

ROUGE ET NOIR.

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Vol. IV.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JULY, 1883.

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ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. IV.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, JULY, 1887.

No. 5.

A WRECK.

A youthful bark rides on life's sea,
Over the waves glides merrily,
 Lightly,
 Sprightly ;
Yet bound to home by hawsers sure,
By mother love and care secure,
 Speeding,
 Heeding—
Heeding that love so true and pure,
Speeding along to years mature.

But now life's breakers round it roll ;
It breaks from the hawser's firm control,
 Fearless,
 Careless,
Away from a mother's guiding hand,
Away from home, away from land,
 Drifting,
 Shifting—
Shifting like ocean's changing sand,
Drifting from out the helm's command.

The end draws near, the bark drifts on
'Till it has from hope, ambition gone,
 Sadly,
 Madly,
Heeding no more the helm within ;
That voice unheard 'mid passions' din,
 Drifted,
 Rifted—
Rifted upon the rocks of sin,
Drifted from all that life should win.

—MARCO.

GAMBETTA.

On Sunday, February 4th, 1883, at Newton Hall, in London, where the new Religion of Humanity, that strange last offspring of an age of wonders, has been placed upon a sort of ceremonial and devotional basis, was delivered by Frederick Harrison, one of the most active of its apostles, a lecture or rather sermon, which appears in the March number of the *Contemporary Review*, on the subject of Leon Gambetta, whom he places as last, but in no wise least, upon the curious list of heroes who make up the Humanitarian Calendar. It is an

interesting subject for reflection to place the two Calendars, the old and the new, side by side. On the one hand the Christ, the Perfect One, as head, with such sainted figures as St. John, St. Stephen and St. Paul, numbering among their followers men like Irenaeus and Augustine of Hippo ; on the other hand Humanity, with all that it includes, and such strange Titans as Danton, Hoche, Condorcet, Carrell, and finally Leon Gambetta

However, though we do not sympathize with Mr. Harrison in placing Gambetta on any questionable calendar of a new religion, yet we must all admire and revere, as much as he does, the great and singular qualities which have gained for the founder of the Third French Republic the noble and foremost place he holds among the popular heroes of his country—his disinterestedness, his indomitable courage, his clear good sense, his marvellous eloquence, his power. All these have been the divine gifts which have raised the son of the grocer of Cahors to the glorious position of Father and Defender of the Republic—the sacred Carroccio, round which all the burning patriotism of France has centred, in its earnestness and its strength, for thirteen years. Indeed from all that can be gathered from the innumerable good and bad words, which are being spoken of him now that he is dead, he seems to have been one of the supreme and seemingly-original characters which only arise now and then at long intervals as guiding lights in the world's dimmed and confused ways—the very nature's kings—men of the stamp of Luther, of Cromwell and of Mirabeau. There are times in every nation, especially that of the French with their vehement and sensitive, but at the same time light and changeable character, when some ill-government, some hollow "formula," has rested so long upon the people, that all the pulses of the national spirit are deadened, and life itself to every active thinking man becomes a heavy, wearisome, unbearable thing, and men begin to cry to one another in their different, dim ways for something living, something human, they know not what—but know that some new thing must come—times in which the old and known leaders of the people have lost all heart or know not in what way to set themselves to the gigantic work. Then rises the brave, powerful, original man whose soul is carried away in the untrammelled tide of energy and hope, who knows no fear or any other retarding impulse—the man too with an "eye," as Carlyle would say—and tells the people in words of fire, that are borne upon the four winds to every corner of the earth,

just what it is they all want. He may not tell them perhaps what each man in the hour of cool deliberation would propose to himself; but he tells them what they all acknowledge to be in the aggregate true. They see that he is the one man who has the truth and nothing else in his heart, and has above all the innate power and fearlessness to work it out, and that their salvation is in following him implicitly.

In 1867 Gambetta was a young, struggling, advocate, quite unknown and poor—nothing but the clever son of the small grocer of Cahors. It happened that in that year an action was instituted by the government of Louis Napoleon against certain popular editors, who had advocated the erection of a monument in memory of Baudin, one of the martyrs of the barricade in the time of the *coup d'etat*, and the young Gambetta was employed to speak in behalf of the defendants. Carried away by the impulse of the hour, and the indignation and hope, which the circumstances of the trial stirred within him, without paying the slightest heed to the subject in hand, the fiery young Gascon rushed off into a torrent of enthusiasm, and uttered a speech so full of burning invective, wild admonition and resistless logic, that in one day he was famous; his name became a household word and he was known to every patriot as the coming leader of the Revolution and the great enemy before whom the Empire trembled to its base. This was Gambetta's first oration, and it passed like a whirlwind over France. The whole republican element of the country was aroused and gathered round its hero, armed and steadied for the fight. In 1870 came the miserable collapse, in which all the boasted might and splendour of the "Napoleonic Idea" crumbled away like a layer of burnt paper at a touch and out of the confused and shapeless wreck, the genius, energy and eloquence of Gambetta succeeded in constructing the Republic. And with great, untold toil was it done. The general feeling among statesmen, and indeed in a great part of the country at the end of the war, and especially after the delirium and excesses of the Commune, seems to have been in favor of Monarchy, the revival of the Legitimist claim, and Gambetta saw that the establishment of a Republic upon the purely democratic basis of 1792 was at present altogether impossible; but he knew also that the foundation of a Republican system of popular government, of however imperfect a kind, if it were once firmly rooted in the affections of the people, would lead in the natural development of things to something better. So he sacrificed many of his own prejudices; he did not sit idly by in silent, sour inactivity like Louis Blanc and the other visionary leaders of rigid democracy who, because they could not gain everything at once, would have no hand in establishing a part; but went vehemently to work, organizing and repressing his own party working incessantly among his opponents and among all factions with bribes, industry and resistless eloquence, laboring manfully in a thousand intrigues—and the result of all

was that he so prevailed over his enemies that he brought most of them to his own view, and so drilled and handled his own uncompromising followers that the long-wished for Republic was at length gained by a compromise in which the Royalists sacrificed much more than the Democrats. In these events Gambetta displayed most unmistakably that main ground-work of his political theories, which has gained for him the admiration of Mr. Frederick Harrison and many other able writers, viz., his love of order, his active belief in the necessity of social development. He was not a man of the narrow order of "People's Friend" Marat, or the dreamer Robespierre, or even of the "irreconcilable" dogmatist, Louis Blanc; he would have no hand in an impossible endeavour to establish Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, all at once, as an uncompromising theory of government, or rather, of non-government—above all things he would have order and progress developed through order.

