, and unlike Antony Trollope, he wrote with a purpose. Not a mere mercenary and mechanical scribbler, who writes a certain number of books a year for the sake of gain; not a panderer to a morbid sensationalism, but one who taking his place among the noble army of the world’s reformers, devoted his genius to the purging away of evils which an apathetic public could not or would not see. So intense was his nature, so passionate his sympathy, that it was morally impossible for him to stand by and witness the joy and anguish, suffering and trial of his fellow-creatures, with the calm and selfish indifference of the common-place spectator, but, like a true knight of the pen, rushed to the rescue, and all aflame with his genius, pleaded for the right and denounced the wrong.

The high and beneficent purpose which runs through all of Reade’s books is their first, most striking characteristic. The second is their intensely dramatic character. All his works are lighted up to a greater or less degree with the glow of brilliant and startling dramatic situations. It is this fusion of the powers of the drama-

tist with that of the novelist that gives to his creations such thrilling interest and wonderful charm. Nothing lends such virile force and fascination to a narrative as the skillful and artistic employment of dramatic incident. No one knew this better than the author of *Griffith Gaunt*. No one has made use of it with a more dexterous hand. With the skill of a cunning craftsman, he seized every opportunity of touching the springs of the heart's emotions by the exercise of his art. The spirit of the playwright was strong within him. It was as a dramatist he wished most to excel. It was as a dramatist he wished his name to be carried down to posterity. One of his last requests was that Charles Reade, dramatist, instead of Charles Reade, novelist, should be placed on his tomb.

The first book which made Reade's genius widely known was *It is Never too Late to Mend*. Here we have an exposure of horrible cruelties practised on prisoners by brutal gaolers, and an eloquent appeal for prison reform. Unfortunately, however, in this book, he lets the headlong impulsiveness of the enthusiast and reformer get the better of the delicate perceptions of the artist. In a work of art, it is absolutely necessary that the minutest details have the most perfect finish and elaboration. If this be not so we say of the artist, no matter how noble and inspiring the rest of his work may be, that he has to a great extent failed in his art. So a novelist, if he wishes his book to be artistically perfect, must give as much care and elaboration to his comparatively unimportant characters as to the hero or heroine. Reade, it must be admitted, sins in this respect, in the portrayal of one or two of the subordinate characters in this book. Carried away by the rush of an impulsive nature, he forgets for the moment the artist and sets before us figures which have nothing in them of life-like reality, but are mere automata. Certainly, *It is Never too Late to Mend* will never commend itself to any one who looks for an artistically perfect book. Notwithstanding this, however, it is a charming and interesting story. In none of its author's later works are their more powerful descriptive passages than in the Australian portion of it. The scene in which is described the emotions that thrill the hearts of the hardened and crime-stained gold diggers on first hearing the notes of an English nightingale, is, I think, one of the most perfect pieces of descriptive prose in the English language.

A still greater and more villainous public evil is dealt with in *Hard Cash*, in which there is a complete exposure of the atrocious state of some of the private English lunatic asylums, and an impassioned plea for their reform. If any one wishes to read something of what many people have endured in that abode of misery called a private lunatic asylum, depicted in the burning language of one who feels for the sufferings of the unfortunate almost as much as if he were the sufferer himself, let him read *Hard Cash*.

The Simpleton has to do with a very different question, and one which affects women alone. It is a crusade against tight-lacing. The author shows very powerfully and with copious quotations from medical authorities, how this habit gradually takes the light from a woman's eye and the bloom from her cheek, and eventually leaves her a physical wreck. It is a brilliant story, and not the least interesting of its author's efforts.

Perhaps, however, a still more interesting book than this to the female portion of his readers, and especially those who are aspirants for professional honors, will be found in *The Woman Hater*. In this work the difficulties thrown in the way of women practicing medicine in England, by a conservative and prejudiced British public, are powerfully put forth. Mr. Reade, in his portrayal of Miss Gale, shows an utter contempt for those who would confine woman to what members of her own sex would call the narrow limits of their own domestic sphere, and demonstrates that they are not only capable of coping with men in the highest and noblest of his professions, but that it is right and fitting they should do so.

In no other book has Reade given us more charming and fascinating characters than in *Love Me Little Love Me Long*. Always at his best when he depicts the first young love of early manhood, he has never, I think, set before us a more delightful picture than *David Dodd's Courtship*, in which the hopes and fears, agonies and doubts of the love-enthralled young seaman are told with unsurpassing freshness and vigor. David Dodd devotes himself to the service of his mistress with all the passionate fervor of a knight of old. And this is a characteristic of all Reade's heroes. They love with the whole intensity of their being, and yet are totally free from the morbid sentimentalism of the creations of some novelists and the high flown pomposity of others. For instance, how different is the manly eloquence and honest enthusiasm of a character like David Dodd from the verbose rhapsodies of a phantasmal-creation like Eugene Aram, who pours forth his passion with all the stiff unreality of a puppet.

Antony Trollope, after telling us, with amusing dogmatism, that not a character of Charles Reade's will remain, accuses him of most serious literary theft, asserting that almost the whole of *White Lies* is pilfered from the French. Literary piracy is a most grave charge, and I do not think the author of "White Lies" is by any means as guilty of it as Trollope asserts. There is no doubt that its plot is not original, but that, and that only, is borrowed. The whole superstructure has been built by the writer and by him alone. Reade, in his tremendous philippic against the critics of this book certainly did not get the best of it. It was one of his weaknesses that he never could listen to adverse criticism calmly and passively. A dignified silence, to an impulsive nature like his, was impossible, but with ungovernable impatience of contradiction, he launched

forth into an unreasoning abuse of anyone who was so unfortunate as to criticise his work. His friends cannot but regret the undignified and often ridiculous position into which he put himself by this habit.

In the story of *Griffith Gaunt* many people find the highest effort of Reade's genius. The power and effect of jealousy is its theme, and no one since the time Shakespeare drew his "Iago" has depicted with more skill the height and depth of that greatest of all human passions. With superb skill and triumphant concealment of highest art concealing art, the reader is carried along with the rush of an irresistible force, as he follows, step by step, the story of Griffith Gaunt's jealous madness. Mr. Swinbourne thinks the forty-third chapter is one of the most beautiful things in the English language, and no one who has read it attentively will think he is saying too much.

Notwithstanding, however, the great success of *Griffith Gaunt* it is not by any means Reade's masterpiece. His genius takes wing and flies to a higher, and I think its highest, flight in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and gives us one of the finest stories that any novelist ever produced. There is in this great masterpiece of fiction such a wealth of creative genius, such a completeness of detail, such a mastery of the minutiae of mediæval customs and manners, such a tender simplicity and sweet pathos, relieved by the brightest touches of humor, such an ever varying and thrilling variety of incident; such a noble purity and almost idyllic simplicity of language, that the reader, however dull he be, cannot but feel that it is the work of genius of the highest order.

Of Reade's other books, *Put Yourself in His Place* is the most important. This interesting and clever story has for its object the exposure of the evils of Trades' Unions; one of the most striking things in the book is the description of the flood, which shows to magnificent advantage, its author's unrivaled powers of description.

Foul Play and *A Terrible Temptation* have both much merit, but cannot be considered among his highest creations. *Christie Instone* would be a charming book but for the superlative silliness of some of its incidents, which mar fatally its artistic beauty.

Much discussion has of course arisen as to what place Reade should take in the literary world. A few have denied him the right altogether to rank among the great novelists. Others have given him a second-rate place. But the earnest and unprejudiced students of his works have never hesitated a moment, and have pronounced him equal to, and in some respects greater than the most skillful of his brother craftsmen. It is a more difficult and delicate question, however, to decide his position in relation to any particular novelist. Such comparisons should be dealt with in a very careful and

guarded manner, and in some cases cannot be made at all. For instance, the favorite comparison between George Eliot and Reade is absurd in that the genius of the two novelists lies in totally opposite directions. Reade could never have analysed human motive and dissected spiritual and moral decay like the female novelist. A magnificent psychological study like "Tito" was an impossibility to him. But on the other hand, he had brilliant counter balancing talents, which Eliot was totally devoid of. His relation to the other great English novelists might, I think, be safely defined as being below Thackeray and Scott and above Dickens, Bulwer and Trollope.

The question has often been raised as to the enduring qualities of Reade's works. One writer, as I said before, asserted that not one of his characters will ever remain. Whether this will be the case or not, however, proves nothing in regard to his genius. Many of the noblest works of English Literature lie forgotten and unread in the accumulated dust of centuries. No one can dogmatically assert whether Reade's works will share this fate or not. If they do, and the caprice of new generations passes them by, it is not a matter of the highest importance. An empty posthumous fame was a thing he himself least desired. His noble genius was devoted to the reformation of the evils of his own day, and, that accomplished, he was content. What greater eulogy of any man can be said than this?

BALLADE OF A MAIDE OF TWENTIE.

She hath much tumbled and tawny hair,
With soft gray eyes and a look demure,
But under their lashes silken hair
Lies hidden a shaft for you, beware,—
Vainlie you fancie *your* heart secure,—
For should one fail, she hath more in plentie.
Less favored maidens can scarce endure
The wiles of this fair maide of twentie.

But I trow for them she hath little care,
Seeing her swains no whit the fewer;
Knowing none other hath form more fair,
She sweetlier smiles at a spite so poor,
And casts her about for some quarrie newer;—
Who scoræth the glances she hath sent, he
Hath found to his cost the way to lure
The wiles of this fair maide of twentie.

From out the depths of a lounging chair—
That cannot her lithe light form imsure,—
She weaveth her spells, who would rashlie dare
By this lovelie witch for a space to moor,
And bask in the light of her eyes so pure,
May yet have cause enough to rep. at: I
Fear me that time alone will cure
The wiles of this fair maide of twentie.

ENVOI.

So bachelors, ye who deem secure
Your freedom's *dolce far niente*
Beware! lest it may not endure
The wiles of this fair maide of twentie.

J. ALMON RITCHIE.

LEAVES FROM A PROPHET'S NOTE-BOOK.