Again in 1877 when French freedom was menaced by McMahon's insidious conspiracy for the establishment of what, as men subsequently found out, really meant a military despotism, Gambetta saw the danger, though it was carefully concealed, and it was by his activity and marvellous skill, his absolute command of the popular party, which had grown wide and powerful under his hands, that McMahon was defeated and overthrown, and the Republic saved. In all such cases, if we consider the almost insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend—in 1867, the mysterious sense of fear that an apparently firm-rooted authority must always inspire—in 1871, the astonishing apathy of the people, which was in part produced by a twenty years' endurance of the villainous Napoleonic system of centralization, the almost absolute power at that moment in the hands of the military commanders, who were mostly monarchists or imperialists, the prejudices of the Conservative party, the vehement and "irreconcilable" disposition of his own followers, the confusion and dismay attending the communistic outbreak of March—in 1877, the insidious character of McMahon's plans, the care taken to conceal their real purport from the people, and the blindly Conservative instincts of the peasant districts—if, I say, we consider all these enormous difficulties in his way, the genius, the self-command, the energy, the devotion and the intricate skill of the master-hand, cannot but fill us with wonder and astonishment, and we must agree unreservedly with those who rank him not only as one of the leading statesmen of his time, but as one of the greatest the world has ever seen.

A German writer in the February No. of the *Contemporary Review* objects to a comparison that has been made between Gambetta and Mirabeau. But to us it seems as just as any that can be made between two great historical characters. All comparisons of this kind fail if they are followed up in the least degree minutely; yet we often meet with famous figures in the world's story that bear to one another a sort of rude similarity in the

main outlines. Gambetta and Mirabeau were alike in possessing the rare power of reducing order out of utter chaos, and we can well enough compare the great statesman, who in 1871, by dint of his extraordinary eloquence and sheer personal influence, reduced even opponents to his will, with the resistless Titan of the Assembly of 1791, a greater than he, whose voice was as a clarion call out of all that shrieking confusion and darkness sounding to the muster—whose "we shall" was the clear note, which brought chaos and tumult into silent obedience, and his "we shall not," a mysterious barrier, which the most turbulent dared not pass. They were the two men with eyes—the nature's kings of their time. Whilst all other mortals were wrangling out the days in empty discord, harping each eternally on his own cracked string, they were the men who had the instinctive vision which told them what was wanted and the sublime sole power to do it. They were the "swallowers of formulas." There is another point of less importance in which an interesting comparison may be found between these two men. They were both of Italian ancestry, and, possessed, each of them, a sort of double nature, at once Italian and French—South French at that. As Mirabeau, the descendant and last leonine flower on the worn stem of the fire-blooded Riquetti, possesses, at the same time, the eloquent and poetic spirit of the Provençal, and the astuteness and policy of the Italian; so, too, Gambetta inherited these latter qualities from his Trans-Alpine ancestors, and united them to the reckless Gascon fire and daring, which made him, in 1870, the most French of Frenchmen. He was, however, as he said of himself, more Gascon than Italian.

It is this aspect of Gambetta's history, as founder and nourisher of the Republic, which Mr. Harrison takes most pains to impress upon his hearers. He dwells most upon the broad statesmanship, the clear sense and humanity of the man. But that part of his character which strikes most deeply the imagination of the romantic lover of history, which gives to his figure the brightest poetic touch, is his patriotism—a patriotism which was his whole life and his whole religion. In this he reminds us of Danton, he reminds us of the most significant, perhaps the most memorable scene in Danton's life. At a time when the whole structure of French society was rushing down into ruin, when there was nothing but anarchy, conspiracy and apparent powerlessness within, and the banding together and heavy marching of innumerable enemies without, in an hour of rage, and fear, and distraction—one morning the gigantic figure of Danton strode from the municipality of Paris into the pale and confused Hall of the Convention and uttered there those tremendous words, which were the revelation of the man, and in the light of which his life and character are to be read, "Legislators, it is the *pas-de-charge* against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? *To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare!*" The