(I)

Few emotions of the human mind are more enviable than those which attend the young prophet sitting down to write his first prophecy. If the school of the prophets which bore him has systematically ignored the subject of composition and tenderly kept its disciples in the dark as to what possibilities herein lay before them, then the condition of his mind borders simply upon ecstasy. Let us take a case from experience: On a certain day of the week, if not of the month, after a substantial breakfast—calculated to fortify him in his onslaught on Tartarus—he brings to the conflict all things that he deems needful, which are as follows:—Several dozen of well-selected pens, hard and soft, broad and fine; inks of all colors of the rainbow and several intermediate shades, reinforced by the pint bottle of black in the cupboard; blotting paper sufficient to counteract a deluge; cotton spools and a packet of needles, by which to connect his thoughts when registered, and a goodly store of white foolscap, with reserve forces in stacks on the floor, in sight and ready for instant use. His table is broad and flat, like that which was conducive to the inspiration of Dickens (and which, probably, the great man used to expand his feet upon), his paper of the finest and most enticing quality—like that of Dumas, when tempting himself to write: while by his side lies a packet of chocolate cremes—as used by some other warrior of the quill to repel physical exhaustion. Having thus marshalled his forces, and now being at liberty to consider the situation, our hero, with a silent invocation to the ghosts of all great preachers—lights his pipe.

A good beginning, certainly; favorable to the development of the imagination and reasoning powers, if not pre-supposing them both! Then he pronounces that *all is ready*.

Presently the solemn reverie dissolves. He returns to "the natural world," and ponders for a subject upon which to relieve himself of the bursting pressure of brilliant ideas that by this time threatens to overwhelm his soul. A thousand present themselves—at least by name—each clamoring for treatment; but so tempting are they all that he cannot decide upon any, until suddenly he recollects, "Ass that I am!—a blue pencil! For notes, ideas and rough copy, how could I expect to do anything without a blue pencil?" Accordingly having despatched one of his six-footed (pardon, *six-foot*) young stalwarts (for we presume he has, ages ago, found it is not good to be lonely) to purchase, at any cost, a true blue lead pencil, from the most reliable house in town, he re-fills his pipe, dispels frivolous thoughts and returns once more to "the spiritual world." He is waiting for his necessary "environment" to become complete.

At last the true blue arrives, with a most carnal-looking small bill attached for costs, and once more, like the historic British tar, he declares that he is "ready, aye ready."

Reader, at such a moment the inexpressible virtues of tobacco appear. Picture the scene: The self-control that is necessary to keep such forces back, to hold them in check! Those itching fingers! That resolute grasp upon the literary poniard! That heaving bosom and surging brain! That burning pen, "mightier than the sword," leveled to attack the extended reams! The manicolored ink—the broad table—the chocolate! Wherefore this delay? There is "silence deep as death." Then, metaphorically, the trumpet sounds. *Hinc illi fumi*,—that is the meaning of these fumes, dear friend.

By the way, speaking of tobacco as an article of warfare—"It will prove, I fear, another instance of disregarded warning," says the Commissariat-General to the British forces in his late report, "but nearly a month ago, in view of the impending hostilities with Russia, I prayed the Government to take the precaution of shipping to the seat of war several million of military pipes (clay, of course, though corn-cobs for the officers), for use in the hour of battle—in fact on the occasion of a possible second Balaklava. I urged it to impress, by proclamation, upon the non-smokers the inconsistency of their considering the welfare of their own stomachs rather than that of their country, and even went so far as to urge the authorities to enforce compliance, at least upon the field, on pain of death. My letter, however, brought no reply." It must have miscarried.

But to return to our hero. What is his position now that several hours have elapsed since last we met him? *He is ready to commence*. The more we observe his bearing the more convinced of this do we become—from the same source of observation it is difficult to believe more. The facts still confront one another. From different standpoints he viewed his spiritual enemy—*e. g.* from the sofa, from the arm-chair, from the table, whence he finally manœuvred to the floor. He has done more: He has tried the effect of three different brands of narcotic ammunition upon the spiritual constitution; and three chapters of a novel have been expended with no more effect than so much blank cartridge. He feels dispirited. What is to be done?

Let us not despair, however, for see, like the great sea-serpent, he moves! He is NOT an island. And see now how, grimly rising, cerulean-hued pencil in hand, despite all obstacles in his path, he *numbers his first page!* (A wail comes up from the foe).

Bravo, brother; this is a real step forward! Stay, it is not all! By a supernatural effort and a masterly stroke of intuition (for he has not yet the faintest notion what the *subject* will be), he *names his sermon*; (A second wail) in bold and flowing hand, and lo, *procumbit lumi*, he falls from the chair exhausted. Verily, "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Meanwhile—*O mores, mores!*—while he lies there, prone but recovering, let us observe the excellence of his intentions at least, as indicated by the pictures, &c., upon his walls. Upon his right, along with "Scratch My Back" and "Home, Sweet Home" in wool, hangs, like the statue of Regulus hiding its weeping eyes, "*Labor Omnia Vincit.*" In another place a reward is facetiously offered for the recovery of certain moments of lost time which disappeared one day and had not since been recovered. And look here! Almost as if the owner wished to inspire himself with like valor of boldness, he has suspended here a copy of Ruben's famous picture, "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon." The work needs no description, being familiar to your readers. The great conqueror, astride the back of a captive Gaul (one of those doubtless taken in the seventh chapter), though possibly a Briton, whose leg he is boring apparently with a gimlet, on account of the unfortunate man's having splashed his rider with water during the passage. Although the artist has written no such words as proceeding from the lips of his subject, yet his brush speaks amply; the expression in the face of *Cæsar vehens* is most unmistakably that of "Go Steady!" But the crown of the room is "Newton." Between a file of ROUGE ET NOIR on the one side and a stuffed owl (the symbol of wisdom), on a brass clock, on the other, the indefatigable Newton observing with his telescope the far-off descent of the famous apple in his neighbor's orchard, and sending his little peppercorn boy to pick it up. The patience upon the face is sublime and it was, not unlikely, to encourage the owner in the pursuit of that virtue during his various studies, that this faithful engraving was placed where it is.