stentorian words that rang in that hour above the glowing throng of the Convention, formed the whole poetry, the main gist of the whole rude and much-stained epic of Danton's days, and whenever vehement, effervescent French hearts have risen in the time of their despair from the living death of a selfish government against the oncoming of overwhelming foes, we can imagine, as of old, that rude Titan shadow standing dimly before them, and that tremendous voice echoing among them, more or less clearly, forever. It was the great cry of the Republic out of the lips of him who understood it best, for "our little mother Mirabeau" was dead, and besides, as Carlyle hints, he was, perhaps, not so complete a swallower of formulas as Danton. It was the voice of a risen people, there was more in it than a mere truculent defiance of a gathering foe. There lay beneath it the wild hope and despair that is akin to hope, which prompted it, the deep sense of the utter falseness, hollowness and wrongness of all the existing network of authority, and the vague, but wild and intense hope and longing for something more brotherly, more human, more just—a hope which no historian or poet has ever completely expressed, or can express, which is only witnessed in the deeds which make such a time terrible, is only read in the eager faces of gathered men, heard in the murmur of a multitude. Man has never been gifted with such iron nerve to fight as when his arm has been inspired with this grand passion—the ground-work of human thought. Witness the thousand battle fields of the First Revolution and the strange heroes that won them. It was this same deep and devoted inspiration that nerved Gambetta and his scattered followers in the last dark days of 1870. It was the spirit of the First Republic devoted love of country, love of people—which followed the hero in his famous balloon escape from Paris across the memory-haunted barrier of the Loire, and told the scarred and weather-beaten veteran of the Empire, and the young fiery conscript of the Republic that there was yet another Hoche come to lead them, if not to victory, yet to honour, and that there still lingered in that hot south corner of France some remnant of the marvellous fervour, which, seventy-eight years before, had swept like a fire-tide over the host of their enemies on every cannon-girt barrier of the Republic. All rallied round him, his name became the watch-word of every patriot, known of all Frenchmen. Army after army, ill-trained and ill provided, but animated with the mighty spirit of this French Leonidas, crossed the Loire, and many of them died there, hardly ever victorious—it was impossible—but ever brave, ever ready "without end to dare" and die. Long weeks and months they marched and fought in the midst of hunger, and cold, and death, and more than once their shattered and dragging columns had to get back again, worn and beaten, over the straining bridges of Orleans through the storms of that bitter winter, but ever they had the master-spirit behind, and ever, as the fire burned pale and cold at the extremities,

came the flash of Gambetta's lip and eye, and the quenchless vigor of his hand. Again and again this fronted the foe and held them, tiger-like, at bay. Four great battles were fought on four successive days, if we remember right, about Beaugency, in which the French retired bit by bit, grappling to the death for every inch of soil, and the Duke of Mecklinburg confessed that he had got but bloody and fierce-won victories. These men became the wonder and admiration of Germany, and Gambetta her secret fear. But they were no longer fighting for an effete and selfish Empire, it was for their now "*Vive la Republique*," "*Vive la Patrie*," and that made much of the difference.

The old cry of *Vive la Roi*, once in days such as those of the sainted Louis, or Louis XII, "the people's King," or even of the Grand Monarch had had its power; *vive l'Empereur* had once been the resistless spell of a sort of terrible, misunderstood, part benignant, more than half malignant genie; but what were these, or what can they ever be to the sweet and loving power and pathos of that grand *Vive la Patrie*, live the Fatherland, that bursting in the hour of their great love and despair from ten thousand throats around the shattered mill of Valony, caused the multitude of their enemies to vanish like the smoke of their own cannon; or the more triumphant and threatening *Vive la Republique*, which swept over the redoubts of Jenappe, and across the bridge of Lodi. "There is an Unconquerable in man when he stands on the rights of man." Gambetta gained one victory, that of Coulmier, and out of the darkness of all that dishonor and defeat his countrymen remember it still, and remember, above all, the fiery spirit that gave it them. He was the living incarnation of the Marseillaise.

But the ancient spirit was well nigh dead for the time, in the greater part of France, and Gambetta could not be every where—the German occupying most. The heartless and narrow regime of Empire had done well its work, acting like a tourniquet on every limb of the nation, deadening all. Poor materialized Frenchmen, but dimly remember the time, when two hundred and fifty-eight forges went clanging through the autumn days in all the open places of Paris and shore, lurid-gleaming with their sooty Vulcans about them through the long nights, hammering musket barrels and tempering sabres hour by hour; when, to save time in bringing them down, the bells were shot from the steeples with heavy guns to make the patriots cannon, and every cellar was raked to get them saltpetre; when all souls that could hold a musket gathered in the towns and villages and wended away to the battlefield chanting the Marseillaise; when the bands of girls and old women grow weary scraping lint and sewing canvas night and day, and the old men sat like venerable Romans in the market places, giving benediction to the heroes that were to fight and die for *la Patrie*, when bread and fire-locks were deemed the only two requisites for victory—such old time they

remembered but dimly, for the spirit had left them long. The Germans spread themselves farther and farther: the sound of their cannon swept over the walls of Leman in the North West, crossed even the dark waters of the Loire, and the men of Lyons saw from their towers the gleam of Uhlan helmets plundering in the South. Paris was bound with a girdle of fire, and in the end fell. Gambetta would have carried on the war—the unconquerable hero that he was—to the last extremity, as in old days, but the people's hearts had died within them—only his followers, his army, remained true; and they could gain but their one poor victory of Coulmier. "In a long conversation on the war," says Frederick Harrison, "I asked him, years after all was over, 'could then the defence have been continued in 1871?' 'Certainly,' he ground out bitterly, crunching his clasped hands, 'of course it could.' 'Then why did they give in?' said I, 'Because they were out of heart,' he roared out, bounding off his seat and his face purple with shame and rage. And I felt," says Mr. Harrison, "what Danton had been in '93."

This great and all-providing passion of patriotism which was the life of Gambetta's soul, was the leading and most admirable characteristic of his statesmanship. He was a noble and peculiar instance in our modern days of faction, of a politician who was not a party leader, but wholly and above all things a patriot. He looked not to the advancement of clique, but to general welfare of the state, and sought as means to that end, men of every shade of opinion, even sometimes his declared foes. "We differ in political creed," he would say, "but we have one common object, the prosperity and greatness of this country. Strive toward that object. I ask no more of you." Is there not in that a lesson, simple and beautiful, for those men in every state, who are ready to sacrifice daily the interest of their country to the triumph or chagrin of a selfish party? One of the facts which prove most conclusively not only Gambetta's supreme importance to France as her daring defender in time of need and the father of her Republic, but also his wider status as one of the most powerful of European statesmen, is that he has been regarded by the Germans ever since the war as the most formidable of her enemies and as Bismarck's most dreaded skeleton in the closet—the only man who might have undertaken a war of revenge with success. The circumstances attending and succeeding Gambetta's death have also shown, as nothing else could have done, the wonderful influence he had upon the affections and destinies of his country. His funeral, followed by a hundred thousand mourners, and witnessed by the millions of Paris, reminded every one of that other sadder day when all France had hung her head in lamentation and wept in bitter mourning for her nature's king and father in that time—the one of all that might have brought her, as a dauntless pilot, safe through the storm

—her "Little Mother Mirabeau" passed out of the light with his rugged force of strength, his power and his generous eloquence in the hour of her extreme need. Mr. Harrison exults in the fact that there were no religious ceremonies in that saddest funeral. We have no good to say of that: but we are only at present looking at the deep grief of the people, who had lost their earnest friend defender and showered it as they had never done before for any other, since the burial of his mighty prototype. Again in the lamentable weakness and timidity which have displayed themselves in the Republican Government of France since Gambetta's death, every writer has observed the withdrawal of the master-hand—the hand that held all opinions in restraint, that was not the Dagon of a party, but the centre spirit of all. "O had Mirabeau lived one other year!" cried Carlyle and most Frenchmen are moaning a like regret for the dead Gambetta now.

In his personal appearance, from all we can gather of him, Gambetta seems to have been of a short, corpulent, clumsy but powerful build—bull-necked, with an enormous head set deep between tremendous shoulders—a being not beautiful to look upon at first sight, but the light and beauty were all in his face. From the portraits of him that can be had we should judge that his countenance possessed, in the width, protuberance and elevation of the brows, and the deep light of the eye beneath, no small share of that ideal radiance, which makes the face of genius in excitement so fascinating to any one who possesses a nature in the least degree sympathetic with it. His glass eye, which we should imagine to be on the whole no improvement to him, gave, we are told, to his glance a steadfastness and fascination, which impressed those who were brought into conversation with him. In his oratory he is described as the very child of passion—often wandering confusedly, even clumsily at first, entangled in a maze of half-formed sentences, like the sluggish winding and eddying of a slow river: then would come the slant of the rapid: some swift passion would shoot into him and he would rush off into a torrent of beautiful, powerful words and vehement thought, carrying himself and everyone else utterly away with him; when the fire cooled he would return to a calm flow of careful and laborious argument and finish off with a final storm of eloquence that brought all hearers to his feet. Whenever these gusts of passion swept over him, his great head would thrust itself forward, his eye flash, brimming with light; he would pace the Tribune like a lion, or grasp the balustrade with both his hands "as if he would grind it to powder," he became for a moment the incarnation of his thought, beautiful or terrible as it. We can well imagine the effect produced by such oratory as this, especially outside the Chamber and upon an audience of working people, impulsively French and not sufficiently educated to pry very narrowly into the

logical strength of the argument. The German writer speaks rather sneeringly of Gambetta's speeches, and says that in their printed form no cultivated man will trouble himself to read them, which may possibly be to some extent true, if he is an uninterested, perhaps biased foreigner reading them coldly and intellectually in his study, but the wonderful work which the orator accomplished by them is an undisputable proof of their perfect efficiency among his own people and on his own occasions. In the political life of Gambetta there are, of course, several circumstances which may be regarded as stains upon his record. We do not speak so much of his antipathy to Christianity, which is not peculiar to him—most French politicians are the same, and then, when we consider the circumstances of his education, how could he have been otherwise? but of his *active* hostility to the church and his extraordinary scheme of a state religion or no religion. It is needless to make any comment upon this last, even Mr. Harrison condemns it. In his persecution of "clericalism" however he was to some extent, if not altogether, justified. The church in France, it appears does not confine itself as it should to the spiritual concerns of the people, but has always as a body adopted a largely and increasingly meddling attitude toward the state, especially under Republican institutions, plotting with feudalism, laboring for the restoration of Monarchy, and striving against the advance of education, even to the extent of disregarding the advice and admonition of the present Pope. "Clericalism, there is the enemy!" said Gambetta, and doubtless, politically speaking, he was right. Clericalism however does not mean the church, but the state policy of its clergy.

Against a man of Gambetta's genius, the charge of personal ambition is always brought up with much bitterness by men of a certain narrow stamp. He was ambitious of course, and what ever so disinterested a man in his position would not have been? As Carlyle says of another greater man, "They say he was ambitious—that he would be Minister. It is most true, and was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister." Of Gambetta we may say that he was the one man in France who could have done incomparably the most as the head of the Republic, and he knew it. The desire of power in him was no vulgar pride, but a sense of the supreme strength he had to do great good to his country and a generous longing to have the opportunity of accomplishing it. There is no doubt however that this ambition of his—noble as it was—together with the nervous uneasiness which accompanied it, as even his friends allow, led him into some serious errors, such as the pains he took to fill all offices of state with men subservient to his influence, that when the day of his power came he might be able to use it to best purpose, and with the least hindrance and meddling, dictatorial, quasi-dog-in-the-manger