But enough, for he is recovering. As soon as he is sufficiently restored to comprehend English, you beg him to spare himself more for the future. "Really," you say, "don't do any more to-day. After all that you had better take a walk." He takes you at your word, reluctantly closing his volume at an exciting place, remarking, "Perhaps I had better." Yes, he takes his hat and goes out for oxygen, though not without a murderous glance at the various pages of white foolscap yet unscored—that happy, innocent young prophet!

But now, disturb him not. He is dreaming of his possible niche hereafter in Westminster Abbey, if not in the hearts of "a grateful people (his parishioners)." He is unconscious. He is happy.

BIRD-VOICES.

The robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

A. LAMPMAN, in the *Century*.

CONSTANCY OF PURPOSE.

Human life consists of a succession of small events, unimportant perhaps in themselves, and yet every man's success or failure depends upon the decision or indecision he manifests in making them individually conduce to bring about the end he has in view. How beautifully George Eliot expresses this in that sentence in "Romolo" in which she speaks of "that inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice for good or evil, which gradually determines character." Who has not experienced the secret discomfort, often disgrace, of not being able to answer with any degree of certainty such questions as "What will you be?" "What will you do?"

A slight knowledge of mankind will furnish many illustrations of purpose constantly changing, and a few of decision of character. It is not necessary to seek this knowledge outside of College life. Indeed, within the narrow confines of a University building are to be found the best illustrations of character. A Freshman, for instance, elated possibly by his success at the matriculation examination, resolves to work diligently throughout the term. To assist him he arranges an elaborate programme or time-table, to take effect on the following Monday. Monday arrives, he attends all lectures, takes a constitutional in the afternoon, and commences his evening's reading punctually. Shortly after nine o'clock a friend invites him to supper. Would it be a good thing to go? He thinks it would. He looks at his time-table and finds that he is due to leave Homer at 10.15 p.m. He must follow the programme, and again applies himself to work. The noise in the corridor, as of some one jingling bottles, attracts his attention; and forgetting the fact that "Hebe poured out nectar amidst the venerable gods," he wonders if nectar is anything like lager. He thinks it must have been. At all events it is the very thing to set him up. He can finish the Homer in the morning, and the next minute finds him in the room where supper has been prepared. In the morning he has a slight headache; shall he prepare the Homer or not? Thus he lingers, uncertain, till the bell for lecture determines the question for him, by the certainty that it is now too late for preparation. This sort of thing occurs frequently during the week, at the end of which something is discovered to be wrong with the programme, which is then destroyed. A new one is made for the following week, only to share the same fate. This is by no means an illustration of an isolated case. Many are the instances of men hesitating a long time between different or opposite determinations, though impatient of the pain of such a state, and ashamed of the debility. What mind, while thus held in a trembling balance, has not been vexed that it has not more resolution, more of anything that would save it from envying even the decisive instinct of brutes! The chief disadvantage arising from such a nature is that a man can

never be said to belong to himself. He is known amongst his friends as the man who cannot say "No." He belongs to whatever can capture him. He is carried about by every puny force, and one thing after another claims him by arresting his attention, while he is trying to go on; as twigs and leaves floating near the edge of a stream are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy.

The examples of men of decisive character are comparatively few. The Freshman who decides on a certain course of study, and immediately carries his resolution into systematic practice, and allows nothing to interrupt him, is invariably the man who does well in his examinations. Not only so, he lays a sure foundation for the success that will attend him in whatever profession he may afterwards select. His mind is thus systematically trained to deliberate quickly, even in insignificant matters, and to decide, once for all, on a certain line of action. The advantages of such a mind are signal. The passions are not consumed among dubious musings, and abortive resolutions, but are thrown with all their animating force into definite operation. Such a character is exempt from much interference and annoyance, which irresolute men have to encounter.

One of the fundamental requisites to constancy of purpose is an harmonious nature, i.e., the agreement of the mind with itself, and with the conscience; the consenting co-operation of the passions, disposition, etc. Lady Macbeth, though devoid of conscience, was in other respects of harmonious nature. She willed the murder of the king, and did not shrink from forming plans for its accomplishment. Her ambition, passion, courage all aided her. Macbeth also willed the death of the king, but through qualms of conscience his resolution began to stagger. She then threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice, and thus shamed and hardened him to the deed. Here conscience was warped and deadened by passion. Conscience is "the great troubler of the human breast," and when it loudly declares against a man's project, it will be a fatal enemy to decision, till it either reclaims the passions, or be warped by them, as in Macbeth's case.

It follows, therefore, that a true Christian can only possess this constancy of purpose when his decision is given for what is right and good, otherwise conscience would be constantly opposing him, and would make him undecided. Of course conscience may entirely lose its power. The *Crustacea* of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky quoted by Mr. Drummond, have chosen to abide in darkness. "Therefore they have become fitted for it." So the moral perception of man may become so blind to the working of conscience, that finally it waives the right to see. This blindness, complete or partial, contributes to constancy of purpose; but with a bad tendency. Revenge for instance has been known to bring about total blindness to the workings of conscience. The Arch-

enemy in "The Paradise Lost" boasts of—

"The unconquerable will,
And study of *revenge*; immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else, not to be overcome."