attitude which he adopted toward all the Ministers which had followed one another in rapid succession, while he was President of the Chamber—and which were obliged to stand or fall according to his will. Gambetta, it seems, was not strong enough at the time to govern himself, but he had full power and determination to prevent any one governing without him. He was however in the end bitterly punished for all. When circumstances at last obliged him to form a Ministry of his own, his grand measure of the *Scrutin de Liste*, which however was a just and necessary one, was defeated and thrown out. The members were afraid of him. With great toil he dragged it through the Lower House by a scant majority of four votes, and lost it utterly in the Upper one. In regard to the charges of loose morality, which have been brought against the great Frenchman, and the disagreeable stories that are told (by his enemies of course) about his private life, most of which however, as Mr. Harrison observes, are not yet proven to be true, we can have little to say. Mr. Harrison says that "a public man has no private life," which is in a certain sense true, though it looks like a dangerous maxim from the lips of one who holds up as a light and example to men the calendar of Humanity. Besides, are we not all such fate-driven mortals on this earth, moulded in body and soul by the necessity of our surroundings—that inevitable necessity which Victor Hugo makes the text of a great and powerful novel. When a man has been shewn only the clean and perfect side of life and yet turns out in the end a reprobate, let us speak ill of him if we will, but when only its loose and irregular types have been thrown about him from his infancy, and yet out of it all, he displays, as Gambetta certainly did, the high and generous impulses of a nature fundamentally noble, it were better for us to be silent about his faults. Gambetta was by his education and surroundings, in the words of Frederick Harrison nothing but a "jovial, unabashed son of Paris." All this will seem but a weak argument to the pure and careful searchers of character; yet let it stand for some slight extenuation. But before we leave him let us repeat what I find eagerly testified in everything that I have read of him and what can be said of so few statesmen of his especially, or any other age or country, that though he was placed in positions in which he had abundant opportunities of making himself wealthy by means often considered quite honest, he never made use of his power to augment his fortune by a single farthing. He died indeed comparatively poor, and all that he left behind him was the proceeds of his share in two great Republican journals. It is said of him also that during his life time, whilst most men looked upon him as immensely rich, he was often in a condition of pecuniary necessity. We are told, too, of his indefatigable industry, of his perpetual endeavour to learn, of the long weary hours he devoted to study and the work of

state, reserving only four for sleep, of how he toiled thus for his country unceasingly with all his might, and as it proved much more than his might, and so shattered his once powerful constitution that a slight wound slew him in the end, as a much greater one could not have done in earlier years of less weary care and better regarded health.

In taking leave of the reader we would recommend him, if he has the different copies of the reviews about him, and has not done so already, to read Mr. Harrison's lecture on Leon Gambetta. He may set on one side the reflections on his religion which are to be found in it, if nothing else, for the ease and beauty of its style. Other articles well worth reading are "Contemporary Life and Thought in France," by Gabriel Monod, in the *Contemporary Review* for February, and another in the same number, written in a very sweet and affectionate tone by one who styles himself Gambetta's Friend and Follower, "M. Gambetta: Positiveness and Christianity," by R. W. Dale, M. A., in the *Contemporary Review* for March, and lastly a rather caustic and skeptical paper by "A German," in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, which will serve as an antidote to all.

A. LAMPMAN.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

TRINITY TERM, 1883.

THE PROVOST is at present in England, where he will remain during the "Long." We hope that he will return with recruited strength.

We are delighted to find that Trinity is holding her own in Cricket. The bowling average this season is remarkably good. See the *resume* in another column.

There seems to be some room for improvement in the arrangement of the Classical Honour Examinations for the third year. As the rule now stands, the men come up both in June and October, for examination on identical subjects. Would it not seem reasonable that if a man can pass in the honour classics, he should be exempted from examination in the simpler subjects of the mere Pass Course? If this were done, all the third year examinations could be concluded in June, and honour men would be relieved from the unpleasant nightmare of stiff examination to come, hanging over them all the summer.

The excellent suggestion of "Music," in our last issue, is, we understand, to be adopted immediately, and the position of organist will hereafter be awarded yearly by examination. A new stock of chant books is sadly needed, and there is nothing at all in the way of organ music. Couldn't these defects be repaired by next term?

WE clip the following from the May number of the *British Columbia Gazette*:—"His Honour the Lieut.-Governor has been pleased to appoint Paulus Amilius Irving, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, to be Deputy Attorney-General for the Province, to date from the 1st instant." Mr. Irving took his B. A. and M. A. from Trinity some years ago, and his B. C. L. in '81. We congratulate him on his appointment.

SOME years ago Trinity was represented in the Canadian Militia by a Company in the Q. O. R. For various reasons it was disbanded, and up to last year no interest whatever has been taken by the students in military matters. Latterly, however, several men have again joined the ranks and are warmly agitating a scheme of raising a corps. This could be done without any difficulty if the fellows would not be quite so lacedaisical, and would exert themselves a little. Trinity took her place among those who fought at Ridgeway in the Fenian Raid; and if, years ago, she could be ably represented, surely she can be now.

How is it that the Museum is still in the same dilapidated state that it has been for years? It surely wouldn't take a great time to put it in order, and several science men would only be too willing to lend a hand. On account of the conspicuous position which the Museum is in, the attention of everyone who comes inside the College is attracted to the cases, and we surely do not think that *all* visitors are so short-sighted as not to notice that a blackbird is labelled a stork, or something equally remote. But in a specially disgraceful state are the geological specimens, over some of which is a notice to the effect that all books must be returned to the Library, etc.; it has been there for years, judging from the amount of dust on it. Couldn't the case be opened just to remove it?

SOME time ago a letter appeared in our columns complaining that the majority of the books which had recently been added to the University Library were only of use to Divinity Men. Immediately, with characteristic energy, Prof. Schneider, the Librarian, caused a Recommendation Book to be placed on the Library table in which any student might write the names of books he would like to be procured. We regret to say that very little use has been made of this book, although notice of its existence was posted on the screen, and the Librarian personally mentioned the fact to a number of the men. Why such is the case we fail to see; for the exclusively

theological character which the Library seemed to be assuming was a matter of general comment, and we know, moreover, that some of those who were the greatest grumblers have not entered their names even for a single book. If it is under the impression that what they recommend would not be purchased, we would like to disabuse their minds, since we know that in the case of one gentleman, a book which he recommended was on the shelves inside of a week, and we feel assured this expeditiousness would be experienced by any others who chose to make a trial. It must be very discouraging to the authorities when they endeavour to please the students by complying with their suggestions, to find that comparatively no use is made of the privileges granted. They will think that the cry of "wolf!" is being raised when no wolf is near, and at length will close their ears to all petitions for reform, under the impression that they are grounded on the mere desire, on the part of the students, to find fault and pick holes in those matters which are subject to the powers that be.

SINCE the issue of the '83-'84 Calendar last month an appendix has been issued, containing some very important changes in the curriculum. In the Primary Examination, in addition to Divinity, Classics, Mathematics, and Physical Science, either French, German or Oriental Languages must be taken. Formerly no option was given, French being compulsory. In the Previous Examination, in addition to Divinity, Classics, and Physical Science, three of the six subjects, Mathematics, Mental Philosophy, French, Oriental Languages, and History must be taken, provided that either Mathematics or Mental Philosophy must always be taken. In the Final, in addition to Divinity and Classics, there are five courses, of which each candidate must select one. They are:

1. Mathematics and Physical Science.
2. Mental and Moral Philosophy.
3. Modern Languages and Literature.
4. English History and Literature.
5. Oriental Languages.

This is a most important change, and will add much to the value of our Pass Degree. Hitherto, no option being allowed, a man had to grind through a subject for which he had neither talent nor taste, whereas, from this wide range of optional subjects, everyone can pick that to which he is most inclined. A great defect in our course has been filled by the introduction of English History and Literature. It is a common error for a man to imagine that by diligent attention to Classics in a Pass Course, he will become thoroughly acquainted with the English Language, naturally he will become benefited to a certain degree, but unless the study of Classics is pursued concurrently with a good English course of reading, a great deal of the use of the former is lost. Important changes have also been made in the Classical and Mathematical Tripos. Three new Honor Courses

have been added, viz., Theology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Physical Science, all of which are most complete. It is with the utmost feeling of satisfaction that we record this extension of our curriculum. The want of a course in Mental and Moral Philosophy has long been felt, the first examination in it will be held in 1886. In addition to the above sweeping changes, we have one more to mention, and that is the Course of Study for Women. In this Course the lines pursued are much the same as in the ordinary University Course, German and Italian being allowed as substitutes for Greek, and Harmony for Mathematics. We think it rather a pity that having taken up the work, women should not be allowed to take this degree in the same way as men. The only reward for their work now is apparently but a certificate. This does not involve the much disputed question of the higher education of women. It is simply a logical deduction. If they are allowed to take up University work they should be allowed University honours. This has been already admitted and voted upon at the London University, and the results have not been such as to discourage its further adoption. In every way this Appendix to the Calendar marks the commencement of that new era of progress which was inaugurated by the setting on foot of the Supplemental Endowment Fund. The authorities have awakened to the fact that Trinity, to retain her hold as the church University of the Province, must, in addition to her church principle, provide the means for the acquirement of all the culture which is the distinctive mark of the present day. The result of such steps as these we have briefly alluded to cannot but be satisfactory in every way; not only in attracting students, but in shewing that liberality of thought is consistent with the championship of religious principles, and in dissipating that strange but not uncommon idea that religion and narrowness are synonymous.

CRICKET.

The cricket season which has just closed has not been a satisfactory one. Out of eleven matches arranged for six were played, three of which were won, one lost, two drawn, and five were declared off on account of rain. The Queen's Birthday was a grand day at Trinity, and we are pleased to be able to state that the College was successful in their annual match against the bankers.

The ground was visited by many ladies and friends of the University, and doubtless the success of the "At Home" on that day was largely owing to the special features of the programme, dancing and refreshments.

These "At Homes" have become very popular of late, and we do not see why they should not be given oftener, certainly there is some expense and trouble connected with them, but the return fully compensates for the seeming extravagance in the outlay. Many ladies are attracted by them, and consequently it is a sort of underhand way of cultivating their taste

for the manly game, which is justifiable and even praiseworthy. Besides their presence gives encouragement to the players, and lends enchantment to the grounds.

In one respect Trinity might take a lesson from Upper Canada College. Before every match the boys elect a reception committee of three or four, and depute them to meet the guests at the approach to the grounds, and to find them seats. This is an excellent idea for several reasons, the duty devolving upon the committee is an agreeable one, the chaperons are relieved of any feelings of embarrassment, and the young ladies themselves rarely object to, if they do not always expect, these little civilities.

The inter-University match was played on Saturday, June 2nd, on University College grounds, and resulted in a draw, there not being time to finish it. The eleven was about the strongest Trinity has placed in the field during the season, and much was expected of them. They went first to bat and were disposed of for the insignificant score of 31. The University College players followed each other in their innings at unnecessarily long intervals, and ran up a score of 55. These waits between wickets are unpardonable in a University eleven, besides being un-cricket like, and in this instance went far towards bringing about the drawn game. After an excellent lunch Trinity again went to bat and this time scored 124, leaving their opponents 101 runs to make to win. H. C. Scadding played a dashing innings for 40, and his "gallery" hits received well-merited applause. His forward drive over the bowler's head up to the University tower deserves especial mention, as it is supposed to be the farthest hit ever made on that lawn. W. W. Jones and Farrar both did some hard hitting, and were rewarded with the respective scores of 20 not out, and 21. As the hour for drawing stumps arrived when the last Trinity wicket fell, University College did not have their second innings. The Varsity is of opinion that they would doubtless have made the 101 runs had time permitted, but against such bowling as Trinity had, and with the feeling that they had to score 101, it will be a matter of much doubt in the mind of any cricketer. This however is mere speculation, and, on account of the glorious uncertainties of cricket, has no right to be mentioned by either side. There should be much more importance attached to this match, and both clubs should do their best to make it one of the most interesting sporting events of the season. The lateness of the date upon which it is generally played is rather a disadvantage to University College, but with the number of graduates now residing in the city they ought to experience little difficulty in securing a good eleven. Trinity should always be strong, as the best players will invariably be found willing to take part in the match. With energetic secretaries and the invaluable assistance of *The Mail*, there is no reason why the match should not attract crowds.