Here persisting constancy of soul gives dignity even to a character, which every moral principle forbids us to admire.

Partial blindness is, to a certain extent, illustrated in all obstinate persons. On certain matters they fail to see the warnings that conscience places before them, and here they will be found to exhibit a stubbornness of temper, which can assign no reason but mere will. It is a lamentable fact that a man of such a character invariably boasts of his *firmness* and *decision*.

It is commonplace to remark that the will and character depend largely on the constitution of the body. It is for physiologists to explain the reason for this, but the truth is apparent from the fact that, as a rule, the decisive character possesses great physical firmness. This may account for the fact that women in general possess less decision than men. It is somewhat amusing to notice the natural indecision of the average woman, when she seats herself at the counter of an upholsterer's shop, and prices a curtain silk. She feels it to verify the value of its texture, objects to its colour, asks to be shown something else—something of the same kind only different; a little more so in fact, or perhaps not quite so much, and finally concludes that she is not quite sure which of the samples she will take, but will decide on the following day.

Whilst constancy of will depends to no small extent on the physical nature, there are many circumstances which are adapted to encourage and confirm decision, so that no one, through physical weakness, need despair of being able to overcome his fickleness, lassitude, or indecision. In constantly overcoming opposition, one becomes stronger after each victory and more resolute. Is it then only through the *victory* that opposition conduces to constancy of purpose? Clearly not. It is a matter of every day experience that when one is opposed throughout the prosecution of one's designs, that very *opposition* becomes an ally by strengthening the resisting and deciding power of the mind. The poet's delineation of Richard III. illustrates this. He looked upon every opposition as an inducement to persevere, and accordingly advanced with ever increasing constancy, fulfilling his vow to "cut his way through with a bloody axe." Even when opposition was strongest, he declared "A thousand hearts were great within his bosom," and his determination and perseverance to overcome his last great opponent, "to seek Richmond even in the throat of death," are powerfully illustrated in the oft-quoted cry, in which he offers to exchange his "kingdom for a horse."

The spirit of independence contributes to the decision of character, and if kept within bounds is most bene-

ficial. The young should, of course, consult those who are over them, and those who have experience. Ancient adventurers went to Delphi to *consult*, not to reside. There is a necessary caution, therefore, to be given those whose dependence on another's experience might result, as far as their minds are concerned, in a somewhat parasitic existence.

Celebrated speakers and writers assert that a conclusive manner of thinking is the foundation on which purpose becomes firm. The fact that exercise of thought often increases difficulty of decision is a proof of this assertion, though at first it seems to witness the other way. There are few, if any cases, in which reason will be equal and opposite, and the nearer the pros and cons approach equality, the more discriminating will the mind require to be in order to observe the inequality. It did not take Cæsar long to cross the Rubicon, having once decided to do so; but he must have spent many anxious hours of deliberation before the die was cast. Although careful deliberation tends greatly to constancy of purpose, yet it is well to avoid the "pale cast of thought," for—

"Enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

These are a few of the conditions under which a mind naturally weak may grow decisive. Mr. Foster, in his celebrated essays, mentions many others. It is but requisite for one "to be in these conditions," to make growth in constancy and firmness a necessary result.

There is a certain constancy of purpose, not yet referred to, that is beautiful to contemplate, and which ought not to be passed unnoticed. It is suggested by Milton's description of the seraph Abdiel—

"Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unsexed, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single.

A noble illustration of constancy, which is based on a righteous decision, of a courage that rises invincible above all derision, and of a conscience which has the intellect and passions in harmony with it. A constancy which will not end with time, but will be carried on to its fullest completion hereafter. How different from, how infinitely superior to, the awful constancy of purpose shown in the lives of despots, bigots, unjust conspirators and villains of every class who glory in "the unconquerable will." Theirs is a resolution that may not be overcome in this life; that may even dare to brave "the adamant chains and penal fire;" but which will eventually be brought before a Supreme Tribunal, where such ill-advised constancy must tremble and melt away.

C. SCADDING.

We tender congratulations to Mr. J. M. Snowdon on his recently acquired affix B. A.,—a donation from Queen's College.

VISIONS.

Ah me! it is a dismal thing when that bright angel, Sleep,
That pours a balmy anodyne on souls that watch to weep,
Offended stoops not to caress some wretch's tossing head,
And sitting fiends Tartarean fumes breathe over him instead—
Rank fumes, that reason only numb to rack the seething brain,
And mock the victim with increased intensity of pain.
A thousand horrid, horrid, things in such dark hours I've seen,
That length of time will ne'er efface from memory, I ween.
The dead, to show their grisly shapes, have torn, or cast away,
Their winding sheets, as palpable as in the light of day.
On coffins some did sit and gibe, some coffins had for shoes:
Some sat and rowed themselves with bones in coffins for canoes.
They've danced in weird phosphoric light, like elves beneath the moon,
To draughts that, whistling through their bones, kept up a sort of tune.
I've seen foul hags, with snakey locks, claw-fingers, wolfish eyes,
Parched skins, shrunk lips, protruding fangs of more than human size.
They sucked the blood of stolen babes, the tender flesh they tore,
And crunched the bones—I hear them now—and glared around for more.
I've urchins seen with monstrous heads, but stunted frames and spare,
With crooked backs, distorted limbs, and idiotic stare.
I've seen the murderer, with all his conscience in his face,
Look wildly up, as one who sued, and sued in vain, for grace.
And gory heads, and severed limbs, have seemed before me flung.
The raving maniac, broken loose, upon my bed has sprung.
Prodigious brutes and reptile swarms have girt me in a ring,
That ramped and roared, that coiled and crawled, or flew on hideous wing.
Veiled forms, and formless fantasies, have petrified my sight.
Words fail to paint the fearful things I've seen in dreams by night.
But O! more loathsome to my eye than all the phantom brood,
I meet by day upon our streets—the unmitigated *dude*.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