While the club suffered a severe loss in having to give up Messrs. Campbell, Townley and Godfrey, it has been strengthened by Messrs. H. C. Scadding, Cayley, Farrar and Coldham. These gentlemen are all bowlers, and good fielders, and as the batting average of each will show, are not deficient in the handling of the willow. The Rev. J. S. Howard, this year's captain, and "the hero of a thousand fights," though out of practice, played several good innings, and gave general satisfaction in the performance of his duty. Mr. D. O. R. Jones

played six innings, and against Upper Canada College scored 34, not out, in good form. Mr. C. J. Logan played for his Alma Mater in the University match, and it is to be regretted that his services could not be secured for the other matches. The thanks of the University in general and cricket committee in particular, are due to Dr. Allen Baines for the interest he has taken in the club. We regret that Dr. Spragge did not play for us, but it so happened that the matches he had promised to play in were postponed on account of rain.

The following is the batting average of each player, and the bowling analysis of the bowlers:

BATTING.

NAME.	INNINGS.	RUNS.	NOT OUT.	MOST IN INNINGS.	MOST IN MATCH.	AVERAGE
Scadding, H. C.....	9	104	1	40	40	11.5
Brent.....	9	90	1	32	32	10.
Jones, D. O. R.....	6	53	1	34	34	8.6
Dr. Baines.....	1	7	0	7	7	7.
Jones, W. W.....	9	62	1	20	20	5.9
Farrar.....	4	27	1	21	21	6.7
Hague.....	9	48	1	20	20	5.3
Howard, J. S.....	5	21	0	12	12	4.2
Cayley.....	5	20	1	7	8	4.
Scadding, C.....	7	25	1	7	7	3.5
Fidler.....	7	21	0	6	6	3.
Coldham.....	6	17	0	9	10	2.8
Howard, D.....	3	8	0	6	8	2.7

*The asterisk denotes not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

NAME.	BALLS.	OVERS.	MAIDENS.	RUNS.	WICKETS.	AVERAGE.
Scadding, H. C.....	457	90	45	75	37	2.02
Farrar.....	129	25	10	23	9	2.55
Howard, D.....	115	24	10	19	5	3.80
Coldham.....	140	29	8	44	9	4.88
Howard, J. S.....	45	9	1	17	2	8.50

EXCHANGES.

The *Crimson* of May 26th is hardly up to its usual form, there being very little of interest in it.

The *Philomathean Review* gives us a very presentable poem on Niagara, with the exception of which there is nothing in it worthy of note.

We are glad to see so many papers on Athletics finding their way to our Exchange table. The *Amateur Athlete* has lately been added to the number, and contains much of interest to the athletically inclined.

Princetonian, why don't you endeavor to get out something besides base-ball and bad jokes? It is all very well to find out on the first page that Mr. Bat made a very fine base hit on such a date, but it is disheartening to see, turning over one leaf after another, nothing but accounts of base-ball matches, and finally learn on the last page that "S3's photographs are finished."

Several of our exchanges having been talking lately of abolishing their Exchange columns. We would regret very much to see the notion carried out. But small space need be devoted to the purpose—even just an acknowledgment of those papers which have been received. This is the only bond of union that exists between the large number of Colleges on the American Continent, and it would be a great pity to break the single tie. We think it but common courtesy that *some* notice, however small, should be given to exchanges. Another argument is that editors are but slow to see their paper's faults, and criticism through a sister College's columns has oftentime the effect of opening their eyes to glaring defects.

It is a noticeable feature in a great many of our Exchanges that the "Locals" are so very much so, that the ordinary run of readers is quite unable to grasp any semblance of wit or even intelligence in them. Thus, for instance, the "Locals" of the *University Press* lead off with these sparking gems:—"Umbrella," "Where is it?" "Junior master," and so on, *ad infinitum*. We should have hardly mentioned these as being unintelligible, for they are in good accord with the whole tone of the paper. Again, the *Volante* writes under the head of Locals "Flies!" "Summer Vacation!" etc., evidently under the impression that one or two words and a mark of exclamation are the soul of wit.

We might quote innumerable instances of the same character from papers of otherwise good physique. We fail to see what is gained by putting such utter trash in print except that it fills up; it excites no feelings but those of disgust in outside readers, and can afford but slight amusement to the supporters of the papers in which such appear. Our impression of the nature of "About College" notes has always been that they should be put in such a form as to be at least *intelligible* to outside readers.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

John Gibson, B. A., Geo. Natrass, and S. Bennett will shortly go up for Ordination.

Among those writing in the Matriculation Examinations, now going on, are six from Trinity College School.

The Chapel building is progressing favorably. The excavations have been completed, and the foundation is under construction.

"What is your name?" the peeler said,
In muttered tones and low—
"My name, good sir, is little Fred,
But please to let me go."

W. M. Cruttenden, B. A., 'So, was with us last month. He now holds the responsible position of editor of the *Buffalo News*.

There are rumours afloat that the stream, which hitherto winds its muddy way through the ravine, is to be obliterated by being run underground into a sewer.

The scribe purposes getting out two numbers of *Episcopus* next term if possible.

Several candidates have given notice that they will be up in October for the first examination for Mus. Bac., one of whom, we believe, belongs to the fair sex.

Our Tennis Club had one match this year with the University College Club. The match was closely contested, but our opponents were too much in the end, and won by two sets.

"Tishard lines that I should get plucked ;
Och, sure ! I'll not get through—"
But when the list was posted, he
Had prizes, one or two.

Speech Day at Trinity School, Port Hope, will be on the 11th July. The usual cricket match between the Past and Present will be played on the 10th and 11th. The Past will not put as strong a team as usual on the field this year.