• EASTER TERM, 1885.

IN the Autumn of the year 1884, the movement for raising a Supplemental Endowment Fund for Trinity, was started with the hearty assent of the corporation. An enthusiastic and crowded meeting held in the Convocation Hall early in the year 1882, was soon followed by the announcement of a generous benefaction of \$10,000 by the Henderson family, towards the erection of a College Chapel, the sanctuary of which should be a memorial to their late sister, Miss Millicent Henderson. This liberal donation was most gratefully accepted by the Corporation, and the work on the new chapel was begun in the Summer of 1882. As soon as it became certain that this long-felt want was now about to be supplied, a largely attended meeting of resident members of the College was called to consider the possibility of mak-

ing on the part of the graduates and undergraduates, some distinct offering for the chapel. After full discussion it was decided that a new organ was the best form which the contributions of the students could take. Promises of subscriptions (to be forthcoming, whether by collection or otherwise, within five years), were then given in, amounting to several hundred dollars. This sum was further increased at meetings in the years 1883 and 1884, so that a total sum of \$1,135 was in this way promised. At a meeting held in Lent Term, 1884, it was resolved that the new organ should be built by Messrs. Lye & Sons, Toronto, at a cost of \$1,000, to be paid in instalments, the first \$500 upon completion of the instrument, and the second with interest at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ %, twelve months afterwards. The organ, which is the gift of the students of the College, has given unqualified satisfaction, and its great usefulness is apparent to all. The first instalment of \$500 which fell due last October was at once paid, and it is expected that all members of the College will exert themselves to meet the forthcoming instalment due next October. In addition to this liability, certain improvements to the instrument are much needed, especially the addition of a water motor and the insertion of some new stops, room for which has been left in the organ, but which could not for lack of funds, be inserted in the original estimate. It is believed that new members of the College will not be behind those who have preceded them in lending a willing hand to bring to a successful completion a movement so well begun. Mr. Scadding and Mr. Church have kindly promised to receive subscriptions for this purpose.

A MEETING of the corporation of the University of Trinity College was held on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Harris of Brantford was chosen as the representative of the University in the council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. The resignation by Rev. G. A. S. Schneider of the assistant Professorship of Divinity was received and accepted. The resignation will take effect at the close of the present term, when Mr. Schneider returns to England. A committee was appointed to take steps towards filling the office and to report at a future meeting. The meeting then adjourned.

THE above recalls to our mind the French saying "*Bien perdu, bien connu*" (a good when lost is valued most). Professor Schneider is a profound scholar, an accomplished theologian, a thorough gentleman. His departure will weaken our Professoriate considerably, but what is our loss is another's gain, and this thought alone reconciles us to the separation. We owe Mr. Schneider a deep debt of gratitude for crossing the Atlantic and labouring with us thus long, and we desire to assure him that he has our hearty wishes for his prosperity in any future field of labor.

FROM the door quickly closed to allow the entrance of a late member of the Council to deliberate with that august body, the echo of a new move on the part of our governors has reverberated throughout our halls, and there is now a cheerful expression on men's faces. If the truth must be told there is a rumour afloat that a new course, in addition to those already established, has been mooted in our midst. It has been found by experience that we lack one essential part of education—agriculture, and it is reported that we are to vie with the Ontario Agricultural College in the study of that branch of knowledge, which may fit the young parson who lacks reasoning powers, to properly choose the best kind of stick, with which to deal with refractory parishioners. The College would reap untold advantages from this new departure. The first year work could be eminently practical and the benefit which the Cricket Club, for instance, would receive would more than compensate for the outlay necessary to the successful establishment of the department. We would suggest that the men taking this course be not wholly confined to out-door work, as there is much within our walls that could furnish practical illustrations of a young farmer's life. We might occasionally have the dust of ages removed from our rooms and a proper inspection made of the garments lying beneath, while out of doors, a new fence, such as a farmer is often required to put up, might replace the aesthetic one now standing; the hay-crop on the front "lawn" might be cared for; the cows at evening-fall driven away; and the thousand little odds and ends attended to, besides turning the gymnasium into a proper hennery and the atmometer to a crow's nest. We highly approve of the rumour concerning this new departure and only await the official voice from the proper source.

DE LÆTO VICTORIÆ NUNTIO.

Oppressa luctu corda levans gravi
Longe remotis tama volat locis,
Stravisse nostros barbarorum
Terribili exitio catervas.

Nuper relictis quas domibus viri
Insanientis consilium impulit
Vastare campos, et colonos
Immeritos violare ferre.

Eheu! periculum non metuentibus
Venit citato perniciis gradu:
Uxore cum fida maritum
Mors rapuit tenerosque natos.

Ergo juvenas pectore fervido
Ardens nefanda sumere debitas
Pro caede poenas arma primam
Ad sonitum ecce! capit tubarum,

Tardant ruentes nulla negotia:
Summum putatur segnitias nefas:
Celare matronas dolentes
Ira pudorque docet dolorem.

Atqui timendum est ne nimius furor,
Instar tumentis fluminis imbribus,
Exundet, insiguenque laurum
Sævitia maculet cruenta.

Clemens ab ipsis sæpius hostibus
Parto triumpho victor amabitur,
Non ulla clementis valebit
Invidia attenuare laudes.

Non arma semper, non validæ manus,
Pectusque duro robore fortius
Vicere; nonnunquam potentes
Contudit ipse Deus cohortes.

Vires ministrans inferioribus.
A-manda dextra est, sed pietas magis
Armisque bellantes tuetur
Consilioque ducis periti.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor of ROUGE ET NOIR:

SIR,—History repeats itself. The past abounds in these repetitions, the present is furnishing others. Before the time of the Wesleys, it was said, a bishop regarded any spot on the surface of the earth as a welcome retreat, save the diocese over which he was called to preside. To-day, while this condition of matters does not literally exist, there is a repetition of the same spirit. We have set apart a reading room, we have appointed a curator for the same, the curate and his "curacy" are both the creation of the same literary society, but, strange fact, they will not "chemically combine." The curator, who is, in a sense, an *Episkopos*, who is known to have leanings to theology, in whose eye there is even a distant vision of a mitre, a pastoral staff and puffed sleeves, (and herein lies the historical repetition) finds delight in every habitable spot—in the pure air of Springfield, or amidst the crowded benches of the *Grand*, in philosophic discussions throughout College, or in silent meditation in No. 34, at the convivial supper or even the more solemn precincts of the chapel, in any of these rather than in his own peculiar realm, the reading room. There is certainly much to be said in favor of this course. First, it must not be lost sight of that a man has the privilege of choice, and that if he chooses to gratuitously relegate work to others he is merely exercising this royal privilege and setting a noble example of large-hearted self sacrifice. Next, it may be argued that the reading room literature is not for ornament but for use, and that it was never intended to be subjected to a stiff and uninteresting arrangement, but that, when left to itself to glory in any position or appearance whatever, it stands out in all the ravishing resplendence of natural simplicity. It is even held that age improves the tone of a paper, and accordingly we find, uppermost in our newspaper supply, the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, of some issue long past, and a *Shaftesbury Bulletin* of last year. But as a physician is expected, rightly or wrongly, to prescribe medicine for a patient who employs him, though there may be no conceivable malady, we hold that the present curator is bound, by virtue of his appointment, to take charge of the reading room and to regulate it regularly, though our own private opinion is that no such attention is necessary and that the reading room is a perfect paragon of matchless variety. Under the regime of the last curator, any one could with his eyes shut determine with

undeviating accuracy the exact latitude and longitude of any periodical. But no such ignominious charge can be made now. The *Century* and the *Guelph Herald* cohabit, the *Guardian* and the *Evangelical Churchman* embrace in close and unreserved friendship, the *Globe* and the *Mail*, once enemies, now intermingle on the communistic plan, neither making any pretensions to claim a position as its own, but content to know that it has a place somewhere within the four walls of the reading room. The credit of introducing the present system, with all its manifold advantages, belongs to the curator, and the credit of pointing out its historical significance is the boast of

HISTORICUS.

[The Curator has anticipated the above panegyric and with characteristic modesty has proceeded to render himself unworthy of it. Several alterations have been made of which we instance a few. The table, the prop of many an aged magazine has taken the floor into partnership with it and a branch office has been opened, notably the porter's lodge. The *Messenger* and the *Bulletin* no longer have the pre-eminence, as every paper in the pile has enjoyed this distinction instantaneously, extemporaneously and simultaneously. Verily the Curator is no respecter of newspapers—EDITOR.]

Editor of ROUGE ET NOIR.

DEAR SIR:—Usually about this time of the year we are treated to a Report from the officers of the Literary Society, of the successful debaters and essayists, during the past Academic year. Seeing that no action has yet been taken in this matter, we respectfully invite attention to the preparation and submission of a Report as soon as the necessary judgments have been passed.

Yours,

STUDENT.

[Our correspondent is somewhat in error, as the Council has decided the awards, which have been made to Mr. T. G. A. Wright for the best essay and Mr. G. H. Broughall for debating. EDITOR.]

LITERARY NOTES.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS, by *Charles Egbert Craddock*, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885, Toronto, Williamson & Co. Price \$1.25.