It is to be hoped that next year the same apathy will not be observable with regard to the Literary Institute as last. The Constitution has been revised and put in admirable form by the industry of the committee to whose tender care it was entrusted.

We regret to say that we are going to lose our Secretary, Mr. Wm. Moore, who has just been up for his Final. He has been most energetic in his labors for the paper, and we will have some difficulty in finding anyone as able to fill the position.

A fine young maple tree in the avenue leading up to the College has been almost completely stripped of its bark by some mischievously inclined urchins. The "Warning to Trespassers," which is exposed to view at the gate, should be enforced.

Some gentlemen are thinking of returning to College quite early next term. We heard one remark that he would be back as soon as Oct. 1st. We admire all such loyal spirited students, who take the earliest opportunity of being once more embraced by the walls of their "Alma Mater."

John Carter, B. A., of the University, will shortly sail for England. He, we believe, has entered Keble College, Oxford, where he purposes taking a classical course. A. J. McMichael, B. A., Rev. C. Shortt, B. A., J. C. Davidson, B. A., and H. Symonds are also off for the Old Country for a holiday.

It seems a pity that the Cricket Crease should be used also for a football field. It is not in a first-class condition now and a good wicket can be procured with difficulty. We have plenty of ground and at a small outlay the piece south of the cricket crease could be made into a fine football field ; no use whatever is made of it at present and it would suit the purpose admirably.

The Arts' men, we expect, will hear the results of the University Examinations on the 9th inst. Those of the Divinity year were posted on the last day of term. The following gentlemen are the prize winners : C. B. Kenrick, B. A., Bishop's Prize for General Proficiency, and Prize for Ecclesiastical History, Homiletics, Patristics. G. Natrass, Greek Testament Prize. R. N. Hudspeth, B. A., Hebrew Prize. G. E. Haslam, B. A., the Cooper Prize.

As we surmised in our last number, the prizes of the Literary Institute have been decided. G. E. Haslam, B. A., carries off the Debating, and E. A. Oliver, who is not unknown

in Elocution circles, the Reading Prize. The Essay Prize was not awarded, owing to the fact that nobody sent in an essay. Rev. Prof. Boys, M. Pernet, and Rev. H. G. Parker kindly undertook to conduct the Examination for the Reading Prize.

The question of the need of new buildings becomes more urgent every year. A large proportion of the present outgoing year will remain in college for the purpose of taking their Divinity course, and this in connection with the larger number than usual of matriculants, will make the question of room quite a little problem. It is much to be feared that the old time-honored custom of third-year men having two rooms will have to be abandoned on this account, though the contrary is devoutly to be hoped.

It is remarkable how handsome grounds may be set off to perfection by being tastefully fenced in. This is peculiarly noticeable in ours. The portion of fence to the south of the University, however, is not suited to the climate, and is in a rapid decline ; a complete collapse may be expected at any moment. That enclosing the cricket ground is in a healthier state, but we think the primitive snake fence would be more aesthetic. The gate too (there is only one) is worthy of mention. It was suggested to the authorities by a gentleman, not long since, that it would be a capital idea to have *two* gates, but they didn't seem to comprehend where another could be swung. When they were informed there was a hole in the fence on Queen Street for one, they smiled and said, "Yes ; we never thought of that."

A meeting of the members of the College was called by the Provost on May the 28th, to report progress of those who undertook to collect for the Supplement Endowment Fund, and also for the purpose of deciding to what this branch of the Fund should be devoted. As Mr. Townley, who was last year appointed secretary, had since left, Mr. Brent was asked to take his place. It was unanimously agreed that an organ should be purchased for the new chapel with the proceeds, and a committee composed of Messrs. Kenrick, Hudspeth and H. C. Scadding was elected to procure specifications from the various builders and report at an adjourned meeting. A new subscription list was then opened, which was generously responded to by the members of the first year, who guaranteed about \$400, thus bringing the total amount up to \$1,100.

At the adjourned meeting specifications of organs from Messrs. Warren & Son, and Mr. John Lye, varying in price from \$1,000 to \$1,500 were produced. The meeting decided to leave it in the hands of the committee as to letting the contract, and voted that the sum of \$1,500 should be employed for the purpose. The ability of the committee chosen is unquestionable, from the thorough knowledge of music and musical instruments on the part of the gentlemen who compose it ; and we have no doubt that the best instrument procurable for the amount voted will be purchased.

It is a generally allowed fact that the genus "Freshman" is very conceited, to use a mild term, but we never heard of anything to equal what occurred among the gentlemen of '85. They decided to get a photograph of their number taken, and it was noticed by the rest of the College during the preparation of the proofs, that there was some mysterious secret about it. All was explained when the photos appeared. Some of the year, considering the Calendar of Saints to be incomplete, and themselves deserving to be enrolled on it, had ordered the photographer to put halos around their respective heads, and thus they were represented in full splendour. No doubt we will see their names as Saints in next year's almanac.

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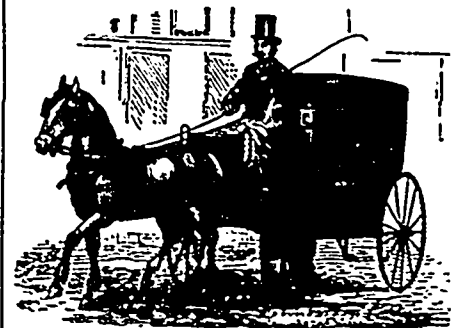
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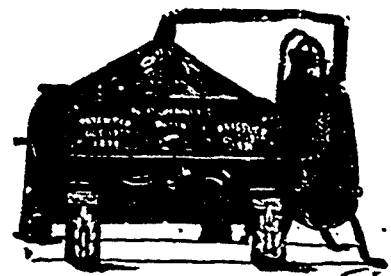
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