A surprise equal with the disclosure of the personality of George Eliot, has been the revelation that Charles Egbert Craddock was none other than a bright Western girl of St. Louis, Miss. Mary N. Murfree, who has passed much of her life amid the untrammelled hills of the country so picturesquely set forth in her contributions to the literature of the day. In these short stories, embodying the vernacular of the Tennessee mountaineer, so much knowledge of the character and insight of men and ways is shown, and the freedom and vigor in which they are described, leads one almost intuitively to name the author as a man. The style, with its marked characteristics, shows a master hand in the art of description, in subtleness of humor, in that touch of nature which instinctively

strikes a responsive chord in the breast, and we find ourselves in the simplicity in which the tales are told, a dweller amid the loneliness of the artless, uncultivated inhabitants of the wood-covered mountains of this Southern state. The idiosyncrasies of the mountain character have been as deftly marked as the Creole of Geo. W. Cabie, the Southern negro accent of Joel Chandler Harris, or the language of the Californian argonauts of Bret Harte. "Drifting Down Lost Creek," "A Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlement" and "The 'Harn' that walks Chilhowee" are deeper and the work of a more experienced hand than we are accustomed to find among short story-tellers, and the descriptions throughout the whole are perfect. We quote a simple one:

"Lost Creek, sounded some broken minor chords, as it dashed against the rocks on its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming; their fragrance so delicate, yet so pervasive, suggested some exquisite unseen presence—the dryads were surely abroad! The birch trees stretched down their silver branches and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging till they seemed to meet far away in one long, level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven. The pine knots flamed and glistened under the great wash-kettle. A tree-toad was persistently calling for rain, in the dry distance."

Throughout, the book runs an unaffected vein of humor, combining with it touches of description, which often transfer themselves to glimpses of natural scenes and pathetic incidents, but the beauty of the whole lies in the fact that the men and women are real, and appeal to our feelings. The book is something new in the style of American literature, and a valuable addition to it.

"THE LONG VAC."

Visions of the long vacation! Ah! the feeling of elation.

As you bowl down to the station and take tickets for the four Winds of Heaven, as the phrase is, when you mean a fellow pays his Fare to where the restive blaze is wont less fiercely down to pour.

This is all of course provided you of reading not fight shy did, And are not a poor, misguided, plucked man, coming up again In October, *renouare* the *dolorem* and must chary Be of time, as with a wary coach in bondage you remain.

Summer Vac! Ah! dream seductive, swearing that you'd have been plucked if

You'd not by a stroke of luck divine for some king hit the date: Now to bid a hurried *sale* unto polygon and Paley Spectres that have kept you daily apprehensive for your fate.

Sweet to lie in bed till past ten, no more thinking of some last ten Chapels you'd to make a vast endeavor to put in before You could get your term allowed, you, no more wondering if they've ploughed you

In that *Æschylus* you vowed you thought would certainly you floor

Sweet the visions of lawn-tennis, or of hammocks with Pendennis, Or of floating *a la Venice* in a punt on shady stream, When at ninety p'raps the glass is, moored among the river grasses, You pronounce that he an ass is, who would of exertion dream.

Life non dolce far niente, visions of iced cup in plenty, As throughout the four-and-twenty hours you nothing do but laze, Or upon a cool verandah, think of course of some *Amanda*, And imagine you could stand a century of aimless days.

Then from this opinion parting, on the usual picnic starting, With the visions of sweet-hearting which that sort of thing implies,

When, where summer woods environ, with some deftly-booted syren You serenely talk of Byron, scenery or hazel eyes.

Then, since you are not yet eighty, *otium cum dignitate* May grow, p'raps a trifle weighty as the season lengthens out, So you dream of potting plover, being of sport in dreams a lover, And no end of ground p'raps cover, fishing for delusive trout.

Shun satiety's sad beaches, one *proverbially* preaches, So, accepting what he teaches, further yet afield you roam, Or forgetting land and Tuppens, now you dream of yachting suppers And of hearing through the scuppers, dashing go the yellow foam.

And throughout that summer Vac. oh! what fair visions of tobacco, Yet the season doesn't lack occasional decided bores: Sleeping in wet boating flannels, craft becalmed in stifling char-els, Breaking down of picnic van—ills one in visions quite ignores.

But when the vacation's over, back you come, O festive rover, And in Academic grove or terrace run to earth again, Grown perhaps a shade sedater, you'll admit, sooner or later, To return to *Alma Mater*, you a month before were fain

W. R.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Rev. F. W. Squire, now in Toronto, as curate of St. Mathias' Church, is doing good service for his *Alma Mater* by preparing several candidates for matriculation.

Mr. Jas. H. Cooper, '86, having decided to intersperse his arts programme with appropriate legal selections, has postponed his graduation indefinitely, and has as a consequence ruthlessly torn himself from among us. We lose in him a valuable curator, an enterprising, student and not less an agreeable companion.

UNIVERSITY CONFEDERATION.

Much in the papers has been said, Some now declare a farce it is, That all the ink that has been shed Should bring no neater to a head The much vexed question of Confed-eration of the 'Varsities.

Religion, Arts and Science wed To follow the "three R's." It easily might seem that *one* place fed By Artsman, Tug and Student Medical, should flourish by Confed-eration of the 'Varsities.

'Twould seem the proper path to tread, But then of course there are cities Who've been by local interest led To take another view instead, And put a veto on Confed-eration of the 'Varsities.

The scheme's no doubt *utile sed difficile*. Yet mar's it ease, To hear abuses daily shed By "Onlooker," or "X. Y. Z." Across the subject of Confed-eration of the 'Varsities.

A knotty phrase, with pitfalls spread, If there's a man can parse it, he's Worthy a Minister of Education's thanks, and merited Would be his honours for Confed-eration of the 'Varsities.



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